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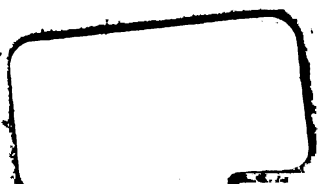
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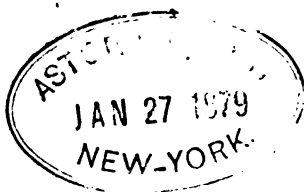
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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CXV. NEW SERIES.—JULY 1, 1876.

HARVEY AND VIVISECTION.

“The facts he used were familiarly known, most of them to his predecessors for nearly a century, all of them to his teachers and immediate contemporaries.”—*Sydenham Society's edition of Harvey's Works*, p. lxvi.

WAS vivisection the method, or the principal method, which led Harvey to his great discovery of the circulation of the blood? The Royal Commission have expressed themselves very decidedly upon the subject. “Harvey,” they say, “appears to have been almost entirely indebted to vivisection for this ever-memorable discovery.” I venture to contest this view, high as the authority may be on which it was made, and in doing so I shall rely entirely on Harvey's account of his own work. The matter is of interest in itself, as an event in the history of science; which, like other events, should be recorded accurately. But it is also of more pressing interest at the present time, because it so happens that Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood is one of that very small number of important discoveries which have forcibly impressed the great mass of unscientific minds. In the deplorable condition of our present historical and scientific training—history leaving out science, and science leaving out history—discoverers of equal or greater intrinsic merit than Harvey remain uncommemorated. Archimedes, Kepler, Huyghens, Lagrange, Lavoisier, Bichat, are names which though known to the many, are appreciated only by the few. But Harvey has an oration in his honour every year in the College of Physicians. Every medical practitioner throughout the country can lecture about him at the nearest mechanics' institute. Every elementary primer on animal physiology records his work. Therefore it is that this importation of his name into the vivisection controversy is of considerable moment.

First, then, What was the problem which Harvey set himself to solve? Secondly, what were the methods which he used? And, finally, of those methods, which were those that were most fertile in result?

The importance of distinguishing this third question from the second is obvious. That Harvey vivisected, and to a very large extent, we know from his own statement. But the question is, not whether he used this method, but whether this was the method which solved the problem of the circulation of the blood. I think his own treatise makes it abundantly clear that it played a very secondary part in the discovery. And first, we must observe, what in popular treatises is almost invariably forgotten, that the problem which Harvey set himself to solve was not single, but twofold. The title of his great treatise is, "*Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis Circulatione*:" Anatomical Disquisition upon the Motion of the Heart and the Circulation of the Blood.¹ There were therefore two distinct, though correlated, subjects for inquiry. And my contention is that the latter division of the problem, the course, that is to say, followed by the current of blood in the body, the demonstration that it *was a circulation* and not a flux and reflux, was conquered, not by vivisection but by other methods. I contend, moreover, that in the first portion of the problem, that is to say, the movement of the heart itself, though vivisection was employed largely, it revealed little that either was not then, or that would not have been in a short time, abundantly clear in other ways.

Let us begin the discussion from the present standpoint of our knowledge. Every intelligent member of a mechanics' institute knows that the heart consists of a left chamber and antechamber, and a right chamber and antechamber; that a large conduit from the left chamber branching out, like the main from a reservoir, into smaller and smaller pipes, brings bright red blood to every tissue of the body; that in the tissues this blood becomes fouled with waste matter, changing its colour from red to purple; thence conveyed by a new set of pipes, gradually converging into two trunks, to the right antechamber; thence to the right chamber; thence to the lungs, there to be purified by chemical interchange with the atmosphere; thence to the left antechamber, so at last reaching the left chamber, up which we began to follow it. The passage from the left chamber through the substance of the body to the right antechamber is commonly called the greater, or systemic, circulation; that from the right chamber through the substance of the lungs to the left antechamber is called the lesser, or pulmonary, circulation.

Now, what, very briefly, is the history of discovery in this matter? What was men's knowledge of the heart and of its functions before Harvey's time? Let us go back to the year 1542, in which Vesalius published his great work on the Structure of the Human Body. In this masterpiece of accurate observation and clear description, the first condition for sound reasoning on the subject was efficiently,

(1) Published A.D. 1628.

and all but perfectly, performed. The structure of the heart, its complicated system of four chambers and eleven valves, its intimate arrangement of muscular fibres, the nine vessels that enter it, the membrane that envelops it, its position in relation to the lungs and the diaphragm, are given with marvellous correctness of detail.¹

The science of biology has, according to Auguste Comte, for its special object, to infer function from structure, or structure from function. By the clear definition of structure given in Vesalius's work the first preliminary condition of the problem was fulfilled with a degree of perfection to which Harvey at least added nothing.² The problem itself was now ripe for investigation. Of this complicated but clearly defined structure, what was the function?

Vesalius, though an anatomist rather than a physiologist, occupying himself, that is to say, with structure rather than with function, was not the man to rest satisfied without very clear conceptions on this point. To each structure that he describes he assigns a distinct and definite mode of action; sometimes with certainty, sometimes not without misgiving; but always in a way to leave no doubt whatever as to his meaning. He had, for instance, carefully studied the structure of each of the four sets of valves with which the heart is furnished: the valves between each antechamber and the corresponding chamber, and the valves between each chamber and the great tube connected with it. Knowing the structure, he inferred the function; and his inference in this case was perfectly correct. He saw that these valves were so arranged as to permit the flow of liquid from antechamber to chamber, or from chamber to tube; while they hindered all flow in the reverse direction.

What, then, was Vesalius's view of the function of the heart? We must take each side of the heart separately: for to each side he assigned a perfectly distinct work and purpose.

The left chamber of the heart received, he supposed, air from the lungs through the pulmonary veins (called by him and others "*arteriæ venosæ*"³), air absorbed by these vessels from the bronchial tubes, with each fine branch of which they were brought into close connection in the lungs. The heart alternately dilated and contracted by an innate force of its own. During its dilatation, the left chamber sucked in blood from the right chamber through the fine

(1) "*Andreas Vesalii de Humani Corporis Fabrica*," lib. vi. cap. viii.—xv.

(2) The only anatomical data wanting to Vesalius were the valves of the veins discovered by Fabricius, Harvey's teacher, and the capillary vessels, discovered subsequently to Harvey.

(3) They were called *arteriæ venosæ*, because, though arteries in respect of containing air, or at least blood mixed with air, and therefore red, they had the soft flaccid texture of veins. Till Galen's time all arteries were presumed to contain nothing but air, as the name (*ἀήρ ῥηεῖν*) implies. The trachea and bronchi were called by the ancients arteries.

invisible pores which were supposed to exist in the party-wall between them. Blood from the veins, supposed to be full of nourishment, because thought to have been freshly manufactured by the liver, was thus brought into contact with highly stimulant aerated blood brought from the lungs; the two were now intimately mixed, and this appears to be the time and place in which the mysterious entities called vital spirit and animal spirit were produced. The heart now contracted, and the blood thus provided with vital spirit, or vital heat, was propelled into the great artery (aorta), and thence into every part of the body.

This being the function of the left chamber, what was the work assigned to the right?

Vesalius remarked the fact that the right chamber was built up on exactly the same plan as the left, differing from it only in the lesser thickness of its walls. He remarked also that the vessel connected with it (called by him *vena arteriosa*, and known to us as *pulmonary artery*) had a structure precisely similar to that of the great artery of the left chamber, and had valves of the same kind, which allowed blood to pass from the right chamber to the lungs, but stopped all flow in the reverse direction. What could be the function of this large vessel? It could have no other purpose, he thought, but to nourish the lungs. To the obvious question, Why should the lungs need for their nourishment a supply of blood as great as all the other organs of the body put together, Vesalius could give no answer, and was obliged to resort to metaphorical and misty suggestions, which we may well believe did not really satisfy his keen energetic accuracy. The lungs evidently stood, he observed, in a different position from any other organ. They were in peculiarly intimate connection with the heart, which was the seat and source of life itself. The lungs "cherish the heart," says Vesalius, they bring it that without which it would instantly die. Ungrateful indeed would the heart be ("*nimis quam ingratum habendum foret*") unless, when the lungs were so kind as to furnish it with air ("*tam amice aerem attrahenti*"), it should deem that some fitting return were to be made. The heart, then, must give it nourishment, and that of the best and most delicate kind; blood freshly made in the liver, and brought to it by the great vein in a light, purified, and wholesome condition ("*levis, aerius, spumusus, expurgatus, nihilque minus quam fœculentus*").

This, then, was the state of men's knowledge eighty years before Harvey began to philosophize. But in the interval two important steps had been taken: the discovery of the pulmonary circulation, and the discovery of the valves of the veins.

The true view of the way in which the blood passed from the right side of the heart through the lungs to the left side had been

put forward by Servetus (Calvin's victim) in 1553; by Realdus Columbus in 1559; and by Cæsalpinus in 1569. Disingenuous attempts have been made, by those who would glorify Harvey's work by the denial of its filiation, to diminish the credit due to these men. But Servetus's words admit of no hesitation.

"The communication of blood," he says (between the right ventricle and the left), "takes place, not by the middle septum of the heart as is commonly supposed. . . the subtle blood of the right side of the heart is agitated in a lengthened course through the lungs, whereby it is elaborated; from which it is thrown of a crimson colour, and from the vena arteriosa (pulmonary artery) is transfused into the pulmonary veins (arteria venosa). . . . From the lungs it is not simple air that is sent to the heart, but air mixed with blood is transmitted through the arteria venosa. The crimson colour is transmitted to the spirituous blood by the lungs, not by the heart."

Great as this step undoubtedly was, it only dealt with one-half of the problem; and even for this half it was rather a satisfactory hypothesis, adopted by some, rejected by others, than a verified discovery. The passage from the right side of the heart to the left side was explained; but the passage from the left side to the right side was not explained. Indeed, it was denied that there was any such passage at all. The great mass of the blood was supposed by the ancients to be manufactured in the liver; and from this organ to be transmitted by the veins partly to the heart, partly to the other organs. In the veins, in fact, there was believed to be no continuous current, but a tidal flux and reflux. Between the ultimate branches of the veins and of the arteries there was no connection whatever. The bright red blood brought to the parts by the arteries was expended in supplying them with heat and vital spirits. Dark blood was being brought to these same parts by the veins for the purpose of nourishing them, a back-flow going on at the same time in the same channels. The liver, meanwhile, assisted by the other digestive organs, was constantly manufacturing fresh blood, with which the right side of the heart was kept supplied in the manner already described.

Such was the state of the problem when Harvey began to deal with it, and from a confused medley of truth, half-truth, and error, produced the orderly, coherent solution that has immortalised his name. We have now to ask ourselves what his method of investigation was: whether it was to vivisection that, as the Royal Commission asserts, he owed his success; or whether, on the contrary, this instrument of research played a very secondary part in his discovery.

There are principles of reasoning common to every kind of inquiry, practical or theoretical, be it a trial in a police-court, or a discussion of a geometrical problem. So far as the process is deductive, the rules for it form the logic of the schoolmen; rules for the far more difficult inductive portion have been drawn up by

Mr. J. S. Mill in his well-known treatise. But it may be doubted whether either one or the other, apart from their gymnastic value, have been, or will ever be, of much avail in the actual solution of difficult questions. Logic, Comte has said, cannot be with any real utility treated separately from its subject-matter. Reasoning is a vital process, and, like every other fact of life, it cannot be adequately examined except by keeping constantly in view the two factors of life—organism and environment. As the environment (*i.e.* in this case the intellectual problem) differs in character, so will the cerebral function be modified; though it of course remains true that both the cerebral function and the changing phenomena on which it acts are subject to deep underlying uniformities.

Built upon this substratum of uniformity, it may be said that each science has its own logic. When the chimerical striving for unity of method, which impels modern scientists towards an intellectual Utopia, where all phenomena will be brought under a single law—the Utopia of gravitationists in the last century, of molecular physicists in this—has had its day and has been banished into the world of dreams, men will see the import and the value of that orderly arrangement of the sciences in the rank of their increasing complexity and speciality put forward by Comte as the only means of forming a synthesis adapted to human wants and faculties.

Biology, in this arrangement, succeeds to chemistry and physics, as these to mathematics. It uses their results and their methods; but it also introduces, and is principally occupied with, methods of its own, suggested by the material with which it deals. The methods specially characteristic of biological science may be summed up in one word: Comparison. The peculiarity of biological facts is that we have in them a constant repetition of the same groups of phenomena, resembling each other in all respects except one, or two, or three, or any number that we choose. An organism differs from a lump of metal in consisting of many differentiated but correlated parts. In our inquiry as to the connection of Structure with Function, we can select organisms which are alike, except in the presence or absence of a given part. But we can do more than this. We can select, from the abounding wealth of species round us, a series of intermediate terms, each differing from the preceding by exhibiting the structure to be examined in a less or in a greater degree of perfection. Thus it is, for instance, that by comparing each structure and tissue in the eye of the eagle with the less perfectly adapted eye of man, and thence downward, through reptiles and fishes, to the simple and rudely constructed eye of the Crustacean, we gain much insight into the function of vision. Thus it is that we have gained our little knowledge, and hope one day to increase it, as to the meaning of the internal ear, of the spleen, of the liver, of the brain,

and of those countless problems in the structure of the human body which we are still unable to solve.

It must be remarked, as I believe Comte was the first to remark (for no one, that I am aware, before him had ever regarded the methods of this science as a subject deserving philosophic consideration), that a most inadequate conception is formed of this method when it is restricted to the comparison of different organisms. Besides this, we have comparison,

(1) Of different but analogous parts of the same organism, as of the foot and hand, the eye and ear, or arteries and veins;

(2) Of different states of development: Embryology;

(3) Of different states of health: Pathology.

A little reflection will show the boundless combinations of these sub-methods, and the inexhaustible capacity of research which they contain. They are, in fact, so many carefully constructed experiments produced by Nature ready to hand, and man's task is reduced to that of careful observation, orderly arrangement, and the combining mental power requisite to evolve their meaning.

The fact that organisms consist of many differentiated but correlated parts, permits then, and invites, the method of Comparison; that is, the grouping together of those that agree in many points and differ in one or in few. But it throws special difficulties, on the other hand, in the way of Experiment, as physicists understand it. The parts are correlated; therefore, a rough interference with one involves an irregular action of the rest. This is the chief distinction between a living body and a mass of inorganic matter. From a mass of iron break off a piece, or apply to it what physical agencies you please, the rest of the mass is either unaffected, or is uniformly affected. The essential attributes of the mass remain as before, or are all changed at the same time. But cut off a limb from one of the higher vertebrates, and every other organ is violently disturbed, each in different ways, until at last the very phenomenon investigated, life, disappears. The degree of correlation, of *one-ness*, varies infinitely. The plant or the lower animal is, in many respects, not so much a unit as an aggregation of units. But the higher animal is One; and the higher in the scale, the more complete the approximation to unity. Unless, therefore, in an extremely advanced state of knowledge in which conditions of structure are perfectly, or all but perfectly, understood, and for the sake of verifying an hypothesis resting upon a very solid basis of facts otherwise reached, experiments involving surgical injuries to the parts concerned are not only uninformative, but are likely to be profoundly misleading; themselves the source of new and endless difficulties. The recent vivisectional experiments on the convolutions of the brain are a signal example of this form of mystification. Such violent meddling with

the most delicate and complicated of animal structures, of the knowledge of whose infinite labyrinthine windings and connections we stand as yet hardly on the threshold, is a less rational and fruitful procedure than the inspections of viscera by Roman augurs.

Harvey's case with regard to vivisection was different. Here, at least, every structure concerned had been very carefully examined and was approximately known. He tried this method of research, therefore, amongst others. But my contention is that it revealed little that was not more perfectly revealed in other ways. I maintain that his work consisted, first, in his masterly criticism of all previous views of the function of the heart and of the circulation; secondly, in his putting forward for the first time a hypothesis which consistently explained all the facts; thirdly, in his supporting this hypothesis by observations of his own. He used the method of comparison in all its branches; indeed, he is one of the greatest masters of this method. He also used the method of vivisectional experiment. But I think it will be found, by candid readers of his treatise, that while the former of them proved in his hands astonishingly fertile, and constituted his main resource, the latter played a purely supplementary and by no means indispensable part.

In criticising the views of his contemporaries, Harvey argued thus:—

(1) There is a strict analogy between the right chamber of the heart and the left. Each chamber has an antechamber. Each has the same arrangement of muscular fibres; each is provided with the same kind of valves, and connected with vessels of similar structure. The analogy is complete. Surely this resemblance of structure points to a resemblance of function.

(2) You say, the valves between chamber and antechamber on the right side prevent blood from flowing back into the veins; yet on the left side you assign them a totally distinct function, that of checking the back-flow, not of blood, but of *air* supposed to have been received from the lungs.

(3) I note that the pulmonary artery (*vena arteriosa*) starting from the right side of the heart, has a similar structure to the aorta (or great artery) starting from the left chamber. From this similarity of structure I infer similarity of function; *i.e.* that both one and the other deal with the great mass of blood. But what is your hypothesis? You ask me to believe that this pulmonary artery is devoted to the special use of nourishing the lungs; and this, though it is as large as all the other vessels put together.

(4) You tell me that the left chamber receives "spirits" from the lungs through the pulmonary vein (*arteria venosa*) to transmit to the body, and that it transmits "fuliginous matters" through the same channel back to the lungs; and you ask me to believe that

the valves between the left antechamber and chamber (mitral valves) can hinder the back-flow of "spirits" to lungs, yet that they do not hinder the flow of "fuliginous matter" back to lungs. Good God ! (Deus bone) how can they do one and not the other ?

(5) Some suppose that while air is brought to the left chamber through the pulmonary vein (*arteria venosa*) blood is conveyed into this chamber from the right chamber through the party-wall : air passing through an open channel ; blood through the pores of a compact tissue. In the fetal circulation there is an opening (foramen ovale) for such a passage of blood as you are supposing ; yet in adults with harder tissues you can do without this passage. Besides, what do you want with your coronary vein and artery (the vessels that supply the substance of the heart), if blood can so easily pass through the pores of the heart's substance ?

Your hypothesis, therefore, says Harvey, is wholly inadequate to meet the known facts. I put forward mine, which is that the blood is perpetually circulating from the right side of the heart to the left through the lungs, and from the left side to the right through the tissues of the body ; that the terminal branches of the arteries are connected in some way which I have not yet discovered, with the terminal branches of the veins ; and that the supposed continual manufacture of fresh blood in the liver for distribution through the veins is an impossible figment. I defend this thesis, first by comparative anatomy ; secondly, by a very simple arithmetical computation ; thirdly, by calling attention to a point of structure which has hitherto escaped notice : the valves of the veins.

First, what is the teaching of comparative anatomy ? The higher animals, mammals and birds, have hearts exactly resembling our own. Can we, by opening the bodies of these animals, observe the action of the living heart, and solve the riddle thus ? It must be allowed, says Harvey, that the information thus obtained is in the highest degree perplexing and likely to mislead. So rapid is the succession of contractions and dilatations, following each other like the winking of an eye or the flashing of lightning, that I could not tell in what order or in what place they came. I began to think with Fracastorius that God alone could know the heart's motions, and I was not surprised that Laurentius had compared them to the flux and reflux of the Euripus.¹

At last, he says, vivisection revealed to him (not the circulation of the blood, as the Commissioners' Report asserts, but something very different) the motions of the heart. But this with two reservations, which it is extremely important to note. First, to see what these motions were it was necessary to wait till, the animal being

(1) "*De Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*," cap. i.

near death, its heart moved very slowly; or, secondly, if it was wished to observe anything like the normal state of these motions, it was necessary to descend the scale of animal life and take as the subject of experiment the cold-blooded animals, frogs, snakes, tortoises, or fishes. Obviously, these two restrictions were such as to preclude the possibility of anything like verification of Harvey's hypothesis being derived from the observations. And, be it again repeated, the utmost that could be derived from them was, *not* the mode in which the blood circulated, but the mode in which the heart contracted. It had been recently denied by Cæsalpinus that the heart exercised muscular force upon the blood. This error was of recent date, and quite opposed to the views generally accepted from the times of the Greek anatomists; still it was necessary for Harvey to refute it.

Far richer in results was the more natural and legitimate biological method of comparing the human and mammalian heart with the more simply-organized heart of reptiles and fishes. There was first the fact, noticed but never interpreted before Harvey's time, that animals without lungs had no right chamber to their hearts, indicating the connection of this chamber with the pulmonary circulation. There was a harvest of inferences to be drawn from the closer examination of these one-chambered hearts, showing so clearly in their simple structure what in more complicated structures was so obscure, the continuity of the current from the heart through arteries to the tissues, and to the gills, and from them back to the heart through the veins. Finally, there was the light thrown by the circulation in the period before birth, when the lungs performed no function, and the blood in both sides of the heart was mixed. The facts from all these sources were seen to converge and to receive a clear meaning in the hypothesis put forward by Harvey.

The more his immortal work—a masterpiece of inductive and of co-ordinative reasoning—is studied, the more palpable is the fallacy that his discovery resulted from any such process of direct inspection as vivisection is supposed to give. “With brains, sir!” was the painter's reply, when asked how he mixed his colours. Nor are brains less needful to any biological discovery that deserves the name.¹ In studying the adaptation of structure to function a long

(1) At a time when every addition to the power of vision, by scientific instruments, is supposed to mark a great intellectual advance, it may be well to recall the observations of one of the greatest thinkers of the last century—Diderot, a philosopher who can hardly be charged with mysticism or obscurantism; but a sturdy champion of the higher intellectual functions when threatened with the tyranny of the lower:—

“La perfectibilité de l'homme naît de la faiblesse de ses sens dont aucun ne prédomine sur l'organe de la raison. S'il avait le nez du chien, il flairerait toujours; l'œil de l'aigle, il ne cesserait de regarder; l'oreille de la taupe, ce serait un être écoutant.”—DIDEROT, *Eléments de Physiologie*, vol. ix. p. 271, edition of 1875. See also vol. ii. p. 318.

meditative process is undergone in which well-known facts are combined, recombined, and presented from every point of view. In exposing the error that the blood was absorbed in the tissues with each tidal flow, and that a fresh supply was manufactured in the liver, Harvey showed by a very simple calculation that since the left chamber of the heart might contain from two to four ounces, that from a fourth to an eighth of this was expelled with each pulse, and that every half-hour produced two or three thousand pulses, that short time would see the total amount of blood in the body sent through the circulation. By no conceivable process of tissue-change could the blood, he argues, remake itself forty-eight times in twenty-four hours.

"When I massed all my facts together," he says, "and reflected what was the quantity of the blood transmitted, and how short was the time taken in its transmission; when I thought of the impossibility of the blood being furnished from the juices of the nourishment taken within this time, that the veins must be drained and exhausted, that the arteries on the other hand must be burst by the mass of blood poured into them unless in some way blood penetrated from the arteries into the veins, and found its way round to the right chamber of the heart; then I began to meditate whether there was not some kind of circulating motion; and this I found to be the truth."

Comparison of structures; direct observation of structures: these supplied Harvey with his materials: profound meditation did the rest. Having got so far as to see that the only tenable hypothesis was one which implied a circulation of the blood, as opposed to a tidal flux and reflux, his attention was called to a most important fact of structure, unknown to the older anatomists, and first examined by his great teacher in anatomy, Fabricius of Acquapendente. This was the existence of valves, or folds of membrane, in the veins; so arranged as to impede the flow of blood from the heart outwards, while yielding easily to pressure in the other direction. Fabricius, though he saw and described those structures, could give no account of their use. They prevented the gravitation of blood downwards, he said. But Harvey remarked that in the veins of the upper part of the body the valves permitted the flow of blood downwards, opposing its flow upwards. There could be only one interpretation: and it was one which added very great force, if, indeed, it was not a crucial verification of Harvey's discovery. The function of the veins must be to return blood to the heart: as that of the arteries was to take blood away from the heart.

That Harvey, in addition to all the methods of observation and reasoning above described, used the method of vivisection, is not of course for a moment denied. What is contended is that it revealed little that was not revealed with equal or greater clearness by other ways. Many people speak as though Harvey were the first investigator who had used vivisection in this matter. But this is very far indeed

from the truth. It had been practised by scores of anatomists before his time, and to extremely little purpose. How little it revealed to Harvey in the case of the higher warm-blooded animals, except when these animals had been placed in the abnormal condition of being brought by exhaustion to the point of death, has already been mentioned. With cold-blooded animals experimentation was no doubt more practicable; on the other hand, owing to greater difference from the human type, the inference would be somewhat less cogent. The most conclusive of the experiments described by Harvey is one in which the heart of a snake is laid bare, and compression of the principal vein was seen to empty the heart of blood; compression of the principal artery to fill it to repletion.¹ Doubtless this experiment was instructive. But proof quite as cogent was obtained from experiments on human beings without pain or mutilation. Harvey remarked that, if a ligature were applied to the arm so tightly as to compress the deep-seated arteries, as well as the superficial veins, "the hand preserves its colour; nothing flows into it, neither is it disturbed; but when the pressure is diminished (as with the bandage used in venesection), the hand begins to swell." The interpretation was clear. Pressure so feeble as to affect the veins alone produced swelling of the veins below (*i.e.* farther from the heart than) the point of pressure; and consequently engorgement of these parts with blood. Pressure sufficiently strong to compress the veins and arteries alike leaves the part as it was, because, though no blood can leave the part, yet none can enter it. Now these facts were perfectly well known to practical men centuries before Harvey. But it was he who first interpreted their meaning.

Perfectly well known, too, were the experiments performed by thousands of practitioners every day, which consisted in opening sometimes the veins, sometimes the arteries, of their patients. It was well known to every physician or surgeon that, in dividing an artery, the blood flowed out in gushes simultaneously with the pulse, and that to control the flow pressure must be applied between the wound and the heart; whereas, in opening a vein there was no such sudden succession of jets, and in this case, in order to make the blood flow freely, pressure must be applied nearer to the heart than the point where the opening was to be made. No experiments on animals performed by Harvey, or any one else, were so conclusive as these perfectly well-known facts; but they were barren for want of the co-ordinating mind to read their meaning.

Life is a purposive combination of many functions, even in its lowest form; far more intricate is the combination in the highest. To unravel these combinations, to adjust each function to its corresponding structure, and to appreciate the mode in which all converge

(1) Harvey, "De Motu Cordis et Sanguinis," cap. x.

towards individual unity, is a task demanding far other powers than those of mere ocular inspection ; demanding, as every great scientific effort demands, the highest and most strenuous internal working of the intellect, the imaginative audacity to soar above the level of routine and prejudice, and to evoke with spiritual force from the unknown chaos unheard-of hypotheses, until one shall appear worthy of being confronted with the facts—capable of informing them with meaning, kindling them into life ; and capable at the same time of offering such proofs as may be possible of its own authentic existence. This is true of all great discovery, through the whole range of thought, from arithmetic to morals : but it is far more true of the more complex sciences than of the simple ; of inquiries into the facts of life, the facts of society, or the facts of character and conduct, than of the facts of space, of motion, or of chemical action. Strange that we should be so willing to recognise this in a comparatively simple science like astronomy, and so unwilling to recognise it in so complex a science as biology. We follow Kepler, as his fiery spirit built hypothesis on hypothesis, testing each as it rose with iron endurance ; we admire Newton's patient thought in deducing from a few thoroughly well-observed facts a long train of momentous consequences ; yet in subjects where the internal effect of co-ordination, owing to the very multiplicity of the facts, is of even greater moment and greater difficulty, we dignify every haphazard and incoherent observation with the name of original research.

Is it supposed that if all the monks in Christendom, or all the bonzes in Buddha-land, had "observed" the heavens for two thousand years, their "original researches," their "practical astronomy," would have helped on the discovery of Kepler or of Newton ? The observations of Hipparchus helped them, as Hipparchus had been helped by the wisest of the Greeks, and possibly of the Egyptians, for these men knew what to observe ; but the "observations" of learned folly have impeded science fully as often as they have helped it. For sound observation implies wise hypothesis ; though it implies also wise and prompt sacrifice of hypothesis when vitality has left it.

To prove the theory of gravitation, Newton had to show that, if such a force as gravitation existed, the moon and planets would act as in fact they do act ; secondly, that such a force as gravitation actually existed. The new observations wanted were extremely few. It was enough that the force at work was not, like æther, an imaginary force, but a demonstrable agency : that it was sufficient to explain the facts, and that no other equally satisfactory mode of explaining them was at hand.

Such was the case with Harvey. A very complex series of structures—the four chambers of the heart, its four sets of valves,

the vessels connecting it with the lungs, and those connecting it with the other organs of the body, the structure of these vessels, whether veins or arteries—were each and all carefully examined. From this complex apparatus, a function of corresponding complexity was inferred, and was shown to be in exact correspondence with it. In the process of inferring this function, direct observation played a very secondary part. As no one has ever seen the earth revolve round the sun or rotate about its axis, so no one has ever followed a drop of blood through its long passage from the left chamber of the heart through the tissues, through the right chamber, through the lungs, and thence to the point from which it started. To hear the language of the “practical” physiologists, you might suppose that Harvey worked like an African discoverer, tracing the course of a river step by step and mile by mile. Unfortunately the stream in this case flows in closed channels, and is as inaccessible to the view of the vivisector as of ordinary men. Harvey’s mental procedure was rather that of the scientific geographer at home, who having obtained precise knowledge of the geographical structure of a country, of the elevation of its plateaux and mountain ranges, of the geological features, and of the average rainfall in different latitudes and longitudes, should attribute a given outflow to a given source, and should show conclusively that no other theory could solve the problem.

When, therefore, it is said that, “He alone discovers who proves,” and that if vivisection was not necessary to Harvey for discovery, it was necessary for verification; the answer is, that no such verification by the process of direct inspection ever has been made, or by the nature of things can be. Of the experiments on living animals performed by him or others in this matter, by far the most conclusive were the opening of veins and the opening of arteries. If a vein is about to be opened, the flow of blood is encouraged by pressure at a point nearer the heart than the point of section. If an artery is wounded the reverse is the case: pressure nearer to the heart stops the flow. Therefore the blood in the veins is moving towards the heart; the blood in the arteries away from it. Further, if an artery is wounded, the blood flows in intermittent gushes, and each gush is simultaneous with a pulsation of the heart. With a wounded vein this is not the case. In an artery, therefore, it would appear that blood was not merely passing away from the heart, but was being driven from it by a propelling force. These two experiments were doubtless instructive when the time came for interpreting them. But they had been performed daily for centuries in the ordinary routine of medical practice. They belonged to that large mass of facts which, as Harvey’s translator (Dr. Willis) observes, were known long previously to Harvey’s time, and were barren for want of the informing spirit of the great discoverer.

In truth, the great intellectual achievement of Harvey consisted precisely in the fact that his discovery was made without even that degree of ocular verification (imperfect though it be) which subsequent inquiry has rendered possible. The difficulty that confronted him, and of which his theory failed to take account, was the mode in which the blood passed from the small arteries into the small veins. These vessels he and others could see and recognise by dissection of a dead animal's body. But the union of an artery and a vein he could never see. That in some unexplained manner the blood did pass from the final branching of an artery to the final branching of a vein he felt as scientifically certain as though his eye had seen it; but the fine network of capillary tubes which unite the two systems of vessels was reserved for Malpighi's microscope.

The transcendent merit of Harvey lay in his obedience to the great law which from the beginning of the world has been the governing law of men's belief: construction of the best hypothesis of which the phenomena before him admitted. This law was announced by Newton as one of his three canons of philosophizing. It has been shown by Auguste Comte¹ to be the governing law of all human belief, from simple perception of an external object to the highest conceptions of religious faith. It has been well said that the attribute of omniscience is incompatible with true wisdom. If everything were known by simple inspection, there would be no exercise of the reasoning faculties, which consists in inferring the unknown from the known. Perception implies such inference. I say, for instance, the object before me is an apple. I infer from certain sensations of colour and distribution of light, that certain other impressions will be produced on the muscular and gustatory senses when the object comes in contact with them. I construct an hypothesis, which, if my experience is adequate, is in the majority of cases verified. This is the primary law of all belief, animal or human. Science, which is nothing but the "development of good sense," is altogether governed by this law. The great thinker is distinguished from other men by his superior power of building an hypothesis. He co-ordinates the facts better: which is another way of saying that he knows which facts to bring into the first rank, which into the second, and which to leave out of sight altogether. His skill is shown in his neglect fully as much as in his choice. The earth's spherical form would hardly have been discovered by minute examination of its mountain-ranges. Sometimes, doubtless, the scientific thinker asks nature a new question. But he knows what to ask, and how to ask it. And in the case of Harvey, to return to our subject, the number of new answers sought or obtained was by no means great.

(1) See "*Politique Positive*," vol. iv. ch. iii. p. 173.

In appreciating the vivisection of Harvey and his predecessors, there are two or three points to be borne in mind. The first is that, whether useful or otherwise, it was carried on at any rate with perfect definiteness of aim, and was prepared by the most scrupulous study of the structural relations of the part to be examined. There was no plunging of scalpels or electrodes into tissues of the structure of which he knew little or nothing. Had Harvey been as ignorant of the structure of the heart as we are still ignorant (and likely very long to remain so) of the relations of the cells and fibres in the convolutions of the brain, his vivisections would have been as irrational as many of those which are going on at the present time.¹ But with him the case was otherwise.

The second consideration relates to the differences both in public and in philosophical opinion between Harvey's age and ours. In public opinion the change is obvious enough. In the seventeenth century the number of brutal sports tolerated by the law and encouraged by fashion was very great. In our own time it is comparatively small: fox-hunting and pigeon-shooting survive, but the bull-baiting and bear-baiting are gone; badger-baiting and cock-fighting are all but extinct, and are punished by the very magistrates who breed foxes carefully with the purpose of hunting them to death. The change is incomplete; but it is great and unmistakable. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would have met with little support in Harvey's time.

The philosophical opinion of an age is never wholly disconnected from its public opinion. Harvey was a contemporary of the most audacious of systematic thinkers, Descartes, who advanced the astounding dogma that animals were machines, and that pain was the prerogative of man. Every one knows the story of Malebranche kicking his dog down-stairs. The science of biology has advanced since the time of Harvey, and in the hands of Leroy, of Gall, and

(1) The evidence taken before the Commission on Vivisection, one of the most instructive and interesting blue-books ever published, contains very strong expressions of opinion from physiologists of the highest repute, as to the folly of much of the so-called original research now being carried on. It is sufficient to refer to the evidence of Mr. G. Lewes, Professor Rolleston, and Dr. S. Haughton. Dr. Haughton remarks (question 1960), "I may be allowed to say that there is a great deal of nonsense talked in the name of original research. It seems to be rapidly taking the same place in the creed of philosophers, that the doctrine of original sin did amongst theologians. By putting a man to make a lot of experiments, you cannot make him produce results unless he is born into the world with the intellect and the ability that nature gives for such results. No amount of training will make a man an original observer. It is a case of *Poeta nascitur non fit*, and I reiterate that in no case is the abuse of the idea of original research greater than in physiology. Every person, second or fifth-rate physiologist, sets at work to make original researches, and they are not competent for it. I think public opinion ought to be brought more fully to bear upon that, and to see whether the objects of this research are as important as their professors say they are." See also Mr. Lewes on questions 6330 and 6347-8.

more recently of Darwin, has begun to embrace the moral and intellectual functions of the higher vertebrates.

But this is not all. Two great classes of phenomena have been brought in our times within the range of science, with which thinkers of the seventeenth century were not competent to deal: the facts of the Social Organism; and the Conduct of the Individual, its element and its product. Without pursuing this matter further, enough to say that such a question as this could hardly have been asked in Harvey's time. Suppose vivisection encouraged as its present prosecutors wish, suppose "practical physiology" as pursued in "laboratories" to become recognised as the principal portal to the temple of the science, and suppose further that by a long continuance in such procedure some cure for a terrible disease, though not specially sought for, may ultimately be found; is it not possible that even such a gain as this might be bought too dear?

Those who resent all limitations and even all systematic guidance of scientific inquiry, are fond of dwelling on the wide and unimagined ramifications that branch out from researches pursued, in the first instance, from no motive but scientific curiosity. And in this they have much truth to urge, though mixed with fallacy; but they forget that the theory of unimagined ramifications holds good of the moral not less than of the intellectual sphere. The physiologist who consumes "ninety cats in his third series of experiments," is doubtless a humane man. But the miserable dealer who supplies these animals, the street Arabs who trap them, the gossips in the back courts and alleys from which they are scraped together, are not likely to be civilised by the traffic. The howls from the notorious Florentine "laboratory" have not tended to raise the low standard of Italian humanity; and though that of Englishmen still remains on this point at a higher level, it can ill afford any diminution. A debased rule of behaviour towards the races of animals that have been brought into companionship with us, is an influence that will ramify far beyond the small circle of investigators, themselves consciously sustained, perhaps, by motives higher than mere scientific inquisitiveness: an influence which for those not so sustained carries in its train some increase of coarseness in our dealings with feebler human races, some callousness in all the subtler moral perceptions, some undoing of the finer webs of sympathy woven by the noblest through long lives of toil and sacrifice. The bare hope that the unlimited establishment of "physiological laboratories" may lead at some indefinite time, by some happy chance, to immunity from hydrophobia or cancer, is not enough to compensate the inevitable certainty of relaxed effort in the generations possibly so privileged towards higher forms of moral and spiritual life.

J. H. BRIDGES.

ADAM SMITH AS A PERSON.

OF Adam Smith's Political Economy almost an infinite quantity has been said; but very little has been said as to Adam Smith himself. And yet not only was he one of the most curious of human beings, but his books can hardly be understood without having some notion what manner of man he was. There certainly are economical treatises that go straight on, and that might have been written by a calculating machine. But the *Wealth of Nations* is not one of these. Any one who would explain what is in it, and what is not in it, must apply the "historical method," and state what was the experience of its author and how he worked up that experience. Perhaps, therefore, now that there is a sort of centenary of Adam Smith, it may not be quite amiss to give a slight sketch of him and of his life, and especially of the peculiar points in them that led him to write the book which still in its effects, even more than in its theory, occupies mankind.

The Founder of the science of business was one of the most unbusinesslike of mankind. He was an awkward Scotch professor, apparently choked with books and absorbed in abstractions. He was never engaged in any sort of trade, and would probably never have made sixpence by any if he had been. His absence of mind was amazing. On one occasion, having to sign his name to an official document, he produced not his own signature, but an elaborate imitation of the signature of the person who signed before him; on another, a sentinel on duty having saluted him in military fashion, he astounded and offended the man by acknowledging it with a copy—a very clumsy copy no doubt—of the same gestures. And Lord Brougham preserves other similar traditions. "It is related," he says, "by old people in Edinburgh that while he moved through the Fishmarket in his accustomed attitude—that is with his hands behind his back, and his head in the air—a female of the trade exclaimed, taking him for an idiot broken loose, 'Hech sirs, to see the like o' him to be aboot. And yet he is weel enough put on' (dressed). It was often so too in society. Once, during a dinner at Dalkeith, he broke out in a long lecture on some political matters of the day, and was bestowing a variety of severe epithets on a statesman, when he suddenly perceived his nearest relative sitting opposite and stopt; but he was heard to go on muttering 'Deil care, Deil care, it's all true.'" And these are only specimens of a crowd of anecdotes.

The wonder that such a man should have composed the *Wealth of Nations*, which shows so profound a knowledge of the real occupa-

tions of mankind, is enhanced by the mode in which it was written. It was not the exclusive product of a lifelong study, such as an absent man might, while in seeming abstraction, be really making of the affairs of the world. On the contrary, it was in the mind of its author only one of many books, or rather a single part of a great book, which he intended to write. A vast scheme floated before him much like the dream of the late Mr. Buckle as to a History of Civilisation, and he spent his life accordingly, in studying the origin and progress of the sciences, the laws, the politics, and all the other aids and forces which have raised man from the savage to the civilised state. The plan of Adam Smith was indeed more comprehensive even than this. He wanted to trace not only the progress of the race, but also of the individual; he wanted to show how each man being born (as he thought) with few faculties, came to attain to many and great faculties. He wanted to answer the question, how did man—race or individual—come to be what he is? These immense dreams are among the commonest phenomena of literary history; and as a rule, the vaster the intention the less the result. The musings of the author are too miscellaneous, his studies too scattered, his attempts too incoherent, for him to think out anything valuable, or to produce anything connected. But in Adam Smith's case the very contrary is true; he produced an enduring particular result in consequence of a comprehensive and diffused ambition. He discovered the laws of wealth in looking for "the natural progress of opulence" and he investigated the progress of opulence as part of the growth and progress of all things.

The best way to get a distinct notion of Adam Smith's scheme is to look at the other works which he published besides the *Wealth of Nations*. The greatest, and the one which made his original reputation, was the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, in which he builds up the whole moral nature of man out of a single primitive emotion-sympathy, and in which he gives a history of ethical philosophy besides. With this are commonly bound up some *Considerations concerning the first Formation of Languages*, which discuss how "two savages who had never been taught to speak, but had been bred up remote from the society of man, would naturally begin their converse." Then there is a very curious *History of Astronomy*, left imperfect; and another fragment on the *History of Ancient Physics*, which is a kind of sequel to that part of the *History of Astronomy* which relates to the ancient astronomy; then a similar essay on *Ancient Logic and Metaphysics*; then another on the nature and development of the fine, or, as he calls them, *The Imitative Arts*, *Painting*, *Poetry*, and *Music*, in which was meant to have been included a history of the theatre—all forming

part, his executors tell us, "of a plan he had once formed for giving a connected history of the liberal and elegant arts." And he destroyed before his death the remains of the book, *Lectures on Justice*, "in which," we are told by a student who heard them, "he followed Montesquieu in endeavouring to trace the gradual progress of jurisprudence, both public and private, from the rudest to the most refined ages, and to point out the effects of those arts which contribute to subsistence and to the accumulation of property in producing correspondent alterations in law and government;" or, as he himself announces it at the conclusion of the *Moral Sentiments*, "another discourse" in which he designs "to endeavour to give an account of the general principles of law and government, and of the different revolutions they have undergone in the different ages and periods of society, not only in what concerns justice, but in what concerns police, revenue, and arms, and whatever else is the subject of law." Scarcely any philosopher has imagined a vaster dream.

Undoubtedly it is a great literary marvel that so huge a scheme, on so many abstract subjects, should have produced anything valuable, still more that it should have produced what has been for a whole century a fundamental book on trade and money—at first sight, the least fit for a secluded man to treat at all, and which, if he did treat of them, would seem more than any other to require from him an absorbed and exclusive attention. A little study of the life of Adam Smith, however, in some degree lessens the wonder; because it shows how in the course of his universal studies he came to meet with this particular train of thought, and how he came to be able to pursue it effectually.

Adam Smith was born early in the first half of the eighteenth century, at Kirkcaldy in Scotland, on the 5th June, 1713. His father died before he was born; but his mother, who is said to have been a woman of unusual energy and ability, lived to be very old, and to see her son at the height of his reputation as a philosopher. He was educated at school in the usual Scotch way, and at the University of Glasgow; and at both he is said, doubtless truly, to have shown an unusual facility of acquisition, and an unusual interest in books and study. As we should also expect, a very strong memory, which he retained till the last, showed itself very early. Nothing, however, is known with precision as to the amount of knowledge he acquired in Scotland, or as to his place among his contemporaries. The examination system, which nowadays in England discriminates both so accurately, has in Scotland never been equally developed, and in Adam Smith's time had never been heard of there at all.

His exceptional training begins at the next stage. There is at the University of Glasgow a certain endowment called the Snell exhi-

bition, after the name of its founder, which enables the students selected for it to study for some years at the University of Oxford. Of these exhibitioners Adam Smith became one, and as such studied at Oxford for as many as seven years. As might be expected, he gives the worst account of the state of the university at that time. In the sketch of the history of education which forms so odd an episode in the *Wealth of Nations*, he shows perpetually that he thought the system which he had seen at Oxford exceedingly bad, and its government excessively corrupt. "If," he says, "the authority to which a teacher is subject resides in the body corporate of the college or university of which he is himself a member, and in which the greater part of the other members are, like himself, persons who either are or ought to be teachers, they are likely to make a common cause, to be all very indulgent to one another, and every man to consent that his neighbour may neglect his duty, provided he is himself allowed to neglect his own." "In the University of Oxford the greater part of the public professors have for these many years given up altogether even the pretence of teaching." And he adds, "In England, the public schools are much less corrupted than the universities. In the schools, the youth are taught, or at least may be taught, Greek and Latin. That is everything which the masters pretend to teach, or which it is expected they should teach. In the universities, the youth neither are taught, nor can always find the means of being taught, the sciences which it is the business of these incorporated bodies to teach." And he retained through life a fixed belief that endowments for education tended only to the "ease" of the teacher, and not to the advantage of the learner. But though he says he had the means of learning little at Oxford, he certainly, in fact, learnt much. "Greek," as Sydney Smith says, "never crossed the Tweed in any force;" but Adam Smith incessantly shows a real familiarity with Greek books and a sound accumulation of Greek learning. Very likely his erudition would not bear much comparison with what is now carried away from Balliol. If we compare him with a more recent Snell exhibitioner, Sir William Hamilton, we shall see that Greek teaching has enormously advanced in the time between them; but, on the other hand, if we compare Adam Smith with Scotch philosophers, or purely Scotch education, say with Reid or Hume, we cannot help seeing that his acquaintance with Greek things belongs, both in quantity and in quality, to an order altogether superior to theirs.

For the vast works which Adam Smith contemplated, a sound knowledge of Greek was, as he must have felt, far more necessary than any other kind of knowledge. The beginnings of nine-tenths of all philosophy are to be found there, and the rudiments of many other things. But for the purpose of the great task which he

actually performed, Adam Smith learned at Oxford something much more valuable than Greek. He acquired there a kind of knowledge and sympathy with England, in which the other eminent Scotchmen—especially literary Scotchmen—of his time were often very deficient. At that time the recollection of the old rivalry between the two countries had by no means died away; there was still a separate Scotch philosophy and a separate literature; and when it happened, as it perpetually did, that Scotch writers were not thought so much of in England as they thought they ought to be, they were apt to impute their discredit to English prejudice, and to appeal to France and Paris to correct the error. Half Hume's mind, or more than half, was distorted by his hatred of England, and his love of France. He often could not speak of English things with tolerable temper, and he always viewed French ones with extravagant admiration. Whether Adam Smith altogether liked this country may perhaps be doubted—Englishmen then hated Scotchmen so much—but he had no kind of antagonism to her, and quite understood that in most economical respects she was then exceedingly superior to France. And this exceptional sympathy and knowledge we may fairly ascribe to a long and pleasant residence in England. For his great work no qualification was more necessary; the *Wealth of Nations* would have been utterly spoiled if he had tried (as Hume incessantly would have tried) to show that, in industrial respects, England might not be better than France, or at any rate was not so very much better.

The Snell foundation at Oxford has often been an avenue to the English Church, and it seems to have been intended that Adam Smith should use it as such. The only anecdote which remains of his college life may be a clue to his reasons for not doing so. He is said to have been found by his tutor in the act of reading Hume's *Philosophical Essays*, then lately published, and to have been reprovved for it. And it is certain that any one who at all sympathised with Hume's teaching in that book would have felt exceedingly little sympathy with the formularies of the Church of England, even as they were understood in the very Broad Church of that age. At any rate, for some reason or other, Adam Smith disappointed the wishes of his friends, gave up all idea of entering the Church of England, and returned to Scotland without fixed outlook or employment. He resided, we are told, two years with his mother, studying no doubt, but earning nothing, and visibly employed in nothing. In England such a career would probably have ended in his "writing for the booksellers," a fate of which he speaks in the *Wealth of Nations* with contempt. But in Scotland there was a much better opening for philosophers. The Scotch universities had then, as now, several professorships very

fairly paid, and very fairly distributed. The educated world in Scotland was probably stronger a century ago than it ever was before or since. The Union with England had removed the aristocracy of birth which overshadowed it before, and commerce had not yet created the aristocracy of wealth which overshadows it now. Philosophical merit had therefore then in Scotland an excellent chance of being far better rewarded than it usually is in the world. There were educated people who cared for philosophy, and these people had prizes to give away. One of those prizes Adam Smith soon obtained. He read lectures, we are told, under the patronage of Lord Kames, an eminent lawyer who wrote books on philosophy, that are still quoted, and who was no doubt deeply interested in Adam Smith's plans of books on the origin and growth of all arts and sciences, as these were the topics which he himself studied and handled. Contrary to what might have been expected, these lectures were very successful. Though silent and awkward in social life, Adam Smith possessed in considerable perfection the peculiarly Scotch gift of abstract oratory. Even in common conversation, when once moved, he expounded his favourite ideas very admirably. As a teacher in public he did even better; he wrote almost nothing, and though at the beginning of a lecture he often hesitated, we are told, and seemed "not to be sufficiently possessed of the subject," yet in a minute or two he became fluent, and poured out an interesting series of animated arguments. Commonly, indeed, the silent man, whose brain is loaded with unexpressed ideas, is more likely to be a successful public speaker than the brilliant talker who daily exhausts himself in sharp sayings. Adam Smith acquired great reputation as a lecturer, and in consequence obtained two of the best prizes then given to philosophers in Scotland—first the professorship of logic, and then that of moral philosophy, in the University of Glasgow.

The rules, or at any rate the practice, of the Scotch universities, seem at that time to have allowed a professor in either of these chairs, great latitude in the choice of his subject. Adam Smith during his first year lectured on rhetoric and *belles lettres* "instead of on logic," and in the chair of moral philosophy he expounded, besides the theory of duty, a great scheme of social evolution. The beginnings of the *Wealth of Nations* made part of the course, but only as a fragment of the immense design of showing the origin and development of cultivation and law; or, as we may perhaps put it, not inappropriately, of saying how, from being a savage, man rose to be a Scotchman. This course of lectures seems to have been especially successful. So high, we are told, was his reputation as a professor, "that a multitude of students from a great distance resorted to

the university merely upon his account. Those branches of science which he taught became fashionable" in the city, "and his opinions were the chief topics of discussion in clubs and literary societies. Even the small peculiarities of his pronunciation and manner of speaking became frequently the objects of imitation." This is the partial recollection of an attached pupil in distant years;—it may be over-coloured a little—but even after a fair abatement it is certainly the record of a great temporary triumph and local success.

That the greater part of the lectures can have been of much intrinsic merit it is not easy now to believe. An historical account "of the general principles of law and government, and of the different revolutions which they have undergone in the different ages and periods of society," would be too great a task for a great scholar of the ripest years and with all the accumulated materials of the present time, and it was altogether beyond the strength of a young man a century ago;—not to say that he combined it with an account of the origin of the moral faculties, a theory of *belles lettres*, and other matters. The delivery of that part of the course which was concerned with wealth and revenue may have been useful to him, because it compelled him to bring his ideas on those subjects into a distinct form. Otherwise, being a bookish man, he might have been too absorbed in bookish matters, and neglected what can only be taught by life for that which is already to be learned from literature. But at the time this was only a minor merit;—the main design of the lectures was only an impossible aim at an unbounded task.

So complex, however, is life, that this Scotch professorship, though in a superficial view wasteful, and likely to exhaust and hurt his mind by the constant efflux of inferior matter, was, nevertheless, on the whole exceedingly useful. It not only induced him to study as a part of his vast scheme the particular phenomena of wealth, but it gave him an excellent opportunity of seeing those phenomena and of learning how to explain them. It was situated at Glasgow, and Glasgow, though a petty place in comparison with its present magnitude, was nevertheless a considerable mercantile place according to the notions of those times. The Union with England had opened to it the trade with our West Indian colonies, as well as with the rest of the English empire, and it had in consequence grown rapidly and made large profits. That its size was small, as we should think now, was to a learner rather an aid than a disadvantage. A small commerce is more easily seen than an immense one; that of Liverpool or London now is so vast that it terrifies more than excites the imagination. And a small commerce, if varied, has almost as much to teach as a large one; the elements are the same though the figures are smaller, and the less the figures the easier are they

to combine. An inspection of Liverpool now would not teach much more than an inspection of Glasgow a hundred years ago, and the lessons of modern Liverpool would be much more difficult to learn. But the mere sight of the phenomena of the commerce was but a small part of the advantage to Adam Smith of a residence at Glasgow. The most characteristic and most valuable tenets of Adam Smith are, when examined, by no means of a very abstract and recondite sort. We are, indeed, in this generation not fully able to appreciate the difficulty of arriving at them. We have been bred up upon them; our disposition is more to wonder how any one could help seeing them, than to appreciate the effort of discovering them. Experience shows that many of them—the doctrine of free trade for example—are very uncongenial to the untaught human mind. On political economy the English-speaking race is undoubtedly the best instructed part of mankind; and, nevertheless, in the United States and in every English-speaking colony, protection is the firm creed of the ruling classes, and free trade is but a heresy. We must not fancy that any of the main doctrines of Adam Smith were very easily arrived at by him because they seem very obvious to us. But, on the other hand, although such doctrines as his are too opposed to many interests and to many first impressions to establish themselves easily as a dominant creed, they are quite within the reach and quite congenial to the taste of an intelligent dissenting minority. There was a whole race of mercantile freetraders long before Adam Smith was born; in his time the doctrine was in the air; it was not accepted or established;—on the contrary, it was a tenet against which a respectable parent would probably caution his son;—still it was known as a tempting heresy, and one against which a warning was needed. In Glasgow there were doubtless many heretics. Probably in consequence of the firm belief in a rigid theology, and of the incessant discussion of its technical tenets, there has long been, and there is still, in the south of Scotland, a strong tendency to abstraction and argument quite unknown in England. Englishmen have been sometimes laughing at it, and sometimes gravely criticising it for several generations: Mr. Buckle wrote half a volume on it: Sydney Smith alleged that he heard a Scotch girl answer in a quadrille, “But, my lord, as to what ye were saying as to love in the *abstract*,” and so on. Yet, in spite both of ridicule and argument, the passion for doctrine is still strong in southern Scotland, and it will take many years more to root it out. At Glasgow in Adam Smith’s time it had no doubt very great influence; a certain number of hard-headed merchants were believers in free trade and kindred tenets. One of these is still by chance known to us. Dr. Carlyle, whom Mr. Gladstone not unhappily described as a “gentleman clergyman” of the Church of Scotland, tells us of a certain Provost Cochrane,

to whom Adam Smith always acknowledged his obligations, and who was the founder and leading member of a club "in which the express design was to inquire into the nature and principles of trade in all its branches, and to communicate their knowledge on that subject to each other." From this club Adam Smith not only learned much which he would never have found in any book, and also in part perhaps acquired the influential and so to say practical way of explaining things which so much distinguishes the *Wealth of Nations*. Mr. Mill says he learned from his intercourse with East India directors the habit of looking for, and the art of discovering, "the mode of putting a thought which gives it easiest admittance into minds not prepared for it by habit;" and Adam Smith probably gained something of this sort by living with the Glasgow merchants, for no other book written by a learned professor shows anything like the same power of expressing and illustrating arguments in a way likely to influence minds like theirs. And it is mainly by his systematic cultivation of this borderland between theory and practice that Adam Smith attained his pre-eminent place and influence.

But this usefulness of his Scotch professorship was only in the distant future. It was something for posterity to detect, but it could not have been known at the time. The only pages of his professional work which Adam Smith then gave to the public were his lectures on Moral Philosophy, in what an Englishman would consider its more legitimate sense. These formed the once celebrated *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, which, though we should now think them rather pompous, were then much praised and much read. For a great part, indeed, of Adam Smith's life they constituted his main title to reputation. The *Wealth of Nations* was not published till seventeen years later; he wrote nothing else of any importance in the interval; and it is now curious to find that when the *Wealth of Nations* was published, many good judges thought it not so good as the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and that the author himself was by no means certain that they were not right.

The *Theory of Moral Sentiments* was, indeed, for many years, exceedingly praised. One sect of philosophers praised it, as it seems to me, because they were glad of a celebrated ally, and another because they were glad of a celebrated opponent: the first said, see that "so great an authority as Adam Smith concurs with us;" and the second replied, "but see how very weak his arguments are; if so able an arguer as Adam Smith can say so little for your doctrines, how destitute of argumentative grounds those doctrines must be." Several works in the history of philosophy have had a similar fate. But a mere student of philosophy who cares for no sect, and wants only to know the truth, will nowadays, I think, find little to interest him in this celebrated book. In Adam Smith's mind, as I have said

before, it was part of a whole; he wanted to begin with the origin of the faculties of each man, and then build up that man—just as he wished to arrive at the origin of human society, and then build up society. His Theory of Moral Sentiments builds them all out of one source, sympathy, and in this way he has obtained praise from friends and enemies. His friends are the school of “moral sense” thinkers, because he is on their side, and believes in a special moral faculty, which he laboriously constructs from sympathy; his enemies are the Utilitarian school, who believe in no such special faculty, and who set themselves to show that his labour has been in vain, and that no such faculty has been so built up. One party says the book is good to gain authority for the conclusion, and the other to gain credit by refuting its arguments. For unquestionably its arguments *are* very weak, and attractive to refutation. If the intuitive school had had no better grounds than these, the Utilitarians would have vanquished them ages since. There is a fundamental difficulty in founding morals on sympathy; an obvious confusion of two familiar sentiments. We often sympathize where we cannot approve, and approve where we cannot sympathize. The special vice of party spirit is that it effaces the distinction between the two; we sympathize with our party, till we approve its actions. There is a story of a Radical wit in the last century who was standing for Parliament, and his opponent, of course a Tory, objected that he was always *against* the king whether right or wrong, upon which the wit retorted that on his own showing the Tory was exposed to equal objection since he was always *for* the king whether right or wrong. And so it will always be. Even the wisest party men more or less sympathize with the errors of their own side; they would be powerless if they did not so; they would gain no influence if they were not of like passions with those near them. Adam Smith could not help being aware of this obvious objection; he was far too able a reasoner to elaborate a theory without foreseeing what would be said against it. But the way in which he tries to meet the objection only shows that the objection is invincible. He sets up a supplementary theory—a little epicycle—that the sympathy which is to test good morals must be the sympathy of an “impartial spectator.” But, then, who is to watch the watchman? Who is to say when the spectator is impartial, and when he is not? If he sympathizes with one side, the other will always say that he is partial. As a moralist, the supposed spectator must warmly approve good actions, and warmly disapprove bad actions; as an impartial person he must never do either the one or the other. He is a fiction of inconsistent halves; if he sympathizes he is not impartial, and if he is impartial he does not sympathize. The radical vice of the theory is shown by its requiring this accessory invention of a being both hot and cold, because the essence of the

theory is to identify the passion which loves with the sentiment which approves.

But although we may now believe the Theory of Moral Sentiments to be of inconsiderable philosophical value, and though it would at first sight seem very little likely to contribute to the production of the Wealth of Nations, yet it was, in fact, in a curious way most useful to it. The education of young noblemen has always been a difficulty in the world, and many schemes have been invented to meet it. In Scotland, a hundred years ago, the most fashionable way was to send them to travel in Europe, and to send with them some scholar of repute to look after their morals and to superintend their general education. The guardians of the great border nobleman, the Duke of Buccleugh, were in want of such a tutor to take him such a tour, and it seems to have struck them that Adam Smith was the very person adapted for the purpose. To all appearance an odder selection could hardly have been made. Adam Smith was, as we have seen, the most absent of men, and an awkward Scotch professor, and he was utterly unacquainted with the continent. He had never crossed the English Channel in his life, and if he had been left to himself would probably never have done so. But one of the guardians was Charles Townshend, who had married the young duke's mother. He was not much unlike Mr. Disraeli in character, and had great influence at that time. He read the Theory of Moral Sentiments, and Hume writes to Adam Smith: "Charles Townshend, who passes for the cleverest fellow in England, is so taken with the performance that he said to Oswald he would put the Duke under the author's care, and would make it worth his while to accept of that charge. As soon as I heard this I called on him twice with a view of talking with him about the matter, and of convincing him of the propriety of sending that young nobleman to Glasgow; for I could not hope that he could offer you any terms which would tempt you to renounce your professorship. But I missed him. Mr. Townshend passes for being a little uncertain in his resolutions, so perhaps you need not build much on this sally." Mr. Townshend was, however, this time in earnest, and the offer was made to Adam Smith. In our time there would have been an insuperable difficulty. He was a professor of great repute, they were asking him to give up a life-professorship that yielded a considerable income, and they would have hardly been able to offer him anything equally permanent. But in the eighteenth century there was a way of facilitating such arrangements that we do not now possess. The family of Buccleugh had great political influence, and Charles Townshend, the duke's father-in-law, at times possessed more; and accordingly the guardians of the young duke therefore agreed that they should pay Adam Smith £200 a year till they should get him an equal office of profit under the Crown;—a person apparently more unfit for the public service could not easily have been found;

but in that age of sinecures and pensions it was probably never expected that he should perform any service;—an arrangement more characteristic of the old world, and more unlike our present world, could hardly have been made. The friends of the young duke might, not unnaturally, have had some fears about it; but, in fact, for his interests it turned out very well. Long afterwards, when Adam Smith was dead, he wrote:—"In October, 1766, we returned to London, after having spent near three years together without the slightest disagreement or coolness; on my part with every advantage that could be expected from the society of such a man. We continued to live in friendship till the hour of his death; and I shall always remain with the impression of having lost a friend whom I loved and respected, not only for his great talents, but for every private virtue." Very few of Charles Townshend's caprices were as successful. Through life there was about Adam Smith a sort of lumbering bonhomme which amused and endeared him to those around him.

To Adam Smith the result was even better. If it had not been for this odd consequence of the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, he might have passed all his life in Scotland, delivering similar lectures and clothing very questionable theories in rather pompous words. He said in after life that there was no better way of compelling a man to master a science than by setting him to teach it. And this may be true of the definite sciences. But nothing can be conceived worse for a man of inventive originality than to set him to roam over huge subjects like law, morals, politics, and civilisation, particularly at a time when few good data for sound theories on such subjects are at hand for him to use. In such a position the cleverer the man, the worse are likely to be the consequences: the wider his curiosity and the more fertile his mind, the surer he is to pour out a series of gigantic conjectures of little use to himself or to any one. A one-eyed man with a taste for one subject, even at this disadvantage, may produce something good. The limitation of his mind may save him from being destroyed by his position; but a man of large interests will fail utterly. As Adam Smith had peculiarly wide interests, and as he was the very reverse of a one-eyed man, he was in special danger; and the mere removal from his professorship was to him a gain of the first magnitude. It was of cardinal importance to him to be delivered from the production of incessant words and to be brought into contact with facts and the world. And as it turned out, the caprice of Charles Townshend had a singular further felicity. It not only brought him into contact with facts and the world; but with the most suitable sort of facts, and for his purpose the best part of the world.

The greater part of his three years abroad were naturally

spent in France. France was then by far the greatest country on the continent. Germany was divided and had not yet risen; Spain had fallen; Italy was of little account. In one respect, indeed, France was relatively greater than even at the time of her greatest elevation, the time of the first Napoleon. The political power of the first empire was almost unbounded, but it had no intellectual power; under it Paris had ceased to be an important focus of thought and literature. The vehement rule which created the soldiers also stamped out the ideas. But under the mild government of the old régime, Paris was the principal centre of European authorship. The deficiency of the old régime in eminent soldiers and statesmen only added to the eminence of its literary men. Paris was then queen of two worlds, in that of politics by a tradition from the past, and in literature by a force and life vigorously evidenced in the present. France therefore thus attracted the main attention of all travellers who cared for the existing life of the time; Adam Smith and his pupil spent the greater part of their stay abroad there. And as a preparation for writing the *Wealth of Nations* he could nowhere else have been placed so well. Macaulay says that "ancient abuses and new theories" flourished together in France just before the meeting of the States-General in greater vigour than they had been seen combined before or since. And the description is quite as true economically as politically; on all economical matters the France of that time was a sort of museum stocked with the most important errors.

By nature then, as now, France was fitted to be a great agricultural country, a great producer and exporter of corn and wine; but her legislators for several generations had endeavoured to counteract the aim of nature, and had tried to make her a manufacturing and an exporting country. Like most persons in those times, they had been prodigiously impressed by the high position which the maritime powers, as they were then called (the comparatively little powers of England and Holland), were able to take in the politics of Europe. They saw that this influence came from wealth, that this wealth was made in trade and manufacture, and therefore they determined that France should not be behindhand, but should have as much trade and manufacture as possible. Accordingly they imposed prohibitive or deterring duties on the importation of foreign manufactures; they gave bounties to the corresponding home manufactures. They tried, in opposition to the home-keeping bent of the French character, to found colonies abroad. These colonies were, according to the maxim then everywhere received, to be markets for the trade and nurseries for the commerce of the mother country;—they were mostly forbidden to manufacture for themselves, and were compelled to import all the

manufactures and luxuries they required from Europe exclusively in French ships. Meanwhile, at home, agriculture was neglected. There was not even a free passage for goods from one part of the country to another. As Adam Smith himself describes it—

“In France, the different revenue laws which take place in the different provinces, require a multitude of revenue-officers to surround, not only the frontiers of the kingdom, but those of almost each particular province, in order either to prevent the importation of certain goods, or to subject it to the payment of certain duties, to the no small interruption of the interior commerce of the country. Some provinces are allowed to compound for the gabelle or salt-tax. Others are exempted from it altogether. Some provinces are exempted from the exclusive sale of tobacco, which the farmers-general enjoy through the greater part of the kingdom. The aids, which correspond to the excise in England, are very different in different provinces. Some provinces are exempted from them, and pay a composition or equivalent. In those in which they take place and are in farm, there are many local duties which do not extend beyond a particular town or district. The *Traites*, which correspond to our customs, divide the kingdom into three great parts; first, the provinces subject to the tariff of 1664, which are called the provinces of the five great farms, and under which are comprehended Picardy, Normandy, and the greater part of the interior provinces of the kingdom; secondly, the provinces subject to the tariff of 1667, which are called the provinces reckoned foreign, and under which are comprehended the greater part of the frontier provinces; and, thirdly, those provinces which are said to be treated as foreign, or which, because they are allowed a free commerce with foreign countries, are in their commerce with the other provinces of France subjected to the same duties as other foreign countries. These are Alsace, the three bishopricks of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and the three cities of Dunkirk, Bayonne, and Marseilles. Both in the provinces of the five great farms (called so on account of an antient division of the duties of customs into five great branches, each of which was originally the subject of a particular farm, though they are now all united into one), and in those which are said to be reckoned foreign, there are many local duties which do not extend beyond a particular town or district. There are some such even in the provinces which are said to be treated as foreign, particularly in the city of Marseilles. It is unnecessary to observe how much, both the restraints upon the interior commerce of the country, and the number of the revenue officers must be multiplied, in order to guard the frontiers of those different provinces and districts, which are subject to such different systems of taxation.”

And there were numerous attendant errors, such as generally

accompany a great protective legislation, but which need not be specified in detail.

In consequence, the people were exceedingly miserable. The system of taxation was often enough by itself to cause great misery. "In the provinces," says Adam Smith, "where the personal *taille* on the farmer is imposed, the farmer is afraid to have a good team of horses or oxen, but endeavours to cultivate with the meanest and most wretched instruments of husbandry that he can." The numerous imposts on the land due from the peasantry to the nobles had the same effect even then—most of the country was practically held in a kind of double ownership; the peasant cultivator had usually, by habit if not by law, a fixed hold upon the soil, but he was subject in the cultivation of it to innumerable exactions of varying kinds, which the lord could change pretty much as he chose. "In France," continues Adam Smith, so oddly contrary to everything which we should say now, "the inferior ranks of the people must suffer patiently the usage which their superiors choose to inflict on them." The country in Europe where there is now, perhaps, the most of social equality was then the one in which there was, perhaps, the least.

And side by side with this museum of economical errors there was a most vigorous political economy which exposed them. The doctrines of Free Trade had been before several times suggested by isolated thinkers, but by far the most powerful combined school of philosophers who incessantly inculcated them were the French *Economistes*. They delighted in proving that the whole structure of the French laws upon industry was utterly wrong; that prohibitions ought not to be imposed on the import of foreign manufactures; that bounties ought not to be given to native ones; that the exportation of corn ought to be free; that the whole country ought to be a fiscal unit; that there should be no duty between any province; and so on in other cases. No one could state the abstract doctrines on which they rested everything more clearly. "Acheter, c'est vendre," said Quesnay, the founder of the school, "vendre, c'est acheter." You cannot better express the doctrine of modern political economy than "trade is barter." "Do not attempt," Quesnay continues "to fix the price of your products, goods, or services; they will escape your rules. Competition alone can regulate prices with equity; it alone restricts them to a moderation which varies little; it alone attracts with certainty provisions where they are wanted or labour where it is required." "That which we call dearness is the only remedy of dearness: dearness causes plenty." Any quantity of sensible remarks to this effect might be disinterred from these writers. They were not always equally wise.

As the prime maxim of the ruling policy was to encourage commerce and neglect agriculture, this sect set up a doctrine that agri-

culture was the only source of wealth, and that trade and commerce contributed nothing to it. The labour of artificers and merchants was sterile; that of agriculturists was alone truly productive. The way in which they arrived at this strange idea was, if I understand it, something like this: they took the whole agricultural produce of a country, worth say £5,000,000 as it stood in the hands of the farmer, and applied it thus:—

First, as we should say, in repayment of capital spent in wages, &c.	£3,000,000
Secondly, in payment of profit by way of hire of capital say, or as subsistence to himself	500,000
Total outlay	<u>£3,500,000</u>

But that outlay of £3,500,000 has produced a value of £5,000,000; there is therefore an overplus over and above the outlay of £1,500,000; and this overplus, or *produit net* as the *Economistes* call it, goes to the landlord for rent, as we should call it. But no other employment yields any similar *produit net*. A cotton spinner only replaces his own capital, and obtains his profit on it; like the farmer (as they said), he pays the outlay, and he gains a profit or subsistence for himself. But he does no more. There is no extra overplus in farming; no balance, after paying wages and hiring capital; nothing to go to any landlord. In the same way commerce is, according to this system, transfer only—the expense of distribution is paid; the necessary number of capitalists and of labourers are maintained, but that is all; there is nothing beyond the wages, and beyond the profit. In agriculture only is there a third element—a *produit net*.

From this doctrine the *Economistes* drew two inferences, one very agreeable to agriculturists, the other very disagreeable; but both exactly opposite to the practice of their government. *First*, they said, as agriculture was the exclusive source of all wealth, it was absurd to depress it or neglect it, or to encourage commerce and manufacture in place of it. They had no toleration for the system of finance and commercial legislation which they saw around them, of which the one object was to make France a trading and manufacturing country, when nature meant it to be an agricultural one. *Secondly*, they inferred that most, if not all, the existing taxes in France were wrong in principle. “If,” they argued, “agriculture is the only source of wealth, and if, as we know, wealth only can pay taxes, then all taxes should be imposed on agriculture.” They reasoned: “In manufactures there is only a necessary hire of labour, and a similar hire of capital, at a cost which cannot be diminished; there is in them no available surplus for taxation. If you attempt to impose taxes on them, and if in name you make them

pay such taxes, they will charge higher for their necessary work. They will in a roundabout way throw the burden of those taxes on agriculture. The *produit net* of the latter is the one real purse of the state; no other pursuit can truly pay anything, for it has no purse. And therefore," they summed up, "all taxes, save a single one on the *produit net*, were absurd. They only attempted to make those pay who could not pay; to extract money from fancied funds, in which there was no money." All the then existing taxes in France, therefore, they proposed to abolish, and to replace them by a single tax on agriculture only.

As this system was so opposed to the practice of the government, one would have expected that it should have been discountenanced, if not persecuted, by the government. But, in fact, it was rather favoured by it. Quesnay, the founder of the system, had a place at Court, and was under the special protection of the king's mistress, who was then the king's government. M. de Lavergne has quoted a graphic description of him. "Quesnay," writes Marmontel, "well lodged in a small *appartement* in the *entresol* of Madame de Pompadour, only occupied himself from morning till night with political and agricultural economy. He believed that he had reduced the system to calculation, and to axioms of irresistible evidence; and as he was collecting a school, he gave himself the trouble to explain to me his new doctrine, in order to make me one of his proselytes. I applied all my force of comprehension to understand those truths which he told me were self evident; but I found in them only vagueness and obscurity. To make him believe that I understood that which I really did not understand, was beyond my power; but I listened with patient docility, and left him the hope that in the end he would enlighten me, and make me believe his doctrine. I did more; I applauded his work, which I really thought very useful, for he tried to recommend agriculture in a country where it was too much disdained, and to turn many excellent understandings towards the study of it. While political storms were forming and dissolving above the *entresol* of Quesnay, he perfected his calculations and his axioms of rural economy, as tranquil and as indifferent to the movements of the Court, as if he had been a hundred leagues off. Below, in the salon of Madame de Pompadour, they deliberated on peace or war—on the choice of generals—on the recall of ministers; while we in the *entresol* were reasoning on agriculture, calculating the *produit net*, or sometimes were dining gaily with Diderot, D'Alembert, Duclos, Helvetius, Turgot, Buffon; and Madame de Pompadour, not being able to induce this troupe of philosophers to come down to her *salon*, came herself to see them at table, and to chat with them." An opposition philosophy has rarely been so petted and well treated. Much as the reign of Louis XVI. differed in most respects from that of Louis XV., it was like it in this patronage of the *Economistes*.

Turgot was made Minister of Finance, to reform France by applying their doctrines.

The reason of this favour to the *Economistes* from the government was, that on the question in which the government took far the most interest the *Economistes* were on its side. The daily want of the French government was more power; though nominally a despotism, it was feeble in reality. But the *Economistes* were above all things anxious for a very strong government; they held to the maxim, everything *for* the people—nothing *by* them; they had a horror of checks and counterpoises and resistances; they wished to do everything by the *fiat* of the sovereign. They had, in fact, the natural wish of eager speculators, to have an irresistible despotism behind them, and supporting them; and with the simplicity which marks so much of the political speculations of the eighteenth century, but which now seems so childlike, they never seemed to think how they were to get their despot, or how they were to ensure that he should be on their side. The painful experience of a hundred years has taught us that influential despotisms are not easy to make, and that good ones are still less so. But in their own time nothing could be more advantageous to the *Economistes* than to have an eager zeal for a perfect despotism; in consequence they were patronised by the greatest existing authority, instead of being discountenanced by it.

This account of the *Economistes* may seem to a reader who looks at Adam Smith exclusively by the light of modern political economy to be too long for their relation to him. But he would not have thought so himself. He so well knew how much his mind had been affected by them and by their teaching, that he at one time thought of dedicating the *Wealth of Nations* to Quesnay, their founder; and though he relinquished that intention, he always speaks of him with the gravest respect. If, indeed, we consider what Glasgow is now, still more what it must have been a hundred years ago, we shall comprehend the degree to which this French experience—this sight of a country so managed, and with such a political economy—must have excited the mind of Adam Smith. It was the passage from a world where there was no *spectacle* to one in which there was the best which the world has ever seen, and simultaneously the passage from the most Scotch of ideas to others the most un-Scotch. A feeble head would have been upset in the transit, but Adam Smith kept his.

From France he went home to Scotland, and stayed quietly with his mother at his native town of Kirkcaldy for a whole ten years. He lived on the annuity from the Duke of Buccleugh, and occupied himself in study only. What he was studying, if we considered the *Wealth of Nations* as a book of political economy only, we might be somewhat puzzled to say. But the contents of that book are, as has been said, most miscellaneous, and in its author's

mind it was but a fragment of an immensely larger whole. Much more than ten years' study would have been necessary for the entire book which he contemplated.

At last, in 1776, the *Wealth of Nations* was published, and was, on the whole, well received. Dr. Carlyle, indeed, preserves an impression that, in point of style, it was inferior to the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*. But all competent readers were agreed as to the great value of the substance. And almost everybody will probably now think, in spite of Dr. Carlyle, that the style is very much better than that of the *Moral Sentiments*. There is about the latter a certain showiness and an "air of the professor trying to be fascinating," which are not very agreeable; and, after all, there is a ponderous weight in the words which seems to bear down the rather flimsy matter. But the style of the *Wealth of Nations* is entirely plain and manly. The author had, in the interval, seen at least a little of the living world and of society, and had learnt that the greatest mistake is the trying to be more agreeable than you can be, and that the surest way to spoil an important book is to try to attract the attention of, to "write down" to, a class of readers too low to take a serious interest in the subject. A really great style, indeed, Adam Smith's certainly is not. Lord Mansfield is said to have told Boswell that he did not feel, in reading either Hume or Adam Smith, that he was reading English at all; and it was very natural that it should be so. English was not the mother tongue of either. Adam Smith had, no doubt, spoken somewhat broad Scotch for the first fourteen or fifteen years of his life; probably he never spoke anything that could quite be called English till he went to Oxford. And nothing so much hampers the free use of the pen in any language as the incessant remembrance of a kindred but different one; you are never sure the idioms nature prompts are those of the tongue you would speak, or of the tongue you would reject. Hume and Adam Smith exemplify the difficulty in opposite ways. Hume is always idiomatic, but his idioms are constantly wrong; many of his best passages are, on that account, curiously grating and puzzling; you feel that they are very like what an Englishman would say, but yet that, after all, somehow or other, they are what he never would say;—there is a minute seasoning of imperceptible difference which distracts your attention, and which you are for ever stopping to analyse. Adam Smith's habit was very different. His style is not colloquial in the least. He adheres to the heavy "book" English which he had found in the works of others, and was sure that he could repeat in his own. And in that sort of style he has eminent merit. No one ever has to read twice in him to gather meaning; no one can bring much valid objection to his way of expressing that meaning; there is even a sort of appropriateness, though often a clumsy sort, in his

way of saying it. But the style has no intrinsic happiness; no one would read it for its own sake; the words do not cleave to the meaning, so that you cannot think of them without it, or it without them. This is only given to those who write in the speech of their childhood, and only to the very few of those—the five or six in every generation who have from nature the best grace, who think by inborn feeling in words at once charming and accurate.

Of the *Wealth of Nations* as an economical treatise, I have nothing to say now; but it is not useless to say that it is a very amusing book about old times. As it is dropping out of immediate use from change of times, it is well to observe that this very change brings it a new sort of interest of its own. There are few books in which there may be gathered more curious particulars of the old world. I cull at random almost that “a broad wheel waggon, attended by two men, and drawn by eight horses,” then “in about six weeks time carried and brought trade between London and Edinburgh;”—that in Adam Smith’s opinion, if there were such an effectual demand for grain as would require a million tons of shipping to import it, the “navy of England,” the mercantile navy of course, would not be sufficient for it;—that “Holland was the great emporium of European goods;” that she was, in proportion to the land and the number of inhabitants, by far the richest country in Europe; that she had the greatest share of the ocean-carrying trade; that her citizens possessed £40,000,000 in the French and English funds;—that in Sheffield no master cutler can have more than one apprentice, by a bye-law of the corporation, and in Norfolk and Norwich no weaver more than two;—that if Adam Smith’s eyes served him right, “the common people in Scotland, who are fed with oatmeal, are in general neither so strong nor so handsome as the same class of people in England, who are fed with wheaten bread, and that they do not look or work as well;” that, which is odder still, the porters and coalheavers in London, and those unfortunate women who live by prostitution—the strongest men and the most beautiful women, perhaps, in the British dominions—are from the lowest rank of people in Ireland, and fed with the potato; and that £1,000 share in India stock “gave a share not in the plunder, but in the appointment of the plunderers of India;”—that “the expense of the establishment of Massachusetts Bay, before the commencement of the late disturbances,” that is, the American war, “used to be about £18,000 a year, and that of New York, £4,500;” that all the civil establishments in America did not at the same date cost £67,000 a year;—that “in consequence of the monopoly of the American colonial market,” the commerce of England, “instead of running in a great number of small channels, has been taught to run principally in one great channel;”—that “the territorial acquisitions of the

East India Company, the undoubted right of the crown," "might be rendered another source of revenue more abundant, perhaps, than all" others from which much addition could be expected;—that Great Britain is, perhaps, since "the world began, the only state which has extended its empire" "without augmenting the area of its resources;"—that, and this is the final sentence of the book, "If any of the provinces of the British empire cannot be made to contribute towards the support of the whole empire, it is surely time that Great Britain should free herself from the expense of defending those provinces in time of war, and of supporting any part of their civil or military establishments in time of peace, and endeavour to accommodate her future views and designs to the real mediocrity of her circumstances." A strange passage, considering all that has happened since, and all the provinces which we have since taken. No one can justly estimate the *Wealth of Nations* who thinks of it as a book of mere political economy, such as Quesnay had then written, or as Ricardo afterwards wrote; it is really both full of the most various kinds of facts and of thoughts often as curious on the most various kinds of subjects.

The effect of the publication of the *Wealth of Nations* on the fortunes of its author was very remarkable. It gave the Duke of Buccleugh the power of relieving himself of his annuity, by performing the equivalent clause in the bargain; he obtained for Adam Smith a commissionership of customs for Scotland—an appointment of which we do not know the precise income, but which was clearly, according to the notions of those times, a very good one indeed. A person less fitted to fill it could not indeed easily have been found. Adam Smith had, as we have seen, never been used to pecuniary business of any kind; he had never even taken part in any sort of action out of such business; he was an absent and meditative student. It was indeed during his tenure of this office that, as I have said, he startled a subordinate who asked for his signature, by imitating the signature of the last commissioner, instead of giving his own—of course in pure absence of mind. He was no doubt better acquainted with the theory of taxation than any other man of his time; he could have given a minister in the capital better advice than any one else as to what taxes he should or should not impose. But a commissioner of customs, in a provincial city, has nothing to do with the imposition of taxes, or with giving advice about them. His business simply is to see that those which already exist are regularly collected and methodically transmitted, which involves an infinity of transactions requiring a trained man of detail. But a man of detail Adam Smith certainly was not—at least of detail in business. Nature had probably not well fitted him for it, and his mode of life had completed the result, and utterly unfitted him. The appointment that was given

him was one in which the great abilities which he possessed were useless, and in which much smaller ones, which he had not, would have been of extreme value.

But in another respect this appointment has been more blamed than I think is just. However small may be the value of Adam Smith's work at the Custom House, the effect of performing it and the time which it occupied prevented him from writing anything more. And it has been thought that posterity has in consequence suffered much. But I own that I doubt this exceedingly. Adam Smith had no doubt made a vast accumulation of miscellaneous materials for his great design. But these materials were probably of very second-rate value. Neither for the history of law, nor of science, nor art, had the preliminary work been finished, which is necessary before such a mind as Adam Smith's can usefully be applied to them. Before the theorising philosopher must come the accurate historian. To write the history either of law or science or art is enough for the life of any single man : neither have as yet been written with the least approach to completeness. The best of the fragments on these subjects, which we now have, did not exist in Adam Smith's time. There was, therefore, but little use in his thinking or writing at large about them. If he had set down for us some account of his residence in France, and the society which he saw there, posterity would have been most grateful to him. But this he had no idea of doing ; and nobody would now much care for a series of elaborate theories, founded upon facts insufficiently collected.

Adam Smith lived for fourteen years after the publication of the *Wealth of Nations*, but he wrote nothing, and scarcely studied anything. The duties of his office, though of an easy and routine character, which would probably have enabled a man bred to business to spend much of his time and almost all his mind on other things, were, we are told, enough "to waste his spirits and dissipate his attention." And not unnaturally, for those who have ever been used to give all their days to literary work rarely seem able to do that work when they are even in a slight degree struck and knocked against the world ; only those who have scarcely ever known what it is to have unbroken calm are able to accomplish much without that calm. During these years Adam Smith's life passed easily and pleasantly in the Edinburgh society of that time—a very suitable one, for it was one to which professors and lawyers gave the tone, and of which intellectual exertion was the life and being. Adam Smith was it is true no easy talker—was full neither of ready replies nor of prepared replies. He rather liked to listen, but if he talked—and traps it is said were laid to make him do so—he could expound admirably on the subjects which he knew, and also (which is quite as characteristic of the man as we see him in his

works), could run up rapid theories on such data as occurred to him, when, as Dugald Stewart tells us in his dignified dialect, "he gave a loose to his genius upon the very few branches of knowledge of which he only possessed the outlines."

He died calmly and quietly, leaving directions about his manuscripts and such other literary things, and saying, in a melancholy way, "I meant to have done more." The sort of fame which the *Wealth of Nations* has obtained, and its special influence, did not begin in his lifetime, and he had no notion of it. Nor would he perhaps have quite appreciated it if he had. His mind was full of his great scheme of the origin and history of all cultivation; as happens to so many men, though scarcely ever on so great a scale, aiming at one sort of reputation, he attained another. To use Lord Bacon's perpetual illustration, like Saul, he "went in search of his father's asses, and he found a kingdom."

Adam Smith has been said to belong to the Macaulay type of Scotchmen, and the saying has been thought a paradox, particularly by those who, having misread Macaulay, think him a showy rhetorician, and not having at all read Adam Smith, think of him as a dry and dull political economist. But the saying is true, nevertheless. Macaulay is anything but a mere rhetorical writer—there is a very hard kernel of business in him; and Adam Smith is not dry at all—the objection to him is that he is not enough so, and that the real truth in several parts of his subject cannot be made so interesting as his mode of treatment implies. And there is this fundamental likeness between Macaulay and Adam Smith, that they can both describe practical matters in such a way as to fasten them on the imagination, and not only get what they say read, but get it remembered and make it part of the substance of the reader's mind ever afterwards. Abstract theorists may say that such a style as that of Adam Smith is not suitable to an abstract science; but then Adam Smith has carried political economy far beyond the bounds of those who care for abstract science or who understand exactly what it means. He has popularised it in the only sense in which it can be popularised without being spoiled; that is, he has put certain broad conclusions into the minds of hard-headed men, which are all which they need know, and all which they for the most part will ever care for, and he has put those conclusions there ineradicably. This, too, is what Macaulay does for us in history, at least what he does best; he engraves indelibly the main outlines and the rough common sense of the matter. Other more refining and perhaps in some respects more delicate minds, may add the nicer details and explain those wavering, flickering, inconstant facts of human nature which are either above common sense or below it. Both these great Scotchmen excelled in the "osteology of their subject," a term invented by Dr. Chalmers, a third great Scotchman

who excelled in it himself; perhaps, indeed, it is an idiosyncrasy of their race.

Like many other great Scotchmen—Macaulay is one of them—Adam Smith was so much repelled by the dominant Calvinism in which he was born that he never voluntarily wrote of religious subjects, or, as far as we know, spoke of them. Nothing, indeed, can repel a man more from such things than what Macaulay called the “bray of Exeter Hall.” What can be worse for people than to hear in their youth arguments, alike clamorous and endless, founded on ignorant interpretations of inconclusive words? As soon as they come to years of discretion all instructed persons cease to take part in such discussions, and often say nothing at all on the great problems of human life and destiny. Sometimes the effect goes farther; those subjected to this training become not only silent but careless. There is nothing like Calvinism for generating indifference. The saying goes that Scotchmen are those who believe most or least; and it is most natural that it should be so, for they have been so hurt and pestered with religious stimulants, that it is natural they should find total abstinence from them both pleasant and healthy. How far this indifference went in Adam Smith’s case we do not exactly know, but there is no reason to think it extended to all religion; on the contrary, there are many traces of the complacent optimism of the eighteenth century—a doctrine the more agreeable to him because, perhaps, it is the exact opposite of Calvinism—and which was very popular in an easy-going age, though the storms and calamities of a later time dispelled it, and have made it seem to us thin and unreal. The only time when Adam Smith ever came near to theological discussion was by a letter on Hume’s death, in which he said that Hume, one of his oldest friends, was the best man he had ever known—perhaps praise which was scarcely meant to be taken too literally, but which naturally caused a great storm. The obvious thing to say about it is that it does not indicate any very lofty moral standard, for there certainly was no sublime excellence in Hume, who as Carlyle long ago said, “all his life through did not so much morally live as critically investigate.” But though the bigots of his time misunderstood him, Adam Smith did not by so saying mean to identify himself with irreligion or even with scepticism.

Adam Smith’s life, however, was not like Macaulay’s—“a life without a lady.” There are vestiges of an early love affair, though but vague ones. Dugald Stewart, an estimable man in his way, but one of the most detestable of biographers, for he seems always thinking much more of his own words than of the facts he has to relate, says: “In the early part of Mr. Smith’s life, it is well known to his friends that he was for several years attached to a young lady of great beauty and accomplishment.” But he does not tell us who she was, and “has not been able to learn” “how far his

addresses were favourably received," or, in fact, anything about the matter. It seems, however, that the lady died unmarried, and in that case the unsentimental French novelists say that the gentleman is not often continuously in earnest, for that "a lady cannot be *always* saying No!" But whether such was the case with Adam Smith or not we cannot tell. He was a lonely, bookish man, but that may tell both ways. The books may be opposed to the lady, but the solitude will preserve her remembrance.

If Adam Smith did abandon sentiment and devote himself to study, he has at least the excuse of having succeeded. Scarcely any writer's work has had so much visible fruit. He has, at least, annexed his name to a great practical movement which is still in progress through the world. Free trade has become in the popular mind almost as much his subject as the war of Troy was Homer's; only curious inquirers think of teachers before the one any more than of poets before the other. If all the speeches made at our Anti-Corn Law League were examined, I doubt if any reference could be found to any preceding writer, though the name of Adam Smith was always on men's lips. And in other countries it is the same. Smith-ism is a name of reproach with all who hold such doctrines, and of respect with those who believe them; no other name is used equally or comparably by either. So long as the doctrines of protection exist—and they seem likely to do so, as human interests are what they are and human nature is what it is—Adam Smith will always be quoted as the great authority of Anti-Protectionism—as the man who first told the world the truth so that the world could learn and believe it.

And besides this great practical movement Adam Smith started a great theoretical one also. On one side his teaching created Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, on another it rendered possible Ricardo and Mr. Mill. He is the founder of that analysis of the "great commerce" which in England we now call political economy, and which, dry, imperfect, and unfinished as it is, will be thought by posterity one of the most valuable and peculiar creations of English thought. As far as accuracy goes Ricardo no doubt began this science, but his whole train of thought was suggested by Adam Smith, and he could not have written without him. So much theory and so much practice have rarely, perhaps never, sprang from a single mind.

Fortunate in many things, Adam Smith was above all things fortunate in his age. Commerce had become far larger, far more striking, far more world-wide than it ever was before, and it needed an effectual explainer. A vigorous Scotchman with the hard-headedness and the abstractions of his country, trained in England and familiar with France, was the species of man best fitted to explain it, and such a man was Adam Smith.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

ENGLISH LIBERALISM AND AUSTRALASIAN DEMOCRACY.

It is so much the custom in this country to associate the progress of Liberalism with the development of Democracy, that democratic governments are pointed at alike by friends and foes of Liberal principles, as displaying clearly the results to which the triumph of those principles must lead. Now, while there is a great deal in common between the spirit of Liberalism, as usually understood, and that of the democratic institutions prevailing in our Australasian¹ colonies, there are also important points of distinction which can hardly fail to strike any impartial observer. Most of the objects for which Liberals in England have hitherto struggled, more or less successfully, are to British colonists so much a matter of course, and have grown up so naturally as a part of their institutions, that they are hardly regarded as questions of controversy. In the colonies there are no doubt Conservatives so-called, but their type of Conservatism is not like ours, and they believe as little as any English Radical in entailed estates, privileged ecclesiastics, or hereditary legislators. They are accustomed to think that voting must be secret in order to be free, that it is the duty of the community to educate the rising generation, and that no civil privileges or disabilities should be attached to the profession of any form of religious faith. Ecclesiasticism, as distinguished from religion, has no influence in public affairs, and it is not upon such questions as that of the Burials Bill that political parties are rallied. In short, where the feudal system has never prevailed, where there are no privileged classes, no privileged sects, and no standing armies, and where land passes readily and cheaply from hand to hand, we need not look either for Liberals or Conservatives, as those names are here understood.

Although the above applies in particular to the Australasian colonies, which are singularly free from any disturbing element, it holds good in a modified form of any self-governing British colony, even where, as in Canada, the influence of powerful neighbours or the presence of numerous foreign settlers must be taken into account. But in these countries, where the balance of political power is so adjusted as to secure the ascendancy of popular ideas, there is still plenty of work for the reformer who struggles against prejudice, ignorance, and selfishness, and he will frequently find arrayed against him *there* the very forces which *here* have been his best allies.

(1) The term "Australasian" is used as including New Zealand and Tasmania along with Australia proper.

It is at once the glory and the weakness of the Liberal party that they seek to promote the interests of the community at large, while their opponents are more careful of the interests peculiar to classes and individuals. But classes and individuals are apt to be more grateful and more vindictive than the general public, as was exemplified in the overthrow of Mr. Gladstone's government by a combination of offended class interests—a government which had laboured with zeal and success for the benefit of the nation at large. Now a democracy can be as conservative as an oligarchy, as eager for the advancement of its own class interests, real or supposed, and as indifferent to those of the general community.

The selfishness of the many is probably less mischievous than that of the few, as the number of those who suffer from it is less; but it is certain that the natural conservatism of the people, when in power, causes no little injury to the State. This is apparent, even in the Australasian colonies, where the working of democratic institutions is seen under most favorable conditions.

In attempting to draw a comparison between Liberalism and Democracy at the present time, my object is to show that the two ideas are far from being identical, that they are not inseparably connected, and that under certain conditions they may become directly opposed to each other. In England, where the efforts of reformers have so long been directed towards breaking down privileges and monopolies enjoyed by the aristocracy, and admitting the masses to a share in the government, the terms democratic and conservative may seem to be naturally antagonistic. That they once were so is indisputable, but the case of our self-governing colonies indicates that this antagonism is by no means permanent; Conservatism, under its good as well as its evil aspect, is conspicuously displayed in the political working of those young democracies.

In Australasia we find a considerable variety of constitutions, and the popular element is in some more absolutely predominant than in others, but in all the power of the people (as distinguished from that of any class, rank, or profession) is supreme, and to such a constitution no name is applicable except that of Democracy. Of course all these colonies acknowledge the supremacy of the Queen and Parliament of the United Kingdom, but this can hardly be said to modify their democratic character, for the personal interference of the Sovereign in their affairs is nil, while that of Parliament has, in each case, practically ceased with the Act of Constitution establishing self-government. On the other hand, however, it is true that the reverence and affection of the colonists for British manners and customs are extended to the sphere of politics, and a certain aristocratic leaven is thereby imparted to their institutions, such as would be vainly sought for in the United States of America.

Even in Victoria, the most democratic of colonies, the very aspect of the two houses of parliament, with red and green benches respectively, the speaker and his mace, the forms of procedure and debate, all alike afford outward and visible signs that the British constitution is the ideal of the Victorians. No stronger proof of this can be required than was afforded by the fate of the so-called "Norwegian scheme" in July, 1874. A justly popular premier, with a large majority of the Assembly at his back, proposed a constitutional amendment intended to obviate the difficulties of a dead-lock between the two branches of the legislature. The proposal was based upon the practice of the Norwegian Storting, and provided that the two Houses should vote collectively, if an irreconcilable difference should arise between them. The question was discussed by the Assembly in a vigorous debate, to which I had the pleasure of listening, and which in all respects would have done credit to the British House of Commons. Experience had shown the risk of a dead-lock to be a real one, for which the constitution did not provide a remedy. The case of the Norwegian Storting, although not strictly analogous, afforded a precedent drawn from the practice of a free and kindred nation. No little ingenuity and eloquence were displayed on both sides, but the arguments of orators hostile to the measure might have been summed up in the words: *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*. The scheme was denounced as "un-English," and this objection appeared to weigh with the Assembly more than any raised upon the intrinsic merits of the amendment. In the division on the third reading the ministerial majority dwindled down to two, and the "foreign invention" was abandoned, it being clear that the opposition, which proved so strong in the popular Chamber, must be fatal in the Legislative Council. It is common throughout Australia to speak of Victoria as a go-ahead country, somewhat dangerously imbued with Yankee political ideas, but I hardly think that any one familiar with American politics will admit this last assertion. Certainly no such impression was produced upon me by a debate in which these phrases continually recurred: "new-fangled notions from foreign countries," "unknown to the British constitution," "the wisdom of our ancestors," "precedent," "privilege," "dangerous innovation." With one conspicuous exception, even the supporters of the Norwegian scheme admitted the importance of such considerations, in particular the inexpediency of swamping entirely the Legislative Council, or Upper House, and the whole tone of the debate, as well as its result, might have gladdened the heart of the most ardent constitutionalist.

Although the constitutions of the self-governing colonies vary as to details, they are at one as to general principles, being founded on popular sovereignty, more or less modified by forms adopted from the constitution of the United Kingdom. Queen, Lords and Commons

are represented respectively by Governor, Council and Assembly, and so far as essentially differing circumstances will permit, the representation is complete. The Governor is appointed for a fixed period by the Home Government of the day ; he reigns, but does not govern, all real power being in the hands of his responsible ministers, who must be the leaders of a parliamentary majority. Under the advice of these ministers, who are most properly jealous of any personal interference, the Governor is bound to act, and to change them when they fail to secure the confidence of the Assembly. He is, of course, in regular communication with the Colonial Office at home, but practical intervention from that quarter is now very infrequent so far as Australasia is concerned. Socially, if not politically, the Governor is an important personage, and enjoys a position of the highest dignity, as the representative of a popular sovereign and of the home connection. The institution of a Second Chamber, or Legislative Council, is now general throughout the colonies, and it is in this branch of the legislature that the principal peculiarities of their constitutions appear. The difficulties of creating in a new country an Upper House, or quasi-aristocratic body, are very considerable, and the experiment is full of interest for political reformers. The number of Legislative Councillors is invariably limited, but they may be either nominated or elective. Thus in Victoria they are thirty in number, are elected for ten years by constituencies possessing either a property or a "fancy" qualification, and must themselves be owners of a considerable amount of freehold property within the colony. The seventy-eight members of the Legislative Assembly require no qualification, and are elected by universal manhood suffrage ; the number of their electors is nearly 150,000, the persons qualified as electors for the Upper House being only 25,000. The democratic character of the constitution is elsewhere less pronounced, and in Queensland there is a Legislative Council of nominated life members ; but however conservative such a body may be at heart it seems to lack the force necessary for resistance to the popular Chamber, except upon questions that rouse no popular feeling. Thanks to the action of the Upper House, Queensland is now the only Australian colony whose law is in harmony with that of the United Kingdom as regards marriage with a deceased wife's sister, but the part played by this chamber of life peers is not as a rule characterized by great political energy. In all the colonies the Assembly, or Lower House, is the real seat of power, and the responsible ministers must have the support of a majority of its members for the time being.

The idea of a Second Chamber to act as a restraining influence on the "fierce democratic," and to afford an organized centre of resistance to the dominant power in the State, has been borrowed from the British constitution, and upon the whole the practical

results have been satisfactory. Occasions have not been wanting when the "Upper House" has firmly maintained its constitutional privilege of rejecting measures acceptable to the popularly elected Chamber, and when the deliberate judgment of the people has supported the rejection. Occasionally, also, there have been deadlocks in legislation, when neither House would give way, and when the stability of the constitution has been seriously menaced. The risk of such collisions is greatest in a colony like Victoria, where the Legislative Council is a representative body, with an influential constituency at its back, and considers itself as specially constituted to secure the interests of property. Its members are rendered by their comparative fixity of tenure independent of passing clamour, while the sense of responsibility to constituents, upon whose support they ultimately rely, gives force and dignity to their position, such as no mere nominees can pretend to. The fact is, that in Victoria the centre of resistance has been too strongly fortified for the safety of the constitution, which provides at present no peaceable means of overcoming it, such as is available in extreme cases under the British constitution by the creation of peers. The good sense and moderation of Australians have hitherto prevented any disastrous results from a collision of the two co-ordinate chambers, but the danger exists, and demands a constitutional reform, such as would have been provided by the Norwegian scheme of Mr. Francis. At all events, the failing of the Upper House in Victoria does not appear to be weakness or subservience to its powerful colleague, and important lessons for the future may be learnt from the working of a Second Chamber in our democratic colonies.

In this country Liberals, when discussing parliamentary reform, talk of assimilating the county and borough franchise, and of re-distributing seats, as if these were the final reforms necessary in order to perfect our representative system. It almost seems as if they lost sight of the fact that we have two co-ordinate Legislative Chambers, one of which is not representative at all. It may be that the House of Commons, in spite of recent reforms, fails to represent clearly the mind of the British people, and it is certain that the county members are still for the most part nominees of a single class. But whatever may be the character of the House of Commons, nothing that it approves can become law until after receiving the sanction of the Upper House, composed entirely of one class, and devoid of any direct responsibility to the public. The House of Peers is strong in traditional prestige, in social dignity, and landed possessions, but it is out of sympathy with the great body of the people, it regards public affairs as if "from a balloon," and its legislative powers are not exercised as a delegated trust, but are transmitted as an indefeasible right from father to son. In no

other civilised country does a similar institution now exist; to create anything like it in a new country would be simply impossible, while here, in our free constitution, this splendid mediæval relic not only exists, but plays a part, the importance of which is best appreciated by those who take a practical part in the labours of legislation.

When the time once more arrives for the serious consideration of parliamentary reforms, a prominent place must be assigned to the most essential of all—reform of the House of Lords; and in this matter colonial experience will be of considerable service. If the House of Lords is in the future to discharge effectively the moderating and restraining functions of an aristocratic Chamber in a society where the democratic element is steadily acquiring more and more power, it will require to be greatly strengthened. Now its weak point at present appears to be its complete isolation from the bulk of the community—*Semota ab nostris rebus, sejunctaque longe*—which causes it to mistake the proper occasions for resistance, and prevents it from being able to resist with effect. It is frequently asserted that the House of Lords interprets so correctly the national will as never to oppose any measure on which the nation has set its heart. I believe that there is only too much truth in this assertion, and that we need not expect the peers to risk their own privileges by withstanding firmly any powerful democratic impulse, whether for good or for evil. Individually courageous, they display collectively the timidity which Montesquieu ascribes to oligarchies, knowing well that there is nobody at their back. If we may judge by the example of Victoria, an infusion of members elected by the propertied classes would tend greatly to strengthen the House of Lords in resisting ill-considered legislation or dangerous popular impulses.

Reform of the House of Peers may be a question for the Conservatives of the future, but it is no less a question for the Liberals of the present time. The influence of that House upon modern legislation is not indeed of a sensational character, but it would be a great mistake to measure it by the length of time which the Peers occupy in the transaction of business. Those who are engaged in the thankless and laborious task of promoting reforms essential to the welfare of uninfluential and undemonstrative classes of the community, know well the paralysing effect of the Upper House. Not only must measures be originally so framed as to avoid offence to aristocratic interests, but it is necessary often to accept without discussion "Lords' amendments," which mutilate fatally the proposed legislation. This is true of bills which succeed in passing the Lords; but many a much-needed reform has been by them rejected session after session, while many another has never been sent up to them because of the firm conviction that they would not entertain it.

Even the strongest Liberal governments are always in a minority in the Upper House, a fact too often lost sight of when the shortcomings of the Liberal party are being discussed. It is neither possible, nor desirable, to arouse popular feeling upon ordinary questions of legislation, and a Liberal minister, supported by a large majority of the nation, must still reckon upon the unchanging hostility of a House which is insensible to the waves of public opinion, except during periods of storm. To strengthen the Upper House while bringing it more into sympathy with the nation at large, seems to me the most urgent of parliamentary reforms, and I think that here we may take one more practical lesson (we have taken a good many of late years) from the Australian Colonies.

While rejecting absolutely the idea of an hereditary caste of legislators, they have accepted not only life peerages, but special representation of the aristocracy. That is to say, they have recruited their Upper House either with men of a certain eminence nominated for life, or else with men of property elected by their own class for a fixed term. Both these qualifications are indeed recognised in the House of Lords, but unfortunately, as matters stand at present, the defects of that House are thereby intensified rather than remedied. The only nominated life peers are the Bishops of the Established Church, who are *ex-officio* legislators as the principal ministers of a privileged religion. The only elected peers are the representatives from Scotland and Ireland, whose mode of election practically ensures that the minority of the peerage shall have no representation. Liberal Scotland is thus represented in the Upper House by one Liberal only out of sixteen peers elected to serve in each parliament, and Roman Catholic Ireland numbers no Roman Catholic among her twenty-eight representative peers elected for life. It is not in this manner that the Upper House can be converted into a true Senate, representing the mature wisdom of the nation, and restraining in times of excitement the hastier impulses of the popular Chamber. If such a Senate is to exist in this country, it must embrace among its nominated members the chief notables of all professions and creeds, and its elective members must represent the propertied classes generally, not a handful of titled families.

In the all-important matter of popular education, Australian Democracy and English Liberalism appear to be thoroughly at one. The colonies have progressed in this matter at various rates of speed : in New South Wales the denominational influence is still powerful, and the education returns show a large proportion of children unable to read ; but in Victoria there is established a system of gratuitous, secular, compulsory education ; Tasmania follows a similar educational policy ; South Australia, closely resembling Victoria in her

democratic constitution and restless enterprise, is second only to her in the character of her education returns; while Queensland, a comparatively aristocratic colony, is still a good way behind. In thinly-peopled countries, the working out of a thorough educational system is of course specially difficult, and in Australia, as elsewhere, sectarian jealousy has been a serious obstacle in the way of popular education; but the good sense of the people has been the main instrument in overcoming all obstacles, and it appears as if the progress hitherto made by each colony towards a *national* as opposed to a *denominational* system, depended mainly on the greater or less predominance of the democratic element. Of all circumstances connected with colonial progress this is the most reassuring: if the sovereign people are ignorant, as their detractors assert, they are at least resolved that their children shall not grow up in ignorance, and if the country flourishes under the management of the existing Democracy, it is reasonable to hope that "Advance Australia" may still be a true motto with a better-instructed generation.

There are certainly questions upon which the Australian people require instruction, if their views are to be brought into harmony with those of European Liberals and political economists. Upon the subject of Free Trade, Democracy in Australia shows itself to be thoroughly Conservative, and is as much disposed to employ its political power for its own protection against competition, as were ever the landlords of England in the old protectionist days. All things are said to be reversed at the antipodes, and Free Trade there finds its best friends among the up-country squatters, its greatest opponents among the population of the coast cities. The attitude assumed by the different colonies upon this question is modified by the relative strength of these interests: the professed object of the protectionists being to stimulate local industry, and that of their opponents to obtain cheap labour. Now those colonies which favour immigration, and display a leaning towards a policy of Free Trade, are precisely those where the squatter or aristocratic element is powerful—*e.g.* Queensland, New South Wales, and the province of Canterbury in New Zealand. Victoria, on the other hand, is the stronghold of protection, the "Conservative working man" being here a stern reality and master of the situation. He will tell you: "We do not wish to be swamped with cheap goods and pauper labour from Europe, or with heathen Chinese, who can flourish where a white man starves. We do not choose to lower the rate of wages by importing strangers at the expense of the colony: we are in no hurry to develop the country, that will come about in due time." The working classes at home cannot be expected to sympathize with such sentiments, and naturally prefer the New Zealand

policy, whereby state aid is afforded to European immigrants, but when they reach the antipodes they see things under a different light, and begin to realise the Conservative tendencies which the possession of a monopoly produces.

Australian protectionists will not deny that their material progress is retarded by regulations tending to limit the influx of labour, and will admit that a protective tariff is costly for the consumer. They maintain, however, that they have counted the cost, that their rate of progress is sufficiently rapid, and that a prosperous country can afford to foster its own infant industries. Their argument is somewhat to this effect: "Free Trade has certainly done great things for England, with her limited area, her accumulated capital, and her dense population. To the prosperity of such a country Free Trade is essential, enabling her to export largely her cheap manufactures, and thus to pay for her imports of food and of raw material. England appears to think that her colonies cannot do better than reciprocate by supplying her freely with wool, or grain, in exchange for English manufactures. But our circumstances are altogether different: land is abundant, capital and labour are scarce. Our manufacturers cannot compete with those at home in economy of production, and our squatters and farmers could doubtless supply themselves more cheaply with English than with colonial goods. But we do not wish to become merely a huge sheep-farm to grow wool for the European market, and to make millionaires of a few squatters, spending their wealth in the old country. We wish to become a great people, providing for all our own wants, and utilising the vast mineral resources of our country. The foundation of such a community is a costly process, but the protection afforded to native industries is not intended to be permanent, and time only is necessary to render them self-supporting. Other nations have fought for their existence, when submission would have been far less costly, and have grown into mighty empires. We have no powerful neighbours to threaten our independence, and compel us to maintain armies and fleets, but we are not without ambition, and are willing to pay in our own way for future national greatness."

When Australians, or Americans, admit the economical unsoundness of protection, but assert that they are willing for a time to buy dear, or sell cheap, with the view of developing an industrial population on their own soil, they are at least entitled to credit for a patriotic and self-sacrificing spirit. Whatever may be their prospects of success, it must be admitted that every colony, when first established, requires extraneous aid and protection, as much as a new-born individual. After a time, if the colony flourishes, certain interests become prosperous, while others are still in a struggling condition; the sudden adoption of a Free-Trade policy

will then be beneficial to the former interests only, and may altogether extinguish such as have not yet attained the self-supporting stage, and still demand a certain amount of protection, with which, in their turn, they also hope to dispense. If all the countries of the earth were so closely united in an organic whole, that one served as the granary, another as the vineyard, and a third as the workshop for the entire globe, such a division of labour and products would doubtless conduce to the maintenance of a large aggregate population. Without varied occupations, however, in any society culture is apt to languish, and if the people are doomed to lead toilsome and monotonous lives, it is a poor consolation that there are a great many people in existence. Art and science require fostering even in cultivated communities, and in new countries the same may be said of many pursuits conducive to the well-being of society.

It is remarkable that throughout Australia, with the exception of Queensland, the marriage rate is lower, and in the case of Victoria considerably lower, than in England; indeed, the prevailing celibacy among men in the receipt of good incomes is a distinct characteristic of bush life, as is implied in the common use of the definite article when speaking of the functionary in general charge of an up-country station as "*the married man*." Of course the tendency of this prudential conduct on the part of Australasian colonists is to retard the increase of population, and to render the general rate of progress slower, if not safer, than it might otherwise be. Population throughout Australia now increases very gradually. Twenty years ago it increased in Victoria with startling rapidity, more than 70,000 annually; but for a good many years the annual increase has been about 20,000, the total being now upwards of 800,000, much larger than that of any other Australian colony except New South Wales. This diminished rate of increase in the leading colony is not a serious misfortune, connected as it is with the diminished yield of gold; but a more alarming symptom is the marked tendency to a deficit in the finance accounts. The public debt of Victoria in 1874, after twenty-three years of separate existence and remarkable prosperity, amounted to £12,500,000, mainly at 6 per cent. It is some consolation to find that, out of an expenditure of £4,177,000 in that year, £537,000 was devoted to science and public instruction.

It would be impossible to find a more law-abiding people than those of the Australasian Democracies; the laws are made by the people themselves, and are enforced by public opinion, frequently under circumstances where no other power exists to enforce them. The colonists are "loyal" in the true sense of that word, each man in a small self-governing community apparently feeling that he has

helped to make the law, that he may alter it as he has made it, but that while it subsists it must be obeyed. "Oh Athenians! The laws are your own work, through them chiefly are ye great; cherish them, and attempt not any proceeding without their sanction." Upon such classical maxims modern democrats may be said to act, and the mere statement: "It is against the law," appears to carry sufficient weight on occasions when no penalty could possibly be inflicted.

The game laws may be cited as a case in point. The risk of extermination incurred by certain valuable species of animals, whether indigenous or acclimatised, if unprotected during the breeding season, soon becomes apparent even in a new country. Hence throughout our colonies, as well as in the United States, there is a close time for particular animals, and persons killing them out of season are liable to heavy fines. Prosecutions, indeed, are rare, but convictions can be obtained, and when a fine is inflicted there is no public sympathy with the offender. The game laws in these countries have not been passed by a privileged class for the protection of their own amusements; they have the assent of the general community, and to this is due such efficiency as they possess in a country devoid of gamekeepers. In Tasmania, for example, the "white magpie," or "piping-crow," is a sacred bird all the year round, and the legal protection which he enjoys is merely a reflex of the general belief in his services to the agriculturist; in New South Wales the "laughing jackass," or "giant kingfisher," is classed among game-birds, because he has the credit of being a deadly enemy to serpents. The rapid increase of certain recently introduced species, as the rabbit, the hare, and in New Zealand the pheasant also, already causes some murmurs, and may lead ere long to counter-legislation; but where the game laws depend for their existence and enforcement on their popularity alone, the worst that can be said of them is that they do very little good, and they incur nothing of the hostility which the game laws of this country provoke among Liberals. Although there is a lack of poaching cases to occupy the attention of the Great Unpaid, this truly British institution has been adopted, and flourishes in Australia; a marked inclination for paid magistrates however prevails, and very small townships in the bush can boast of a resident stipendiary. An adequate salary and security of tenure conduce there, as well as here, to judicial purity, and the high character of the judges and magistrates in our southern colonies contrasts favourably with that of similar officers in the United States.

Payment of parliamentary representatives is a point upon which colonial opinion is somewhat divided, the general tendency being to follow British rather than American example; but in the most

democratic colonies a feeling prevails that unpaid work is apt to be careless work, that it is cheaper to pay than to allow perquisites, and that private fortune is not the most necessary qualification for a legislator. Upon this question, colonial Democrats are at one with those English Liberals who think that to pay members of parliament, and to relieve candidates of all necessary election expenses, would establish open competition in what is now a close profession. At present there is no *legal* pecuniary qualification for a British member of parliament, but he must pay a heavy entrance-fee out of his private means, and must maintain himself while giving his time to the public service. It cannot be disputed that even under these conditions there is no lack of candidates for parliamentary honours, but they are drawn almost exclusively from the richest classes, and there is an increasing risk that for a poor man to enter the House of Commons will become as great a feat as for a camel to pass through a needle's eye.

We boast, with some show of reason, that in England "*la carrière est ouverte au talent ;*" but rank and wealth still handicap a man too favourably in the race for political honours. A recent premier of New South Wales began life as a working man ; but a humble origin and moderate means did not prevent him from attaining the highest political office in the colony. In England a working man must indeed combine the versatility and courage of a Disraeli with the energy and eloquence of a Gladstone, when he aspires to the position of Prime Minister, or to the leadership of Her Majesty's Opposition. "*Heureuse la république lorsque le peuple jouissant d'un droit illimité d'élection, les nobles méritent cependant de fixer le plus souvent les suffrages !*" Sismondi's description of a happy mediæval republic is by no means inapplicable to modern Great Britain, and the same may be truly said of the Australasian colonies, where the richer and more cultivated residents display as yet no tendency to hold aloof from politics. It remains to be seen how far the development of democracy will alter this state of things either in England or in her colonies, and how far indolence, fastidiousness, or popular jealousy may tend to exclude the wealthy and the highly educated from the direction of public affairs.

In Great Britain the law favours by every possible method the accumulation of large landed estates in the hands of individuals, and the new Domesday Book proves how far the process has been carried, to the great strengthening of aristocratic influence. In the colonies a genuine Conservative instinct of the dominant democracy has produced legislation of a directly opposite character, intended to prevent "*latifundia*," and the creation of a territorial aristocracy. These legislative efforts appear to me deserving of sympathy from English Liberals, the object in view being desirable, although the

means adopted have frequently been mistaken. It must be borne in mind that the legal restrictions on the purchase of land by individuals apply to the crown lands, or public estate only, and were there no such limitations a few speculative capitalists might buy up at its present price vast tracts of country, retarding settlement, and giving to speculators that profit from the rising value of land, which would otherwise accrue to the exchequer. To develop a class of settlers, each owning a moderate extent of land cultivated by himself (a class such as peoples the North-Western States of America) has been the special aim of those who enjoy political power in Victoria. There have been numerous changes in the mode of disposing of crown lands, the Land Act now in force having come into operation in 1870; under its provisions an individual may select before survey any tract of public land, not exceeding three hundred and twenty acres in extent. Upon this selection he must reside, he must enclose it, cultivate a certain proportion, and effect substantial improvements to the value of £1 per acre, paying a rent of 2s. per acre per annum. If these conditions are duly complied with, at the end of three years he may purchase his selection in freehold by paying 14s. per acre at once, or 2s. annual rental for seven years, the total purchase money being thus £1 per acre in payments extended over ten years. It might well be expected that under such conditions the surface of a country like Victoria, abounding in fertile soil and enjoying a temperate climate, would be covered with the homesteads of prosperous "free-selectors." But agricultural farming does not flourish, from the great cost of hired labour, and the difficulty of conveying grain to market over bush-roads. When the farmer has put up a few fences, "ringed" a few trees, and taken a crop or two off his land, he begins to doubt whether agriculture pays so well as working for wages, and even the pride of ownership is not always sufficient to bind him to the soil. The "squatter," or crown lessee, out of whose run a selection has been made, is usually anxious to recover possession of what is certain to be a valuable piece of land, and may offer for the freehold much more than it has cost. The free-selector often ends by selling his property to the squatter and becoming a worker for wages, if he does not move across the border into a neighbouring colony, where he can repeat the process of selecting a choice bit of land, and making an advantageous sale. The remains of a log-hut and some broken fences, with perhaps a few neglected fruit-trees, now mark the site of many a "cockatoo" farm, which has lapsed again into the bush, and forms part of a run for sheep or cattle. Products which can carry themselves to market, and require few hands for their cultivation, are those best suited to Australia, and the future yeomanry of the land will be graziers, or dairy farmers, rather than agriculturists.

The system of selling the public land in limited sections at very low prices has been adopted by many colonies with varying details in each case ; but the Province of Canterbury, in New Zealand, follows a different method, with marked success in promoting cultivation and settlement.

In Canterbury there is no classification of crown lands, and no limitations as to sale ; any amount, good, bad, or indifferent, may be purchased by any individual at a fixed price of £2 per acre. It does not pay at this rate to buy large tracts and hold them, speculating on a rise in value, nor to leave them unimproved as natural pasture merely. But it pays well when sufficient capital is retained for improvements, such as the best available land readily admits of, and returns with ample interest. Extended cultivation, and increased facilities for locomotion, gradually raise the value of inferior or less accessible land, until it also attains the regulation price, and is sold in its turn. Instead of being burdened with debt for public works, Canterbury has an overflowing treasury, and the application of her surplus to the construction of bridges and roads, extends continually the area of her saleable land. The soil and climate of this province are certainly favourable to cultivation, but a large share of her prosperity is due to the system of selling crown lands only when a fair price is obtainable, and of investing in permanent improvements the money so obtained. Canterbury holds her head rather high as an aristocratic community, and it must be admitted that nowhere throughout Australasia has the property of the people been better administered. In too many cases the colonial governments have parted irredeemably with a large proportion of their best land at almost nominal rates, and have now little or nothing to show for the alienation of these magnificent public estates.

Perhaps the besetting political sin of the Australasian Democracies is that of extravagance, and in this respect they are somewhat in sympathy with English Conservatives, under whose auspices the public expenditure is so apt to rise, and a surplus to become a deficit. But it is useless to disguise the fact that economy is not a popular virtue : in the colonies, as at home, a ministry has little difficulty in obtaining money for any scheme of policy professing to be spirited, and in particular, all projects of annexation enjoy an alarming popularity. Colonial pressure has brought about the annexation of Fiji, and will probably bring about that of New Guinea also, while the popular Premier of New Zealand has already conjured up the vision of an empire of the South-Sea Islands, in which New Zealand is to hold the position occupied by Athens in the confederacy of Delos. The colonies are full of democratic pugnacity, they have volunteers of all arms (including a torpedo corps), the approaches to Melbourne are guarded by a powerful iron-clad, built expressly for the colony,

and the harbour of Sydney bristles with fortifications. The colonies generally display a remarkable readiness to identify themselves with the foreign policy of the mother country, and to resent the slightest appearance of encroachment on the part of foreign powers; I have heard, for example, the utmost indignation expressed against a Russian admiral for merely venturing to take soundings in Australian waters. In no public department can our colonial brethren be termed parsimonious; but where art, letters, and science are concerned they give with a lavish hand. Towns not yet a generation old possess colleges, museums, free libraries, botanic gardens, astronomical observatories, such as the greatest European cities might be proud of; indeed, as to all matters involving knowledge and culture, Australians prove themselves to be "a princely people."

The colonists are strong Home Rulers, except when they are discussing Irish affairs; and considering what Home Rule has done for the colonies, it is astonishing to hear it repudiated so strongly as a sound policy for Ireland. No other system of government would have given sufficient scope to the energy and public spirit of the early settlers in the Great South, or enabled little cities so rapidly to become great states; but the impatience of control from a distant centre manifested by young and rising settlements, has almost reduced local self-government to an absurdity, when we find communities of five thousand individuals setting up as independent provinces, with executive and legislature of their own. The natural tendency to multiply centres of administration and expenditure in a vast and sparsely-peopled country with imperfect communications is enhanced in Australasia by a special cause. While money is sorely needed for local improvements, considerable sums are realised everywhere by the sale of public lands, and each district views with the utmost jealousy the appropriation of this land fund to the benefit of a remote metropolis. When a new settlement begins to attain importance, it seeks to be emancipated not merely from the mother country, but even from the control of its elder sisters, and above all to have the management of its own lands, and of the money derived from the sale thereof. Thus the great colonies of Victoria and Queensland hived off from New South Wales, and New Zealand was subdivided into no less than ten distinct provinces. Before federation becomes a practical question on the great "Isle Continent," the process of separation may be carried somewhat farther, in particular by a division of South Australia, now a colony of unwieldy dimensions. In New Zealand, a much smaller country, a more advanced phase has been already reached—that of consolidation and federal union; indeed, it is probable that ere long the number of separate provinces will have dwindled to three or four.

One of the smaller provinces has already been re-united to its

original parent, others in the Middle Island are likely to follow suit, and a proposition for the complete union of the four provinces of the North Island, brought forward by the government of the day while I was in New Zealand, appeared to be generally approved everywhere, except in the Province of Auckland. Thus New Zealand, one of the youngest colonies, has already passed through the stages of subdivision and federation, and seems now in a fair way to complete consolidation, like the United Kingdom, which it so nearly approaches in area.

It may be that time only is required in the case of wider areas of colonisation—as in Australia, North America, and South Africa—for similar results to ensue. One thing appears to me certain, that Home Rule in the colonies, far from tending to dismember the British Empire, has alone rendered possible the maintenance of its integrity, and that to the wise and timely concessions of the mother country on this point is mainly due the unquestionable loyalty of the colonists. It may be asked: “In what sense are these democratic communities loyal? Do they not desire nominal as well as real independence? Would they not prefer to have the forms as well as the essence of a republic?” I would reply that monarchical forms are popular in the colonies precisely because they are associated with the imperial connection; the British Crown and flag symbolise the union with the mother country, and are warmly cherished accordingly, while governors sent out from home are readily welcomed and paid for, not to interfere in local politics, but to represent the British Empire, and to act as the constitutional heads of society.

The connection with the old country has indeed been the cause of introducing convicts into Australia, and may have tended to aggravate Maori difficulties in New Zealand; but in other respects it has been distinctly beneficial, and in particular I would instance the high character of the judiciary, the style and tone of the public press, and the absence of that turbulent spirit which in some new countries has characterised the pioneers of civilisation, especially those engaged in the search for gold. The party of order, backed in early and critical times by British bayonets, has always in Australasia been too strong for the rowdies, including the convict element, and no necessity has ever arisen even at the gold diggings for the extreme remedy of “regulators,” or “vigilance committees,” as in California. Since the final departure of the redcoats, whose absence is regretted upon sentimental grounds alone, a few special constables have been sworn in upon occasional emergencies, and have sufficed for the maintenance of order, the gold-miners displaying special zeal and public spirit in volunteering their services. Complaints against the administration of the law are rare, and those who complain of the law itself are accustomed to seek their remedy in legis-

lative reform rather than in judicial corruption. This habitual respect for the law and its administrators is a marked English characteristic, and would hardly prevail in the colonies had not English example been followed in the mode of appointing judges, and in the tenure by which the judicial office is held. As regards the press, the leading papers in Australia may take rank with the high-class journals in England, which they appear to have chosen as their models, and I certainly do not know any American newspaper which can be favourably compared with the *Melbourne Argus*, or the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

Whether dreading or welcoming the steady advance of Democracy at home, we may equally watch with interest the working out of the political problem in our southern colonies, where progress is swifter than it is here, and where ministerial and constitutional crises succeed each other with a somewhat startling rapidity. Our colonists may be of service to us by affording alike examples and warnings; for, prudent and prosperous as they undoubtedly are, their institutions still fail in various ways to satisfy impartial onlookers, or the most cautious and thinking among their own citizens. Australasian experience should teach advanced Liberals in this country that they must be prepared upon occasion to encounter popular opposition, and may also prove to timid Conservatives how much they have in common with the political instincts of the masses, when these are possessed of property as well as of power.

I have endeavoured to indicate some of the errors into which these young Democracies display a tendency to fall; they seem to be mainly errors of youth and inexperience, more likely to be cured than to be confirmed by time. To popular education and free discussion I am inclined to trust for the correction of mistakes committed by a generous and high-spirited people, and for the diffusion of general culture and happiness along with material wealth. In numerical population Australians can never aspire to compete with Americans, but in everything else that makes a nation great, they are worthy and formidable rivals, capable of teaching political lessons to the United States as well as to the United Kingdom.

Since visiting the New World in the far south, I have been asked: "Has not your experience of democratic institutions made you more conservative in your opinions, and destroyed your faith in any benefit resulting to society from the political ascendancy of the people?" To such a question I can only reply that a man must be hard to satisfy if he does not consider Australasia to be happy and flourishing. How much of this prosperity may be due to mere political institutions is of course open to dispute, but I am disposed to attribute a very large share to the successful working of local self-government by the people.

DAVID WEDDERBURN.

REFLECTIONS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ART in England tends to become very like a trade. Of the several thousands of works that line the walls of various annual exhibitions, a large proportion represents merely the manufacture, in slightly varying forms, of some trick of effect or manipulation which the artist has made his own, and which, having been recognised as a success, is repeated *ad infinitum* at little expenditure of thought or feeling. The pursuit is a perfectly harmless one; the supply seems to infer a demand; and it may possibly be better for the culture of the public that they should like "pot-boilers," than that they should like no pictures at all. But to those to whom works of Art are something more than "garniture and household stuff," the mere fact of a picture being what is called well-painted, is not sufficient to justify its existence, or to render it an object of intellectual interest. It must have a certain *intensity* of execution, of feeling, or of aim, to stamp it as an individual creation. A degree of special interest may be achieved, it is true, by mere splendour and force of execution, more especially when it is evident that the artist has had clearly before his mind the perception of the relation of his material to the end in view, and is aiming not at mere illusive imitation, but at translating nature into the language which his material is capable of. Such an aim gives a certain intellectual interest to a work, independent of its subject; an interest which rises to a higher grade when the subject treated is in itself beautiful, and which reaches its climax when, beneath the outward expression and form, we are conscious of a deeper meaning, an appeal to our sympathy with the inner harmonies of nature, or with the passions or aspirations of humanity. It is only under one of these aspects that a work of Art acquires an intellectual interest, or becomes anything more than mere sleight of hand.

Looking at the Art of the season from this point of view; considering what is the ultimate intellectual value and significance of some of its principal productions, the first thing that strikes one is that a recent tendency towards what may be termed neo-Greek or neo-classic Art seems to have come to a head in the present Academy Exhibition,—being represented in particular by the two large works of Mr. Leighton and Mr. Poynter respectively. The *Daphnephoria* procession of the former artist is a work of splendid ability, concerning which it is most difficult to come to a final opinion. What is evident on the surface is beautiful drawing of figures of the most complete physical type (that of the naked youth in the

front group, for instance, with his back to the spectator, is a positive pleasure to the eye), an exquisite and delicate colour-harmony in the draperies (again a physical pleasure), and a realisation of paganism which in a negative sense at least is complete. The painter has got behind Christianity. There is not a touch of what we mean by devotional feeling in this ritualistic procession, this bevy of buxom Greek wenches singing out *ore rotundo*, and hitching up their draperies as they walk with an action that has been called ungainly, but which gives a touch of realism to the scene. But there is nothing beneath the surface. The picture does not reproduce the age it represents; it is not positively, but only negatively, pagan. Compare it in this respect with the *Audience at Agrippa's*, by Mr. Tadema. Here the artist has so steeped himself in the records of Roman life and physiognomy and costume, that he is almost able to persuade us that he has arrived at the real "form and pressure" of the age he represents, that his people are genuine specimens of Roman society, not models clad in togas. In the *Daphnephoria*, one's conviction is that the quasi-historical incident is merely an occasion for an effective arrangement of figures and colour. There is a point made, it is true, by the introduction of the two philosophers or rationalists in the background, looking sadly or cynically at the procession, but it does not come home to us; the whole thing is not real enough; and we must consider the picture as addressed to our physical sense of enjoyment only. It is, in fact, what is now called a "decorative" painting.¹ Let us turn to Mr. Poynter's *Atalanta*. This is a work of more human interest than the other. The story, it is true, is here purely legendary, but the incident typified—the admiration of woman the reward of successful effort—is familiar to all ages and countries. The newspapers not long ago recorded an incident at an agricultural ploughing-match, where, while a sturdy young fellow who had beaten all competitors was receiving his prize, a village damsel, who had rebuffed his addresses for some time previous, came to the front and greeted him aloud with "Weel doon, Jock! ye may putten up th' banns ony Sunday ye loike, noo!" There is the

(1) In regard to which expression, it may be noted that it is a part of the cant of a certain school of artists and amateurs, that all art is "decorative." Greater rubbish could not be talked. If words mean anything, the term "decorative art," as applied to pictures, means an art which is kept so far imperfect and restrained in aim and execution, that it may take a subordinate place as accessory to a total effect, instead of being in itself a principal object. A great deal of very fine work of this class has been done, and it happens to be thought the more of just at present because the minds of some of our most gifted artists have from various causes been turned in that direction, and some of the best modern art is therefore decorative. But such works bear in reality about the same relation to the more intense and poetic forms of art that *vers de société* bear to genuine poetry. One might ask such critics whether they seriously mean to say that the *Martyrdom of St. Peter*, or the *Bacchus and Ariadne* of Titian, or the landscapes of Turner, are decorative art. And if not, what is the meaning of this tattle?

story of Milanion and Atalanta in a modern rustic dress. "So run, that ye may obtain." The complaint against Mr. Poynter's Milanion is that he is not so running: indeed, he is taking it very easily. But he is a grand figure of manhood; and Atalanta, though rather divinely tall than divinely fair, shows a most successful grappling with a most difficult problem in drawing; and a difficulty overcome in Art is always something (in spite of *Consuelo*). The real stroke of genius is in the tumult of acclaim from the spectators on the left, who already forecast the result of the contest, wave their garlands and beckon forward the victor to his triumph. It is this touch of nature that makes the picture kin to us, that lifts it above the level of an academical study, draws us back again to it, and stirs the blood as we look at it. In which consideration there is surely some significance.

Hovering still about the neo-classic school, if I were asked to name the most perfect work—perfect in the sense of completeness—in the Academy, I would say Mr. Tadema's *After the Dance*. In every respect the aim of the artist seems completely realised in this picture. In grace of form, in finish of drawing and execution generally, and in rich and harmonious combination of colour, it seems to satisfy the eye completely; and it may be noticed that there is not a detail in the accessories which is superfluous, or which does not assist the general effect. Nothing so complete of the kind has been seen here since Mr. Leighton's *Wearing the Wreath*, a finer work in fact, though less popularly appreciated. Only, be it observed, such works as this and Mr. A. Moore's delicate little painting called *Beads* (equally perfect in regard to its slighter aim), graceful and beautiful as they are, do not address our highest perceptions: they are *objets de luxe*; they touch no feeling, as they express none, for, like Mr. Morris's poems (which have the same range in literature as these in painting), they spring from the æsthetic sense only of the painter; and therefore, if for no other reason, we must rate the *Atalanta* higher in the scale of Art than such works, seeing that though in some ways defective, incomplete, out of balance, it shows evidence that some of the heart and feeling of the painter has gone into it, and that it is no mere appeal to what, in a sense, may be called "the lust of the eye."

The writer of a thoughtful paper in *Fraser's Magazine* some time since observed that the display of the naked figure in painting was radically opposed to all the instincts of the English middle classes. If this be true (and there is little doubt that it is) we may say, perhaps, so much the worse for the middle classes, since there is no question that the delineation of the figure is not only the highest technical effort that can employ the artist's powers, but that it is the noblest and completest means within his reach for the expression, through

form, of abstract and ideal feeling. But can any one be surprised if the middle classes dislike the naked figure (I decline to use such slang phrases as "the nude") in painting, when it is presented to them in such guise and in such connection as in the *Phryne* of Mr. Armitage? It is not so much the lack of any charm in the picture—though assuredly there is little enough of that, either in form or feature, in the woman here portrayed—but the absolute want of an intellectual motive in it that strikes us. A note in the catalogue reminds us that Apelles painted his Venus Anadyomene after seeing Phryne bathing on the shore. Apelles, you observe, sees Phryne (whether the anecdote be true is little to the purpose) and idealises her into Venus. Mr. Armitage inverts the process, and, thinking of the Venus, can only betake himself to painting Phryne; in other words, a prosaic and rather coarsely painted realistic figure, to which he gives this title.

As there are not a few persons who would say that the display of the female figure in a life-size picture is inconsistent with modern manners (forgetting that Art has her own world, independent of mere temporary codes of manners), and whose prejudice on the point would be confirmed by this work, it is worth while, in order to render a little clearer a subject much misunderstood in England, to refer to one or two instances illustrating the important bearing which the intellectual aim of such a picture has on the question. Typical examples at once occur to the memory. There is the well-known and beautiful *La Source* of Ingres. Here we have the female figure used in the most abstract and idealised sense, as the poetic representation of the genius of the stream. If modern manners are offended by that sweet painter's dream, so much the worse, again, for modern manners. As another type we may recall Gerôme's *Slave Merchant*, which hung in the same room four or five years back, and reduced everything around it to mediocrity. It is scarcely possible to call M. Gerôme a great artist *sans phrase*, but he painted a great picture then; and what elevated this to the position of a great work, was not merely the wonderful force and power of the painting, but the tragic contrast between the cold impassive stolidity of the tradesman smoking in his stall, and the spectacle of that sad, forlorn, beautiful woman, naked and desolate, a mere piece of goods for sale to the highest bidder. Either of these appeals to our intellectual, rather than our sensuous perception; to our fancy and imagination in the one case, to our sense of the tragical in the other case. But the *Phryne* of this year's Academy is a mere prosaic figure-study, connected with no idea but that of a woman who is only known to history as representing the lowest ideal of womanhood, one who is content to exist as a mere instrument of sensuality. The association with such a picture is little short of

disgusting. And then suppose that our middle-class spectator before mentioned, ignorant of his classical dictionary, but conscientiously desirous to understand what he is looking at, inquires of a better informed neighbour, and learns that this big, naked, brick-coloured woman before him represents the most celebrated harlot of antiquity,¹ he might surely be pardoned for thinking this a very pretty comment on the high-sounding lines round the centre Hall of the Academy Rooms :

"The hearts of men that fondly here admire
Fair-seeming shews, may lift themselves up higher," &c.

Such works as this will lift no one higher, artistically or in any other sense. The picture is un-beautiful, vulgar, and in bad taste, nor would words have been spent over it, but that it is calculated to confirm some of the very prejudices which, in the best interests of Art, it is desirable should be dissipated.

Besides the neo-classic, another tendency, peculiarly developed in recent English Art, is what may be called the Idyllic ; the combination of landscape with figures whose sentiment is intimately blended with or becomes part of that of the landscape. In French Art the same tendency, as represented by Corot and others, has taken a highly poetic and ideal form, in which the figures are merely abstract existences giving the last touch to the sentiment of the scene. In English Art (and the distinction is highly characteristic of the two countries), idyllic subjects have assumed a kind of semi-moral tone, and the figures are much more realised and localised in character. What this school was capable of, however, in the hands of its best representatives we have been sadly reminded by the exhibition in January of the collected works of the gifted and early-lost Frederick Walker. It is a proof of the real strength of his genius (in spite of some defects and mannerisms of style), that the severe test of a collective exhibition, so certain to emphasise the weak as well as the strong points of a man's work, left every one who saw it with a higher opinion of the artist than before. It will be long, perhaps, before we again see on the walls of the Academy such a subtle blending of artistic feeling with moral purpose, with no detriment to either, as was exhibited in *The Plough*, the most balanced and complete of his works in regard to breadth of style and unity of aim. Other works show a strong sympathy with the out-cast section of humanity, as we see in *The Vagrants* and *The Wayfarers*, which recall a little the feeling of Dickens, only that Dickens never realised so much elevation of style. The school is now best represented in the Academy by Mr. Boughton, whose

(1) Of course the artist will say, and no doubt with perfect truth, that he never thought of it being regarded in this way. That artists do *not* think is, however, the very point complained of. 3

works this year, however, are hardly equal to previous productions, and wanting in energy and certainty of purpose. Mr. P. R. Morris touches, in a lighter and happier mood, a similar chord. In artistic power and certainty of aim, the *Haymakers* of Billet, in the French Gallery in Bond-street, is, however, a superior work to anything of the kind in the Academy, though without the blending of moral purpose which, as observed, makes the specialty of the English idyllic school. For anything to recall the pathos and intensity of Walker in the delineation of "Les Misérables" we must cross over to the Exhibition of Works in Black and White, and realise the terrible pathos which almost stabs us to the heart in looking at the powerful etching of *La Mort du Vagabond* by Legros, the gifted and earnest French artist whom the Academy have driven from their walls by the exercise of a prudent persistency in hanging his works high out of the way of competition with their own platitudes.

And "platitudes," heaven knows! is a mild term to apply to the works by Royal Academicians which meet the eye on the line at every turn. We gaze with a kind of stupefaction at the gulfs of commonplace and vulgarity—"within the lowest deep a lower deep"—which gape before us. One painter shows a set of wooden dolls sitting *At Dinner at Penshurst*. Another paints Mrs. Primrose of Wakefield as a cook in masquerade, and young Thornhill, the gay libertine, the accomplished seducer, as a round-faced country lout. Of Olivia and Sophia we say nothing; but it is worth while, in recollection, to contrast this with Newton's scene from the same work which was in the winter Loan Exhibition of works of deceased artists. Newton did some very poor things in his day, certainly; his execution was careless, and his reputation is somewhat out of date now; but vulgar at least he was not, and in that picture he showed a refinement of feeling and a true conception of the characters, such as we know not where to look for in the treatment of similar subjects just now. Such a figure as the Olivia of Newton's picture, so pathetically natural, so truly ladylike in her figure and manner, seems to be at least beyond the possibilities of Mr. Frith's conception. But to return to the Academy show: another artist gives us *The New Curate* sipping tea at an afternoon call; an inane puppy whom, if one really met him in a drawing-room, one would be tempted to seize by the collar and shake till last Sunday's offertory jingled in his pockets. Another (a lady this time) gives us one of those sweet works which mammas take their good little girls to look at while they tell them the story; Mrs. Fry, Bible in hand, in a very new satin dress, and her face highly polished to reflect the light, visiting the prisoners in Newgate. All honour to the good lady, who deserved better than to be treated in this way; but let us say plainly that of all things the "goody" element is the most at variance with Art; and

whether Mr. Armitage's courtesan or Mrs. Ward's Quakeress is the more repellent, it would be hard to say. Another artist paints his compeers in an imaginary hanging committee, with countenances so deficient in genius and expression as to explain the existence of all that is here complained of, could we accept this as a fair representation. And if the list of commonplaces is not much further extended, it is certainly not for want of further examples, even of a deeper dye.

It is time that a plain word should be said ; that what is being everywhere spoken in the ear should be proclaimed upon the house-tops. Let it then for once be openly said that the majority of the works of academicians which hang upon the line are matters for contempt to everyone with sympathies above the most vulgar and commonplace ideas ; that the educated public will no longer stand them ; that the poorest man who has been blessed with a heart to feel and a head to understand what is truly noble in Art would scorn to hang them on his walls, or to show them to friends as his property, if he were offered an annuity to do so ; that so far from the Royal Academy being an influence for raising public taste and perception for Art, it is, in virtue of a large proportion of the works it most prominently exhibits, an engine for debasing and vulgarising public taste ; that if the works of some seven or eight at least of the most prominent and prolific exhibitors who write R.A. after their names were collected and neatly piled in a pyramid, well served with petroleum or other inflammable substances and set fire to, and if a small slice of public money were voted to give pensions to their authors on condition of their never painting another picture, an important step would have been taken in the way of raising public taste, and providing for the advancement of English Art.

Having cleared the air a little, we may be at liberty to consider one or two more of the leading works of the year, and the reflections they may suggest. Mr. Fildes's large picture of *The Widower* is a typical work, illustrating a class of subject in which (in English Art at least) appeal is made to sentiment rather than to any perception of artistic effect or treatment. Is the sentiment altogether genuine ; and is it well, or a legitimate end of Art, to harrow the feelings with such representations of unmitigated distress ? The first question is important, since nothing is more repellent to the mind than the slightest suspicion of the use of representations of human misery, morbidly depicted, with no real feeling or sympathy on the part of the artist, to produce a cheap sensation. It is the consciousness of this kind of unreality that renders what average readers think the most pathetic scenes in Dickens so futile and repelling to more thoughtful critics. But I think Mr. Fildes's picture conveys the impression that there is

genuine feeling in it. It is hardly, however, in accordance with artistic ends to paint on so large a scale a subject that includes so much detail that is the reverse of beautiful. The extent of canvas occupied in the painting of mere dirt in this picture is an actual drawback to its effect, and the minute realism with which it is (almost necessarily) done, contributes to suggest the idea of morbid feeling just referred to. All that is impressive in the subject would have equally told its tale on a much smaller scale. Those who remember the solemn and pathetic work by Israëls, called *Mourners*, which was in Mr. Wallis's gallery last year, will recognise how far more impressive, and yet less painful, such a subject can be made on a smaller scale, though in a greater style of Art, in which all the prosaic details of mere squalor are subordinated to the expression of the sanctity and pathos of grief. The subject suggests another consideration. There seems to be a kind of tacit feeling among English artists that the pathos and tragedy of private and home life can only be fitly illustrated in the dwellings of the poor, in the class of pictures with which the name of Faed, for instance, is most connected. Do they really suppose that human nature in silks and fine array is essentially different from human nature in homespun? Do they imagine that beneath the more conventional forms of life, in what Mr. Disraeli would call the gilded saloon, there is not as much stirring of human passion and hope, and disappointment and despair, as within the walls of the cottage? We may go further, and say not only that the surroundings in the former case offer really more for the painter, but that the pathos, when real, is stronger and more passionate in the more highly strung and therefore more sensitive organization.¹ The prejudice which would regard only the humbler phases of society as containing any real strength and elevation of character, any natural and healthy feeling, is nearly as vulgar as the opposite one, and quite as false. Some modern French painters know this well, and have illustrated it well in their art; it is the more vexatious to find that one clever Frenchman who has naturalised himself among us, appears, in his art at least, to have no eyes for any but the most frivolous and commonplace side of English society. According to M. Tissot, who is far too clever and conscientious a painter for his works to be called vulgar in an artistic sense, and who has hit to a nicety often the outward manner, pose, and costume of some of the personages who constitute "society" (not, however, in the group of snobs portrayed this year under the title *The Thames*), there is but one type of girl in London—vapid, dressy, and

(1) It may be suggested that some of our English artists might with advantage study their Balzac a little, if only to emancipate themselves from the mere every-day homeliness of interest so prevalent in their paintings of social subjects.

inane. One is thankful that there is, after all, more than M. Tissot sees; that there are still a few Ethel Newcomes to be found, who secretly scorn their existence of balls and receptions, and whose countenances and manners may give a better index of this than the Anglo-French painter seems to have discovered as yet.

And here, touching on the relation between pictures and society, one is tempted to a reflection suggested by that branch of Art in which this relation is more especially apparent. Has it occurred to any one to notice, in comparing the numerous portraits by Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough, which have been collected at the recent winter exhibitions, with the modern portraits at the Academy, how far inferior in grace and refinement of expression, in lady-like dignity of manner, are the contemporary portraits of ladies to those of Reynolds and his compeers? The point is a difficult one to illustrate fully, because obvious considerations preclude the reference here to any special examples in contemporary portraiture, except in regard merely to the painter's workmanship. In Reynolds and Gainsborough is to be remarked, for one thing, the easy and natural turn which they always contrived to impart to their portraits, totally removing all idea of the personages sitting for their likeness. This is carried even into free and unrestrained action sometimes, and with perfect success; as in Reynolds' *Lady Pelham feeding Chickens*, or the still more charming *Lady Frances Wyndham*, walking quickly through the picture with a look and action of greeting, an image of youthful grace and beauty; or in Gainsborough's portrait groups (in this year's Loan Exhibition) of ladies *Walking in the Mall*, under the rich masses of summer foliage, with rustling dress and buoyant, elastic step; a bright moment of the life of long-ago caught and fixed on the canvas. The most popular, and perhaps the most brilliant, of our contemporary portrait painters exhibited last year a portrait of a young lady, which was greatly admired by every one except (I believe) the friends of the sitter, which, with all its brilliancy and force of execution, gave one the idea that the lady had been dropped into the frame, and told to look straight before her and think of nothing. There is more grace and point in one of Mr. Millais' portraits in this year's exhibition, though the lady's blue velvet dress strangely divides one's attention with the countenance. But there seems to be a radical difference, too, in the prevalent character and expression of our feminine portraiture as compared with that of the Reynolds period. We never seem to see a portrait now pervaded by that quiet delicacy and refinement and reserve of manner which we recall in such portraits as *The Two Sisters*, by Gainsborough (Mr. Graham's picture in last year's Loan Exhibition), or Romney's *Duchess-Countess of Sutherland*, in this year's Loan Exhibition, or a score of

others that might be named. There is in the modern feminine portrait, as a rule, a hard, pronounced expression, a hardihood of manner, a suspicion even of what the French style *chic*, which is not agreeable. Is it that we have no one now who can paint a lady? Or that a different class of persons get painted? Or, finally, that a change has come over the English lady? A little of all three, perhaps; but the latter is the most important count in the accusation. And the fact probably is that the change, so far as it is a deterioration, is to be traced partly to the great predominance of mere money status, the influence of the *nouveaux riches*, partly to the tremendous pace of London life, intellectually as well as socially considered. In regard to the latter point, one may say that no place is left for the *cultus* of the finer graces of womanhood; and in place of the lady of Romney and Reynolds (not to name a much more recent period), we have Miss Bilderbovey, who, as *Punch* has told us, "is admitted by all who know her to be physically, morally, and intellectually perfect." And an enormously clever young woman Miss Bilderbovey is, and exceedingly good company at a dinner or a *soirée*. There is hardly a subject of interest of the day on which she has not qualified herself to form some kind of opinion, or at least to discuss it with intelligence, and more or less of logical sequence. But with all this we, *nous autres hommes*, miss something; a certain repose, and grace, and dignified reserve which some of us have been accustomed to associate with our highest ideal of feminine character, and, missing which, we are sometimes even tempted to think of the legendary consequences of eating of the Tree of Knowledge. The *Two Sisters* of Gainsborough, could we meet them now, would probably care little about Light and Heat, or even about vanadium, and might be indifferent to Wagner. Yet they and the type to which they belong represent something that we can ill afford to see decay—something which is only one side certainly of the perfect ideal of womanhood, but is a more important side than people are disposed to think just at present; and which after all, perhaps, is only temporarily overlaid, not lost, but to take its right place, in harmony with other graces, in the figure of the "perfect woman, nobly planned," of the future.

In masculine portraits modern Art seems to be much stronger than in feminine ones. One could hardly see three portraits more thoroughly manly, straightforward, and at the same time artistic in feeling and execution, than Mr. Oules's *Mr. Bouverie*, Mr. Leighton's *Captain Burton*, and Mr. Watts's *Dr. Macnamara*; all distinguished by their own specialties of æsthetic treatment, which it would be interesting to discriminate did space permit. This year, too, the annual plague of presentation teaboard portraits of nobodies has been less rife than usual. But we are in danger of forgetting

landscape, and there is Mr. Millais's portrait-landscape, as we may call it, compelling attention. "What do we demand of landscape painting?" is a question which this work irresistibly suggests. One of two things, it may be replied—either that the painter arouse in us the same emotion which the landscape itself would, or that he convey to us, at least, the emotion which it aroused in himself. The two, no doubt, may be often combined; but one or other we must have, to raise the painting above mere materialism. No doubt the impression produced by nature is derived from an aggregate of innumerable facts; could we represent on canvas the whole of those facts in their entirety, the result would be identical with the effect of nature. But to do this is utterly impossible, because the aggregate includes not only facts of form, but of distance, of aerial perspective, which, in great measure, defeat each other in any effort to represent them. To know in what the sentiment of the scene consists, to give the summary of it so as to awaken in us the same sentiment, is that wherein the instinct or genius of the landscape-painter is shown. In spite of the extraordinarily brilliant and careful execution of this work, it is difficult to say that it tells us anything more than the material facts of the scene, and the artist's unwearied diligence and ability in representing them. It neither raises any emotion in our minds, such as a wide stretch of landscape in nature would, nor does it convey to us any idea of the feeling with which the artist regarded it. All that we can be certain of in this respect is that he intended to make a surpassingly brilliant and accurate study of foreground detail, and has succeeded to perfection. We almost fancy we could feel the soft, wet ground "quash" under our feet; and so far, certainly, we have the feeling of the scene. The work has its own interest from its splendid execution; an execution so minute and so truthful, as far as it goes, as to produce, indeed, almost the effect of genius: but only almost. Compare this, for instance, with Rousseau's *Lisière de Clairbois* in the Bond Street Gallery. There is no such realisation of detail here; there is nothing which is illusive to the eye; but as we contemplate the heavy masses of the great tree in the centre, we begin gradually to see into its depths of mysterious shadow, and to hear the kind of "ancient melody" which it makes to our minds, because it made the same to the artist's mind, and the picture is the offspring of love and enthusiasm, and not of ability and industry, however unsurpassed.

Mr. Brett is another artist who, with apparently stronger sympathies with nature, has endeavoured to work out his interpretation from the materialistic point of view, and he has made some splendid successes; we need only recall *Boulders* and *The Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands*, in the latter of which the expanse of calm sea was

so real that on first catching sight of it through the crowd, the impression was as if the wall of the room had been removed, and a sudden view out to sea laid open. But both these and other examples dealt with very simple phenomena. In his work this year, *A certain Trout-stream*, the artist has applied the same method to a more complex subject, and the result is certainly not so successful; the painting is hard and artificial as a whole, though containing splendid points of detail. Mr. Hook's widely different art illustrates in perfection what was said at the commencement of these remarks as to the intellectual interest arising from the perception by the artist of the relation of means to an end. In his broad and balanced style we have just what pigments can best give us of nature, and nothing more. It is true that the feeling underlying the whole, though perfectly true as far as it goes, is rather restricted and placid; it does not touch us deeply; it represents the idyll rather than the tragedy of the sea. This latter is the province of Mr. Moore, whose *Lifeboat* this year is a worthy companion to *Outside the Harbour* last year, and whose treatment of the subject is a further illustration of the same principle of subordinating detail to the main feeling and to the capabilities of the material. As I was listening the other day to the roar of Mr. Moore's sea, a spectator at my elbow spoke of the work to his companion with a sort of angry contempt: "Who ever saw the sea all grey like that?" No one, perhaps, my good friend; but which of your humdrum imitative painters ever gave the cold gleam and the roar and hiss of the sea on canvas in that way, or (still more) the peculiar *cruel* impression produced by the sight of a heavy surf in the fury of a gale? That is what the artist has aimed at; that is his translation into pigments of what most impressed him in the scene; and to realise that aim with the more intensity he has been content to drop details which, considering the limits of painting, could only weaken the main impression: and there is the philosophy of it.

It is this inner consciousness of the artist, this realisation by him of the pervading feeling of the scene, which gives the highest intellectual interest to landscape art, and constitutes the real excellence of the contemporary school of French landscape-painting in its best form, which is so little understood in England, though it is really an amplification and extension of the art of Constable. It is this which gives value to such quiet and unpretending works as those of Mr. Aumonier, whose Thames landscape, under the title *Water-lilies*, as well as others that he has exhibited, show that he has the feeling of a true artist. Without this inner feeling, this breadth of sentiment and handling, the most ambitious efforts become little more than mere scenic effect. We pass by coldly such works as those of Mr. Vicat Cole or Mr. H. W. B. Davis: clever and effective

they undoubtedly are, but they are mere picture-making—no poetic necessity underlies them ; we seem to see how their striking points are arranged and contrived ; in Edie Ochiltree's phrase, we "ken the biggin' o't."

Sculpture in England is commonly a rather sad subject. In the first place there is little demand for it, and even less comprehension of it. It may be doubted whether there are five hundred people in Great Britain who have the slightest notion of what should be the aim of sculpture, what subjects it is fitted to deal with, what is the true treatment of them. From being the greatest and most intellectual of the arts, the medium for the representation of abstract thought in abstract form, it has dwindled into a sort of toy. Thanks to the influence of the tawdry modern Italian school, which has found ready imitators here, it seems now to be supposed that marble can hardly be better employed than in cutting out the details of costume ; and when the Academy gives honourable place to trickery of this kind, it is not surprising to see that the committee of that noble institution for the encouragement of high art, the Westminster Aquarium, have just given a prize to a statue with boots, breeches, fur-trimmed coat and everything complete, (which, by the way, was in the Academy last year). But even apart from this gross æsthetic absurdity, the rapid and prosaic character of most of the sculpture subjects in the Academy year after year, the utter want of high aims or high associations in the subjects represented, is something deplorable. Yet we have not been without great works, which might have aroused a higher ambition among our sculptors generally. Nearly all that Mr. Woolner does is characterized by serious thought and purpose, and a true perception of the nobler side of his art : and both his fine colossal statue of *Lord Laurence* and his little diploma work of *Achilles shouting from the Trenches* are things refreshing to meet with. We have, too, within a short period of time, witnessed the production of two grand works of the monumental class, the authors of both of which have been since lost to us. The first I refer to is that splendid equestrian statue of Sir James Outram, with the production of which Foley brought to its culmination a career marked by continually developing power, and which, in its chivalrous aspect and attitude, as of a hero in the ardour of battle, rouses us like some of the grandest passages in the *Iliad*. And the other work is the one which this year makes the Academy sculpture-room for once the artistic, as it is the material centre of the building ; the group of *Valour and Cowardice*, forming one of the flanking groups of Alfred Stevens's Wellington Memorial. It is impossible not to notice that this work—the one really *great* work of the Academy Exhibition, the one work produced in England of late years which carries us back in

imagination to the grand period of Italian Art—stands in the place occupied two or three years ago by a group which also enjoyed pre-eminence among the sculpture work of the year, the *Danse of Carpeaux* (also dead, unfortunately), the wild energy of which fairly startled those accustomed to the tame and “goody” subjects of average English sculpture. But the group now occupying the same place has a still prouder claim to admiration. Not only does it illustrate, in its outline and modelling, the loftiest and completest style of artistic execution; not only does the design—the grand female figure above, calmly expectant of whatever may have to be encountered; the strong but ignoble figure beneath, crouching beneath and peering from under his shield—express, in the directest and most forcible language, the thought of the artist; but the work has that moral grandeur of aim which gives the last and highest touch of greatness to an artistic production. Let me not be misunderstood in saying this. Most explicitly do I repudiate all leaning towards what Mr. Swinburne has called the “great moral heresy” in regard to Art—the idea that a work of Art is to have a lesson, a moral, tacked to it, that it is to preach one a sermon. Any such deliberate intention defeats its own aim. What I refer to is that kind of high feeling in a work which occasions a corresponding feeling in our minds, and leaves with us an impression of something great to be aspired to; and such a feeling this group embodies. It was a work long and silently and patiently thought over. All that we heard for years of it was through the periodical squabbles in Parliament as to whether the sculptor was entitled to any more money, and “when he was going to finish;” but “*finis coronat opus*,” and when the Wellington Monument shall be actually put together in its complete form, a work will have been produced which will command the interest of future generations, not more as the monument of Wellington than as the design of Stevens.

It is pleasant to lay down the pen with the thought of this great production filling one’s mind; cheering to reflect, too, that the power to produce what is really great in Art is not necessarily extinct in these latter days, but waits, perhaps, only upon such conscientious and prolonged thought as Stevens gave to his work. More of such thoughtfulness must go into our English Art, less toleration be given to such mere mechanical productions as some that have been referred to, unless we wish to end by concurrence in the view of Byron, who reckoned among the advantages of life in the harem that for its fair inmates—

“No exhibition stares with annual pictures.”

H. H. STATHAM.

POLITICAL MACHINERY AND POLITICAL LIFE.

WE often speak of the balance of the public judgment, and of the determination of public opinion, but we rarely inquire how these results should be tested, and still more rarely how they are produced.

Where are we to seek for an unfailing declaration of the opinion of the public, and indeed what is this public whose opinion is understood to rule us? The voice of Parliament determines the legislation adopted from time to time; but it will be at once said by many that we must look not to Parliament as a whole, but to the House of Commons if we would discover the balance of public opinion. There are obvious reasons why neither the House of Commons nor Parliament can be accepted as an 'infallible register of public opinion. It has often happened that the policy approved by the House of Commons and by Parliament has been changed within a few months, as a consequence of a general election. The composition of the House of Commons has been rectified, and a majority is found supporting what a former majority opposed, and yet no one would say that public opinion had changed in the interval. Public opinion must be found outside Parliament, and it would seem to be manifested by the balance of the decisions of the voters who came to the poll in the several constituencies, electing the members of the House of Commons. It is, however, impossible to accept this as final. I pass by the objections that the lists of persons entitled to vote at elections exclude a large number of the inhabitants of these islands capable of forming an opinion on the conduct of public affairs, and whose suffrages we would gladly collect upon special questions; that a considerable number of those whose names are inscribed on the registers do not attend at the polls; and that the opinions of the electorate are registered in constituencies of all degrees of size, so that the representatives of a small portion of the total electorate may outnumber and outvote the representatives of the majority. All these objections, and others that might be added, reveal substantial defects in the representative machinery of our country; but they do not diminish from the truth that the public opinion which does govern us is expressed and registered in the result of a general election, and there only do we find a trustworthy declaration of it. But this proposition must be accompanied by an important qualification, if we would not be misled by it. The verdict of the country, as it is often called, is pronounced upon a single issue at a general election; sometimes on the adoption or rejection of a particular policy, some-

times, and more commonly, on the choice between two men, or even on the maintenance in power, or banishment of a particular man as supreme minister; and the result gives us little or no assistance in ascertaining the judgment of the electorate on subordinate questions. The last general election dismissed Mr. Gladstone from place, but who can say what would have been the answer if the policy of Mr. Osborne Morgan's Burials Bill had been separately submitted, not by way of *plébiscite* to the electorate, but to the decision of the local majorities in the existing electoral districts? It is open to anyone to contend that there would have been a still larger majority than the general election has produced against this measure, as another may assert that the constituencies, if polled upon it, would have given a decisive vote in its favour. It is not my purpose to vindicate any opinion on the point; the proposition I would express is that whilst the shifting of the majority of the House of Commons is a conclusive proof that the judgment of the electorate, taken as we take it, was against the retention of office by Mr. Gladstone, it scarcely raises a presumption as to the inclination of the opinion of the electorate on special questions.

It is no doubt true that Mr. Gladstone's name did in some vague fashion represent a policy which may perhaps be described as a policy of movement, and it may therefore be inferred by some that the rejection of him as minister was a declaration against a policy of movement, and therefore against the measure of which I have spoken, as an example of that policy; but this seems to me a misapprehension of the significance of the popular vote. The condemnation of Mr. Gladstone's policy extended rather to the unknown capabilities of his development, than to the small projects he had so far countenanced. This view may not be at once accepted, but it may perhaps derive support if the reader will test it in a hypothetical fashion. If we suppose the voters of 1868 and of 1874 severally interrogated as to the meaning of their votes, and especially on the bearing of them on the minor question of the Burials Bill, we should probably find those who changed sides, and those who, voting for Liberal candidates in 1868, abstained from voting in 1874; and those who, abstaining from voting in 1868, voted for Conservatives in 1874—those upon whose action the difference of the results of the two elections depended—saying: "It is true that by my conduct in 1868 I helped to return a Liberal majority, knowing that the promotion of the Burials Bill was one of their ends; I was quite content that it should be passed, perhaps even wished that it should be passed, and my opinion on this matter in 1874 was the same that it was in 1868; but on this second occasion I helped to return a Conservative majority because, for this or that reason, I thought we had had enough of Mr. Gladstone

for the time, and that the Burials Bill could wait." Enough, however, has perhaps been said to secure assent to the conclusions that no test of public opinion can be cited as conclusive, except the result of a general election; that this test is of little or no value except with reference to the special question practically proposed to the electorate at the time of the election; and that upon subsidiary questions, and questions that emerge during the existence of a House of Commons, we are reduced to guess the current of popular judgment.

A problem of far more difficulty and interest than that of testing public opinion is the ascertainment of the forces under the influence of which it is produced. How is it that, on the special questions referred to it, the judgment of the electorate now inclines one way and now another? How is it that on every question there is a determination of opinion that might at any moment be crystallized by a general election, though without that process we cannot authoritatively declare what it is? We know that the area of the United Kingdom is parcelled out into some four hundred districts, and within the limits of each of these circumscriptions there is a register kept of the persons authorised to vote at parliamentary elections, and the choice of the representative or representatives of the district lies with the majority of those among the registered electors who can be brought to inscribe their votes at the polling-booths at the time of an election. If we want to understand the forces that produce public opinion, we must study the process of ascertaining what is taken to be the opinion of one of the districts—a constituency whose aggregate opinions constitute public opinion. It would always be rash, and not unfrequently erroneous, to assume that the apparent verdict of a constituency represents the unbiassed judgment of the electors who may vote—that judgment which the same men would give were they not swayed by the existence of repressive forces to which they defer. We have a great body of parliamentary tradition among us; and the course of political movement is largely under the control of those persons, or of that person, who is supposed to be the depositary of the wisdom of this tradition. The change of treatment of the subject of parliamentary reform which followed on the death of Lord Palmerston is an illustration of this truth. At the general election which preceded his death reform was pushed into the background, as it was known that Lord Palmerston was averse to any movement of this kind, and his authority repressed its adoption as part of the accepted creed of Liberal voters in constituencies. No one man may now exercise a similar power, but the opinions which are generated and operative at any time on one side of the House of Commons, as to what may be tried to be done, and on the other, as to what may still be defended and what must be abandoned, must continue to influence, to repress, and to divert the opinions of constituencies.

If Mr. Gladstone were to answer in the negative the question he recently discussed, whether the Church of England is worth preserving—if Mr. Disraeli declared his reliance on the conservatism of the county householder, and sought fresh strength in his enfranchisement and the increase of the number of his representatives—opinions would at once be precipitated which are now in suspension. It is true that these men are themselves acted upon by forces to the resultants of which they give expression, but there remains in each case an individuality rejecting or accepting external influences, and strong to determine the course of political action.

Some of our institutions have an enormous power exercised in a similar way. The House of Lords affects the opinions of the House of Commons, and thus indirectly as well as directly modifies the opinions of constituencies. The existence of the House of Lords is cited as a reason for not entertaining the consideration of particular changes, sometimes by men who screen their own repugnance to these proposals behind the Lords; but frequently also by men who would be honestly pleased to see them adopted, and shrink only from the collision that might be provoked were their adoption pressed. The Established Church is another institution which affects the courage and modifies the action of voters. Its roots seem to strike so deep, and to push in such interlacing fashion through the groundwork of English life, that men are afraid to think of the convulsion that might attend its overthrow. If, again, instead of speaking of constituencies generally, we confine our thoughts for a few moments to county constituencies, and especially to those in which the organization of rural life has not been overpowered by an outrunning metropolis, or by the development of manufacturing industries, we shall see other institutions exercising the greatest influence in shaping the expressed opinions of electors. In every rural county there is a select class always living *en évidence* before the community, whose sayings and doings necessarily occupy a large part of the attention of their neighbours. Upon the chief landowners in the district are thrown the primary functions of criminal justice; and to the same landowners, assembled together once a quarter for the purpose, is entrusted the final hearing of all criminal cases of secondary importance. The same landowners have exclusive control of the civil administration of the county, and large powers are reserved for them in the more narrowly-localised administration of highway boards and of boards of guardians. When it is added that the largest proprietors among these landowners often hold, as a matter of property, the singular privilege of choosing the spiritual teachers and guides of many parishes in the county, whenever a vacancy occurs among them, and that each proprietor has uncontrolled discretion in determining whether the lands he does not choose to cultivate himself shall be cultivated by any other person,

and if so, upon what terms of tenure, it cannot be surprising that the thoughts of the dwellers in rural England, especially of agricultural occupants of land, should follow the minds of landowners as the eyes of a servant follow the hands of his master. A farmer with a gift for analysis might say of his landlord: "He lays down the law under which I follow my calling and earn my bread; he or his father appointed the parson who lays down the laws of my spiritual life; he sits on the bench to lay down the law of the land for every one in the district; it depends upon his will whether a public-house in the neighbourhood shall be open or shut; when I sit beside him at the board of guardians, his opinion rules what worn-out labourers shall receive out-door relief, and what sort of relief shall be given; wherever I turn, I find his will guiding and controlling my own, and it is a necessary consequence that when I am nominally called upon to elect a member of parliament, I should look to him to tell me what to do." The inhabitants of rural counties who are not farmers are still led by numerous ties to look upon the landowners of the neighbourhood as a caste set apart to initiate and conduct all public functions, without whose countenance and leadership nothing can be successful. My single object is to investigate facts, but I should be misunderstood if I did not add that there might be, and in my belief there are, many worse guides than the class whose commanding power I have described. It is probable, nay, it is certain, that that power, great as it always must have been, would not have been as great as it is had it not been exercised, on the whole, in a spirit of integrity, with a real regard for justice, and an honest, if not very enlightened, desire to promote the public welfare.

I have endeavoured to describe some of the chief influences which, as far as I can see, control and modify the course of public opinion and prepare it to pronounce a definite judgment upon any issue that may at any time be submitted for decision; but there remains one influence more powerful than all these—an influence in subordination to which they work—which requires a separate examination. We collect the working judgment of the nation by calling together the electors of each constituency and directing them to choose some man or men to speak for them in the House of Commons. The majority of those electors who can be induced to come to the poll elect these spokesmen. The question is, How shall this majority be secured? This is an eminently practical question, which has been everywhere repeatedly considered; and the means of settling it in any constituency have long since been in a large measure prepared for those who approach it. The experience of the past limits the capacity of action and rules the conduct of the present. There is a body of electors who may be relied upon to support a candidate of

the policy of change, and there is another body as steady in supporting a candidate opposed to this policy—the form the policy takes being determined by the lines of attack and defence drawn in the House of Commons. If Parliament is created by the constituencies, it reacts upon them. Sometimes it happens that the last work of the expiring Parliament has been the definition of the especial proposal of change upon which the constituencies shall be divided; sometimes the issue left to them is no more than a choice between opposing leaders, whose names are accepted as the standards of contest.

In every case the first condition of success is that each candidate shall be clearly identified with the policy of the party whose followers he seeks to attract. Whatever else he does he must support the Ministry unreservedly, or he must go with the Opposition as far as the corporate action of the Opposition extends. How far is he at liberty to add on anything to those limited qualifications? The balance of victory often—it may be said constantly—rests with those electors who are not recognised as enrolled under either banner. The candidate who would win tries to induce these to come forward and vote for him, while taking care to do nothing that shall alienate his more devoted supporters. They are practically the masters of the situation, and the position they occupy shows that they are not in any sense keen politicians. In times which may be supposed to be distant, a direct application of the power of money induced a sufficient number of them to lay aside their hesitation and declare what should, in their opinion, be the policy of the new Parliament, and a spirit of lavishness in the matter of electioneering expenses is still of great influence in forming their judgment. But the hovering and doubtful voters are far from being always venal. They are cautious, perhaps timid, lukewarm, cold-blooded creatures, sceptical of political professions, and, in some instances, disdainful of political life. Whoever tries to win them to his side must strive to take the colour out of his opinions. If he is Conservative he protests that he is in no way re-actionary, and that he is by no means an unreasoning opponent of well-considered proposals of change; if he is a Liberal he is not revolutionary, and he repudiates with indignation every imputation of sympathy with those who would depart from the ancient lines of the Constitution. A candidate who is hampered with views of his own will studiously repress them. If they referred to some subject outside domestic politics, such as the government of India, he might, perhaps, briefly indicate them, subject to the condition that he did not weary the electors by talking to them on subjects they did not understand; though even this is dangerous, as indicating an activity of mind that might lead the candidate to wander from his straight duty as a member. He soon

perceives the advantages of practising an economy of revelation, but this is extremely difficult except where there is nothing to reveal. The best way of winning neutral votes appears to be to add to a sober adoption of the symbols of a party the prestige of wealth, or of rank, or of some form of social stability. But there are other voters holding themselves aloof from the two chief organizations within the constituency, besides the lukewarm politicians. These are the devotees of some particular measure not adopted within the programme of either party, who make their support contingent on a pledge to promote their aims. If they are resolute and compact their adherence may be indispensable to victory. The most serious consultations between the candidates and their immediate friends are occupied in discussing the possibilities of an accommodation with these special partisans, and if consenting to their views does not alienate other supporters an agreement is frequently established. I find no fault with their persistency. In some cases I may think that they overestimate the value of their object, but the estimate once formed, their subsequent conduct appears entirely right. It is by such persons, and by such persons alone, that new ideas are introduced into the field of practical politics. They send a certain number of more or less sincere representatives to the House of Commons, where their aims are forced upon the attention of leaders of parties, who after sessions and Parliaments of various fortunes are not unfrequently led to adopt them.

But the objections to this method of advancing opinions are obvious. When adhesion to a particular project of law is first successfully enforced as a condition of the election of a candidate, the support of the project in the House of Commons is disproportionately in excess of the support of it in the country; and this naturally brings about a reaction, so that in the next Parliament its strength is less in the House of Commons than it is outside it. The apparent strength of the Permissive Bill, once in excess, is now ludicrously below its real strength. Our method of procedure never gives us an assurance that we have a right measure of the national judgment upon any proposal, and though it may be presumed that an ultimate victory in the Legislature corresponds to a conversion of constituencies, we cannot even then be sure that it is not due to a weary submission to a fatalistic apprehension of an irresistible onset. Our experience of the history of special movements has been too limited to justify any general conclusions with respect to them. Those that have hitherto prevailed, the admission of Jews to Parliament, the secularisation of the universities, the ballot, the abolition of church rates, and the like, have been instances of victories over privilege; and the Burials Bill and the Women's Disabilities Bill will, in due time, become law through the power of the same principle, but there

are measures now annually produced before Parliament not appealing to the sentiment of equality, whose fate must be a matter of doubtful speculation.

Subject to the exception of which I have last spoken, it would seem that all the influences which prevail among us to repress the development of opinion are brought into strongest operation at the time of a general election. Issues that have been long fought are then defined, but the introduction of new subjects of controversy is carefully avoided by those who are hoping for success. The best candidate is the man who is not troubled with thoughts of anything beyond what is comprised in the programme of his party in the constituency for which he is standing; the next best is he who appears to be nearest to this. The conditions limiting the choice of candidates necessarily affect the character of the House of Commons in tending to make it always a chamber of mediocrity. There are persons who regard this result with satisfaction. They tell us that what is wanted in the Legislature is not a multiplication of Mr. Burke, but of men who have the wisdom to be content "to say ditto to Mr. Burke." The prime business of the Legislature is to legislate; the development of the political education of the nation may be left to external agencies. My friend, Mr. Leslie Stephen, writing some months since in this Review, said: "So long as the habit of free discussion is rooted in the national character, and Parliament subservient to the national will, we have a security for the influence of all shades of opinion far more effective than that which can be given by any political contrivance." No positive valuation can be made of contrivances that have never been tried, but the conditions to which Mr. Stephen refers appear to exist in the United States, where the security for the influence of all shades of opinion on legislation is assuredly very imperfect. I am, however, prepared to uphold the paradox that the most important function of the House of Commons is not that of legislation, but of discussion. It is only where previous discussions have been imperfect that the House of Commons appears to take an important part in legislation. The actual work of legislation is entrusted to the irregular committee, called the Cabinet, with their skilled assistants, and their schemes are ratified at once if they correspond with the principles that have been clearly approved in debate. Take the case of the Irish Church Act, to which reference has been made. Parliament practically approved it as it was presented by Mr. Gladstone, with the exception of the application of the ultimate surplus, which was reserved for further determination, because it had not been clarified by discussion. The real work of Parliament in this matter was spread over long years, and I am disposed to think that a right judgment would declare it to have been most

valuable in the days when it was least esteemed. The intelligence and conscience of the inhabitants of Great Britain were at least kept in an uneasy condition, and if it is to be confessed with regret and shame that an explosion at Clerkenwell was necessary to produce conviction, it may be added that the apparent slowness to yield to the demands of justice must be attributed in no small degree to the operation of machinery, which had the effect of causing the numbers of those prepared to support these demands to be underrated, and the best advocates of them to be excluded from the House of Commons. A case occurs to my memory of a gentleman having, at their request, an interview with the Liberal committee of a parliamentary borough, about a dozen years before the passing of the Irish Church Act. He told them that he would promote the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the reply was, "That would delight a great many of our friends, but we cannot carry a candidate prepared for such a step," and he returned by the next train to London. There must be many movements now kept back by similar causes. But even if it were allowed that the House of Commons is of more importance as a legislative than as the grand inquest of the nation, it cannot be admitted that its efficiency as a legislative machine would be impaired by an inundation of Burkes. As it is impossible to get more than twenty-four hours in a day, it is impossible to increase the mass of speaking that finds vent in the House of Commons; but it is possible to increase the standard of intelligence of its discussions, and the most probable consequence of the introduction of better men into the House would be an improvement in the quality, not an increase in the quantity, of its debates. And it must be repeated that the House of Commons is a prime engine in the political education of the people. Human intelligence is not created there, but the range of its exercise within its walls limits the range of popular discussion outside them. Some surprise may have been felt that no reference has been made to the influence of the press upon public opinion, but the explanation is that the action of the press is habitually, and in my opinion necessarily, dependent on the range of practical thought in Parliament. It exercises an enormous influence in diffusing and popularising, and thus in advancing ideas that have already got a foothold in the Legislature; but its opportunities of original action are and must be rare. Develop the intellectual activity of the House of Commons, and the press will move forwards with it. A sense almost of emancipation may be expected to supervene upon it when the contraction of existing limits is exchanged for "an ampler region,"—I think it is not mockery to add—"a diviner air."

There is another effect of the operation of the existing system of electing members of Parliament which appears to me to merit special

attention. If my analysis of the method of choosing a candidate be in any substantial measure correct, it must be admitted that, in addition to the preference for mediocrity, to the exclusion of men better fitted to serve the nation in Parliament, there must be attributed to it the evil of discouraging the political activity of many of the best among the electors. A contest necessarily divides the voters into two opposing parties; but what becomes of those who are unable to adopt in their entirety the watchwords of either host? They are repelled from both, and, except on rare occasions, they abstain from exercising the powers entrusted to them. Different opinions will be held as to the amount of loss sustained by the country by the retirement of such men from public life. Their absence will be lightly esteemed by some, who will ridicule them as "trimmers," halting between two opinions; while others will regret the loss of influence of their moderating intelligence, and of the truthfulness of thought which keeps them aloof from party combinations. "Whips" prefer members who will always vote with their side, but the cause of legislation would be more equable, and the administration of the country more nearly irreproachable, if the action of ministers was checked by some representatives of the electors who refrain from voting. It must be added that the abstainers are not all of one class. Among them are many who entered upon political life with ardour, to retire from it with disgust. Although the formal education of our youth seems arranged so as to exclude from it all instruction as to the meaning, and almost as to the history, of politics, yet few escape the contagion of active life, and as the lad grows up he becomes keenly interested in the movement of the time into which he is born. What is the secret of the disappearance of this energy in the years of manhood, when it should be strongest in its regulated force? How is it that we find in its place the cynicism of disbelief in the reality and value of political aims? Experience of the practice of politics has quenched the fire of youth. The reality has proved so much below his idea that he is at first astonished, then sickened, then repelled. Where he looked for activity in promoting great ends, he found busy calculations of the means of accommodating rival pretensions, and the manipulation of the expression of opinions so as to cover the largest number of adherents, irrespective of their value. The hopes of the boy were without doubt overcharged; it was necessary that he should learn the conditions of practical life and the importance of compromise; but it was not necessary that these conditions should be aggravated by the adoption of a machinery especially fitted to add to their severity; and the importance of compromise is carried to a great length when it is held to justify the absolute extinction of enthusiasm. The result is to be seen in that class of men so

numerous among us whose intelligence is active in all directions except that of politics. Once more, attention may be directed to the operation of the present system of elections in those constituencies where one party possesses a political predominance which is not contested. It is unnecessary to examine in any detail the effects produced in the minority. Some, and no inconsiderable proportion, may keep alive their interests in political life, as there are Englishmen who follow with interest the vicissitudes of politics in France, but the greater number fall asleep. They are never called upon to take any direct part in the election of the governing body of the nation, and they easily come to think that the work of the Legislature is something with which they have little concern, except to yield obedience to it. This is the prevailing feeling among women, as they are excluded from political privileges; and those who are acquainted with rural counties know how far the same feeling prevails among men who are put upon the register, but never called upon to vote. It is impossible to estimate the loss the nation suffers from the alienation of so many classes from political life. The alienation is indeed not complete. If they are not with us, they are near us; we know them; we are affected by their thoughts, not always well; the literature of the hour struggles, under all the limitations of its production, to speak for them. Yet it requires no exercise of a powerful imagination to understand the difference between the potency of the direct intervention of living forces and of substituted help. The masters of natural science in our day have made us understand that the world is crowded with competitors for existence, struggling for a place, and in myriads of instances finding none; and they have shown how small a change in the conditions of life is sufficient to produce a wide transformation in the successful modes of existence. There is a similar capability of transformation in the sphere of political life. Hundreds of thousands of human beings come to maturity every year in the United Kingdom, and when we have made every allowance for the pressure of ignorance and the claims of labour, we must still confess that the mass of political vitality of the nation is painfully inadequate compared with what we have a right to expect from the affluence of the sources whence it is drawn. If any one hesitates to accept this conclusion, he may be asked to remember how many of the lettered and the opulent are ignorant and inert. An alteration in our political machinery cannot produce life where its germs do not exist, but it may suffer those germs to come to maturity instead of being stifled, and if our survey of the operation of the system we have adopted leads us to believe that it represses the growth and development of political vigour, the ground is at least cleared for the examination of any alternative machinery that may be suggested.

It will have been understood by what has gone before that I look for something like a regeneration of political life through the gradual transformation of our electoral system, according to the principles developed at length by Mr. Hare. Instead of compelling voters to bring themselves down to a common level in the hope of forming part of a majority, I would allow them to associate together freely according to their opinions in several groups, obtaining representatives according to their numbers. The immediate adoption of Mr. Hare's system in its entirety I neither expect nor desire, but its introduction into use within the limited areas of our great towns and more populous counties may be anticipated, without extravagance of thought, in the lifetime of the new generation. If, as I am persuaded, its value is proved by experience, its extended application will follow; and we may leave to others coming after us the task of determining the extreme range of district within which it can be beneficially put into operation. The preliminary objection, that to found such hopes on a change of system is to look for the production of life by dead machinery, has probably been sufficiently answered. We cannot create life, but life is always being born about us; and we have power to determine what forms of life shall come to maturity, and what shall be choked and strangled at birth. We may continuously degrade or we may continuously improve the surviving species. The whole scope of my argument has been designed to show that our present system operates to limit the quantity and worsen the quality of life in every division of the nation; and were it not for counteracting influences, it would be as vain to expect a healthy result as it would be in a body every limb and member of which was separately swathed and bandaged. Instead of trusting to counteracting influences, which can but partially counteract the mischief gratuitously invited, why should we not adopt the *régime* of liberty instead of the *régime* of constriction? Instead of forcing men to work together because they happen to live in the same street, or the same ward, or the same hundred, under the penalty that their direct influence on the legislation of the country shall be nought unless they can contrive to form part of the majority of the district, why not let them associate with their true neighbours in thought and feeling? We must go much further than what, as I have declared, I hold to be now possible or desirable, to make this liberty of association perfect; but there is, as I hope to show, ample scope for its exercise within the area of constituencies of cities and counties that might be at once created, and if I dwell on the idea of the future it is to make plain the meaning of what is immediately possible. Mr. Stephen has argued in his essay against the diminution of local influence thus threatened. He urges that although these influences are often mean and paltry, they are also, in the main, natural and

healthy. The answer seems to be that so far as these influences are natural and healthy they will survive to exercise their proper share of power, neither exaggerated nor diminished, upon the national organ of legislation. If they depend for their existence upon being kept under the forcing-glass of a small constituency they can scarcely be called natural or healthy, but as I am conscious of their great power over myself, I am inclined to credit them with an inherent vigour that will save them from destruction. Mr. Stephen also urges that the liberation of the voter from local restraints would fall in with, if it does not naturally lead to, a doctrine of extreme individualism. "The practical lesson of the present system is that each man must work with his neighbours, and, so far as he is a voter, merge his influence upon the Government in theirs. . . . But the general tendency of the other plan, so far as it is operative, would be to make each man an independent force, pulling the steering apparatus by a separate rope." There is an apparent inconsistency in the use of this argument side by side with another that the adoption of the principles of Mr. Hare's scheme would increase the importance of national party organizations; but the lesson of the necessity of association cannot be lost under a system which requires a certain definite number of electors to agree together to secure a representative. Though emancipated from the rigid ties of local constraint, each man must still work with his neighbours—only they will be neighbours in a better sense than is suggested by mere contiguity of habitation.

The apprehension that the adoption of the principles of Mr. Hare would lead to a great increase in the power of political organizations, is much more commonly entertained than the apprehension of an unrestrained development of individualism. Some years since, when the subject first began to be discussed as of practical importance, Mr. Trevelyan contributed an article on it to *Macmillan's Magazine*, mainly occupied with a forecast of this danger; and the opinions then expressed have since been repeatedly echoed. I may be permitted to recall an observation my friend Professor Cairnes made to me at the time of the appearance of Mr. Trevelyan's essay. The method of election of representatives hitherto approved, he said, has been more exactly observed in the United States than in any other part of the world. Representation is periodically adjusted to population, and the privilege of nominating the representatives of a district is given exclusively to the majority of the voters within it. It is there that the organization of party caucuses is most thorough, and their power most firmly fixed. The method now adopted proceeds on a wholly different principle—it liberates the voter from that necessity which is the secret of the power of the caucus—and yet we are warned to expect the same

results from it. The observation thus made must, I should suppose, at least raise a suspicion that something had gone wrong in the conduct of the reasoning that prompted it, and it does not appear difficult to indicate the origin of the error. The particular evil which strikes every observer of the political life of the United States—the evil under which the best citizens of the country may truly be said to groan—is the thralldom caucuses impose upon them. Within the last month there has been a remarkable demonstration at New York against the power of these organizations, which has, however, been quite unavailing. Representative men, like Mr. Bryant, Mr. Schurz, and Mr. Adams, came together from every State to protest that they would no longer be bound by the slavery they endured; but the politicians have been too strong for them, and these independent reformers have only succeeded in excluding themselves from all share of influence over the pending choice of the next President. By seceding from their party, they may indeed cause its defeat, and thus induce its organizers to modify its articles of union—to shift its centre of gravity, so to speak—so as to bring them back again before the next contest; but this is a doubtful result purchased at a great and certain sacrifice. Meanwhile the politicians retain their power because they are enabled to declare with truth, that unless all the members of the party act together the party must be defeated; and they, and they only, hold the machinery of its organization. If we get rid of this dominant necessity, we get rid of their power; and though organizations may reappear, they will come as suppliants to beseech, instead of as masters to command. We can easily picture the transformation that may be expected. If a sufficient number of voters unite together, they will secure a representative. The natural consequence will be the formation of associations soliciting voters to support different candidates. The voter will receive addresses and circulars from many combinations of men—some bent on promoting one object, some another. In this sense the new system would develop the formation of political societies, because it would develop the activity and variety of political thought; but the essential difference between the organizations thus created and the organizations that now prevail would be that those of the future would leave the choice of the voter free, and those now existing exercise over him that tyranny which is the subject of complaint. The voter would study and compare the several programmes offered to him, and choose freely between them that which most closely corresponded with his own aspirations. Every serious politician would rejoice at the multiplication of such political combinations as these, which would prove the activity and freedom of political thought, just as the number and variety of religious societies in England prove the activity and freedom of its

religious thought. It must, however, be added that what I have thus said is subject to a qualification as long as we maintain the imperfect embodiment of Mr. Hare's principle of the cumulative vote. Under its operation there is a danger that an unnecessary number of votes may be heaped on a particular candidate, and occasion is thus given for the existence of an organization that shall direct the action of voters. The power it exercises is imperfect and feeble, but it is real and must be acknowledged. It will entirely disappear when the system of voting is improved by the addition of a provision enabling the voter to direct that his votes shall be passed on to a second candidate, if not wanted by the first he favours; and in examining the validity of objections against the principle of Mr. Hare's proposals, I am warranted in assuming that this improvement, which is an important part of them, will be made.

A terror of the freedom of a Parliament elected by the freely associating sections of a community is often found held by those who are apprehensive of a growth of the power of party organizations. This union of opposite fears is strange but not unprecedented. What is the importance of this new argument? It is urged that if electors can be brought together from all quarters to make up a quota to elect a member, there will be representatives of very strange opinions in the Legislature; and, as a member of it need not look to the same men to return him at a new election, and will be encouraged to hope that if by his independent action he alienates some of his first supporters he will attract others to take their place, there may be anticipated a great development of freedom within the legislative chamber. It would be a denial of all my arguments and hopes if I did not admit that I look for some measure of what is thus dreaded, but it must be observed that it will not come all at once. No one supposes that Mr. Hare's scheme is to be immediately applied to the whole of the kingdom; I should be in danger of losing all reputation for moderation if I suggested the possibility of creating constituencies returning a dozen or fifteen members a piece, and the experience of the School Board elections in Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and elsewhere, where fifteen members are chosen, shows how little reason there is to anticipate an invasion of wild men even if we went the length of establishing such constituencies. Another argument may be adduced to show that there is no justification for terror as to the result of the extreme embodiment of the principle of representing minorities. The sphere of the periodical press of England is free to all comers. Any one who desires acceptance for his opinions has the chance of proselytizing open to him. Yet the last vice of which newspapers can be accused is that of encouraging flightiness of opinions. They are prosaic in their sobriety, and inexpressibly decorous in their

deference to conventions. The argument deduced from this illustration is not perfect, because I have admitted that the range of speculation in the press is kept under restraint by the range of discussion in Parliament, but it affords a strong presumption that our fears and perhaps our hopes of freedom are overstrained. Still, there is more liberty in literature than there is in the Legislature; topics may be discussed and projects debated in the one which cannot be broached in the other, and in freedom of judgment it possesses immense advantages. I think it not unreasonable to believe that as results of the emancipation of political thought, the liberty of members of the Legislature may reach the level now realised in literature; while literary liberty will move onwards to gain the freedom of conversation, and conversation may win something of the unrestrained movement that is now reserved for hours of silent speculation.

It will have been made plain that the representation of minorities is not urged as a means of defeating the power of majorities. Its perfect adoption would in truth secure the predominance of majorities. Under the present system a majority in the Legislature must often correspond to a minority in the country, and upon questions that unexpectedly arise we can never have a thorough assurance of the identity of the policy of Parliament with the policy of the people. If the proposed change were adopted the representative chamber would be a trustworthy mirror of the mind of the nation. Objection may be taken that the enthronement of democracy would be thus facilitated; but I confess for my part I face without fear the triumph of a democracy which is consummated in the government of a nation by a chamber containing within itself representatives of all the forms of political thought of the nation. The majority may vote minorities down if they will first hear what they have to say. Democracies are sufficiently docile, and, indeed, it may be said that their greatest errors have arisen because they were too quick to learn. Unincumbered by this world's goods, and with avenues of thought unchoked by riches, they accept new truths too easily and think they have mastered them, before they have understood their relations to old facts; but their motives of judgment and of action are in the main right, and it is a painful confession, that if we examine the history of our own country during the last fifty years it will be found that the ignorant multitude have put the educated classes to shame in the generosity and justice of their conclusions. The power of majorities when minorities are admitted by their side to argue, to remonstrate, and to instruct, is not terrible; the evil histories which inspire fear of them were perpetrated under false systems which banished from their presence the representatives of other forms of thought than

their own, and that plentiful lack of imagination which affects autocrats, aristocrats, and democrats alike, enabled them to be cruel and unjust to the absent whose complaints were unheard and whose sufferings were unseen and unrealised.

Some will admit that the ideal is excellent, but it is a long way off, and the first steps towards it can be of little use, if, indeed, they are not pernicious in their consequences. It would be a great thing to set the nation free, to liberate the action of each political function, to give the opportunity of vitality and power to every new birth of political thought, to establish a real convocation of notables representing the mind of the whole people where each man, encouraged by the faith that his honest opinions shall carry conviction with them, contributes in turn to the education of the people—but how are these results to be connected with the manipulation of half-a-dozen three-cornered counties and as many populous boroughs? This commencement of the transformation of the representative machinery of the country was doubtless small, and the energy and perseverance that were spent in accomplishing it may have appeared misplaced, but it was soon proved that they were not wasted. The discussions of 1867 were an educational process, the first result of which was that when the Education Bill was brought in in 1870 the application of the cumulative vote to the election of School Boards was introduced into it on the motion of private members, and the year after the Ministry embodied the plan in their Scotch Bill. The expediency of securing the representation of minorities is now accepted in Parliament; and although there is some hesitation to reform existing bodies such as town councils in accordance with it, it may be taken as certain that it will be introduced into any new representative body such as county boards that may be created. Progress has also been made on the other side of the Atlantic which may not unfairly be attributed in some measure to our discussions of nine years since. The House of Representatives in Illinois is elected by constituencies returning three members each with the machinery of the cumulative vote. The same method of election has been adopted in the municipalities of Pennsylvania and, I believe, in some districts of Ohio. In Canada the applicability of the method to the election of the Senate has been seriously discussed. In the Cape Colony it has been introduced. In almost every country of Europe it has attracted attention, and the literature of the subject has attained considerable proportions. Limited as the action of Parliament was in 1867 it was a step which has been followed by important consequences elsewhere; and in the not distant time when Parliamentary Reform becomes again a subject of legislation, the principles then adopted will receive a more direct and extended application. In 1867 the Legislature was induced to enact that in

constituencies returning three members no voter should be allowed to vote for more than two candidates, but this rudest form of the principle of representing minorities can never be effectual to secure more than the representation of one minority. The cumulative vote of the School Board is of far greater power, for it enables as many divisions of thought to be represented as there are members to be returned by a constituency. It is however defective, as I have admitted, and it may be hoped that the occasion of the next Reform Act will be used not merely to extend the representation of minorities but to secure their proportional representation in the most effective manner. Even, however, if Parliament cannot be induced to go beyond the use of the cumulative vote, we may look for its application on a scale that will give us a large anticipation of the advantages I have attributed to the principles of Mr. Hare's system. This may be done (1) by increasing the number of representatives of the largest constituencies by the transfer of the seats now belonging to the smallest; and (2) by the union of contiguous constituencies so as to make constituencies of adequate size by their fusion. Moreover, I know no reason why in an act of practical politics, we should not proceed experimentally, by applying the method of proportional representation within each of certain districts, whether counties or divisions of counties, that seem especially fitted for the experiment. In the metropolis, where every voter may be credited with some degree of education, and where the instructive example of the School Board elections will have been at least three times beheld, there would be no practical difficulty in uniting together Chelsea and Westminster, Marylebone and Finsbury, Lambeth and Southwark, and in re-uniting the Tower Hamlets with an average of six or seven members to each division. There would be no practical difficulty, and the constituencies so suggested would be rich in the materials now neglected and unwrought, out of which voluntary associations allied by kindred sympathies might be formed. If the united constituency of Lambeth and Southwark had seven members there would assuredly be found among them two or three types now unknown in the House of Commons, and typical men of a different character would be returned by free combinations of electors within the new divisions of western and northern London. The union of Manchester and Salford is another suggestion of the same kind, and the opportunities in South Lancashire and South-west Yorkshire of creating large constituencies, by the union of existing boroughs, are numerous. I have been speaking of the mechanical facility of coupling together existing constituencies, but it may be added that such proposals would probably stir up less opposition of interest in the House of Commons than any other change that could be suggested. They are practical,

and they would, if adopted, afford scope enough for the operation of the principle of the representation of minorities to satisfy those who approve of it when widely applied, but complain of the fruitlessness of its introduction on a limited scale. Many may be disposed to ask why anything should be done. It would seem enough to reply that something must be done: the demand for the extension of household suffrage into counties will not long be resisted, and the concession of it must be accompanied by a re-distribution of electoral power. We can exercise a choice as to the form of re-settlement of our representative system, but we cannot prevent a re-settlement. But, I must own I am not satisfied with this answer. A measure of reform that shall make the House of Commons a better presentment of the political life of the whole nation is required for graver reasons than the satisfaction of the current demand for household suffrage in counties. We live under a Conservative Government, and not a few speak and act as if they thought it would endure for ever. As things are, so will they remain; or, at least, they will last our time and *après nous le déluge*. The wisdom of Metternich is not very wise, and it is certainly not courageous. Any one who sincerely examines the institutions about us by the light of the principles and thoughts that daily gain force among men must find little comfort or trust in their permanence. We are compassed about with so much that must pass away; we struggle to the injury of our freedom and health under the weight of so much that is dead and must be shuffled off; and yet the strain and the labour of their removal threaten to be so great, that we are often tempted to think that without a revolution the changes that are inevitable cannot be accomplished, and we acquiesce in the prospect of a convulsion which is the condition of a new birth. It is the deluge a selfish spirit leaves for another generation. Is it necessary that we should resign ourselves to this despairing looking for of judgment? The transformation of our representative system appears to me to open up a way to the accomplishment of the changes we foresee without resort to the passion and violence of a revolutionary movement. If we make the governing assembly a mirror of the life of the people governed, the leaven of change will work gradually and peacefully in the one as in the other. There must be heat, and excitement, and controversy before institutions are laid aside, that have affected the imagination and shaped the life of a nation, but we may retain a hope, and even an assurance, that the consummation shall be accomplished without the consuming fires of popular madness.

LEONARD COURTNEY.

PAST AND PRESENT.

(A LETTER TO PROFESSOR RUSKIN, IN REPLY TO ONE ADDRESSED TO THE WRITER BY MR. RUSKIN, PUBLISHED IN *Fors Clavigera* FOR JUNE, 1876.)

DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—You encourage me to attempt some answer to the sentence pronounced on me by *Fors* in June; but I am loth to seem impatient under the rebuke of Fate, or to raise an unduteous hand against you. I cannot forget how much I owe you, and how much our age has owed you; and what we owe to those who have taught us is a debt that we never can repay, a claim that never grows stale. There are so few whose lips have been touched as it were with sacred fire, having eyes that see behind the veil, and whose ears can hear the voices to which the rest are deaf; and when the utterances of such do seem to us to wander—I will almost say to mislead—it is better to keep silence even from good words. Yet when I find you publishing to the world things about those whom I honour, very contrary as I think to the fact, I will ask you to consider your judgment again. You can yet stir men of the finer fibre, and your words from time to time make us all pause and think, as men pause when violet flashes of lightning glance across the sky. Genius, like nobility, has its duties. But to me all blackening of the human race, all outbursts against the generation and its hopes, are profoundly painful, born, I should say, of unnatural self-musing and self-torture, sad as those fulminous imprecations on mankind, when Lear bows his head to the storm.

I will try what I can say in mitigation of sentence pronounced by *Fors* on the world in general; an allocution addressed not only *orbi et urbi* but *contra orbem et urbem*, but I cannot be sure that I always understand it. *Fors* seems to come down from an empyrean of her own and hold converse in an airy form of speech, which we on earth have much ado to follow: a language glancing from grave to gay, in which (as you remind me) I only stammer; so that I have nothing for it but to answer the diapason of her poetry in the flat monotone of prose.

To turn *Fors* into prose, as Mr. Bohn's translators turn Homer and Æschylus, you reprove me for believing with Auguste Comte that the human race is worthy of our regard, that it is growing wiser, stronger, and nobler. You say, on the contrary, that mankind is now very crazy and utterly vile; that beauty, nobility, and truth, are all but gone out of the world, though they did flourish once in a date undetermined. You find proof of this in wild roses, in lines from the older poets, and some newspaper cuttings. Those who

speak of evolution have nothing to do with ancient times or old forms of beauty, with nature or things poetic at all; for we are chiefly occupied (you say) with frogs and lice, with clamouring for women's rights and the noisy apotheosis of liberty and machinery. It is the mark of our tribe to mangle our mother tongue with uncouth terms, and in general we are an unpleasant Gradgrind sort of people; and you finally invoke me to answer you, tracing my birth to a species of slug whom you take to be founder eponymous of our numerous but respectable clan.¹ And in public and in private you call on me to break a lance with you as I am a true man; though mine, as you see, is little better than a reed, and your own is like a weaver's beam.

You begin by asking me "if I think you as handsome as the Elgin Theseus." Well, I must admit that when I saw you last, you had not yet developed the thews of the demigod; but still, to take you all round, body, mind, and soul, I do think you a nobler specimen of man than the wrestler who sat to Pheidias. Your argument I suppose, done into gasteropodic prose, is simply that the human kind have utterly gone backward since the statue was carved. Are you sure of that, if you think of man as a whole? Pheidias, if I remember, was the acknowledged lover of Pantarces the athlete; and over the inner history of Greek art we have to draw the veil which it tore so rudely from the unblushing Phryne. Whilst the Parthenon was rising, millions of slaves rotted in the mines, and the idlers who lived upon their labour knew neither home, nor wife, nor work, nor duty, in any sense that is worth counting. One of the grandest of Greek statues recalls to us the city, where the entire male population was massacred in cold blood by the fellow-citizens of Pheidias, who besides treated their great sculptor with wanton ingratitude. Indeed, when I remember Aristophanes, and think of Cleon, Alcibiades, ostracism, and another very "peculiar institution," I must say that the radiant medal of Athene has a truly sinister obverse. Theseus was of old my ideal in art, and many a holiday have I spent as a boy, yet under the roof of the paternal zoophyte, in wondering at his immortal calm. But would you say that an athletic form is the whole duty of man, or art the end of life? And besides, could you not find youths at Oxford to win the parsley from Pantarces himself; and do you think a man in the fleet at Salamis could swim, like Matthew Webb, from England to France? A civilised man can roll over a savage; is bigger, stronger, and lives longer; can bear twice as much, and do twice as much. Men, nowadays, cannot get into the puny armour of ancient days; and, if a pampered aristocracy in an age of slavery, by giving their whole lives to care of their

(1) As I understand the words, "Human Son of Holothurian Harries."

skins, did reach a special type of beauty, the race as a whole has a higher physical standard. So that, if you are not so handsome as Theseus, and Hamlet is not to be compared to Hercules, you and Hamlet have something to set against the want of muscle, and you may console yourself by thinking that there are more fine men and women in Europe to-day than there were two thousand years ago.

For further proof of the degeneracy of man you quote Virgil's picture of Camilla in arms, and you beg me to contrast it with the tale of a farcical prize-fight in New York between two dancing girls; so that I shall see and acknowledge the downfall of modern womanhood. But why compare Camilla with an American mime? I suppose there were mimes at Rome in Virgil's day? Indeed just at the time these clarion-ringing lines about Camilla appeared, a dear friend of the poet wrote some verses beginning, *Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopole*, showing an altogether different type of womanhood and manhood in great vogue in that polished society for which Camilla was imagined. I love my Virgil, and am dumb with awe before the Theseus; but neither Athens nor Rome gives me quite the type of the virtuous life. And frankly I cannot say that Camilla is the finest ideal of woman. A modern poet has drawn for us finer; Cordelia, and Imogen, Desdemona, Ophelia, and the rest; or to come to our own age, there is the homely but true story of Jeannie Deans. Are you thinking of women famous in war? Well, Jeanne d'Arc is a far greater heroine than Camilla, though she lived some twenty centuries later. And as you beg me to compare the ideals of ages, I will ask you to compare the ancient vision of the warrior maid with the modern reality of Florence Nightingale.

Your bit about roses perplexes me. When I said that the flowers of our gardens had been gathered from all parts of the earth, and were greatly changed by man's care, I thought I was saying something familiar to any gardener, and entirely true in fact. And you swear that the flowers and the plants have never been developed at all, that man has never improved one of them (for you can't get a good pippin as you used when a boy); and that all we can do by nature is to leave her alone. Do you mean that the varieties in a modern garden grow wild at Coniston, and that you find pippins amidst the heather? Or do you mean that the gardens and cornfields, the orchards, and the watermeadows of these latter days are deteriorations from the primitive face of nature, and all bear the mark of the beast—man? Tell us the exact point of wildness to which you wish man and the earth to return. Will clothes, wheaten flour, and ploughshares be suffered in the golden age, or will St. George appear amidst moor and brushwood in the garb of Theseus adorned with woad?

I am sorry to be told that, when once we speak of evolution, we may never more meddle with roses ; but are warned to keep close to our frogs and our lice. I certainly thought that the theory of evolution was a good deal occupied with the habits of plants. And there is a bit of fortuitous logic in which I require some help. When I said that flowers under man's *cultivation* change greatly from their *wild* forms, I was rebuked by *Fors*, who reminds me that the *wild* rose of Etruscan art is the *wild* rose of your hills to-day. But is the old wild rose the same as the cultivated rose of our time? Can *Fors* pick *Devoniensis* growing wild on the moors, or do you find it in the British Museum? I agree with your love for the wild rose, and I trust evolution will never extinguish either that or other wild things. But Adam and Eve tended theirs; and if it be wicked to work at our gardens, it is no proof of the degeneracy of man, for it is a form of offence as old as original sin—of which peradventure it was either cause or effect.

And I was a little hurt to be told so peremptorily never again to allude to traceries. Why, all that I did was to make two friends in talk at Oxford speak of some flowers near the grey traceries of Magdalen. And for this rather feeble bit of local colour I am rebuked by *Fors*, "in the name of common sense and common modesty," for "chattering about" traceries. I am only, you say, making a jackdaw of myself, for I don't know a good one from a bad one, and couldn't design a tracery for my life. Now, did I ever presume that I could; for I am neither architect, professor, nor critic? It does happen that I have had a special foible for Gothic churches in my molluscous way for some thirty years, and have crawled, as a gasteropod best may, over many an one, from porch to belfry, and in and out the wavy foliage of the capitals, and round the iridescent mysteries of the rose windows, and so through all the Seven Lamps:—

"Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore,
Che m'han fatto cercar lo tuo volume;"

but as to *knowing* anything about it that you would call *knowing*, spare me! Newton might as well ask a school-boy, stammering out his Asses Bridge, why he was "chattering about" mathematics.

You mean (for your lightest play has a meaning, as all play should have) that the Holothurian and Pedicular tribe to which I have the honour to belong are incapable of a feeling for Gothic art or mediæval life. I will not undertake to answer for the rest of the Echinodermata, but so far as concerns Comte, I suppose no one ever held in such deep honour the genius of the Middle Age at its best, its religion, its chivalry, its poetry, and its art, going to it indeed for the type and ideal of man's spiritual force. As to Gothic archi-

ture I should like to quote you what he says: "That the ideas and feelings of man's moral nature have never found so perfect expression in form, as they found in the noble cathedrals of Catholicism;" and no right mind, he says, "can ever look on them without an exquisite sense of emotion, born of deep sympathy with the spirit that then inspired society." This was said long before the bubble of our Gothic mania, as a bit of history not of art, and before a famous "Graduate" had passed his "Little-go." I do wish that besides punning on Comte's name, you would look at his books, at least before making game of him; and I think you would see that he had pierced as truly as you have, and long before you, into the spiritual meaning of mediæval art, including, by the way, its music, a most important branch of art, about which I think you have been silent. So if I and my fellows are Goths about Gothic architecture, it is no fault of Comte's, but must come from the original sin of the "mere slimy mass of helpless blackness" that we are, our protozoic infirmity of the flesh.

You next take me to task for using the mere word "Humanity," as uncouth English, and you say with a whack of your cane that my terms are as muddled as my head. It was needless to tell me that you know something of organic English whilst I do not, for that is certainly true; and I feel that to reason with you about language is to argue with the master of forty legions. But are you sure that you see what we try to express by "Humanity"? You say that "an aggregate of men is a mob." Surely not always; for an aggregate of men may be a regiment or an army, which is not a mob, or indeed a tribe or a family. Where men work and live together gregariously, in a disciplined and organic way, they are not a mob, as I suppose your own St. George's company is not to be a mob. And if we think of the human race all working together in an organic way, as will be the case if you ever convert the entire world to become "companions of St. George," we should get near our notion of Humanity. But we don't mean simply the human race now extant; but the past and the present members who have made it, and those to come who will inherit its tasks—just as by England we mean our nation, its history and its future. We call all this Humanity, and though I acknowledge your mastery of organic English, I doubt if you can find a simpler word for this complex notion. Even as a piece of philology, it is surely as good as "Deity," which I see you use.

I thirst as you do for that "well of English undefiled," which you have done much to keep fresh and limpid; but the passion for the stalwart speech of Sir Philip Sidney may grow into affectation; and there is visible in our day that most simpering of all tongues, a sort of archaic Euphuism—so that many a man who has to say "some

people are fools," Osricizes his remark thus: "there be who are as the wild ass." Human wants cannot be always cribbed within the range of lyric poetry and the native woodnotes of art. Science and organization must have their vocabulary, to which we shall have to screw our mouths, though it makes us as wry as the wrenching of teeth. The manly course when we want a hard word and cannot find a better, is to bring it out without wincing till it becomes quite natural. "Ganglion" is not pretty, but can you express its meaning in less than a sentence? "Sociology," they tell us, is a barbarous term; but the pedants have never supplied us with a better; and as to objecting to use the words which mankind make current, you might as well decline to endure the west wind, on the ground that you like it south. I could not justify to a purist in grammar the word "locomotive." But I use the word and the thing without a pish; for I have no time to travel as you do by the road, or to be always saying, "the pieces of steel put together into a frame which run along on iron rails." Nor do I think it mends matters to invent some Biblical trope, and call it "The Pale Horse." I admit that the "precession of the equinoxes" does not go kindly in a sonnet; but if we wish to know something of the law, we can hardly express it in old Saxon or English. It would be to quarrel with our bread and butter like children, if we refused to eat till we had re-named our bits of daily food. I see that in St. George's schools you have begun to invent new titles for the flowers. But how far do you intend to carry the process? Do you mean to have fresh words for the old ones: truth, modesty, sense, and obedience; and is science to be taught in an *abracadabra*, and religion in a bran-new *fi-fo-fum*? But in this case St. George's company will end like the Tower of Babel; for I assure you that there is one thing which genius itself cannot invent, and that is a language. The Anarchists of '93 tried hard to rename many things; but it never occurred to them to revolutionize the French speech. After all, the first proof of social discipline and manly obedience is to use the language to which we are born as the air in which we live; for it is very certain that no one of us can make either for himself. You see that you cannot mark my place in the animal kingdom without using such a queer term as "Holothurian."

This is not a trifle, this impatience of scientific words, merely because they are long and will not come well into a stanza. It is only a form for impatience of science—that is, of knowledge. Here are you, and many a man of high poetic sensibility, crying pish at the word "evolution," and hotly denouncing the thing it expresses, because you cannot find it in the Bible or in Shakespeare. You say, and you say it with complete truth, that you know much more than I do of organic Nature and her processes. Well, can you describe

for a mammal that process of unfolding from the ovum to birth, without using the words "evolution," "differentiation," or some equally complex synonym? The truth is, that you really forswear "evolution" and all its works, because you find it difficult to square with the poetic and prophetic scheme of life. And thousands, and they are some of the brightest and some of the devoutest natures, nurse themselves into a noble defiance of solid knowledge, on the ground that, because it is solid, it is necessarily hard and dry. And you, and some others I could name, are ready with ample encouragement to ignorance, sometimes it may be with a pathetic kind of Hebrew melody, and sometimes with racy Rabelaisian fun. But "*Sartor Resartus*" having been edited once for all, can never be renewed; and attempts to imitate it are as hopeless as those of a man whom I saw the other day artistically "restoring" a thirteenth-century statue. Leave the inimitable torso in its vast pathos, rugged with the winds and the storm of heaven.

You undertake to say that those who believe in evolution do not study men and women, but frogs and lice; and your warning perchance will inspire a groan round many a decorated tea-table, and in many an early-pointed sermon. But can you say, with your hand on the book, that the advocates of evolution do *not* study men and women? Do you tell the jury that this is true of Comte? Have you read his theory of history? Do you know what he says about religion, family, government, education? How much of his "*Polity*" is given to frogs and lice, and how much to men and women? Do you deny that ninety out of every hundred pages speak directly of men and women? And yet you tell him to keep to his worshipful Batrachianity, his divine Pedicularity. And you name therewith Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. John Stuart Mill; have neither of them ever spoken of men and women, but are both absorbed with reptiles and parasites? You tell the court that Mr. Spencer and Mr. Mill are occupied mostly with frogs and lice; and you tell your pupils of St. George's new schools that if we wish to know about *geese*, we must go to these writers. And by way of a lesson in the manner of Sidney, you speak to them of a lady whom you describe as "*Cobbe*." Oh, the pity o't! The light of the Seven Lamps is dim, and the music of the choir where they burned comes from afar to us like sweet bells jangled, harsh, and out of tune.

I take shame to myself, that I can note this with anything but a smile, or that I can be drawn into telling you plainly how little I like it; for all that you press me to tell you something. But what you write is not, and cannot be, the mere wind moaning in the branches. The soul and the eye which have sent a spark through every fibre of this whole generation of Englishmen can never be of no account; and the memory of some memorable

teaching still lives in its echoes. Men of science and of the new learning, secure in their logic and academic approval, are but too ready to make light of the Jeremiahs who cry woe! woe! in the streets in the name of tradition, and poetry, and religion. And the rich and the powerful hear of one complaining of the age of steam, as they would hear of a beggar whining out an old song. But there are some, who are not learned, and not powerful, who do listen and are touched and moved to the core by it—and who have hearts, and passions, and brains also, that thrill with the finer spiritual motions and forces. These you have often led; these men and women, these poets, priests, artists, these mothers, wives, and daughters you speak for; and all the while science and progress wonder to find a vast silent weight against them, and they are sore that they do not advance. And the strange part of it is that science and progress do not altogether deserve to advance without a halt in that grand triumphant car with patent axles and automatic steam apparatus, which seems to the twin powers the perfection of reason and mechanism. You, and the greater and lesser prophets of the older faith of Israel, are truly so far right, that science without religion *is* materialist, immoral, inhuman; modern life *is* in many ways chaotic and brutal; industry *is* often cruel; and progress *is* something of a scramble.

And for this very reason it is so urgent that those who, like you, have a heart for the pathos of human nature, and the soul to make even the callous hear its cry, should do nothing to increase the chaos. Human life without knowledge is blind; and you mock at knowledge, or, at least, at the systematic knowledge of disciplined philosophy. The laws of physical and organic nature can only be summed by patient combination of the labour of ages; and you tell us, with the fervour of Peter the Hermit, that we shall find them all in the Bible and a bank of wild flowers. Religion can be nothing unless it be true; and you tell us that truth must all be discovered anew in St. George's schools. So that the only bond of society, a reasonable use of tradition, is to you a more worthless old rag than it is to the wildest communist. Now there is one modern philosopher who has deeply felt the evils of which you tempestuously complain, and who works towards the moral ends which you eloquently preach. And you take the opportunity of some words of mine about his teaching to snap your fingers at him and his pupils with lively gestures of contempt. Hence, though I deprecate the snapping of fingers altogether, and regret it for the sake of all who admire you, and not for the sake of Comte, I must ask you to pause before you report of him precisely the contrary of what he teaches. Your letter to me is employed with Comte's doctrine of evolution;

and throughout you imply that its leading feature is the descent of mankind from primitive organisms. Now, it is perfectly notorious that Comte repudiated any theory of the kind, which he declares to be outside science and philosophy altogether. This is one of the crimes brought against him by modern men of science, that he refuses to write a new book of Genesis, and to expound the creation of the Primordial Moneron. It is most untrue that he advocates political and public careers for women; for no one has more earnestly warned us against it. In the range of religious and moral teaching you will find nothing more tender than his ideal of the home, nothing more precious than the shrine which he would keep sacred to women. So far from despising the past and the middle age, he makes more use of both than any modern teacher. So far from seeing perfection in modern life, or singing hymns to science, democracy, and steam, neither you, nor our master in all this, the great prophet of hero-worship himself, have so little desire to do anything of the kind.

So, though evolution be indeed the burden of his story, we shall always find in Comte the human, the social, the affectionate, the poetic. The comfort of religion, the grace of chivalry, the fecundity of art, the heroism of discipline, are all inspired with him by devotion to a ruling power, the object of our love and the source of our strength, to whom I am quite ready to address the sweet verses which you quote from Sir Philip Sidney. You may not like the way in which these motive forces of human life are explained by Comte; but they are just as highly valued and are made as important by him, as by you or by any of the retrograde school. Only, it is most true, you will find them all set in a solid foundation of fact, of proof, and systematised belief. We believe that knowledge is too vast and difficult to be altogether mastered afresh by mystical versions of the psalms, and by quaint secrets seen in shells and flowers, and autumn sunsets. We believe that the world is too old and on the whole too wise and too good, to be put to its primer again, and birched into sense in the schools of St. George's company, after making a *tabula rasa* of all that men have ever founded or have hitherto learned.

It seems to you to pass belief that any man can see things evil in modern industry, materialist in modern science, disorderly in present society, and lifeless in our actual art; and yet refuse to believe that the human race is now rushing headlong into the sea, like the swine possessed by devils. Yet it is so; and men are found to adopt the paradox of admitting the first and denying the second proposition. The secret of it may be seen partly in *patience*, partly in a *wider survey* of men and things. And it seems to me that you, and the author of the system, or rather anti-system, whom you

follow, hardly make your survey sufficiently wide, or with due coolness of brain. You talk for ever and most beautifully about *truth*. But truth is a very many-sided thing; and all its sides have to be worked up rightly before the very base of our monument is complete. Do you consider all that has been done, that has to be done, in building up the vast construction of the sciences; of the heavens and the earth, of organic and inorganic nature, and the immense scale of animal life? You say that you know something of these processes of organic nature; but have you applied them in order to man and to society, and sought their bearings on morality, religion, activity, and government? And will you say, on reflection and knowing all about the organic processes of nature, that all which has been done this last hundred years or so therein is so much rubbish and cinder-heaps. Perhaps it may be, that men occupied with huge accumulations of knowledge have seriously neglected to arrange it, as we often observe with the busy ones; for a time they have allowed things to run into disorder, and have thought more of the useful than the beautiful.

But the exact value of the sciences and the primary importance of the processes of nature are subjects too vast to discuss, even were I as competent as you are to assign them their place in the ultimate scheme of the good, the beautiful, and the true. Still there is one mode of measuring the growth of man and the upward or downward career of the race which seems to me somewhat too narrow, though it is one you have largely brought into vogue. I mean the tendency to label the successive epochs of history according to our sense of their power in art, indeed we are often limited to one of the arts of form. A healthy art is a sign undoubtedly of force; and great things in art have usually sprung from great things in life, in society, and in manners. But I find mankind so mysteriously complex, and art so subtle in its sources, that I always incline to caution in connecting the beautiful and the good. They are doubtless in truth but one; but how and wherein they entwine their roots, is a matter of some perplexity. Some of the loveliest of the works of man's hand seem to come out of utter foolishness and vileness beside them. Even to exclude the later abominations of Greek sculpture, much of its true work was done in societies putrid to the core in public and private life, at a time when the glorious roll of Hellenic poetry was ending in unmanly affectation. The arts of form often flourish amidst hideous defilement of life; the arts of form are decaying just when the arts of poetry or of music are at their purest and sweetest; and the art of building is often in its decadence whilst the art of painting is sound and true. I cannot reconcile these contradictions, and I do not find that you help us. Some of the most exquisite bits of Italian painting that you have shown us how to

love, uniting you say religion and realism, breathing all virtues and all tenderness, were painted in and for a society which is described by Machiavelli and personified in Borgias. Lust, bloodshed, treachery, greed, and all the devils of the Inferno, played an obscene orgy round the easels where you say men pictured for ever the very beauty of holiness. And the painters and their friends and brothers were at the same moment engaged in tearing to pieces the mediæval buildings that you love, and in perpetuating in stone the Renaissance that you abhor. The pit of Tophet had hardly yet, as you tell us, yawned over the lowest depths of painting, before we hear rising over the ghastly débris of visual art the sublime choir of Palestrina, and the Mass of Pope Marcellus. And so things go on. I suppose Shakespeare imagined that the style of Inigo Jones was the acme of art in building; and Milton wrote Comus for a society which exalted Sir Peter Lely. Again, Art, as you say, had long settled down into sordid mummery and utter filthiness, Greuze was the prophet of this carnival, and Europe was employed with a coarse parody of Versailles, when the majesty of Bach was triumphant, and Handel and Mozart raised men into transports of great emotion. And as the whirl of steam grew madder, and to infinite boorishness in architecture, succeeded an era of infinite affectation, more and more the meaning of Beethoven and the rest has grown into our lives; so that, since the world began, there never was an age when music commanded so many energies, and inspired so wide an area of thought. A generation which can feed its soul for beauty on Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart is not even in art contemptible beside the ages which saw Pheidias carve and Titian paint. It has often been matter for regret that you have never traced out for us, with that insight which you bring to the arts of form, some of the meanings of the history of music, that most pathetic, most social, most pure of the arts. Its bearing on the progress or regress of man is not an inconsiderable question. But, though the latter centuries are supreme in music, we are not without rays of hope, even in other arts. I would speak of nothing disputable between us, but accept your judgment as unerring. Yet I can recall many a high tribute to our Modern Painters, to our Reynolds and our Turner and some lesser men. Nor will I believe that the despised art of architecture itself is dead, when I think how this very generation has rekindled the light within the Seven Lamps. And there comes to me all that you have said so finely about our poets of the latter days, of Walter Scott and Wordsworth, and the rest, and all that we have heard about Goethe, as Mr. Carlyle assures us, the greatest human soul since Shakespeare. No, when I think of all these, and all our poetry and all our music, and our desperate, though often so dismal, efforts to exorcise the demon of ugliness, I will not despair of the human race

even in the sphere of art. The times are somewhat out of joint. Steam-engines and beauty do not form a happy match; and the making of the modern omelette does need a most horrible smashing of eggs. But of this we may be sure at least. It is not the artist who can tell us whether the world is going into its grave, or whether the sun is going out in heaven. Not the artist—but the philosopher. And yet more; it is not art that is going to regenerate life and thought and society. Not so: but it is these which are going to regenerate art. Some may believe in “*Parmaceti*,” but we trust to those who have stouter hearts, and a somewhat wider outlook. And, of all the modes for putting things straight, that most in favour with *petits maîtres* is “art for art,” and the making believe that we are in love with beautiful things. Good sense tells us that we shall not get the outside beautiful till we have made the inside beautiful; and the beauty of the outside is not to be daubed on with a brush. The inside is a matter of science, discipline, morality, and religion; and these are things of slow growth and vast range. In the meantime if we doubt of human kind, because its hand is horny and its raiment dishevelled by its labours, let us turn and take comfort in history. Not to our pet anecdotes, and our random pictures of the times which catch our fancy, but to the resounding procession of the ages altogether, the mighty drama of Man’s life, from the days of “flint tools” to the days when men at last became conscious of Man. This may give us courage, patience, and faith in the fathers who made us what we are, and trust for the children whom we shall leave behind. But there is one thing which never gave any man strength: and that is Despair, baying, as the poet heard her, in the ruins of old Rome.

I have done, and have said what I can to answer your formal challenge. To have kept silence, might have seemed to admit your sentence of despair. I have not weighed my phrases in saying how much I am scandalised thereby. You do not weigh your phrases when you speak of what you hold to be dangerous teaching, and no one desires that you should. But imprecations upon all that mankind has arrived at do seem to me of all things the least to be hazarded at random. If you think that “the entire system of modern life is corrupted with the ghastliest forms of injustice and untruth,” it is strange to me that you can believe in a Providence and an infinite goodness of God, if such be the result after nineteen centuries of the religion taught to men by his own lips. It does seem to me that in denying the goodness and wisdom of man you are necessarily denying the goodness and wisdom of God, unless you suppose that the devil has the best of the long battle. Those who, with modern Jesuitism or modern Calvinism, stand by the ancient system of belief and mean by God and his purposes what their churches dogmatically proclaim, have a certain show of reason in

maintaining their creeds, and in resisting the progress of thought. They have an intelligible and organic method of life which they think can yet be restored. And so, those who with modern Conservatives and men in authority, cling to political and social systems, have a ground for opposing change. But I cannot find the same good motives for those who repudiate tradition whilst they still defy progress, for those who with Rousseau make a clean sweep of human things, to build an Utopia with eloquent phrases, who turn the Bible by a Targum of their own into a mere dictionary of metaphors, and who bandy the name of God till it means whatever they vehemently feel.

I have written with a melancholy sense of the beauty of much that you have taught the world, and of the despair to which your teaching is now seeking to lead it; full of admiration and respect for your great qualities and powers, and full of weariness with the gospel of *Fors* as of all the gospels in our day the most anarchical and hopeless. If I write at all it is because I see that your gospel has behind it a darker theology than yours, and a deeper self-will, a fiercer spirit of impatience, a more untameable mysticism. You give us the flashes of those storm-clouds which are rolling all round us, heavy with ominous forces, and the flashes it is significant to count. And whatever you do and say, I will not believe that it is of small moment; for you have touched some of the finest chords of our generation, and have given us some of its most graceful sayings. Mindful of which, I am yours, with sincere respect,

FREDERIC HARRISON.

ON SOME DISPUTED POINTS IN MUSIC.¹

FEW subjects in the present day are more widely discussed than music: no subject, if I may trust my own experience, less admits of profitable discussion. The fact that a musical work cannot well be talked about during its performance, and is not as a rule reproducible at pleasure, is one initial difficulty. Again, an ordinary person possessing a fair appreciation of both music and painting, is generally more at home with the terms *light shade* and *colour* than with *syncopation* and *modulation*; a knowledge of the simpler technicalities of music being for the most part confined to the small minority which forms the medium between the creative artist and his public. It follows that in general society musical talk almost always sinks into that most barren and wearisome region, the discussion of the merits or demerits of different executants and virtuosi. But even where it is easy to recall the exact points on which stress is to be laid, and where each person has command of the technical materials necessary for discussion and is anxious to appreciate the other's ideas, I have too often found that differences of opinion on this subject are mutually irritating rather than mutually instructive: nor is the creative artist, who in his attempt to theorise suffers from² "the sad conviction that he will after all probably be understood by those only who already share his own artistic views," by any means the only person so troubled. I believe that this peculiarity of musical discussions is bound up with the very nature of the art. The other arts, however indescribable and incommunicable be their subtler beauties, yet having to do with external facts and ideas can be discussed from many external points of view and confronted with external realities. Music is peculiar in that, just as it is manifested through the individual organism in independence of external phenomena, so are its ideas (not indefinite or subjective but) isolated and independent; and its position in this respect may perhaps be made clearer by a brief examination of its origin and of the different ways in which it is applied and apprehended. Such an examination may have some interest for those who have no *parti pris* on the subject: and though the very isolation I have mentioned is one of the points in dispute, and it will be clear from

(1) I find here and there in this paper a curious correspondence with parts of an article on Wagner in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1876. As it is in favour of any view that it should have occurred independently to different people, I may mention that my paper was written last year, before I had seen the article in question.

(2) I quote here and elsewhere Dannreuther's translation of a most interesting letter of Wagner to M. Villot.

what I have said that I have no hope of convincing those who differ from me, there is at all events some advantage in recognising where differences become fundamental, if on such recognition a plea for toleration can be at all successfully founded.

What is the origin of music? why does it affect us? to what uses can its different forms be put? what is its future? what is good and what is bad music? and by what criterion are we to judge it? all these are questions on which opinion is divided, and the answers to which are mutually interdependent. To begin then at the beginning, what is the origin of a sense of music? Mr. Darwin gives many instances tending to prove that the vocal organs and means of producing sounds possessed by animals were primarily used and perfected in relation to the propagation of the species; and considers that "musical notes and rhythm" (that is musical notes and the habit of using them in rhythm) "were first acquired by the male or female progenitors of mankind for the sake of charming the opposite sex." We might still inquire why the opposite sex was charmed, and how far the pleasure in its early stages can be analysed. Mr. Herbert Spencer on the other hand has written an ingenious essay in which he derives the sense of music from the cadences of emotional speech: and as there are certain current musical opinions which might find some support in this view, it will be well briefly to examine it.

Mr. Spencer founds his theory on the view that the vocal peculiarities which indicate excited feeling are those which especially distinguish song from ordinary speech, and sums them up under the heads of loudness, timbre or quality, pitch, intervals, and rate of variation. He considers that song arose from emphasising and intensifying these peculiarities. On not one of these heads does he seem to me to succeed in making out his case. The first, loudness, is perhaps the most plausible; but loudness though a frequent is by no means a universal or essential element, either of song or of emotional speech. Still less is musical resonance an essential element of the latter. Many of the tones of excited speech are even more removed from music than those of ordinary speech, as containing a greater number of the high harmonics which produce what we call harshness: and this must have been especially the case among our remote ancestors when the savage emotions were in the ascendant. Even if we take the residue of tones expressing pleasing emotions and having increased resonance of an agreeable kind, and if we accept Mr. Spencer's view of such emotional speech as being prior to music, the fact remains that agreeable sounds are only the material of music; and it is open to us to suppose that our human or semi-human ancestors, having been naturally moved by physiological causes to desert the region of neutral tones in order to be pleasingly

emphatic, may have utilised for independent musical purposes the material of increased resonance so discovered and developed, in accordance with the well-known fact that "organs originally adapted for one purpose have been utilised for some quite distinct purpose." It is of course equally open to us, if we accept Mr. Darwin's hypothesis that the power of making musical sounds was acquired for sexual purposes in the semi-human stage, to suppose that the more resonant sounds, first developed in this elementary love-music and rendered emphatic by the accompanying pleasure, were subsequently employed where emphasis was required for purposes of emotional speech. And, looked at in the light merely of musical material, I can hardly imagine that certain vocal tones are regarded by Mr. Spencer as owing their agreeable quality simply to association with kindness and pleasing emotions. Yet he says, as though it were a *reductio ad absurdum*, that if the conclusiveness of his reasoning is not admitted, it must be supposed that vibrations causing soft sounds are intrinsically better than those causing harsh. Why of course they are intrinsically better as far as our ears are concerned, in precisely the same way as an octave is intrinsically a more agreeable chord than a sharp seventh, or a feather-bed a more agreeable couch than a heap of stones. The ear objects to the irregularities produced by the discordant harmonics present in harsh sounds just as the body objects to the contact of hard irregular surfaces.

In dealing with the three remaining heads of what he considers common characteristics of emotional speech and song, Mr. Spencer seems to me to state as regards song the exact opposite of the truth. In the recitative which he himself considers naturally and historically a step between speech and song, the rapid variation of pitch is impossible, and such recitative is distinguished from the tones even of common speech precisely by being more monotonous. Mr. Spencer notices the monotony of savage dance-songs and ancient Eastern chants, and says that hence we may infer the divergence of vocal music from emotional speech to have been gradual and unobtrusive. Surely a theory of the unobtrusive divergence of one thing from another is somewhat bold, when they present in their earliest stages exactly opposite characteristics. Even in perfectly developed vocal melody large intervals and extremes and rapid variations of pitch are in a very small minority as compared with their opposites. If musical composers had begun by expressing their feelings in more extreme intervals than those of speech, and had gone on, as Mr. Spencer supposes, increasing this peculiarity, why is a semitone often the keytone of a melodic passage, and how is it that a vast number of the most emotional melodies proceed almost entirely by very small degrees? I need only mention the *allegretto* in Beethoven's seventh symphony. In modern music, which has the

assistance of harmony, the most exciting melodic passage may even consist of mere monotone. There are few things in music more passionate than some bars in Schubert's "Addio," where the voice repeats the same note sixteen times, and the expression is given altogether by the rhythm and harmony. On the other hand any one may convince himself that not only are the intervals used in emotional speech very large, twelve diatonic notes being quite an ordinary skip, but that he uses extremes of both high and low pitch with his speaking voice, which, if he tries to dwell on them and make them resonant, will be found to lie beyond the compass of his singing voice. In saying "I never heard of such a thing" in a tone of strong excitement, I find that I use the high tenor B for the word *I*, a note far above any that I can sing, and go down for *never* to something between G and E, which is the extreme of what I can sing in that direction.

There are certain effects in emotional speech which do really play a very important part in a large number of musical effects, those namely which depend on pace and motion. But these must in both cases be referred back to an elementary sense of force or effort. Helmholtz derives the power of music to represent emotion from its resemblance to motion in space and its consequent power to adumbrate the forces which lie at the root of motion. He adds that he does not consider this explanation as opposed to the development (which he confines, however, to the very earliest stages) from the instinctive modulations of speech, because the rhythm of such modulations is often an expression of the corresponding psychical motive, and effort drives the voice up; but this is surely rather to find a common ground for the two phenomena in the one fundamental sense of force than to trace one from the other. When he goes on to give as another reason for considering the two derivations compatible that the desire to please causes the selection of a more agreeable timbre of voice, I cannot follow him, as I can trace no connection between quality of tone and force or motion. It may indeed be doubted whether mere timbre can express emotion of any kind. If we consider the cases where it seems to do so, we shall find that it is the pace or the manner of beginning the note, or something else beyond its mere quality, which gives it its emotional character. For instance, when we speak of the plaintive sounds of a violin, we are thinking of slow long-drawn-out notes, taken very gently without percussion or anything to give them a strongly-marked catch at the beginning. Nor would it occur to us to call sound of the same quality plaintive if instead of being divided into these long gentle notes it went on continuously, or if it were divided into short notes begun with more sharpness and suddenness. As regards pace and motion the converse of Helmholtz's explanation will equally hold;

slow motion, if sufficiently regular to arrest the attention, will induce the opposite emotions to those connected with force and effort, and will give an impression of relaxation which will tend to be of a subdued and mournful character. It would lead us too far to consider the various æsthetic effects of various motions or metres; but it will be convenient before proceeding farther with our examination of Mr. Spencer's theory, to make some general remarks on rhythm, that all-important element of melody which distinguishes it alike from emotional and unemotional speech.

Strict rhythm in its simplest form may be described as the production of a sound or movement, or of a small group of sounds or movements, at equal intervals of time. I say *small* group, because the most highly developed sense of rhythm that we know of can take in no more. If the group of sounds or movements to be repeated is too large, it will be impossible to grasp and retain it as a whole and to feel a vivid longing for its recurrence at a particular instant, and so the pleasure of rhythm, which must result from the satisfaction of an expectation, cannot exist. It follows that the mere repetition of a particular strain as in a bird's song, even were it perfectly regular, might convey no strictly rhythmical impression to a human ear; as the interval of time before each recurrence might be too long for the memory accurately to measure, and an expectation can only be founded on accurate measurement. The length of the bars in a piece of music, being a constant standard, makes possible by the wide range of its subdivisions the immense variety of musical feet with their endless combinations.¹

Now no one can suppose that the sense of rhythm can be derived from emotional speech. Rhythm indeed of a kind may be found, as Mr. Spencer remarks, in the highest efforts of an orator; but he would allow that this rhythmical prose is the result of a late and very loose adaptation of the sense of balance and proportion found so pleasurable in the stricter rhythm of music and poetry, and that the utterances of our savage ancestors cannot have been delivered in prose of such a kind. Mr. Spencer himself admits that "why the actions excited by strong feeling should tend to become rhythmical is not very obvious."² It is equally difficult to decide where the sense of rhythm begins. Mr. Darwin remarks that "the perception, if not the enjoyment, of musical cadences and of rhythm, is probably common to all animals," and mentions that in the case of insects and

(1) It is worth noticing that in poetry, where the ear (as in rhythmical prose) accepts any sort of formal support and assistance with gratitude, as being more than it is accustomed to when taking in the meaning of words, the lines or *bars* may be of various lengths, and may give a quite irregular or extremely complicated outline, while the *feet*, owing to the nature of language, are comparatively few and simple.

(2) He gives as instances the swaying of the body to and fro under pain or grief, and of the leg under impatience or agitation, both instances of rhythmical movement under

some spiders the sounds made by the male to charm the female consist of one note repeated rhythmically. Now mammals, if they possess a sense of rhythm, still do not seem to have any special enjoyment of it, as we may conclude from their not voluntarily making rhythmical noises or accompanying movements; for it is only by adapting the music to horses and dancing-bears that they are made to seem even approximately to keep time. It is certainly extremely curious if insects and spiders possess a strong feeling for rhythm in common with man, of which his fellow-mammals are destitute. We perhaps find a solution of this difficulty in the fact that many noises made by the lower animals are naturally rhythmical owing to the special way in which they are produced. Thus some insects make noises by rubbing the wing against the thigh, just as a boy runs a stick along a number of railings; when a movement of this kind has reached its termination, the wing is naturally withdrawn and begins again, and thus the sound will recur regularly. The same applies to sounds made by the regular process of inhaling and expelling air; just as with men the sound of moaning might become naturally rhythmical, being made when the air is expelled. We are not therefore compelled to suppose that the rhythm is the element in the spider's performance which is specially attractive to his mate: it may be the mere sound which is primarily agreeable, though the proof of this is certainly difficult.

The extraordinary specialisation and development of the rhythmical sense in man (and we find it among the lowest savages, whose one instrument is often the drum) is a fact very hard to account for, but is doubtless connected with general development of the nervous system and of the intelligence, and may be supposed to have grown as memory and the power of expectation became stronger. There is however one fundamental characteristic of rhythm, especially marked in the superior musical development of man, which may I think be accounted for—the fact, namely, that it is formed by multiples of two. Whatever and however complicated be the arrangement of the small groups of notes which form the bars of a melody, the number of bars is two or a multiple of two.¹ To put it in another way, any complete musical sentence stops after two or four or six component groups or bars and so on, but not after one or three, or five. I am speaking of course of purely melodic

painful emotion. I think, however, that here the movements are not excited by the emotion except indirectly; they may be accounted for on the supposition that they cause a slight pleasure and distraction, which acts as a relief to the mind.

(1) Even apparent exceptions are rare. No one with an ear will need to be told that a bar of silence (filled up as a rule with accompaniment) may occur at the beginning or end as well as in the middle of a melody. For instance the melody at the opening of Schubert's sonata in B flat apparently ends at the seventh bar; but the ear would resent the idea of concluding there, or even the starting of a new melody or phrase in

passages, where the totally different interest caused by counterpoint repetition and sequence is absent or wholly subordinate; though even in the most elaborate passages of "carrying-out" and fugue, where these last elements are predominant, the dual basis will be found again and again re-asserting itself. Where there is a basis of symmetry at all, the basis is two: and this characteristic must I think have its roots in the simple fact of our being made symmetrically with two sides externally alike, which results in alternate motions with each side. A sense of rhythm is so essentially a sense of movement that even without the evidence which we have we could hardly have doubted the intimate connection of music and dancing in the early stages of art: and as the enjoyment of rhythm must arise to a great extent from its association with the agreeable sense of vitality caused by motion, and especially by locomotion, so I think will the fact that all regular external movement is alternate or double explain the characteristic of melody which I have mentioned. If we had three legs and arms, our melodies would be based on the number three. Of course an enormous majority of our conscious actions are irregular, but just on this account they make no impression on the attention or memory; while the experience of regular alternate movement which our ancestors have had, especially in walking and seeing others walk, is surely sufficiently large to account for the importance of the dual element in our sense of rhythm.

The æsthetic properties of rhythm are of course in no way confined to its alliance with sound, the eye being quite as competent a medium for its apprehension as the ear. The sense of it is bound up with the whole nervous organization; and whereas the arrangement of notes and intervals in the scale, and the faculty for apprehending the relations of the notes of a melody in respect of pitch, admit of many varieties, the fundamental instinct of rhythm on the other hand seems one and universal. The history of music confirms this idea; for while such momentous changes as the invention of harmony and the development of tonality might seem to

the eighth bar, which therefore belongs rhythmically to what precedes. There are cases where the same bar acts as a second term with the one preceding and a first term with the one following, the ear fully comprehending and accepting the change of character. Again, Engel has pointed out that in some national songs one bar or phrase is repeated for emphasis, in which case the extra bar may be regarded as a kind of pause, keeping the ear a moment in suspense. The curious eleven-bar Russian theme, taken up by each instrument in turn, in the trio to the scherzo of Beethoven's quartett, Op. 59, No. 2, might be explained to the ear in this way by treating the third bar (which could be omitted) as redundant, and a kind of repetition of the second. It is, however, perhaps more natural to consider the actual melody to begin in each case with the second bar, and to treat the two notes in the first bar as a kind of "base" or catch. It seems hardly necessary to notice such cases as where the dominant harmony is continued to the end of *e.g.* the eighth bar, of a melody, and the actually final note delayed in order that it may coincide with the tonic harmony on the first beat of the ninth bar.

have revolutionised the very nature of the art, this one element of rhythm is as predominant with us as with the Greeks, and much of the most beautiful music in the world is written in rhythm as simple as that employed by the spider during courtship.

Rhythm, while possessing independently only the most elementary æsthetic qualities, seems essential to any complete and satisfying sequence of single notes:¹ for a formless succession even of beautiful sounds is no more melody than a block of Parian marble is a statue. It is true that owing to the development of other elements of order, and especially of harmony, there is a sort of musical pleasure for which strict rhythm is not indispensable: still the point and importance of music, with its power of getting as it were into the blood and clinging to the memory are so dependent on at any rate such strictness as will guide the ear in its cardinal expectations, that the occasions on which this can be dispensed with will be comparatively rare. Rhythm gives the framework for the most effective application of the other elements of proportion and form, which without it tend to sink into incoherence: and of the two factors in a melody, the rhythm may in a more special sense be said to *form* the sequence of notes, and the sequence of notes to *inform* the rhythm. And this element of form is wholly remote from anything we find in the nature of the material. Mr. Spencer says that "what we regard as the distinctive traits of song are simply the traits of emotional speech intensified and systematised." If I am right in my objections to the word *intensified*, the expression loses all its point: what we regard as distinctive traits of a statue are simply traits of marble, *e.g.* whiteness and solidity, *systematised*, that is, put into artistic shape.

One more consideration may be mentioned in respect of the material for music supplied by emotional speech. Music is distinguished from emotional speech in that it proceeds not only by fixed degrees in time but by fixed degrees in the scale. This is a constant quality through all the immense quantity of embryo and developed scale-systems that have been used: whereas the transitions of pitch which mark emotional affections of voice are, as Helmholtz has pointed out, of a gliding character. True, there are some instruments on which the performer glides from fixed degree to fixed degree. But the pleasure here is caused by the sound arriving at last at the fixed note after the ear has been momentarily excited by watching its course towards it; in fact by the satisfaction of an

(1) We cannot count as exceptions such relaxations as *e.g.* in the reciting note of a chant, for here the ear, though held in suspense, never loses the exact sense of the satisfaction to follow. The limit of such relaxation is fixed by the limit of the ear's grasp and retentiveness. Interludes of recitative sometimes seem to me to be striving as it were after rhythm, and just not attaining it at the accented notes. These are but less marked instances of suspense, which is relieved when the music settles again into strict rhythm.

expectation depending on the presence of fixed degrees, not from any imitation of speech, which glides quite as much when used in the harsh accents of anger and complaint as in any other.

The supposition that music preceded emotional speech need not preclude us from going so far with Mr. Spencer as to admit that some phrases of speech of a definite and non-gliding character may have been subsequently used for musical purposes, but used simply as material. Such phrases would be very few and simple, and must I think have been either short exclamations or closing cadences. To me it is as impossible to imagine the development of the simplest musical melody from the general shifting mass of disordered tones used in emotional speech as to conceive that I shall find a panorama of the world in the clouds. The only instinctive modulations of speech which could be selected and adapted to song would be those which readily admitted of recurrence, and so of the element of proportion and symmetry; for recurrence is obviously the stepping-stone to rhythm. The regular repetition of the same phrase or cry comes nearer music than the most excited utterances of fluent speech. A war-cry might be of such a nature, and here an aid to the development of rhythmical cadence might be given by the accompanying movements, such as the step or the swinging of a club. Some closing cadences of speech may perhaps have also recurred sufficiently often to fix the attention, and so to be consciously repeated in a way that would lead to recitative; which, so far from exaggerating the peculiarities of emotional speech, expressly avoided most of them and was nearly monotonous. It was by passing through the interlude of monotone, but of rhythmical monotone, and so by discarding or limiting instead of exaggerating the characteristics of emotional speech, and introducing a totally new element, that recitation became a basis for music; and if we supposed with Mr. Spencer that the *four-toned* recitative of early Greek poets was the slightly exaggerated emotional speech natural to them, we should surely have a poor idea of their emotional speech. It is of course only natural that a person in chanting for some time continuously should confine himself to the very few tones which least tire his singing voice; and the regular recurrence at the end of the lines of a cadence which may, as I say, have been adapted from a closing cadence of speech, would give the rhythmical effect. If we go farther back in a sentence than the closing cadence, we are lost at once. Sentences have to begin as well as to end; and according to the words employed the same idea or emotion may be expressed in a hundred different series of tones. Even the same words may be excitedly uttered in different ways with several different successions of notes: while it is possible to employ the same notes in expressing two opposite emotions, as in

the excited delivery of the words "I love you," and "I hate you." The *quality* (as opposed to the *pitch*) of the tones will certainly be generally agreeable or the reverse according to the emotion expressed: but music has never emphasised or exaggerated the harsher tones, and even Wagner has not required that Ortrud's music shall be sung by a woman with a cracked voice, or accompanied by a cat obligato.

The principle of proportion is obviously at the root of the *rhythmical* element in music. No less is it at the root of the *quality* of musical sound, as it is continued regularity of vibrations which distinguishes musical sound from mere noise, and sweeter is distinguished from harsher timbre by the presence of a greater number of harmonic notes bearing to the fundamental note small and simple ratios. *Harmony* again depends directly on proportion. The same principle must I think have roughly regulated the *succession* of notes in very early stages; for the development of elementary scale-systems could only be the result of its previous hidden operation. We are now so entirely dependent on a feeling for tonality, that is the relation of the tones heard to a key-note, that it is hard for us to imagine the kind of musical sensation given by a succession of notes to ears which are otherwise constituted, or the manner in which melody would develop under such conditions. We may conceive however that *e.g.* one phrase would create a need to balance it with another, which would perhaps descend if the first had ascended. Proportion seems at first sight a somewhat abstract basis for the mysterious and powerful emotions induced by music; but it is expressed in time, not space, and rhythm, to say nothing of its own peculiarly exciting effects, affords extraordinary scope for combinations of the other proportional elements. These can be translated into various elementary feelings of contrast and reciprocity, of support and dependence (as in architecture), and above all of expectation and satisfaction;¹ neutral-seeming elements perhaps, but capable of æsthetic expression, thanks to the groundwork of rhythm and of independently agreeable sound in which they are embodied; and the pleasure of rhythm and of musical sound (for

(1) It is, of course, only in the alphabet of the developed language that we can at all consciously perform this translation; one step beyond, and the effect becomes infinitely too complex for analysis. But with regard to the alphabet, we can approach to some kind of adumbration of an explanation. The semitones in the major and minor scales will afford an example. From the nearness of the leading note to the key-note, the ear expects it to rise, and accepts the fulfilment of this expectation as a satisfactory close. Again, if we ascend the scale of C and strike E natural, its nearness to F gives it a tendency to rise, and hence it seems as it were to stand on its own legs, to have a confident character and be able to make an independent start; whereas if we strike E flat, which keeps nearer to D and seems dependent on it and willing to return to it, this idea of dependence and tendency to fall will have a pathetic character; and the same applies to the A flat, which makes the interval of a minor sixth from C.

these elements at any rate, as well I think as the others in embryo, may be reasonably referred to the semi-human stage) might on Mr. Darwin's view be extraordinarily specialised and intensified. From its employment "during the season of courtship, when animals of all kinds are excited by the strongest passions," what was primarily a simple ultimate pleasure which the organism was adapted to receive might well become in time capable of mighty emotional meanings, the apprehension of which is of a totally different kind from the sensuous pleasure in *e.g.* arrangements of tints. Few who realise the principle of inherited association, and the readiness with which music lends itself to association, will doubt the power of music to have become wholly differentiated, to have been sublimated as it were out of the coarse definite passions and excitements, love, hope, emulation, hostile ardour, triumph, present during its early stages, and so "to tell us of things we have not seen and shall not see."

I have as yet hardly touched on the startling developments of modern music, harmony, tonality, and modulation. In these three elements lies the power of making the simplest phrase eloquent, and the feeling for them seems to us so natural and spontaneous that we imagine with difficulty a musical sense from which it is absent. Surely the fact that these have been comparatively recently developed in obedience to artistic sensibilities, and in no way from sounds due to the physiology of speech or in imitation of instinctive vocal modulations, affords the strongest presumptive evidence that the production of rudimentary music was similarly ruled by rudimentary art-sensibilities.

When we consider these things, Mr. Spencer's theory of the function of music, that it is to facilitate the development of emotional speech, appears even more unsatisfactory than his account of its origin. He says that "the complex musical phrases by which composers have conveyed complex emotions influence us in making the involved cadences by which we convey our subtler thoughts and feelings." Now the cadences of conversation are as regards tune infinite in number, and a new one is probably invented every time one of us says ten consecutive words. The phrases of musicians are practically also infinite, as the different values in time which can be given to notes multiply indefinitely their possible arrangements. Between units from these two infinities it would be a fruitless task to search for definite melodic resemblances. We are thrown back on such occasional and general characteristics as loudness and rapidity, which have been already discussed; and I cannot think that any of us will talk louder or quicker when excited, because we find these qualities in some exciting passages of music. It is of course impossible absolutely to prove this; but if it is not so, we are driven to conceive the Greeks, whose music was so much less elaborate and

complex than ours, to have been also very inferior to ourselves in their powers of expressive utterance, and to have possessed much less developed vocal chords. The fact is that song, which moreover in our time is but a limited branch of music, is perpetually making conscious efforts; for instance, the most peaceful melody may be a considerable strain to a soprano voice, if sung in a very high register: while speech continues to obey in a natural way the physiological laws of emotion.

It is curious to observe that Wagner, who like Mr. Spencer connects music with speech, and much of whose work might seem, from its efforts to portray ideas and emotions which are really out of the sphere of music and from the violent and extended intervals of its recitatives, to be an outcome of Mr. Spencer's theory, yet owing to his metaphysical basis takes a view exactly opposite to Mr. Spencer's of the history of the musical element in human speech. Regarding music as a direct representation of the *noumenon*, he conceives the earliest efforts of speech to have come nearest it in this respect; and in speaking of Beethoven's symphonies he discovers the necessity for the invention in our own times of this completely novel means of expression in the more and more conventional development of modern speech. He says, "we find in the so-called roots of words an origin which clearly shows that from the very first the conception of any object was formed in a manner coinciding almost entirely with the subjective feeling it called forth," whence he suggests that probably the first language of human beings bore a great resemblance to singing. That is, it was the earliest speech which approached music, and in spite of the range of speech having since increased, which Wagner would hardly deny, he conceives speech to have become less and less musical.

I feel that my apprehension of music must differ so totally from Mr. Spencer's, that I perhaps fail fairly to catch his point of view. To me a melody has a certain musical meaning which is its real essence: it may be pitched high or low, played on a whistle or a double-bass, played within certain limits at different paces, and this essence will remain absolutely constant. On the other hand there are different modes of performance, each of which Mr. Spencer seems to regard as having an independent emotional meaning of its own; but each of which appears to me capable of being applied to melodies of the most diverse characters. For instance, Mr. Spencer describes *staccato* as essentially appropriate to the expression of exhilaration, resolution, and confidence. I need hardly point out how a view of this sort breaks down to any one who remembers the bass accompaniment of the wonderfully yearning and pathetic opening melody of the andante in Beethoven's Pastoral Sonata.

The difference of view already noticed naturally appears in

another form in the various answers which are given to the question, What does music express? Mr. Spencer considers it an idealised language of passion and emotion: Wagner holds its business to be the expression of preconceived poetical ideas. Now, though often a most emotional language, it would be altogether misleading to call music a language *for the emotions*. Its emotions, though often in harmonious correspondence with other emotions, are now so differentiated and ultimate that they can in no way be said to depend even on an imaginative realisation of these; and the analogies to which musical ideas often readily enough lend themselves are for the most part so vague and remote as to add little to the interest. Not but that the connection between music and things external to itself may be in some ways tolerably definite: a special merry piece may have been inspired by a specially good dinner or gay scene, and the rhythm in particular may be suggested by some external cause. But emotions (real or imagined) external to the music, though they may act indirectly by quickening and attuning the mind to a sense of beauty, are far oftener wholly latent and potential. A melody composed for an instrument in a neutral frame of mind might afterwards be set to religious words, of which it might then seem to breathe the very spirit; music written without a thought of death or any solemn subject might turn out to make a first-rate funeral march and be adopted as such; and a gifted child who had never personally realised the existence of such a feeling as mournfulness might appreciate and even invent a deeply pathetic melody. We can yearn, triumph, and so on in purely musical regions; the musical mood of a composer may bear no sort of discoverable relation to anything beyond the music;¹ and even where we find in music a mood describable by some adjective drawn from the category of the emotions, to say the music was composed as an expression of the external emotion would as a rule be as true as to say that the interior of St. Mark's was designed as an expression of a previous mood of gloom on the part of its architect. But, in fact, the attempt to analyse verbally the musical emotions of an important work would usually give a result so heterogeneous and confused as to be a *reductio ad absurdum* of any supposed conscious embodiment of corresponding external emotions, and *à fortiori* of more definite

(1) It is of course quite another question how far a musician's permanent temperament and character are connected with his artistic work. Different answers might probably be given in different cases, and we might doubtless find instances where a predominant tone of struggle or sorrow or gladness seems to have been at any rate emphasised in harmony with external characteristics. But I believe that Mendelssohn's music would have remained agreeable and *rangé* through any amount of external or internal tumult; and that comfort and happiness would not have stifled the sublime pathos of Beethoven; and that as a rule the artistic and the general characteristics are more external to each other than is usually admitted. The fashion of imagining and overstraining connections between music and life is due to a tendency, amiable but in music especially ill-advised, to make heroes of artists.

and concrete conceptions.¹ Even the widest descriptive adjectives—such as joyful, tender, majestic, triumphant, pathetic—are of limited application, and music's most exquisite effects lie continually beyond their range. Every bit of music that I care much about conveys to me an impression peculiar to itself; and just as only a few chords—minor thirds and sixths for instance as compared with major—have a definite emotional character, so not one in ten of these impressions can I docket off under the most general heads. We find as a pure matter of experience, without any *a priori* assumptions about the nature of music and in complete accordance with Mr. Darwin's theory of its development, that just as we often cannot express the effect on us of a beautiful face or landscape in terms of definite emotions, so musical works may be throughout independent of any emotion now conceivable outside the musical sphere. This fact is absolutely ignored by those who, like Wagner, hold it to be the great business of melody "to express the motives of dramatic action;" as a result of which, we continually find strained and barren analogies put forward as natural and true interpretations. Herr Hüffer for one appears totally unconscious of any lofty beauty or meaning in music except as expressing some emotion or idea definable in other ways. I cannot conceive what he is to reply when I and thousands of others assure him that the most exquisite and overpowering effects we have ever experienced have been through music which conveyed to us absolutely no such emotion or idea, and oftener perhaps in silence and solitude than during an actual performance; for he treats such music as possessing mere "sonorous beauty," that is, describes it as I should describe a scale or a chord played on a beautiful instrument. I am almost ashamed to insist at such length on this point, but what is to be done when one often finds Beethoven's legendary remark about the opening notes of the C minor symphony, "It is thus that Fate knocks at the gate," quoted as if it were a revelation? Not that the words would have been foolish: such fanciful associations may be amusing when thrown out in conversation, or useful as safety-valves for excitement. But there seem to be those who believe that Beethoven conceived a desire to "express Fate," and then struck three quavers and a minim. If this is not beyond a joke, the joke it is not beyond must be Mr. John Parry's musical representation of a boot-jack on the pianoforte.

(1) In the attempt to describe music—an attempt as hopeless as to write English with the letters x y z—we are often driven from the recognised category of æsthetic emotions to terms such as tantalising, capricious, uncompromising, persistent, *insouciant*, and even stranger expressions. It would be hard for instance to describe except as a piece of divine folly the "Jill came tumbling after" effect of the scherzo of Beethoven's sonata in F for piano and violin. Was such music written to express a preconceived idea of foolishness?

This question as to the sense in which music expresses emotion, has of course an important bearing on its alliance with words, and especially on opera. The use of music in this respect may be unduly extended and unduly circumscribed. The able writer of a recent article in the *Contemporary Review* seemed to me to create a difficulty by confining it to alliance with words of high poetical merit, while at the same time requiring that the drama should be musically set throughout. I cannot but think the axiom laid down by this writer, that music begins where speech becomes inadequate, a dangerous one; for when thus stated it seems to imply the very sort of continuity and connection from which I dissent, as though speech and music were essentially means of graduated strength for expressing the same things. The sphere of musical emotions certainly overlaps to a great extent the sphere of ordinary human emotions, and on this common ground music is of course adapted to dramatic interpretation: and as long as no sacrifice is made of complete musical beauty, association is always ready to extend the scope of this power by the gradual creation of genuinely-felt though inexplicable analogies. But in an opera where "the series of musical pieces would be unintelligible apart from the dramatic interpretation," music loses its inherent rights even in this limited common region and is reduced to a kind of ideal emphasis. In such a case it would certainly be necessary that the drama should be throughout very well worth emphasising, and such a drama is very hard to imagine: for in every complete work of the kind there are necessarily passages destitute of high emotional expression which do not require to be dwelt on, nor will the mind stand the attempt to keep it perpetually on the stretch by a system of musical underlining. There may be a dominant idea or emotion to the whole piece, and hence the excellence of the conception of recurring "leading-motives" in the music; but many details of verbal expression will gain in nothing except wearisomeness from a forced alliance with notes and intervals with which they have no more connection than with geometrical curves. These considerations must not however lead us to pedantic limitations. It must be noticed that, while many highly poetical words are quite unsuited to music, many words of comparatively ordinary quality are eminently suited to it. The use of words of some sort, over and above the beauty of the human voice as an instrument, has a peculiar value in the pleasure which results from the concurrence of the word-rhythm and the tune-rhythm. This pleasure from the perception of one governing element in different things—a pleasure of which in the purely musical region counterpoint affords a good instance—is an example of the natural love of tracing uniformity under multiformity, and may, if the music is good, be a most important element in the total result.¹

(1) The point and freshness of this charm (which has in every nation a character of

It is therefore no paradox to say that, while inferior music kills good words, rhythmical words of comparatively ordinary character may be a great adornment to good music, and even the meaning of them may get quite a new point and beauty from the alliance. Not to mention many volkslieds and popular songs, Auber's operas afford numerous instances, though it must be admitted that his introduction of the music is often casual to a degree which it is perhaps hard to defend. The fact moreover that one and the same meaning can be conveyed in a hundred different ways by words makes it within certain limits an easy task to accommodate words to music; while every melody has its own distinct musical meaning inseparable from its form, and can only make compromises by giving up its very nature. Such form as verse and music have in common in the former very generally belongs only to the framework and setting, in the latter always to the essence.

It was of course to be expected that those who do not recognise an inherent and essential completeness in music should be the first to disregard in opera the two prime elements of melody, strict rhythm and tonality: and the formless recitatives and restless transitions of key with which Wagner's music abounds are in complete accordance with his theories. It is impossible not to feel strong admiration for this writer's general ability and artistic earnestness: it is impossible, for me at all events, not to sympathize to the utmost with his contempt for modern Italian opera, as well as with many of his other musical criticisms, and with his hatred of the mere displays of virtuosi. Though scarcely a poet he must be credited with very great genius as a musician; for that it is choice not necessity which has made him the Walt Whitman of music seems possible from his having shown valuable inventiveness precisely in the line he most despises and discredits—namely melody in marked rhythm, such as marches. But with all his ability I cannot but think that in his theory of opera he is embracing a cloud, and that too often the offspring, like Ixion's brood, is a double failure, neither music nor poetry.

Let us briefly see what metaphysics do for music. Dr. Hueffer, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, after mentioning that Wagner adopts with slight modifications Schopenhauer's notions on the ideal basis of music, quotes Schopenhauer's theory—to wit that music is "as immediate and direct an objectification or copy of the will of the world as the world itself is, as the ideas are of which the universe of things is the phenomenon. Music is not the copy of the ideas like the other arts, but a representation of the cosmical will

its own) is very apt to vanish in translation. Excuse can be readily made for translations into the native language; but the spectacle at Covent Garden of a French opera turned into Italian (with all the pretty sparkling dialogue represented by the most empty and conventional recitative) is indeed pitiful.

co-ordinate with the ideas themselves." There may be truth in this view, though the expression of it seems somewhat fantastic: but what follows is a good specimen of *a priori* reasoning. Music, being of an entirely supernatural character, *ought to be* likewise independent of space and time. Space is out of the question; and even time can to a certain extent be dispensed with "in that which is most musical in music—harmony." As if the commonest and most striking effects of harmony (those of discord and resolution, where a desire is created by one note and fulfilled by another,) did not depend precisely on the succession of notes *in time*: for in the sense of fitness with which we recognise the correspondence of things *simultaneously* perceived (as by the eye) the peculiar excitement of *expectation and satisfaction*, the importance of which in melody as well as harmony it is impossible to exaggerate, can have no part. Rhythm is naturally treated as "an intruder in the realm of absolute music," and "the essentially rhythmical nature of Greek compositions could not be favourable to the flow of melody." However much music ought to be independent of time, I am afraid my organism is such that I shall always prefer rhythmical phenomena to unrhythmical noumena. The writer goes on to say that "compositions which like dances are exclusively founded on rhythm must be of a lower order than where the melody grows out of harmonious relations." Now what is meant here by harmonious relations? If *relations of harmony* are intended, I reply that melodies which do not modulate or where the modulations are few and simple, (as is the case with the vast majority of the best tunes in the world,) may be and naturally would be invented without any suggestion from or conscious reference to their natural harmonic accompaniment. If however the word harmonious is used non-technically, then any tonal melody with a meaning at all grows out of harmonious relations, dances as much as any other, for music founded exclusively on rhythm could only be written for the drum; and that the meaning is generally poor and conventional is the fault of the writers, not of the rhythm. To doubt this is surely too much to identify melody of simple form with the platitudes of Italian opera.

Wagner often shows how little he recognises the deeply-seated nature and artistic place of the rhythmic impulse. For instance he ignores it altogether in attempting to make out the dramatic action to be as essentially a development of the original dance as the symphony is of the dance-melody. "The original people's dance" he says "expresses an action, mostly the mutual wooing of lovers." The original people's dance has nothing to do with lovers, and is exemplified every time a child of three years old nods its head or stamps its foot to music. Again he considers the expressiveness of Beethoven's symphonies *limited* by their being in what he calls idealised dance-form. If by dance-form be meant phrases con-

sisting of multiples of two, I have tried to show reasons for recognising, as Beethoven did, the musical necessity of such elements. But even among those who admit that for melodic coherence some continuous groundwork of satisfied expectation is a necessity, there are some who maintain¹ that new kinds of rhythm can be based on new elements, which a subtler and more specialised sense will apprehend. I would only remark that the word *specialised* must be used with caution: for any clique, who admired things not admitted as admirable by the great mass of those acquainted with the subject, might claim to be the *élite* in whom a peculiar exquisiteness of enjoyment had become differentiated. In art such terms are barren, except where the verdict of the *élite* is in time endorsed by an ever-increasing number, and the minority are as it were pioneers in sensation. Of course those who differ from me have a perfect right to regard themselves in this light, and to prophesy that in time the human race, when rhythmically disposed, will forget that it has legs and arms and throw itself on the infinite.

The requirements of rhythm being ignored, it is of course easy to go on and say that the melody lies implicitly in the poem. But the use made of Beethoven's introduction of words in the ninth symphony is an unfortunate instance of finding a text for a theory. He forsooth first felt "the demand of a previous poetic inspiration," and was to "bow down before the eternal rights of poetry:" and henceforth every composer with high aspirations is "to consider it his task to express a preconceived poetical idea by means of sound." The beauty of the introduction of voices in this symphony is undeniable, and the words themselves are very fitting. But the melody, splendid as it is (and by the way most strictly rhythmical), has been equalled again and again by Beethoven himself: and in the face of his other works this need for poetic inspiration seems to me to mean as much as if it were said that in the composition of the Pastoral Symphony, finding the inadequacy of his independent melodic resources, he was compelled to imitate the language of birds; or that Shakespeare proclaimed the insufficiency of men and women for dramatic purposes by the introduction of other beings into the *Tempest*.

But even had Beethoven felt what to the best of my knowledge he never once expressed, the inadequacy for his purpose of purely musical means, and even were Wagner's notion of expressing preconceived poetical ideas as just as I believe it to be mistaken, what

(1) I have even been asked how music is to advance except by a relaxation of the forms of melody? Why should I or anybody else be bound to say how music is to advance? Who knows if it is to advance at all? That it will advance in the sense of original and beautiful melodies and works constantly appearing, I see no reason to doubt, as long as there is no considerable interval of unproductiveness. Had Schubert and Schumann reached old age, they might have been now living, and is not Brahms still with us?

is to happen next? We have only to look round to see that poets are, not musicians, nor musicians poets, even in the most untechnical sense, nor are the audiences they address coincident: the characteristics which they necessarily possess in common may be reduced to a more or less emotional temperament and a sense of the formal element of rhythm. Yet we must admit, supposing for a moment the close and detailed alliance between the two arts to be possible, that the poet who plans his poem so that it "can penetrate to the finest fibres of the musical tissue," and who "has perfectly mastered the inexhaustible power of expression of the symphonic melody, so as to be induced to meet its finest and most delicate nuances," will have at any rate a tolerable aptitude for music: and a cognate completeness and delicacy of perception of the other art would be required from the musician. The idea that poet and musician are to be one may seem a fascinating point in Wagner's theory: and indeed the picture of the musician always sitting and waiting to be fertilised, and then inventing the music implicit in some one else's poem, is grotesque and self-contradictory. But even Wagner would allow that, just as a total absence of ear for tune would prevent the greatest of poets from appreciating a melody, so some quite independent musical faculty is necessary to his ideal compound artist. Now assuming that the next hundred years, like the last, will produce a limited number of people endowed with certain independent musical aptitudes, how are the possession of an inventive dramatic genius and power of poetical expression to be assured to a single one of these? Nay, even if the connection of the two gifts were not most infrequent in individuals, still, unless we can suppose poetical and musical conceptions to have become more and more consciously united in the minds of the public addressed till now the craving for the blending of the two has grown quite definite, it is sterile to assert that the nature of music has changed. No development depends ultimately on isolated individuals. Nor, even if we confine ourselves to the specially gifted, can Wagner make out a connection between the two regions of ideas by asserting (what after all would be mere assertion) that poetical conceptions have existed, though in a latent or struggling condition, in the productions of Mozart and the other heroes of "absolute music:" for his contention is not that their works are imperfect (like so many early works in other arts) owing to a want of complete mastery which results in a failure worthily to realise and express the idea, but that they are perfect in a lower kind. While therefore he cannot dispense in "musicians of the future" with the special musical aptitudes possessed by those of the past, he in fact demands in addition a totally new set of aptitudes and ideas. Such a sudden change, implied no less in the requirements and appreciation of the public than in the moods and faculties

of the artist, is at all events without precedent or analogy in the development of this or any other art.

In his whole conception of "melody implicit in the poem," or as I should call it recitative, Wagner seems to ignore the fact that definiteness of outline is necessary for the perception of melody as an organized whole, each part of which in its place is unalterably right and necessary. In recitative there must always be a tendency to lose this definiteness: where the chief object is to emphasise certain words, it will often be a matter of indifference whether we have *tweedledum* or *tweedledee*, in the same sense that it is a matter of indifference whether we have a word italicised or underlined. Known and independent laws of form being abandoned, the very need of a true musical faculty tends to vanish in a fog: it requires no great amount of genius for animal-painting to make a striking representation of a bandersnatch. The difference between "melody implicit in the poem" and melody as I conceive it is markedly shown in a very striking passage, where Wagner compares hearing a dramatic-musical piece to a visit to a forest on a summer night, and describes the multitudinous voices as joining to produce the idea of one overpowering melody, which haunts the hearer though he can in no way repeat it. Now this is exactly what I should not call melody, however strong the overmastering charm. Wagner himself calls melody musical form, and he calls this forest-symphony infinite melody; but infinite form is a contradiction in terms. He makes the poet say to the musician "Spread your melody boldly, so that it may flow through the whole work like an uninterrupted stream: with it reveal all that I pass over in silence, because you only can reveal it." Unfortunately notes, like words, when spread too boldly result in prose. "Melody" of such a character will certainly be about as impossible to recall as the noises of a forest; but this is a point very much against it as an artistic product, and as a means of happiness. Even supposing such an opera to give strong though indefinite enjoyment to numbers during its performance, a work only capable of being represented by exceptionally gifted artists in the few richest cities in the world, and the beauties of which cannot be recalled but lie as in a mine (so far as most people are concerned) between the occasional performances, will cause in the long run fewer moments of the highest pleasure than any single one of Schubert's songs. In music as in everything else, memory depends on form. Such enhancement of the emotional effect intended by the poet as is possible at all is possible without deserting the recognised paths of music. As an instance of how dramatically thrilling the very simplest purely musical effect may be, we may take the chord of E flat which accompanies the word "Tremblez," in the three verses of the song in G, "Voyez sur cette roche," in Auber's *Fra Diavolo*. Such luck comes only to one who deserves it, for harmony waits on

melody : and this effect, like a light in a picture, derives its whole point from occupying a particular place in a composition governed by laws of form to which our organism and associations compel obedience. Over and above the sense of proportion already so much insisted on, we find innate in us a love of recognising and discovering : and hence comes, as incidentally noticed above, a natural delight in perceiving uniformity under multiformity and symmetry under variety. Ears listening to melody are analogous to eyes which, while gazing at a beautiful statue, apprehend the unstudied and emotional character of the pose without ever losing sight of the perfect symmetry of the figure.

I think that a great deal of the difference of opinion about Wagner is the result of variety of *kind* in musical receptivity. The usual gradual progression from neutral non-comprehension to pleasurable comprehension is in music complicated in a very special and curious manner. There are a great many people who, without having what is called a musical ear or having one only imperfectly developed, derive extreme pleasure of a vague kind from fine sound, more especially when it rushes through the ear in large masses. They will be apt to find their own meanings in the music, which merely shows that the sound has a stimulating or a soothing effect on their nerves and acts as a congenial background for their subjective trains of thought and emotion. The use of music for religious purposes depends greatly on its power to act in this way : and the organ in particular, with its great waves of sound and varieties of timbre, is an invaluable instrument for the purpose. To a trained ear a rapid and loud fugue on the organ, if previously unknown, is apt to be "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing ;" but to many who are capable of being strongly moved by music in a vague and mysterious manner it is a matter of indifference what is being played or sung, so long as the volume of tone is rich and full and the quality agreeable. The sense of moving and interlacing parts (especially in choral music) is often a large ingredient in this indefinite pleasure ; and there are many contrapuntal compositions whose beauties few musicians would pretend to discover analyse or appreciate till after some little acquaintance, about which others who do not profess to be extremely musical will go into perfectly honest raptures at once. I have often wondered, if Bülow, instead of repeating the last movement of Beethoven's B flat sonata, were to play something else equally long, fast, and elaborate, how many out of his London audiences would be the wiser. Now much of the effect of Wagner's music is of this character. No one can pretend that the majority of an audience who receive a first performance of *Lohengrin* with enthusiastic applause, would discover the difference, if on another night a great part of the music were altered, and if, the same words, situations, and kinds of instrumentation being retained, some other equally unusual

progressions and transitions were introduced. Indeed I think that an experienced musician might hear the opera several times and still be sorry to have to bet on the next note in the vocal parts of much of the second act. If at a striking situation a fine soprano voice takes some unexpected intervals in a high register, accompanied by restless modulations in the orchestra, one is sure to hear it called dramatic. Diminished sevenths though a cheap are not a very wholesome luxury. Such effects in excess are about as dramatically expressive as the spasmodic movements of a marionette; but the word "dramatic" seems to be applied by many to music only to express violent or at least chromatic intervals. I cannot help thinking of that one chord of Auber's, or of another equally fortunate in the table-music towards the end of *Don Giovanni*, which, while acting as the simple accompaniment of the simplest of melodies, seems to suggest with superb irony the whole impending doom.

Let me not be thought to imply any such paradox as that music which is fully understood at once is better than music which requires time and study for intimate knowledge. At first much of a symphony of Beethoven or a fugue of Bach doubtless makes on many as undefined an impression as that produced by Wagner's operas: but the final verdict on all of these must rest not on any such result but on the conscious and definite perception of their beauties by those who obtain more complete knowledge of them. Wagner however expressly presents his work "not to the connoisseur but to the public," and conceives that the "infinitely rich and ramified details of the large melody which comprises the whole dramatic-musical piece" are "to reveal themselves to the most naïve layman as soon as he may be sufficiently collected to receive the impression:" whereas I maintain that any wide popularity with "naïve laymen" of such parts of Wagner's work as are truly representative of his theories must depend on the broad and indefinite effect above described.

Though it is common for the two to coexist in proportions which vary with different people, I fear that this uncritical pleasure seems to be in the inverse ratio of the musical perception and must recede as a more definite musical sense develops itself. An ear which has become accustomed to searching for coherent melodic and harmonic meanings cannot easily throw off this seeking attitude, or make itself sufficiently passive to derive satisfaction from beauty or mass of mere sound. It will be wearied rather than delighted by a poor composition played on a magnificent organ. Still, though in music often and most literally ignorance is bliss, it must be admitted that the pleasure resulting from a melody which is actually apprehended is higher than that arising from any series or combination of sounds which conveys no distinct musical meaning. For, to say nothing of the difference in value arising from the fact that the latter is

transitory while the former is reproducible in imagination, the higher pleasure must be identified with the more specialised, that which will be appreciated by the keener or more developed sense. The universal, sensuous, and passive pleasure arising from mere broad effects of musical colouring or timbre¹ will thus be lower than that arising from active apprehension of melodic form; nor is it intrinsically more intelligent (though far more powerfully felt) than a child's admiration of the bright tints on a painter's palette. I may be asked if I then consider this pleasure lower than that given by a bad and vulgar melody. But in opera there may of course be independent merit in the dramatic situations and emotions, which will be emphasised and made more impressive to many by the musical background, so that the whole æsthetic result may be of considerable value: and the same may be said of purely subjective trains of thought or emotion. There are persons again with a strong and subtle feeling for colour, to whom the combination of gorgeous effects of colour presented to the eye with the musical colouring of splendid and varied timbre affords a new and exquisite pleasure, wholly differing like a chemical compound from each of its elements.

With regard to Wagner however I cannot of course ignore the fact that there are cultivated musicians who find beauties where I find none; and it is here that I must urge the plea for mutual toleration which I may seem hitherto to have forgotten. When it comes to a simple question of liking, disliking, or regarding with indifference a succession of notes of which those who differ would seem each to have an equally definite and complete knowledge, there is no stand-point for argument. Dr. Seemann, quoted by Mr. Darwin, says it is to be doubted "whether even amongst the nations of western Europe, intimately connected as they are by close and frequent intercourse, the music of the one is interpreted in the same sense by the others. By travelling eastwards we find there is certainly a different language of music. Songs of joy and dance accompaniments are no longer as with us in the major keys, but always in the minor." The same certainly holds with individuals; and the simpler and more obvious the melody, the stranger the less analysable and the more irritating the difference. To me a very large proportion of Rossini's melodies appear either vulgarly pretentious or trivial and meaningless beyond all words. To many of course this will damn me at once as a critic of music: I would be more polite to them, and would joyfully admit that

(1) The sense of gradations, combinations, and contrasts in the colouring may be highly educated and specialised; but the enjoyment of timbre, apart from the form it should clothe, is at the best too purely sensuous to lend itself to any sort of continuous after-meditation. It may be noticed that, like the palate in respect of food, the human ear has a very wide variety of taste as regards simple timbre or quality of sound, and as a rule preferences for particular voices or instruments seem to have little connection with musical proficiency.

if they have received large masses of delightful and continuous emotion from such tune or tunes, they have a perception in this direction beyond mine, which, though I cannot understand it, I have no ground to call in question. Many other modern opera tunes, which to me are as disagreeable and cloying as over-ripe pears, are the daily bread of the Italians, and may be wholesome where indigenous. We may however certainly use the word bad of music which makes not a shadow of impression on any one, (like so much of the so-called popular music of the present day, of which no one would ever dream of recalling a bar,) and also in a comparative way when experience shows enjoyment of some music to be far less keen and lasting than (and at the same time often incompatible with) the enjoyment of other music; and broadly speaking the proof is not difficult.

Many will be the readier to admit the expedience of toleration on the head of melody from a recollection of the different ways in which they themselves have been impressed by melodies at different times. It is not only that taste develops, and so music once dear becomes despised and music once incomprehensible becomes dear. There is I am afraid a necessity, arising from music's independent position in our æsthetic life outside the intellectual sphere, that nothing in it will stand perpetual iteration. The frequent hearing of or continuous dwelling on a particular set of notes is too apt to sate the ear or dull the perception, so that we look in vain for the old message. Those are indeed fortunately constituted who escape this altogether. In one way the better the music the less the danger: in fact music that will last with him is the best subjective definition that any one can give of good music. But on the other hand the keener the first impression and the more haunting the first delight, the more chance is there of at all events partial or temporary failure. Most of us know the feeling of some particular music being at its *acmé* at the second or third time of hearing, when it is new enough still to surprise us, and old enough for us to feel the triumphant sense of possession which is given by recognition. Most of us know how for the moment composition after composition has appeared to eclipse all other music, and then has gradually receded to its proper place; and it would be absurd to condemn the pleasure whose only fault is to be transitory. The very different *order* of musical development in different cases affords another reason why the power of apprehension and appreciation of the same composition will form and culminate at different times with different people. The total impossibility of describing in words the impressions received from melodies makes it hopeless to give an intelligible account or justification of one's musical taste: it will be best simply to recognise that the widest differences in the estimation of some compositions may co-exist with a common admiration of a vast number of others.

It is worth remarking that it is extremely difficult to tell what amount of apprehension of a melody is possessed even by one who can hum or whistle it correctly: for parrots can whistle tunes composed by men without probably experiencing deep emotion. A test however is sometimes given by the amount of resemblance which different people find in tunes. Even musicians differ more than might be supposed in the power of differentiation. When one person thinks two tunes alike which, in spite of a few notes perhaps being identical in the two, give to another totally distinct impressions, the superiority in apprehension is almost certainly on the side of the latter. The first phrase of a tune may derive its whole point from the second, just as in a poem the first line may be a question which is answered in the second: and the mere external similarity of the opening phrase of one tune to the opening phrase of another, on which a charge of plagiarism is often founded, is in many cases absolutely beside the mark. Again, the difference of a single note may have to the keener sense as great an effect on the meaning as the insertion or omission of the small word *not* in a sentence. Differences of rhythm are especially often ignored in this way, and even correct ears may differ greatly in keenness of rhythmical sensibility: while on the other hand similarity in rhythm and nothing else frequently serves as a basis for a similar mistake.

The isolation of music from other branches of culture makes one inclined sometimes to call it the highest and sometimes the lowest of the arts. There is really little meaning in calling it either: it is now beyond a doubt the most potent and universal engine of noble and exquisite emotion, while on the other hand (in its highly-developed and cosmopolitan stage) its results, like itself, are isolated, and can have little if any direct influence on the general intellectual and moral advancement.¹ But on this very isolation depends the wideness of its influence. In branches of art which are intimately connected with other and various elements of culture, education is necessary for appreciation, and it is only the specially gifted among the uneducated whose instincts can be relied on. Music, not being so connected, speaks intelligibly and truly to the masses; and with its immediately apprehended utterance, passing direct to the consciousness without fear of obscuration or distortion from vulgarity ignorance or prejudice, awakes in the minds of thousands who are inaccessible to any other form of high emotion a mighty sense of beauty order and perfection.

EDMUND GURNEY.

(1) The ethical effects of music on masses, either in inspiring and regulating common harmonious movements or in giving unanimity and intensity to the expression of religious or popular sentiments, do not belong to the essence of the art, but to the adaptation of certain forms of it.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WHAT is going on in Belgium does not seem to have great importance for the other states. The country is so small and peaceful as to go on its way almost unperceived. Still to anybody who is anxious to follow contemporary movements on the continent of Europe, it offers an extremely interesting object for study. We may see there how Ultramontanism makes use of modern freedom and of the religious faith of a Catholic population, to confer upon the clergy an empire more absolute than in the very depth of the middle ages. On June 13th the elections that took place in Belgium brought the almost resistless influence of the clergy into clearer light than ever, and aroused throughout the country an agitation so profound as to be almost revolutionary. This gives us an exact image of the confusion that would overtake Ireland, if once the power of England were thrown off.

In Belgium the Chamber of Representatives, containing 124 members, is renewed by halves. The members are chosen for four years. There are elections therefore in half the country every two years. Such a system has great advantages. The nation is frequently consulted, without making the commission of the representative too short. Abrupt changes in the majority are avoided. There is a sort of continuity of tradition in the chamber. In our modern societies, founded as they are on industry and credit, it is all-important to avoid shocks, and too frequent renewals of the *personnel* of the government. This is one of the bad sides of the political constitution of the United States, where its inconveniences are more and more apparent. The more democratic a country becomes, the stouter the efforts that ought to be made to foster a spirit of tradition and ordered sequence. In England the short duration of office, and especially that of the mayor in the great towns, is a doubtful feature of our government. No harm was done by this at a time when municipal administration had a very narrow field of activity, but now that great towns execute enormous works and are charged with many public functions of great importance, how can a scheme of any extent be effectively carried out when the executive authority is changed every year?

The Belgian provinces which had on this occasion to choose representatives, were Western Flanders, Antwerp, Brabant, Namur, and Luxemburg. The Liberals hoped to gain 6 seats at Antwerp, 2 at Nivelles, 3 at Namur, and one or two at Luxemburg. In that case they would have had a slight majority, for the Clericals had only a superiority of 14 votes in the chamber. The Clerical ministry in power would have been forced to resign, or else to dissolve. In case of a general election Liberalism counted on coming off victorious. These fair hopes were not realised. Antwerp, which was the key of the position, could not be won from the Clericals. The Liberal associations had not ceased for three years to make the most unheard-of efforts to increase their strength, by the distribution of newspapers and pamphlets, by meetings and by persevering and devoted personal activity.

By this means they had won all the seats in the Town Council, and all the seats that fell to their district in the Provincial Council. On June 13 they secured a majority of 600 or 700 in the town, but in the country districts the electors gave to the six Clerical candidates a majority of about 100 votes apiece. At Ypres, the Liberals lost a vote, but they gained two at Nivelles. So the Clerical majority was reduced in the Chambers from 14 to 12. But the Catholic cabinet remain in power, and will be able for two years longer to place its partisans in all the administrative departments, and thus to increase its future influence. It is a profound, a cruel, disillusion for the Liberal party; it thought itself sure of victory, and it had never before carried on the struggle under such favourable conditions. Hence the manifestations in the streets and the violent protests in all the larger towns. The general situation assumes a revolutionary complexion, because, as has happened more than once in France, the country is governed by the rural representatives against the towns, though it is the towns that are the centres of intellectual and political life. The formation of the electoral districts in Belgium is thoroughly bad. The electoral qualification is tolerably high. To have a vote, a man must pay 20 florins or about 42 francs in direct taxes. There is no harm in this, for the people being still very ignorant,—more ignorant than in England even,—they are not by any means prepared to make a good use of their votes in their own interests. The evil lies in the vicious arrangement of electoral boundaries. Certain constituencies return one member, like Ostend, for instance; others return 18, like Brussels. The towns are swallowed up by the surrounding rural district, in such a way that the urban electors at Ghent or Antwerp for example, do not succeed in returning a single member of their own opinions. It is the peasants, guided by the curé, who make the law, and impose the man of their choice upon the richest, most intelligent, and most energetic towns.

The situation in Belgium is further complicated by the contrast between the Flemish and Walloon portions of the country. The Flemish provinces have no more than two Liberal deputies, while the Walloon provinces return Liberals almost exclusively. The representation is so out of true proportion, that the two Flanders, Antwerp, Namur, Limburg, and Luxemburg, have together five Liberals in the Chamber for a population of 2,200,000, though about one half of the electors are Liberals. Taking the whole country, there is a great majority of Liberal electors; yet the majority of the deputies is clerical,—so vicious is the arrangement of the constituencies. In the elections of 1868, it was found that 105,800 Liberal votes only sent 24 deputies to the chamber, while 88,000 Catholic votes were enough to return 34 deputies. In 1870, when there was a dissolution followed by a general election, the Liberals cast 186,000 votes, the Clericals 181,000. In spite of this majority of 5,000 votes, the Liberals in the Chambers found themselves confronted by a strong Clerical majority. In the election of June 13, the Liberals with 145,823 votes return 21 members; the Clericals with 81,888 votes return 42! The country is therefore governed by a minority.

What provokes the indignation of the Liberals still more is the fashion in which these adversaries coerce the electors. People have not forgotten the famous Keogh judgment in the Galway case of 1872, when the election was declared null and void by reason of clerical influence. The French Chamber has just nullified several elections, among others that of M. de Mun on the same grounds. Now, nothing in Galway or in France is to be compared with what goes on in Belgium. To begin with, confessors refuse absolution to all who persist in reading Liberal newspapers. Then the bishops excommunicate all who persist in belonging to Liberal societies. As the elections draw near, the pulpits are transformed into electioneering platforms. The preachers assail the Liberal candidates with outrageous violence. They declare that all who vote for them will be damned eternally, and this sets all the women weeping and sobbing. They hunt out all heads of families and tell them that if they vote wrong, their children will not be allowed to make their first communion. Every café, every alehouse, that takes in a Liberal paper, is denounced as a house of bad repute, and loses its customers; war is made even upon the shopkeepers. The clergy have in their hands the instruction in all grades of girls of all classes. They are consequently the masters of the women, and through them they hold the men. In nearly every village is a convent; and the convent and the great house together have the shopkeepers at their mercy. Add that the large landowners, mainly Clerical, compel their tenants to vote for the bishop's candidate, under pain of being turned out if they refuse. The electors are marched to the poll in flocks, and give their votes under the eye of the inquisitor in person:

In every Catholic country where the faith retains its empire, the clergy must reign, the moment they think they can turn to their own purposes the irresistible influence conferred upon them by their position. What can a believer do, when his confessor orders him to vote for this man or that, under penalty of excommunication? He who holds the keys of heaven, and especially the keys of hell, must reign also on earth, unless people suspect his power. In France the peasant in many departments is a sceptic and never goes to mass; so the curé has no hold upon him. In Italy the clergy are still in great part patriots, and the Italian people is not prepared to submit to their will: so the priests abstain from interfering in election contests. Their time has not yet come. In Spain the power of the clergy is limited, because indifference is very widely spread. In Portugal where the indifference is complete, the action of the priest is almost null. Thus the population of Latin race which are still subject to Rome, are preserved from absolute bondage to the Roman church by their incredulity. In the Western parts of Belgium we see the same. On the contrary, the populations of Germanic origin, which did not embrace the Reformation, are the bondsmen of the Catholic clergy in proportion to the depth of their religious sentiment. The countries most fanatically devoted to the Pope are the Tyrol, Upper Bavaria, the Rhine Provinces, Dutch Brabant, and the Flemish Provinces. In those districts the priest is sovereign master. The result of the Belgian elections is a

warning for all Catholic countries. Even the Italians themselves, who are less gravely menaced than the rest, by the progress of Ultramontaniam, do not close their eyes to the danger. This is the close of an article in the *Italia* newspaper:—

“The cancer that gnaws the heart of Belgium is, as we know, the Clerical party. But so long as the Liberals only find domestic enemies, they will have nothing to fear. Their intellectual and moral superiority over the reactionary party guarantees them the final victory. All the Catholic nations pass through the same crisis. Let there be no illusions: what we see is the working of an immense breach between past and future. Italy, France, Spain, South Germany, and to a certain point, Austria, have all the same obstacles to surmount in consolidating free institutions. Italy is perhaps the country which will reach its goal soonest. Machiavelli has given good reasons why in Italy the Papacy should be less dangerous than elsewhere. Still, even in Italy the conflict exists: so that what is going on in Belgium ought to teach us to what excesses even the best minds may be brought by over-excitement, and how important it is to eliminate the causes that are likely to produce such results.”

The Catholic countries there, only free themselves from clerical domination by ceasing to believe, and hostility to all religious belief exposes society to other perils of its own.

The strong feeling produced by the elections has ceased to show itself in the streets, but it remains as deep as ever, and the hostility of the opposing parties is so intense that brawls and quarrels break out every hour. In a village in the neighbourhood of Antwerp, some members of a very harmless musical society were attacked with stones and clubs. At various meetings the Liberals have decided to resort to monster petitions, praying for a revision of the electoral system. Such a reform is indispensable, if peace is to be restored to the country. There is a cause of discontent and even a germ of revolution which every good patriot ought to do his best to remove. Unless there should be a violent commotion in France, a serious insurrection is hardly to be feared in Belgium. The question of political liberties is most interesting to the bourgeoisie; and the bourgeois is not likely to erect barricades or to shoulder his rifle. He must have the aid of the common people as in 1830 and in 1848 in France; and the people will now scarcely rise except for social questions in which their material well-being is concerned. The epoch of bourgeois revolutions seems to have passed away, never to return.

In France also the Liberal party has received a slight check. By the death of M. Ricard, a seat became vacant in the Senate. The Ministry, supported by the Left, proposed M. Renouard, a jurist of high authority and held in universal esteem. The party of reaction brought forward against him M. Buffet, who represents in its most decided form the clerical and anti-republican spirit. Two serious questions were involved. First, was the majority of the Senate won over to the existing ministry, which has undertaken as its mission to consolidate the republic, and strike a blow at

clerical domination? Second, is the President of the Republic inclined to march in the path of his ministers, or is he willing to prepare a way for the return of the monarchy? In neither of these questions has the answer been quite favourable to the Liberals. The President, it is true, held aloof, and even, it seems, expressed a certain amount of Platonic sympathy for the candidate adopted by his ministers; but those about him worked in favour of M. Buffet, and the abstention of General Cissey gave him the votes of those Senators who belong to the army. M. Buffet was elected by 144 votes to 141. It is true that most of the senators who were absent are republicans, and thus the return of M. Buffet may fairly be looked on as an accident. But the accident shows that the Chamber may at any hour find itself at variance with the Senate. At this very moment a very important measure is before the Senate; the bill restoring to the State the exclusive right of conferring such academic degrees as permit men to practise as lawyers, doctors, civil servants, etc. The bill has passed the Chamber by a great majority, and the country at large is bent on its becoming law, as being one of the most effectual barriers to the progress of the ultramontane power. To procure its rejection, the bishops have employed all the weapons in the clerical arsenal. Will the bill pass the Senate? If it is thrown out, it will be the triumph of the bishops over the will of the nation; a serious thing in France, for France is not accustomed, like Belgium, to walk under the strokes of the episcopal crozier. The Senate would become extremely unpopular, and the struggle against the clergy would be likely to assume a degree of violence unknown in France since the end of the last century. The conflict between the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, if it were prolonged, would grow into a real peril for the orderly play of existing institutions. Happily, we may hope that new elections will gradually secure in the Senate a genuinely liberal majority. In England there has been some foolish disapproval of the Chamber, for attempting so soon to undo an arrangement made by the Chamber which had just come to an end. Our parliament, people say in England, considers all points already decided as henceforth withdrawn from party conflict. That is intelligible when matters are not in question, in which the whole fortune of the country is involved. But if you believe that abstention from interference will be the ruin of the State, clearly it is the duty of a party to act. This is what has now been done by M. Waddington and the republican party in supporting him; and if we admit that his measure is indispensable, we can only praise him and the party for doing their best to have it passed by the Senate.

The East is still the land of the Arabian Nights. Stage effects follow one another as rapidly as in an Elizabethan drama. When the Softas met at Constantinople to demand reforms, such a circumstance was so unusual that even well-informed correspondents at once began to talk of revolution. It was to be brought about, not as in the West by an insurrection, but as in the East and as in Russia by a palace conspiracy. The ministers themselves—Midhat Pasha, and still more Hussein Pasha—were

the life of the plot. All the functionaries were bitterly irritated against Abdul Aziz — a kind of spoiled child, who heaped up treasures and bought ironclads while his officers were dying of hunger; and who was ruining the country, while he dishonoured it by obedience to General Ignatieff, the Russian envoy. The Sultan had no partisans either in the nation which he humiliated, or in the army from which he withheld its pay; so that when the ministers had dethroned him, and replaced him by his kinsman Murad, not a hand was raised to defend the fallen sovereign. A few days after he was found dead in the palace which served him for a prison. The rumour was spread abroad that he had committed suicide in a paroxysm of rage when he saw himself abandoned even by his fleet, which was decked with flags under his very windows in honour of his successor. After an examination of the corpse, which has seemed very summary to the European medical press, nineteen doctors agreed in a report that the Sultan might very well have killed himself with the scissors that were found by his side. Did he really kill himself, or was he assassinated? Who can say, especially now that the chief of the plot, Hussein, has himself come to an end no less tragic? An officer of Circassian origin, Hassan, had been ordered to proceed to Bagdad on service. He refused to obey orders, and was put under arrest. On being released on the evening of the 15th, he repaired to Hussein Pasha's house, and found that the minister of war was in council at the house of Midhat Pasha: he proceeded thither; was admitted, as his uniform was that of an aide-de-camp; drew a revolver from his girdle, killed Hussein Pasha at the first shot, then killed Reschid Pasha, the minister for foreign affairs, a servant of Midhat Pasha, and a soldier, and besides this massacre wounded the minister of marine and a soldier. Was the ferocious and dexterous murderer intent merely on avenging his arrest, or was he the instrument of a party? All we know is that he has been hung, and no one seems to have interfered on his behalf.

In any case, the Sultan's scissors and Major Hassan's revolver have completely modified the eastern situation. At the end of last month nothing could have seemed more alarming. England had refused her adhesion to the Berlin Memorandum, and Turkey was, it seems, resolved not to accept it. Russia showed extreme irritation at this unexpected opposition. On the other side, Servia and Montenegro had decided, as we were assured, to attack Turkey. Prince Milan was at the frontier with General Tcherniaeff, who had undertaken the instruction of the militia, and the plan of the campaign. Prince Nikita sent his wife abroad. The consuls at Belgrade announced to their governments that war was inevitable. England believed in some urgent peril, for she sent her formidable fleet into Besika Bay, and hastened the manufacture of ammunition in her arsenals. The *Neue Freie Presse*, a journal usually well informed, has just been seized for accusing Count Andrassy of having, in concert with Germany, given his consent to the execution of the dark designs of Russia. If we may believe the Vienna newspaper, General Ignatieff had already gained Mahommed Pasha, who had undertaken to induce Abdul Aziz to appeal to the Russian fleet for help

against his own subjects. At the same moment as the news of a declaration of war by Servia and Montenegro, amazed Europe would have learnt that a Russian fleet had entered the Bosphorus and disembarked 20,000 men to protect the Sultan and the Christian population of Turkey against Mussulman fanaticism. The insurrection fed by Russian agents would then have broken out all over Turkey, and a general massacre of Turks have begun on every side.

Such a plan is too like melodrama, and it is not in the least probable that Count Andrassy, who is a Hungarian and follows Hungarian policy, would have consented to see Constantinople occupied by Russia. But what seems beyond all doubt is that Russia by her agents, by General Tchernayeff at Belgrade, by Ignatieff at Constantinople, by her newspapers, by her diplomacy, was labouring with all her might to produce a crisis in the East. The death of the Sultan, and perhaps too the attitude of England, have wrought a complete change. It has been at once recognised that time ought to be given to the new Sultan to reconnoitre, and consequently that the Berlin Memorandum should be held back. Prince Milan sent a letter to Constantinople couched in the most courteous language, in which he explained that he had only collected troops for the protection of his frontier, and that he had never dreamed for a moment of an attack on the Turks. General Ignatieff was, according to the reports of the telegrams, to be replaced by M. Novikoff. The Russian newspapers and *Le Nord*, after writing in fire and flame against England, all at once fell silent, as if by superior orders. Count Moltke was taking the waters in the Pyrenees, Prince Bismarck set off for Kissingen, and the Emperor William proceeded alone to pay a visit to the Emperor Alexander at Ems, whence rumours of the most pacific kind flew like doves bearing olive branches over Europe, and produced a general rise in the funds. Even the Turkish Five per Cents. were galvanised, and reached the magnificent figure of 14. The alliance of the three Emperors, which was said for a moment to have received a shock, seems to be becoming more intimate than ever. A few days hence, the Russian Emperor on his way back from Germany, will traverse Bohemia and meet the Emperor of Austria, not in a railway carriage this time, but at the castle of Reichstadt, where he will be the guest of his 'very good brother' Francis Joseph.

This sudden tack has been set down to the action of England. If that be true, it can only be by the influence that England has exercised over the mind of the Emperor Alexander. In fact, of two things, one:—either Russia and Germany were still bent on keeping the peace, as they never ceased to declare, and in this case there was no need of English action to avoid a war which nobody had any wish to provoke. Or else, the two Emperors had settled designs on the East, and in that case they must all along have foreseen the resistance of England, and if in spite of that they seriously opened the game, it must be with a decision to go further. We cannot really suppose that the two Chancellors, who have hitherto given such proof of foresight, would launch into an adventure of such

magnitude, only to be arrested by the very first obstacle that came in their way. But what is possible is this. There have always been two currents in Russian policy since last autumn: the pacific and the warlike. We may suppose that the war current answered the views of Prince Gortschakoff, and the peace current answered those of the Emperor. The two Chancellors have always gone together, either because Prince Bismarck had decided to support his old ally to the end, or because he had some design of abandoning him after drawing him into the fray. What we have thoroughly to understand and constantly to remember is this evident truth, namely, that the knot of eastern affairs is not at London, nor Vienna, nor Saint Petersburg, but at Berlin. It is incontestable that without the decided concurrence of Germany, Russia could do nothing in the East, where she cannot but expect the opposition of Turkey, Austria, and England. If, therefore, Prince Gortschakoff advanced as far as he did, it is because he thought he could count on the support of Prince Bismarck.

Everything tends to prove that the Berlin cabinet supported Russian policy in the East, and that Berlin was far from being heart-broken by the complication that ensued in that quarter. News favourable to the insurgents always comes from Berlin. - The *Times* correspondent at Berlin has a genuine speciality for alarming telegrams. The contrast between the news from Berlin and the news from Vienna is often amusing. From Berlin they announced that the Servians would cross the frontier in two or three days; from Vienna they telegraphed at the same moment that, yielding to the counsels of the Powers, Prince Milan had resolved not to stir. The views of Prince Bismarck have remained impenetrable. Germany, he would say, has no direct interest in Turkish affairs, and the curious sheet which is his organ and instrument, the *Correspondance de Berlin*, printed in French, has kept steadily silent on all that concerns the East. Still, it cannot be disputed that Germany has a vital interest in the destinies of the Danubian valley and the Balkan Peninsula. Moreover, when we wish to take stock of the policy of Germany, there are certain facts which we ought not to forget. In May of last year war against France was settled; it was the direct action of England and the Emperor Alexander upon the Emperor William which prevented war. Germany—as we cannot too often repeat—is threatened sooner or later by an offensive coalition between Russia and France; therefore it is her interest to reduce one or the other to impotence before such a coalition is effected. Prince Bismarck is wearing himself out by the intensity of his inevitable hard work. Prince Gortschakoff is very old. They cannot wait too long. From all this, and from the tack that has taken place in the conduct of Russia and her clients, one would be tempted to conclude that the two Chancellors wished, in concert with Austria or in spite of Austria, to bring important changes about in Turkey, but that the two Emperors, with more moderation than their ministers, have been unwilling to run the risks of a great war. The Emperor Alexander is a philanthropist. Last year he refused all the advantages that Germany offered him for the sake of having her hands free, though his Chancellor perhaps inclined to accept them. This year again he caused counsels of

peace to prevail, though probably not without a struggle. The *Times* reports a significant phrase of his, which perhaps gives the key of the intrigue. At the moment of setting out for Jugenheim, he is supposed to have said, "I hope I shall spend more tranquil days at Jugenheim than those I have passed at Ems." In fact on the resolutions that he might come to after his interview with the Emperor William, depended nothing less than the peace of Europe and the destiny of his Empire. On one side was the temptation to settle the affairs of the East in concert with Germany at the height of her power, and having at her disposal the strongest military force in the world. On the other side, the perils of a war in which, notwithstanding the agreement of the two Chancellors, German interests, substantially opposed as they are to too great an increase of the Slavic power, might have drawn Germany into a neutrality that would have been the ruin of Russia. If the Emperor Alexander had to choose between these two lines of conduct which thus presented themselves before him—that is to say, between peace with its miscalculations, and war with its uncertainties—we can understand that his sojourn at Ems may well have been singularly disturbed.

Is peace then assured? We may hope it if we please, but do not let us forget that the insurrection in Herzegovina began shortly after the execution of the plan of attack upon France was arrested last year by the personal intervention of the Emperor. We cannot but fear that the list of events is still a long way from its end.

It is natural that the attitude of our own government in Eastern affairs should excite a great deal of interest at home, and along with the interest some uneasiness. A dim apprehension is felt in some quarters lest by any possibility we should awake some morning and find ourselves committed to war on behalf of Turkey. It has long been the tacit or expressed conviction of ordinary politicians that the Crimean war was a grievous blunder. When the Black Sea Treaties were repudiated by Russia during the war between France and Germany, men asked with some bitterness what we had gained, after all, in return for the lives and the treasure that were destroyed in the dreary and costly Crimean campaign. The non-payment of interest on Turkish bonds has not tended to increase English sympathy for Turkey. All this is not in itself a very just way of considering the matter. People have forgotten that in 1855 it was never understood that England was fighting to secure the independence of Turkey, but to check the advance of Russia. And so far as this was the object, we were in some degree successful. At all events the Russian advance was checked for twenty years, and nobody doubts that to that check we owe the existence of a great German Empire, which is a stronger bulwark against Russia, than any that England or France or both together could have set up. How far England has any such interest in meddling with Russia or caring about Russia is another question; we are only pointing out that the avowed objects of the Crimean war have by no means failed so utterly as since 1870 it has been the fashion to take for granted.

This notwithstanding, it is certain that a policy of active intervention on behalf of Turkey might easily land the government in serious unpopularity. In a country with household suffrage, it is a grave thing for a government to back a power that does not pay its debts, that cruelly oppresses its subjects, that is putting down the efforts of Christian populations to win their own liberty. It would not be difficult, we mean, in popular constituencies with simple emotions, to make the policy of protecting such a power seem supremely odious. If the atrocities alleged against the Turkish troops in Central Bulgaria in May, prove to have really happened, no English minister will dare to lift a finger for Turkey. No doubt the matter does not end there; if the government are satisfied that the security of our direct road through Egypt to India is inconsistent with the presence of Russia at Constantinople, and that therefore we do well to try to strengthen Turkey as we did twenty years ago, then the government would be bound to face unpopularity with those who certainly have fewer materials for forming a sound judgment. In that case, the fact of our possession of India making it necessary for us in self-defence to hinder the progress of European Turkey, would be one more in the long list of immoralities to which that *damnosa hereditas* has committed us. The question, however, of the real amount of our interest in keeping Russia away from Turkey has never yet been properly discussed. That we have such an interest in a superlative degree has hitherto been an undemonstrated assumption, one of the superstitions of daily politics. If any man chooses to say that Russia could be no more hurtful to us in the Mediterranean than France is hurtful there, is it quite clear that he could be refuted? If we have a strong fleet, it might be said, how can Russia cut us from Egypt? Then, if people began to feel that it matters less to us than is commonly supposed, whether a Czar or a Sultan sits at Constantinople, would it be very difficult to persuade the English constituencies that the destinies of the Turkish Empire are of no such special interest to ourselves, that we should do right to abandon on its account our established policy of non-intervention. In that case, we have no more reason for interfering, beyond the sphere of benevolent diplomacy, than France has, or than Italy has; and we should all agree that neither France nor Italy has any reason at all for interfering. May not the Treaty of 1856 and its guarantee be held to have served their turn? If our road to India is only secure, what have we to do with the integrity of Turkey? Why should we meddle even diplomatically in the internal affairs of Turkey, any more than in the internal affairs of Kashgar? Why should the Christian provinces not fight for their independence, and why should not Russia stimulate and help them, so far as England is concerned? We do not mean that there is only one way of answering these questions; but the questions ought to be faced, and not burked under cover of old diplomatic cant.

Nobody who has watched Mr. Disraeli's career, or who remembers that Lord Derby is the man of the Luxemburg Guarantee, can have more than a very limited confidence that they will act with either wisdom or address.

Lord Derby is the politician of misgivings; he was meant by nature to be a solid critic rather than a firm or dexterous actor. Mr. Disraeli is one of the most random-minded, flighty, and essentially unreal men that ever lived. But it has happened before now that the man of slow and phlegmatic temperament has been captivated by the man of daring and initiative, and it is possible enough that Mr. Disraeli may drag Lord Derby into an assent to some flashy scheme of eastern policy which will do nothing but mischief in every direction. We are not governed by a second-rate romance writer for nothing. The time has certainly come when the country should know what the government are doing, and when the general basis of their position should be openly presented for public criticism. What we want to know is not their view as to the best plan for reconciling the Turks and Christians, or the best system of re-constituting the system of the insurgent districts. This would be interesting enough, but it is not the key to the situation so far as England is concerned. That England should make diplomatic representations in accordance with the views of the government as to the best solution of that problem, may be very right, and the question, what is the best solution, is one which hardly a dozen men in parliament are competent to discuss with proper knowledge. But what we want to know is the view of the English Government as to the amount and kind of interest that the England have in these Eastern questions. There is a great quantity of nonsense talked about the necessity for reserve and discretion. Of course, men in high office have to measure their words, and the details of delicate affairs that concern other Powers cannot conveniently be handled in such a place as the House of Commons. But the solemn mystifications of diplomacy and the Foreign Office have not been so triumphant, as to make us feel any security in the sagacity of our bureaucrats. It turned out in 1870 that Mr. Hammond was just as ignorant and improvident about foreign affairs as if he had been the merest sciolist. There are proper reserves, no doubt, but the excessive tendency of bureaucrats and their superiors in the Cabinet to pompous mystifications, is one of the absurdities of a past age. Prince Bismarck, who had a thousand times more momentous and complicated conditions to deal with than Lord Derby, used to shock European diplomatists by the directness of his speech. And sensible frankness is the only method proper for the minister of a country with so fully developed a form of popular parliamentary government as our own. Mr. Disraeli did not hesitate the other day to refer in the most open and direct way to the Russian advance in Central Asia. Though the occasion of the reference was a very foolish one, the principle was right. It is not only possible, it is indispensable, to tell us plainly what theory of English interest is guiding our policy in the East, without falling into any indiscretion and without hampering any diplomatic action. The broad general ideas of the objects we ought to seek, and why we should seek them, ought certainly to be discussed in Parliament without further delay.

In parliament, and in the sphere of domestic affairs, those who ought to be doing something to lead public opinion towards improvement

of our institutions seem touched by sterility. The achievements of office between 1869 and 1873 have produced an intellectual exhaustion that almost makes us thankful when we reflect how long an interval is likely to elapse before the country will again ask them for political construction. The function of a parliamentary opposition is neither to propose nor to pass measures, nor even always to attempt to re-mould the measures of their adversaries in office. But surely some of the men who only three years ago were called every morning the greatest statesmen who ever governed England, may fairly be expected now and then to contribute some effective criticism and constructive ideas on the projects that come before parliament. Take for example the Permissive Bill, which was debated a few days ago. This deals with a subject of immense importance; and, more than that, a subject which the great bulk of the nation feels to be of immense importance, and about which the public interest is deeper and keener than about any other political subject whatever. The agitation for the Permissive Bill represents unquestionably the most general of the enthusiastic movements of the day. The Bill itself is certainly impracticable, even in the mind of many of those who are most fervent about the ends which it seeks. The Alliance probably does enormous injury to the cause of Temperance by concentrating enthusiasm on a project that is not feasible. What could a parliamentary leader do better than sow the discussion of this great matter with ideas, if he had them? And what less could parliamentary leaders do in the way of sowing ideas than they did on the Wednesday afternoon given up to Sir Wilfrid Lawson? It is odd, for example, that no one suggests the experimental application of the plan, proposed by Mr. Chamberlain in the May number of this Review, for making the municipalities the owners of the public houses. There are many things to be said against Mr. Chamberlain's plan, but fewer perhaps than against any other that has yet been devised. Why should not some Town Council try the experiment? Our system of local government makes it easier here than anywhere else, out of the United States, to confer such experimental powers on any corporation that might seek them.

Another subject of the highest concern is the better government of London. The present system, or gross absence of system, in the administration of this enormous municipality is one of the worst of the barbarisms that are left in our national organization. People only do not rise in rebellion against such ineptitude, because use has bred a habit of suffering anarchy, and they do not reckon as lost the administrative blessings which they have never known. In 1868 Mr. Bruce promised to introduce a bill to establish municipal government for London, but by the time he had been five years in office, he thought better of it, and no steps were ever taken to redeem the promise. The annual Bill has been again brought forward this month by an independent member, and has met with its yearly doom. This is no great matter for surprise, but what is surprising is that no liberal chief thought it worth while to contribute any idea to the discussion, such as would make one desire to see him where he could carry his idea into practice.

Even where their juniors have shown them a better example, the leaders have remained lethargic. The Government introduced a Commons Bill. There are few subjects in which the public, and especially the public of the future is more concerned. That this measure has passed in an improved form has been mainly due to Mr. Shaw Lefevre, to his thorough mastery of the details of his case, and to the industrious tenacity and vigour with which he fought for public interests against the exaggerated respect for alleged private rights shown in the Bill. Mr. Lefevre received hardly any effective support from the front bench of his party. That he and the three or four other members who acted with them made so much impression as they did, shows how much could be done in the House of Commons by ever so small a band of men who would get up their questions, and act in concert, whether the bashaws of the front bench assented or dissented. The objects of the opposition to the bill were mainly three. (1) To prevent the arbitrary and illegal inclosures, of which there have been so many of late years. (2) To improve the clauses of the Bill having in view the regulation of Commons as opposed to their Inclosure; these clauses now requiring so many assents, that they may be expected to be nugatory. (3) To provide that a more certain and adequate provision should be made for allotments for Recreation grounds and Field Gardens for the labouring poor, wherever inclosure is decided on. Mr. Cross repeatedly expressed himself as favourable to any suggestions for the improvement of his measure, but this did not prevent him from meeting proposals in that direction with a uniform refusal. Thus with reference to the first of the three objects we have enumerated, he took up the ground, throughout, that Mr. Lefevre and his allies were interfering with a possible legitimate right to inclose. Various alternative plans were proposed:—to make inclosures illegal without the sanction of parliament; to make the illegal inclosure of a common a Public Nuisance; to give power to any resident to apply for an injunction to restrain illegal inclosures; to make the illegal inclosure of a common punishable by fine for which any resident could sue; to compel every incloser to apply to the Inclosure Commissioners previous to inclosure, and so forth. All were opposed by the Home Secretary, though at least one of them was brought forward by staunch members of his own party. The only concession under the first of our three heads was the introduction of a provision that intending inclosers should give notice of their intention by advertising six months beforehand. With respect to the second head, the opposition made no impression, and the probability is that no schemes will be forthcoming for the Regulation of Commons. The assent of two-thirds of the persons interested is required, and the Lord of the Manor has a veto. This will practically reduce the schemes to a nullity. Under the third head, the provisions, namely, for allotments—it was proposed to enact that a minimum of one-tenth of every common to be inclosed should be reserved for recreation grounds and field gardens. The government could not be induced to accept this. They assented, however, to the inclusion of commonable lands as well as commons, in the clause enabling the Commissioners to allot such lands. Certain modi-

fications also in applying the Provisional Orders agreed to by the Inclosure Commissioners, were further accepted by Mr. Cross. The result of the prolonged and vigorous fight in the Committee was seen in one or two additional concessions in the Report. An illustration of one of these concessions may show their effect. At Pimperne, near Blandford, was an allotment of twenty acres set out under an old Inclosure Act for the purpose of supplying fuel to the poor cottagers of the village. The furze obtained from this allotment was almost universally used by the villagers, and was much valued. Three or four years since the trustees of this allotment—the minister, churchwardens, and overseers of the parish—granted a lease of the land to a large proprietor of the district, whose tenant-farmer commenced to break it up. In lieu of the furze, twelve tons of coal were to be divided among the cottagers. Proceedings of this kind will no longer be possible under the new Bill as it now stands. The Charity Commissioners are no longer to have power to sell allotments for fuel, and to invest the proceeds for doles of coal: but they may substitute recreation grounds for fuel allotments. On the whole the Bill will not do very much good, but it has been so improved that it is not likely to do much harm.

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THE TERRITORIAL EXPANSION OF RUSSIA.

I HAVE chosen as the subject of the present article the territorial expansion of Russia, because there seems to be at present a tendency to resuscitate the old legend about the insatiable, omnivorous Russian Bear which is always anxiously waiting for a chance of devouring unfortunate Turkey. When she has devoured Turkey—so runs the legend—she will take India as her next sweet morsel, and then she will leisurely eat up the Chinese Empire, or turn towards the setting sun and take a copious meal on her Western frontier. Already one well-known continental publicist has declared that Russia is the great sphinx of modern times, and that Europe must guess her riddle or consent to be devoured. The riddle, if I read the allegory aright, is her expansive power, and it must be confessed that at first sight this power seems truly marvellous, not to say alarming. For a thousand years she has gone on steadily and irresistibly widening her borders. An insignificant tribe or collection of tribes which once occupied a small territory near the sources of the Dnieper and Western Dwina, has gradually grown into a great nation, with a territory of more than 370,000 geographical square miles, stretching from the Baltic to Behring's Straits, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea and the Caspian. And the process of expansion is still going on with unabated rapidity. Truly there is here a riddle deserving to be solved. What is the secret of this expansive power? Is it a mere barbarous lust of territorial aggrandisement, or is it some more reasonable motive? And what is the nature of the process? Is annexation of territory followed by assimilation, or do the new acquisitions retain their old character? Is the Empire in its present extent a homogeneous whole, or a conglomeration of heterogeneous units held together by the outward bond of administration? These and similar questions ought to have for us at the present moment more than a purely theoretical interest. If we could discover the nature and causes of Russia's territorial expansion we might

determine how far annexation strengthens or weakens her, and form some plausible conjectures as to how, when, and where the process of expansion is to stop.

By glancing at the history of Russia from the economic point of view we can at once detect two prominent causes of expansion. These are the result, not of any ethnological peculiarity, but simply of the fact that the Russo-Slavonians have always been an agricultural people, employing merely the primitive methods of husbandry. All such people have a strong tendency to widen their borders, and for a good reason. The natural increase of population demands an increased production of grain, whilst the primitive methods of cultivation rapidly exhaust the soil and diminish its productivity. Thus the ordinary course of life increases the demand for grain, and at the same time diminishes the supply. With regard to this stage of economic development the modest assertion of Malthus, that the supply of food does not increase so rapidly as the population, falls far short of the truth. The population increases whilst the supply of food decreases, not only relatively but absolutely.

When a people reaches this point in its economic development, it must necessarily adopt one of two expedients: either it must prevent the increase of population, or it must increase the production of food. The former of these two alternatives may be effected in a variety of ways. A large number of the young infants may be exposed, or a despotic ruler may occasionally order a massacre of the innocents, or the surplus population may emigrate to foreign lands, as was done by the Scandinavians in the ninth century, and as is done by ourselves at the present day. The latter alternative may be effected either by extending the area of cultivation or by improving the system of agriculture.

Amidst all these various expedients the Russo-Slavonians had no difficulty in choosing. Indeed, it may be said that their geographical position relieved them from the necessity of deliberately making a choice. To the eastward they had a boundless expanse of thinly-populated virgin land, and accordingly they easily extended the area of cultivation. This was at once the most natural and the wisest course, for of all the possible devices for preserving the equilibrium between population and food-production, increasing the area of cultivation is the easiest and most effective. High farming is a thing to be proud of when there is a scarcity of land, but it would be absurd to attempt it when there happens to be in the vicinity abundance of virgin soil. It is only when further extension is impossible that intensive culture is adopted.

The process of expansion thus produced by purely economic causes was accelerated by political influences. The oppression and exactions of the authorities made many move eastwards. During

the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this oppression reached its climax. The increase in the numbers of officials, the augmentation of the taxes, the merciless exactions of the Voyevods and their subordinates, the transformation of the free peasants into serfs, the ecclesiastical reforms and consequent persecutions of the Old Ritualists, the frequent conscriptions and violent reforms of Peter the Great—these and similar burdens made thousands flee and seek a refuge in the free territory where there were no proprietors, no Voyevods, and no tax-gatherers. But the State, with its army of officials and tax-gatherers, followed close on the heels of the fugitives, and those who wished to preserve their liberty had to advance still further. Notwithstanding the efforts of the authorities to retain the population in the localities actually occupied, the wave of colonization moved steadily onwards.

For this kind of colonisation the Russian peasant is by nature peculiarly well adapted. Peace-loving, good-natured, long-suffering, having always at hand the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and possessing a power of self-adaptation which we headlong, stiff-necked Britons know nothing of, he easily makes friends with any foreign population among whom his lot is cast. He has none of that consciousness of personal and national superiority which so often transforms law-respecting, liberty-loving Englishmen into cruel tyrants when they come in contact with men of a weaker race or a lower degree of civilisation. Nor has he any of that inconsiderate proselytising zeal which makes pagans so often fail to recognise in British Christianity the religion of love. Each nation, he thinks, has received from God its peculiar faith, and all men should believe and act according to the faith in which they have been born. When he goes to settle among a foreign people, even when his future neighbours have the reputation of being inhospitable and unfriendly to strangers, he takes with him neither revolver nor bowie knife. He has no intention of injuring others, and does not see why others should do him any bodily harm. In his diminutive, loosely-constructed four-wheeled cart, drawn by an uncouth, shaggy pony as hardy as its master, he will start on a journey of several hundred miles, with nothing but his hatchet, his iron kettle, his light wooden plough, and a stock of simple provisions sufficient to sustain life till the first crop is raised.

The vast territory which lay open to the Russian colonist consisted of two contiguous regions separated from each other by no mountain or river, but differing widely from each other in many respects. The northern region, comprising all the northern part of Eastern Europe and of Asia even unto Kamtchatka, may be roughly described as a land of forests, intersected by many rivers, and containing numerous lakes and marshes. The southern region,

stretching away into Central Asia, is, for the most part, what Russians call a steppe, and Americans term a prairie—a flat country scantily supplied with water, and scantily covered by vegetation. The whole of this great territory was formerly occupied by what ethnologists loosely call the Turanian family of mankind—the forest region being thinly inhabited by Finnish tribes, who lived by hunting and agriculture, and the steppe being held by Tartar or Turkish tribes, who led a pastoral or nomadic life.

Each of these two regions presented peculiar inducements and peculiar obstacles to colonisation. In the forests agriculture was for the first settlers a very laborious operation. The *modus operandi* may still be studied by observation at the present day. In spring, when the leaves begin to appear on the trees, a band of peasants proceed with their hatchets to the spot fixed on for a clearing. First the large trees are attacked, and when these have been laid low, the young ones are felled likewise. Each tree is allowed to remain as it falls, and when all have been felled, the hardy woodsmen return to their homes, and think no more about the clearing for several months. In the autumn they return to the spot in order to strip the fallen trees of their branches, to pick out what is fit for building purposes, and to pile up the remainder in heaps after taking what is required for firewood. The logs to be used for building are dragged away as soon as the first fall of snow has made a good slippery road, and the remainder is built up into enormous piles, standing close to each other. In the following spring these are stirred up with long poles and ignited. First flames appear at various points, and then, with the aid of the dry grass and underwood, rapidly spread towards each other till they join and form a gigantic bonfire, such as is never seen in a civilised country. If the fire does its work properly, it covers the cleared space with a layer of ashes, and when these ashes have been slightly mixed with the underlying soil, the seed is sown, and then covered by means of a primitive harrow composed of the branch of a pine-tree. In the autumn the sowers who have thus cast their bread upon the ashes may expect their reward. In ordinary years barley or rye will probably produce at least six or seven fold, and it is quite possible, if the season be favourable, that as much as twenty-five or thirty fold may be produced. Unfortunately this artificial fertility is very short-lived. It may be exhausted in two or three years if the natural soil be poor and stony, and even where the soil is comparatively good, not more than seven or eight tolerable harvests will be obtained. On the whole, therefore, this primitive system of agriculture does not give a very high remuneration for the labour expended.

Much simpler and less laborious is the system of agriculture

practised on the Steppe. Here the squatter had no trees to fell, no clearing to make. Nature had cleared the land for him and supplied him with a rich black soil of marvellous fertility, which centuries of cultivation has now only in part exhausted. All he had to do was to scratch the land and throw in the seed, and he might confidently look forward to a magnificent harvest. Why then, it may be asked, did the Russian peasant often choose the northern forests, where the soil was poor and could not be used without a considerable expenditure of labour in felling the trees, when he had, at an equal distance from his home, rich fertile land already prepared for him by nature? For this apparent inconsistency there was a good and valid reason. The Russian peasants had not, even in those good old times, any passionate love of labour for its own sake, nor were they by any means insensible to the facilities and advantages of the Steppe system of agriculture. Had they regarded the subject from the purely agricultural point of view, every one of them would have preferred the southern Steppe to the northern forest. In reality certain collateral circumstances had to be considered, and therein lies the explanation of the phenomenon. The colonist had to take into consideration the Fauna as well as the Flora of the two regions. At the head of the Fauna in the northern forests stood the peace-loving, laborious Finnish tribes, little disposed to molest settlers who did not make themselves obnoxiously aggressive; on the Steppe lived the predatory nomadic hordes, ever ready to attack, plunder, and carry off as slaves the peaceful, agricultural population. These facts, as well as the agricultural conditions, were perfectly well known to the Russian peasant, and he naturally took them into consideration in determining where he should settle. Fearless and fatalistic as he is, he could not entirely close his eyes to the dangers of the Steppe, and many chose rather to encounter the hard work of the forest region.

Though the colonisation of the northern forest was not effected without bloodshed, its general character was pacific, and it accordingly received little attention from the contemporary chroniclers. The colonisation of the Steppe, on the contrary, forms one of the bloodiest pages of European history. From the earliest times the great plains to the north of the Black Sea and the Caspian were held by various nomadic hordes, and a continual border warfare was carried on between them and the sedentary agricultural population. "This people," says a contemporary Byzantine writer, "have no fixed place of abode, they seek to conquer all lands and colonise none. They are flying people, and therefore cannot be caught. As they have neither towns nor villages they must be hunted like wild beasts. They can be fitly compared only to Griffins, which beneficent nature has banished to uninhabited

regions." Their raids are thus described by an old Russian chronicler: "They burn the villages, the farmyards and the churches. The land is turned by them into a desert, and the over-grown fields become the lair of wild beasts. Many people are led away into slavery; others are tortured and killed or die from hunger and thirst. Sad, weary, stiff from cold, with faces wan from woe, bare-foot or naked, and torn by the thistles, the Russian prisoners trudge along through an unknown country, and weeping say to one another; 'I am from such a town, and I from such a village.'" And in harmony with the monastic chroniclers we hear the nameless Slavonic Ossian wailing for the fallen sons of Rus: "In the Russian land is rarely heard the voice of the husbandman, but often the cry of the vultures, fighting with each other over the bodies of slain, and the ravens scream as they fly to the spoil."

For centuries this struggle of agricultural colonisation with nomadic barbarism went on with varying success. At one time the agriculturists advance steadily; at another they are driven back and the whole of Russia becomes an Uluss or tributary state of the Mongol Emperors; then the movement forward recommences, and finally the nomads are expelled or pacified. This final result has been only very recently attained. At the middle of the last century thousands of Russians were still sold annually in the slave markets of the Crimea, and the practice went on till the Crimea was annexed to the Russian Empire by Catherine II. Even then the kidnapping did not entirely cease. Indeed it was still practised in our own day by the Khan of Khiva and other potentates who had succeeded in maintaining their independence. These two different kinds of colonisation naturally produced different kinds of colonists. In the north the colonists were all agriculturists or traders; in the south, besides the agriculturists and traders, was formed a peculiar hybrid class of men, half colonists and half soldiers, known under the name of Cossacks.

I have been so often asked what a Cossack is, that I consider it well to take this opportunity of explaining. In old times, when the struggle above mentioned was still going on, it was necessary to keep always a large number of light irregular troops on the southern frontier in order to protect the sedentary population against the raids of the nomadic Tartars. These troops were recruited sometimes in the usual way and sometimes by sending to the frontier the inmates of the jails, and the name Cossack was commonly applied to them. But these were not the Cossacks best known to history and romance. The genuine "free Cossacks" lived beyond the frontier and possessed a certain military organization, which enabled them not only to defend themselves against the Tartars but even to make raids on Tartar territory, and repay in some measure the barbarities which the Tartars committed in Russia. Each one of the rivers

flowing southwards—the Dnieper, the Don, the Volga, the Yaik or Ural—was held by a band of these free Cossacks, and no one, whether Russian or Tartar, was allowed to pass through their territory without their permission. Officially they were Russians, professed champions of Orthodoxy, and loyal subjects of the Tsar, but in reality they were something different. Though they were Russian by origin, language, and sympathy, the habit of kidnapping Tartar women introduced a certain mixture of Tartar blood. Though professed champions of Orthodoxy, they troubled themselves very little with religion and did not submit to the ecclesiastical authorities. Their political status cannot be easily defined. Though they professed allegiance and devotion to the Tsar, they did not think it necessary to obey him, except in so far as his orders suited their own convenience. And the Tsar, it must be confessed, acted towards them in a similar fashion. When the Tsar found it convenient, he called them his faithful subjects; and when complaints were made to him about their raids into Turkish territory, he declared that they were runaways and brigands, and that the Sultan might punish them as he thought fit. At the same time, however, even when they were declared to be brigands, they regularly received ammunition and supplies from Moscow, as is amply proved by recently published documents.

The most celebrated of these strange military communities were the Cossacks of the Dnieper and the Cossacks of the Don, which differed considerably from each other in their organization. The former had a fortified camp on an island in the Dnieper, and here a large number of them led a purely military life, somewhat after the manner of the military orders in the time of the Crusades. Each *kurén*, or company, had a common table and common sleeping-apartment, and women were strictly excluded from the fortified inclosure. The latter—those of the Don—had no permanent camp of this kind, and assembled merely as circumstances demanded. But the two communities had much in common. Both were organized on democratic principles, and chose their officers by popular election. Both were ever ready to make a raid on Turkish territory with or without a pretext. Both sent forth occasionally fleets of small boats which swept the Black Sea, devastated the coasts, and sometimes took towns by storm, precisely as the Normans did in western Europe during the ninth century.

These various Cossack communities had not all the same fate. The Cossacks of the Dnieper were forcibly disbanded by Catherine II., and in part transferred to the north bank of the Kubán, where for several generations, under the name of Black Sea Cossacks, they guarded the frontier and kept up an incessant border warfare with the turbulent tribes of the Caucasus. The Cossacks of

the Volga disappeared without leaving a trace. Those of the Don and the Ural were gradually transformed into irregular troops, and they still fulfil this function at the present day. The final results of the colonisation in the northern and southern regions have been as different as the modes in which it was effected. In the north, the Russians have to a great extent assimilated and absorbed the native population; in the south, on the contrary, the native population has been simply held in subjection or driven out. The explanation of this interesting fact may perhaps throw some light on certain dark historical problems.

The chief obstacles to the amalgamation of two contiguous races living under the same government are partly economic and partly intellectual; in other words, the obstacles lie partly in the mode of life, and partly in the fundamental, hereditary intellectual conceptions or religious beliefs and observances. In the northern region the Russian colonists found a population in the same stage of economic development as themselves. The Finnish tribes were already agriculturists, and possessed a superabundance of land. They had therefore no reasonable motive for opposing the mode of colonisation, and the colonists could settle amongst them almost unperceived. Thus the first step towards amalgamation was effected.

In the south, on the contrary, the native races were still pastoral nomads, that is to say, they were in a lower stage of economic development than the colonists, and the natural consequence of this was a war of extermination between the two races, such as that which has been going on for generations in America between the Red-skins and the white settlers. Nomadic tribes have always a strong tendency to attack a neighbouring sedentary population. Their love of booty urges them to make raids, especially if they have at their back a convenient market for the sale of slaves. Besides this, the simple instinct of self-defence compels them to resist the advance of the settlers, for extension of the area of agriculture means a diminution of the pasturage and of the flocks. There is a curious illustration of this in the history of the Don Cossacks. When they lived by sheep-farming and pillage they prohibited agriculture under pain of death. The prohibition is commonly explained by a supposed desire to preserve the warlike spirit of the community, but this explanation seems to me much too ingenious to be true. The reason, in my opinion, was simply this: the man who ploughed up a bit of land infringed thereby on his neighbours' rights of pasturage.

The struggle between an agricultural and pastoral race may be long and bloody, but the final result is never doubtful. The agriculturists are, for reasons which I may at some future time explain, invariably the victors in the long run. The nomads must gradually retreat, and when further retreat becomes impossible they must

change their mode of life under pain of extermination. All this has been fully illustrated in the history of Russian colonisation. The nomadic tribes have been forced to emigrate, or have been driven to the outlying corners of the empire. And even there they are not left in peace. The area of agriculture is steadily and surely widening, and soon there will be no longer land enough to allow of purely pastoral life. In some of the tribes I have myself witnessed the first attempts at tilling the soil.

Even if these Tartar tribes had been agriculturists they would not have amalgamated with the ever-advancing Russian colonists, for there was another and equally serious obstacle to amalgamation: the Russians were Christians and the Tartars were Mahometans. Any one who has lived on friendly terms with Mahometans, must have noticed that they are utterly inaccessible to the influence of Christianity. They are proud of their Mahometanism, and look down upon Christians as Polytheists. "We have," they say, "but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet. You too believe in God, and you had a great prophet in Christ, whom we also respect, but you deified your prophet, and you added a third God, we know not whence. You say that your prophet is the equal of Allah. Far from us be such blasphemy!" The truth is that Mahometanism is, like Christianity itself, a monotheistic religion possessing a doctrinal theology and an organized priesthood. Any religion which possesses these requisites is pretty certain to withstand the proselytizing tendencies of other faiths. This may perhaps be best illustrated by explaining how the Finnish tribes, who did not possess a religion of this kind, were imperceptibly Christianized.

The old Finnish religions, if we may judge of them by the fragments which still exist, had like the people themselves, a thoroughly practical, prosaic character. The theology consisted not of abstract dogmas logically co-ordinated and subordinated, but of simple prescriptions for insuring material well-being. At the present day, in the districts which have not yet been Russified, the prayers are merely plain, unadorned requests for a good harvest, plenty of cattle, and the like. Some of the worshippers—at least, among the Tcheremiss—have, since falling under Russian domination, acquired the habit of adding a petition for money to pay their taxes. The ceremonies usually employed are, for the most part magical rites, which are supposed to avert the influence of malicious spirits. The Tchuvash use, besides these, certain ceremonies for the purpose of freeing themselves from the unwelcome visits of their departed relatives, and here the practical, common-sense character of the people comes out in a striking way. Instead of indulging in mystic rites, they simply place near the graves a plentiful supply of food, and pious souls believe that this is eaten during the night, not by the village dogs, but by the famished spirits. This is, be it parentheti-

cally remarked, a more humane way of laying ghosts than the habit of erecting tombstones—a custom which, perhaps, had originally the same intention.

Such a religion presented no obstacle to the gradual reception of Christianity—especially the Christianity of the Greek Orthodox Church. If Yumala and the other good deities did not send plentiful harvests, it was surely prudent to ask the additional help of the Madonna or “the Russian God.” If the ordinary magic rites and incantations did not suffice for warding off the pernicious influence of evil spirits, why not adopt the custom of making the sign of the cross, which the Russians use effectually in moments of danger? Even formal admission into the Church by the Sacrament of baptism did not awaken any resistance or fanaticism in their simple minds—at least during the summer months. The religious significance of the ceremony entirely escaped them, and they must have had great difficulty in explaining to themselves why the Russian authorities should reward them with a shirt and a rouble for simply submitting to be bathed. Many of them, however, did not trouble themselves with such abstruse questions, and presented themselves a second and a third time in view of the promised reward. Sometimes the missionary work was undertaken by men imbued with the true missionary spirit, and in these cases an attempt was made to convey a certain amount of religious instruction; but more frequently it was entrusted to ecclesiastical officials or officers of rural police, who merely counted the number of the converts.

This simple-minded, religious eclecticism produced the most singular mixtures of Christianity and Paganism. At the harvest festival Tchuvash peasants have been known to pray first to their old deities and afterwards to the “Russian God” and “the God Nicholas”—Nicholas, the miracle-worker, being the favourite saint of the Russian peasantry. Sometimes the Yomzy—half-magicians, half-priests—recommend their believers to try the effect of a prayer to the Christian deities, in which case the invocation may be couched in some such familiar terms as the following: “Look here, O Nicholas-God. Perhaps my neighbour, little Michael, has been slandering me to you, or perhaps he will do so. If so, don’t listen to him. I have done him no ill and wish him none. He himself is a worthless boaster and a babbler, and does not really honour you, but merely plays the hypocrite. I, on the contrary, honour you, and, behold, I place a taper before you.” Occasionally the mixture of the two religions is of a still more wonderful kind. I know of one case, for instance, where a Tcheremiss, in consequence of a serious illness, sacrificed a young foal to Our Lady of Kazan!

These few facts, which might be indefinitely multiplied, will be sufficient to show how Greek Orthodoxy glided gradually into the Finnish tribes without producing any intellectual revolution in the

minds of the converts. And Greek Orthodoxy, it must be remembered, is in this matter equivalent to Russian nationality. Community of religion leads naturally to intermarriage, and intermarriage to the complete blending of the two nationalities. In very many villages in the northern half of Russia, it is impossible to say whether the inhabitants are Finnish or Slavonic. This process of Russification could not take place among the Mahometans, who have a doctrinal religion and a regularly organized priesthood. Even those Mahometans who are agriculturists and settled in villages, have remained unaffected by Russian influence. I know villages where one-half of the population is Christian and the other half is Mahometan, and in all of them the two races have remained perfectly separate. It must not be supposed, however, that they live at enmity with each other. Though they live apart, each race preserving scrupulously its own faith and customs, they are inspired with no aggressive fanaticism, and co-operate in all communal matters as if no difference of race or religion existed between them. Sometimes they elect as village-elder a Christian, sometimes a Mahometan, and the village assembly never thinks of raising religious questions. I know of one instance in the Province of Samara, where the Mahometan peasants voluntarily assisted their Christian fellow-villagers in transporting wood for repairing the parish church. Thus, we see, under a tolerably good administration Mahometan Tartars and Christian Slavs can live peaceably together in the same village community.

I have hitherto represented this eastward expansion of Russia as a purely spontaneous movement of the agricultural population. This is a true but at the same time an imperfect representation of the phenomenon. Though the initiative unquestionably came from the people, urged on by economic wants, the Government played an important part in the movement. In early times, when Russia was merely a conglomeration of independent principalities, the princes were all under a moral and political obligation to protect their subjects, and when the Grand Princes of Moscow in the fifteenth century united the numerous principalities under their own sceptre and proclaimed themselves Tsars, this obligation devolved upon them. In the north the obligation was easily fulfilled. A few military stations, separated at great distances from each other, sufficed to maintain order, and even those after a certain time ceased to be necessary. In the south, on the contrary, the task was one of great difficulty. There the agricultural population had to be protected along a frontier of enormous length, lying open at all points to the incursions of nomadic tribes. It was not enough to keep up a military cordon to prevent the raids of small marauding parties. The nomads often came in enormous hordes which could be success-

fully resisted only by large armies. And sometimes the whole military strength of the country was insufficient to resist the invaders. Again and again during the thirteenth and fourteenth century Tartar hordes swept over the country, burning the towns and villages—Kief and Moscow among the number—and spreading devastation wherever they appeared. For more than two centuries the whole country formed part of the Mongol Empire, and had to pay a heavy yearly tribute to the Khan. Under these circumstances the Government could not remain inactive. It had not only to protect its subjects, but also to maintain its political independence; and those objects could only be attained by constantly pushing forward the frontier.

At the present time our public seem unable to understand why the Russian frontier should be continually moved forward, and habitually attribute the fact to Russia's insatiable desire for territorial aggrandisement. They appear to imagine that the Tsar might any morning say to his minister, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further;" and that all difficulties would be thereby satisfactorily solved. This view is not likely to be held by any one who has lived near a frontier such as that which Russia formerly possessed in Europe, and still possesses in Central Asia. To protect effectually such a frontier without interfering in any way with those who live immediately beyond it, one of two expedients must be adopted: either a great wall must be built, or military colonies must be planted at short distances apart, and military patrols constantly kept up between them. The former of these expedients, though adapted with some success by the Romans in Britain, and by the Chinese on their north-western frontier, is of course not to be thought of. The latter, which was adopted by Russia against the Circassians and other marauding tribes of the Caucasus, is scarcely more feasible. This military line, stretching from the Sea of Azof to the Caspian, was comparatively short, and ran through a well-watered and extremely fertile country; and yet it demanded an enormous expenditure of men and money and was only very partially effectual. In spite of all precautions, bands of marauders broke through the lines and too often returned unpunished and laden with booty. After many years of experience the Russians found that the only way of preventing these incursions was to settle the marauding tribes in villages over which a strict supervision could be exercised. If this system of military colonies thus proved enormously expensive and very ineffectual in the country to the north of the Caucasus, we can easily imagine how difficult it would be to realise it fully in Central Asia, where the frontier is incomparably longer and in many parts utterly unfit for agricultural colonisation. Nomadic tribes can be made to keep peace only when they know that they may be attacked and punished on their own territory, and that there is no asylum to which they can flee.

From all this it is evident that the idea of a neutral zone between the Russian and British frontiers in Asia is an absurdity, fit only to amuse diplomatists, and unworthy of being entertained by practical statesmen, unless indeed it were possible to find a broad uninhabited zone which would serve the same purpose as the Great Wall of China. If it be habitable, it will inevitably become an asylum for all the robbers and lawless spirits within a radius of many hundred miles, and no civilised power can reasonably be expected to accept such neighbours. If such a zone had been established, Russia might justly have spoken to England in this fashion: "I object to have at my door this refuge for rascality. Either you must preserve order amongst the inmates, or allow me to do so."

"Where then," asks the alarmed Russophobist, "is Russian aggression to stop? Must we allow her to push her frontier forward to our own, and thus expose ourselves to all those conflicts which inevitably arise between nations that possess contiguous territory?" To this I reply, that Russia must push forward her frontier until she reaches a country possessing a Government which is able and willing to keep order within its borders, and to prevent its subjects from committing depredations on their neighbours. As none of the petty states of Central Asia seems capable of permanently fulfilling this condition, it is pretty certain that the Russian and British frontiers will one day meet. Where they will meet depends upon ourselves. If we do not wish her to overstep a certain line, we must ourselves advance to that line. As to the complications which inevitably arise between contiguous nations, I think they are fewer and less dangerous than those which arise between nations separated by a small state incapable of making its neutrality respected, and kept alive simply by the mutual jealousy of its neighbours. Germany does not periodically go to war with Holland or Russia, though separated from them by a mere artificial frontier; and France has never been prevented from going to war with Austria, though separated from her by a broad intervening territory. The old theory that the great powers may be prevented from going to war by interposing small independent states between them, is long since exploded; and even if it were true, it would be inapplicable in the case under consideration, for there is nothing worthy to be called a state between Russian territory and British India.

In consequence of the active part which the Government has thus taken in the extension of the territory, it has frequently happened that the process of political expansion got greatly ahead of the colonisation. After the Turkish wars and consequent annexations in the time of Catherine II., a great part of southern Russia was almost uninhabited, and the deficiency of population had to be corrected by organized emigration. The Russian diplomatic agents in Western Europe were ordered to use all possible efforts to induce

artizans and peasants to emigrate to Russia, and special agents were sent to various countries for the same purpose. Thousands accepted the invitation, and were for the most part settled on the territory which had formerly been the pasture-ground of the nomadic hordes. This policy was adopted by succeeding sovereigns, and has been continued in an intermittent fashion down to the present time. The emigrants thus collected, together with the other inhabitants, now form an ethnographical conglomeration such as is to be found nowhere else in the Old World. The official statistics of New Russia alone—that is to say the Provinces of Ekaterinoslaff, Tauride, Kherson and Bessarabia, enumerate the following nationalities:—Great Russians, Little Russians, Poles, Servians, Montenegrins, Bulgarians, Moldavians, Germans, Swedes, Swiss, French, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, Tartars, Mordva, Jews, and Gypsies. The religions are almost equally numerous. The statistics speak of Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholics, Gregorians, Lutherans, Calvinists, Anglicans, Menonites, Separatists, Pietists, Karaïm Jews, Talmudists, Mahometans, and numerous purely Russian sects such as the Molokani and the Skoptsi. America herself could scarcely show a more motley list in her statistics of population; it must, however, be admitted, that the above enumeration does not convey a correct idea of the actual population. The great body of the population is Russian and Orthodox, whilst many of the nationalities are represented only by a small number of souls. Of the colonists of foreign nationality, by far the most numerous and prosperous are the German Menonites, and by far the least prosperous are the Jews. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between a Menonite and a Jewish colony. In the former we find large, well-built houses, well-stocked gardens, fine strong horses, fat cattle, agricultural implements adapted to the local conditions, and there is in general an air of prosperity, comfort, and contentment; in the latter we are too often reminded of the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the Prophet. The other colonists must be placed between these two extremes. The ordinary Germans and the Bulgarians approach the former type, whilst the Tartar-speaking Greeks approach more nearly to the latter.

As Scandinavia was formerly called *officina gentium*—a foundry in which new nations were cast—so we may call Southern Russia a crucible in which the fragments of old nations are being melted down so as to form a new and composite whole. The melting, however, proceeds slowly. If I may judge from my own observation I should say that national peculiarities are not obliterated so rapidly in Russia as in America or in British colonies. In America, for instance, I have often seen Germans who had been but a short time in the country, trying hard to be more American than the natives, but among the German colonists in Russia I have never witnessed any-

thing of the kind. Though their fathers and grandfathers may have been born in the country, they look down on the Russian peasants, fear the officials, preserve jealously their own language, rarely or never speak Russian well, and intermarry among themselves. The Russian influence acts more rapidly, however, on the Slavonic colonists—Servians, Bulgarians, Montenegrins—who profess the Greek Orthodox faith, learn more easily the Russian language, have no consciousness of belonging to a *Culturvolk*, and in general possess a nature much more pliable than the Teutonic.

In the Asiatic part of Russia, where the frontier has always been pushed forward more easily and more rapidly than in Europe, there are still at the present day vast territories almost entirely uninhabited. Some of these are by the nature of their soil and climate unfitted for agriculture in its primitive forms, and could not be made available without the expenditure of enormous sums for irrigation; others are well adapted for agriculture and are already being colonised. On the whole, the Russians have in this part of the empire much more land than they can possibly utilise, and the possession of it must for a long time to come be a serious burden on the national exchequer.

If we turn now from the East to the West we shall find that the expansion in this direction was of an entirely different kind. The country lying to the west of the early Russo-Slavonian settlements had a poor soil and a comparatively dense population, and consequently held out no inducements to emigration. Besides this, it was inhabited by warlike agricultural races, who not only were capable of defending their own territory, but were strongly disposed to make encroachments on their eastern neighbours. Russian expansion to the westward was, therefore, not at all a spontaneous movement of the agricultural population. The annexed provinces are still inhabited by foreign races, and still by no means socially Russianized. Poland, Lithuania, the Baltic provinces, and Finland are Russian merely in the political sense of the term, and their annexation was effected by diplomacy based on military force. It must, however, be admitted that if national self-preservation forms a valid plea for aggressive conquest, Russian expansion in this direction has a certain historical justification.

No sooner had Russia freed herself in the fifteenth century from the Tartar yoke than her political independence, and even her national existence, were threatened from the west. Her western neighbours were, like herself, animated by that national tendency to expansion which I have above described, and for a time it seemed doubtful who should ultimately possess that vast level tract of country which is now known as the Russian Empire. The two chief competitors in the sixteenth century were the Tsars of Muscovy on the one hand, and the Kings of Poland and Lithuania on the other. For some time the latter seemed to have the better chance. In close

relations with Western Europe, they had been able to adopt many of the improvements which had been recently made in the art of war, and with the help of the free Cossacks of the South they succeeded in over-running the country. But when they attempted to accomplish their purpose in a too hasty and reckless fashion, they raised a storm of popular fanaticism which ultimately drove them out. Still the country was in a very precarious position, and its more intelligent rulers perceived plainly that, in order to carry on the struggle successfully, they must import something of that Western civilisation which gave such an advantage to their opponents. This was, however, no easy matter, for they had no direct easy channel of communication with the West. In the year 1553 an English navigator, whilst seeking for a short route to China and India, had accidentally discovered the port of Arkangel on the White Sea, and since that time the Tsars had kept up an intermittent diplomatic and commercial intercourse with England. But this route was at all times tedious and dangerous, and during a great part of the year it was completely closed. All attempts to import "cunning foreign artificers" by way of the Baltic were frustrated by the Livonian order who at that time held the East coast, and who considered, like certain people on the coast of Africa at the present day, that the barbarous natives of the interior ought not to be supplied with arms and ammunition. Under these circumstances, the possession of the Baltic coast naturally became a prime object of Russian ambition.

For the possession of this prize there were other two competitors, Poland and Sweden. Russia was inferior to these rivals in the art of war, but she had one immense advantage over them. Whilst they were torn and weakened by political factions, she possessed a strong, stable government, and could easily concentrate her efforts for a definite purpose. All that she needed was an army on the European model. Peter the Great created such an army and won the prize. After this the political disintegration of Poland proceeded still more rapidly, and when that unhappy country was broken in pieces Russia naturally took for herself the lion's share of the spoil.

The following table shows the rapid expansion of Russia from the time when Ivan III. united the independent principalities and threw off the Tartar yoke, down to the accession of Peter the Great, in 1682:—

In 1505 the Tsardom of Muscovy contained about 37,000 square miles					
„ 1533	„	„	„	47,000	„
„ 1584	„	„	„	125,000	„
„ 1598	„	„	„	157,000	„
„ 1676	„	„	„	257,000	„
„ 1682	„	„	„	265,000	„

Of these 265,000 square miles about 80,000 were in Europe, and about 185,000 in Asia. Peter the Great, though famous as a

conqueror, did not annex nearly so much territory as many of his predecessors and successors. At his death, in 1725, the empire contained, in round numbers, 82,000 square miles in Europe, and 193,000 in Asia. The following table shows the further expansion :—

				In Europe and the Caucasus.	In Asia.
In 1725 the Russian Empire contained about				82,000 sq. miles	193,000 sq. miles
„ 1770	„	„	„	84,000	210,000
„ 1800	„	„	„	95,000	210,000
„ 1825	„	„	„	105,000	210,000
„ 1855	„	„	„	106,663	245,000
„ 1867	„	„	„	106,951	248,470

In this table is not included the territory in the north-west of America—containing about 24,210 square miles—which was annexed to Russia in 1799, and ceded to the United States in 1867. Regarding the amount of territory acquired by Russia in Central Asia since 1867, I do not at present possess any statistical data.

When once Russia has laid hold of territory she does not readily relax her grasp. She has, however, since the death of Peter the Great, on four occasions ceded territory which she had formerly annexed. In 1729 she ceded Mazanderan and Asterabad to Persia ; in 1735 she ceded to the same power that part of the Caucasus which lies to the south of Terek ; in 1856, by the treaty of Paris, she gave up the mouths of the Danube and part of Bessarabia ; and in 1867 she sold to the United States her American possessions.

So much for the past. Let us now consider the probable future expansion—a subject that has a peculiar interest at the present time. It will be well to begin with the simpler, and proceed gradually to the more difficult, parts of the problem.

Towards the west and the north Russia has neither the ability nor the desire to push forward her actual frontiers. Towards the north expansion is physically impossible until new habitable lands in the Polar regions be discovered, and westward expansion is almost as unlikely. By the conquest of Finland in 1809, Russia obtained what may be called her natural frontier on the north-west, and it is scarcely conceivable that she should desire to annex any part of northern Scandinavia. In the direction of Germany conquest is neither desirable nor possible. Russia cannot desire to have a disaffected German population on her western frontier, and if she did desire it, she could not realise her wish, for Germany is strong enough to defend her own territory.

Towards the east and south-east the problem is by no means so simple. The recent sale of the American territory may be taken as a conclusive proof that Russia has wisely determined to remain on

this side of Behring's Straits; and though she may covet certain islands of the Japanese group, there is little chance of her obtaining them. She has, it is true, recently annexed Sagalien—or more properly Sakhalin—which lies near the Amoor territory, and formerly belonged to Japan; but this acquisition, except for the purpose of a penal settlement, is a burden rather than an advantage, and any further advance in this direction can be easily stopped. Encroachments on the Chinese Empire could not be so easily prevented. How and when they will be made, must depend to a great extent on the Chinese Government. Russia already possesses near the Chinese frontier far more territory than she can possibly utilise for many years to come, and, therefore, she has no inducement to annex new land in this region, provided the Chinese prevent their subjects from committing depredations. It may happen, however, that China will be unable to fulfil her police duties towards her neighbours, and in that case it is not at all unlikely that Russia may find annexation less expensive than the maintenance of a strong military cordon. When land is required for agricultural colonisation, the tendency to encroach is always, *ceteris paribus*, in the inverse ratio to the density of population, for where the inhabitants are scarce, the land is more plentiful and less exhausted by cultivation. Where, on the contrary, land is not required for cultivation, as on the Chinese frontier, the temptation to annex new territory is always directly proportionate to the density of population. An uninhabited territory not required for colonisation is simply a burden, for it necessitates expenditure and gives no revenue; whereas a territory with a tolerably dense population furnishes new tax-payers and new markets for the national industry, and thereby compensates, or more than compensates, for the expenses of administration. If the vague accounts of the inordinate density of population in China be correct, Russia has less reason to restrain her expansive tendency in that direction.

With regard to the new markets for the national industry, it may be well to insert here a few words. Russia aspires to become, not only the greatest of military powers, but also a great industrial and commercial nation, and she firmly believes that by means of her great natural resources and the enterprising character of her people, she will succeed in realising this aspiration. Herein lies a permanent source of enmity towards England. England is at the present time like a great manufacturer who has outstripped his rivals, and has awakened in the breasts of many of them a considerable amount of jealousy and hatred. By means of her ruthless “*politique d'exploitation*,” it is said, she has become the great blood-sucker of all less advanced nations. Fearing no competition, we preach the invidious principles of free trade, and deluge foreign countries with

our manufactures to such an extent that native industries are inevitably overwhelmed, unless saved by the beneficent power of protective tariffs. In short, foreign nations in general—and some of our own colonies in the number—have adopted, in no friendly spirit, the theory quaintly expressed by the old poet, Waller :—

“ Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims ;
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the deep, and reap where others sow ! ”

In no country are these ideas more frequently expressed than in Russia. As revolutionary politicians when in opposition systematically attack all restrictions on the liberty of the press, and systematically adopt these restrictions for their own benefit as soon as they come into power, so the Russians habitually assail with impassioned rhetoric our commercial and industrial supremacy, and at the same time habitually seek to emulate it. The means they employ, however, are different from ours. Knowing that free competition and “ the ridiculous principles of free trade ” would inevitably lead to defeat in the struggle, they raise, wherever their dominion extends, a strong barrier of protective tariffs. In this way they protect their newly-adopted subjects from the heartless “ exploitation ” of England, and consign them to the tender mercies of the manufacturers of Moscow and St. Petersburg. By a mysterious logical process, which foreigners—and also, it must be added, many intelligent Russians—are unable to understand, it is satisfactorily proved that the economic influence of Moscow, which sells dear, is infinitely less baneful and burdensome for the native populations than that of Manchester, which sells cheap !

Whatever we may think of this logical process, it is quite certain that Russia will not abolish her protective tariff, and therefore we must take into consideration her zeal to support commercial interests, in endeavouring to estimate her expansive tendencies. As her industry is still insufficient to supply her actual wants, she will certainly not, for the present at least, annex new territory for the simple purpose of obtaining new markets ; but even at present, whenever she happens to have other reasons for widening her borders, the idea of acquiring new markets may act as a subsidiary incentive. We saw lately an instance of this in the Khiva expedition. If the Khan had conscientiously fulfilled his international obligations, the expedition would not have been undertaken ; but when the expedition was successful, certain clauses in the convention showed that Russia was not unmindful of her commercial interests. Wherever the Russian frontier advances, the possible area of British commerce will be diminished, and the advance of the frontier in the direction of India depends, as I have already

explained, on ourselves. Sooner or later the Russian custom-houses, with their protective tariffs, will be within gun-shot of our sentries.

Proceeding westward from Afghanistan, we come to a district where Russian aggression is perhaps more imminent than is commonly supposed: I mean the northern provinces of Persia. Russia already holds undisputed sway on the Caspian, and might easily appropriate any part of the territory near the coast. As I am not aware, however, that she has at present any particular reason for extending her dominion in this direction, we may at once pass to the region towards which the eyes of Europe are at this moment directed.

The aggressive tendencies of the Russians in the direction of Constantinople are nearly as old as the Russian nationality, and much older than the Russian Empire. The Russo Slavonians, who held the valley of the Dnieper from the ninth to the thirteenth century, were one of those numerous border tribes which the decrepit Byzantine Empire attempted to ward off by diplomacy and rich gifts, and by giving daughters of the Imperial family as brides to the troublesome chiefs, on condition of accepting Christianity. Vladimir, Prince of Kief, accepted Christianity in this way, and his subjects followed his example. Russia thus became ecclesiastically a part of the Byzantine Patriarchate, and the people learned to regard Tsargrad—as the Imperial city is still called by the peasantry—with peculiar veneration.

In the fifteenth century, the relative positions of Constantinople and Moscow were changed. Constantinople fell under the power of the Turks, whilst Moscow threw off the yoke of the Tartars. The Grand Prince of Moscow and of all Russia thereby became the chief protector of the Greek Orthodox Church, and in some sort successor to the Byzantine Tsars. To strengthen this claim, he married a member of the old Imperial family, and his grandson went a step further in the same direction by assuming the title of Tsar and inventing a fable about Rurik, the founder of the Russian dynasty, being a descendant of Cæsar Augustus.

All this would seem to a lawyer a very shadowy title, and it must be added that none of the Russian monarchs—except perhaps Catherine II., who formed the fantastic project of resuscitating the Byzantine Empire, and caused one of her grandsons to learn modern Greek in view of the high destiny that awaited him—ever seriously thought of claiming the imaginary heritage; but the idea that the Tsar may some day take Tsargrad and drive out the infidel usurper, has become deeply rooted in the minds of the common people. As soon as disturbances break out in the East, the Russian peasantry begin to think that perhaps the time has come when a crusade will be

undertaken for the recovery of the Holy City on the Bosphorus, and for the liberation of their brethren in the faith who now groan under Turkish bondage. I do not at all mean to imply that such a crusade is desired. The Russian peasant's desires are generally confined to the sphere of his material interests, and he strongly dislikes all war, unless he hopes thereby to acquire new fertile land, because it takes him away from his peaceful occupations. Still, if he found that a crusade was undertaken and that he could not easily avoid the conscription, it would be easy to awaken in him a certain amount of enthusiasm. As to the bands of Russian volunteers of which we at present hear so much, I venture to predict that, if they ever acquire an objective existence, they will contain very few peasants. The conceptions, sympathies, and aspirations of the educated classes are of a different kind and derived from a different source.

After the fall of the first Napoleonic Empire, a violent popular reaction took place all over Europe in favour of national independence and republican institutions; and the discoveries of comparative philologists, together with other influences, suggested to political theorists certain grand confederations of peoples founded on ethnological distinctions. All the existing political units would, it was thought, group themselves into three categories, the Romanic, the Teutonic, and the Slavonic; and the principle of political federation, whilst satisfying the demands of ethnology, would leave to the individual nations a sufficient amount of local autonomy. I have already made too large demands on the reader's patience to enter here on a description of the development of these ideas and of their influence in Russia. Suffice it to say that they supplied to the Russian educated classes new motives for sympathy with the Slavonic populations of Turkey and Austria, already bound to them by community of religion.

We must bear these facts in mind, if we would understand the present state of public opinion in Russia. Englishmen are too prone to suppose that Russian sympathy with the Slavs is merely a thinly disguised desire to gain possession of Constantinople. This supposition is not only uncharitable but unjust. The recent accounts of Turkish atrocities have awakened in Russia, as amongst ourselves, genuine feelings of indignation against the oppressors, and sympathy with the oppressed; and in Russia these reports have fallen on much more inflammable material. Russians know much better than we do the oppressive character of ordinary Turkish misrule, and they have at the same time religious and political sympathies with the Slavs, which we do not possess and can with difficulty comprehend. The acquisition of Constantinople is generally regarded by Russians as simply a possible contingency of the distant future,

and this possibility has little or nothing to do with the present excited state of public opinion.

Still it must be admitted that this excitement, whatever be the real cause of it, actually exists, and may produce armed intervention, which might possibly lead to annexation of territory. But the policy of the Government depends entirely on the Tsar's personal decision. Now what is his personal decision likely to be? As a Russian surrounded by Russians, he naturally sympathises with the Slavs, and as Tsar he must desire to retain their sympathy and good-will; but all we know about his personal character militates against the supposition that he will endeavour to take the matter into his own hands and cut the difficulty with the sword. Of a naturally pacific disposition, he is free from all military ambition. His phlegmatic temperament, and his strong, sober common sense, render him impervious to the seductive suggestions of Pan Slavists and other political dreamers. Even if his ambition were much greater than it is, it would be amply satisfied by the important part which he has already played in the history of his country. In the course of a few years he emancipated forty millions of serfs, reformed the imperial administration, created a new system of local self-government, covered the country with a vast network of railways, replaced the old rotten judicial organization by new courts with public procedure, and effected many other valuable reforms. These great enterprises have been on the whole successful, but there has been enough of failure to dispel many youthful illusions, and to teach the important lesson that a Tsar, though he may be autocratic, is not omnipotent even within the limits of his own empire.

As to distant future possibilities it would be hazardous to speculate. Very many Russians firmly believe that the natural and irresistible course of events will sooner or later transform the Black Sea into a Russian lake, and perhaps some future Tsar may attempt to realise at once what is supposed to be the will of Fate. For the present, however—though Russia would very much like to hold the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and would certainly not allow any strong power to take possession of this outlet to the Mediterranean—there is, I believe, no desire either in the people or in the Government to accelerate by war the so-called natural course of events. Alexander II. has already done much in the interests of peace, and shows no signs of changing his policy. Perhaps Great Britain would play more effectually her part of peacemaker, if her statesmen would, without relaxing their vigilance, think a little less about petty diplomatic triumphs, and show a little more confidence in the pacific intentions of the Tsar.

D. MACKENZIE WALLACE.

ROBESPIERRE.

A FRENCH writer has recently published a careful and interesting volume on the famous events which ended in the overthrow of Robespierre and the close of the Reign of Terror.¹ These events are known in the historic calendar as the Revolution of Thermidor in the Year II. After the fall of the monarchy, the Convention decided that the year should begin with the autumnal equinox, and that the enumeration should date from the birth of the Republic. The Year I. opens on September 22, 1792; the Year II. opens on the same day of 1793. The month of Thermidor begins on July 19. The memorable Ninth Thermidor therefore corresponds to July 27, 1794. This has commonly been taken as the date of the commencement of a counter-revolution, and in one sense it was so. Comte, however, and others have preferred to fix the reaction at the execution of Danton (April 5, 1794), or Robespierre's official proclamation of deism in the Festival of the Supreme Being (May 7, 1794).

M. D'Héricault does not belong to the school of writers who treat the course of history as a great high road, following a firmly traced line, and set with plain and ineffaceable landmarks. The French Revolution has nearly always been handled in this way, alike by those who think it fruitful in blessings, and their adversaries who pronounce it a curse inflicted by the wrath of heaven. Historians have looked at the Revolution as a plain landsman looks at the sea. To the landsman the ocean seems one huge immeasurable flood, obeying a simple law of ebb and flow, and offering to the navigator a single uniform force. Yet in truth we know that the oceanic movement is the product of many forces; the seeming uniformity covers the energy of a hundred currents and counter-currents; the sea-floor is not even nor the same, but is subject to untold conditions of elevation and subsidence; the sea is not one mass, but many masses moving along definite lines of their own. It is the same with the great tides of history. Wise men shrink from summing them up in single propositions. That the French Revolution led to an immense augmentation of happiness, both for the French and for mankind, can only be denied by the Pope. That it secured its beneficent results untempered by any mixture of evil, can only be maintained by men as mad as Doctor Pangloss. The Greek poetess Corinna said to the youthful Pindar, when he had interwoven all the gods and goddesses in the Theban mythology into a single hymn,

(1) "*La Révolution de Thermidor*," par Ch. D'Héricault. Paris: Didier.

that we should sow with the hand and not with the sack. Corinna's monition to the singer is proper to the interpreter of historical truth : he should cull with the hand and not sweep in with the scythe. It is doubtless mere pedantry to abstain from the widest conception of the sum of a great movement. A clear, definite, and stable idea of the meaning in the history of human progress of such vast groups of events as the Reformation or the Revolution is indispensable for any one to whom history is a serious study of society. It is just as important, however, not to forget that they were really groups of events, and not in either case a single uniform movement. The World-Epos is after all only a file of the morning paper in a state of glorification. A sensible man learns, when he is old enough, to abstain from praising and blaming character by wholesale; he becomes content to say of this trait that it is good, and of that act that it was bad. So in history, we become unwilling to join or to admire those who insist upon transferring their sentiment upon the whole to their judgment upon each part. We seek to be allowed to retain a decided opinion as to the final value to mankind of a long series of transactions, and yet not to commit ourselves to set the same estimate on each transaction in particular, still less on each person associated with it. Why shall we not prize the general results of the Reformation without being obliged to defend John of Leyden and the Munster Anabaptists?

M. D'Héricault's volume naturally suggests such reflections as these. Of all the men of the Revolution, Robespierre has suffered most from the audacious idolatry of some writers, and the splenetic impatience of others. Louis Blanc and M. Ernest Hamel talk of him as an angel or a prophet, and the Ninth Thermidor is a red day indeed in their martyrology. Michelet and M. D'Héricault treat him as a mixture of Cagliostro and Caligula, both a charlatan and a miscreant. We are reminded of the commencement of an address of the French Senate to the first Bonaparte: "Sire," they began, "the desire for perfection is one of the worst maladies that can afflict the human mind." This bold aphorism touches one of the roots of the judgments we pass both upon men and events. It is because people so irrationally think fit to insist upon perfection, that Robespierre's admirers would fain deny that he ever had a fault; and the tacit adoption of the same impracticable standard makes it easier for Robespierre's wholesale detractors to deny that he had a single virtue or performed a single service. The point of view is essentially unfit for history. The real subject of history is the improvement of social arrangements, and no conspicuous actor in public affairs since the world began saw the true direction of improvement with an absolutely unerring eye from the beginning of his career to the end. It is folly for the historian, as it is for the statesman, to strain after

the imaginative unity of the dramatic creator. Social progress is an affair of many small pieces and slow accretions, and the interest of historic study lies in tracing amid the immense turmoil of events and through the confusion of voices the devious course of the sacred torch, as it shifts from bearer to bearer. And it is not the bearers who are most interesting, but the torch.

In the old Flemish town of Arras, known in the diplomatic history of the fifteenth century by a couple of important treaties, and famous in the industrial history of the middle ages for its pre-eminence in the manufacture of the most splendid kind of tapestry hangings, Maximilian Robespierre was born in May 1759. He was therefore no more than five and thirty years old, when he came to his ghastly end in 1794. His father was a lawyer, and though the surname of the family had the prefix of nobility, they belonged to the middle class. When this decorative prefix became dangerous, Maximilian Derobespierre dropped it. His great rival, Danton, was less prudent or less fortunate; one of the charges made against him was that he had styled himself Monsieur D'Anton.

Robespierre's youth was embittered by sharp misfortune. His mother died when he was only seven years old, and his father had so little courage under the blow, that he threw up his practice, deserted his children, and died in purposeless wanderings through Germany. The burden that the weak and selfish throw down, must be taken up by the brave. Friendly kinsfolk charged themselves with the maintenance of the four orphans. Maximilian was sent to the school of the town, whence he proceeded with a sizarship to the college of Louis-le-Grand in Paris. He was an apt and studious pupil, but austere and disposed to that sombre cast of spirits which is common enough where a lad of some sensibility and much self-esteem finds himself stamped with a badge of social inferiority. Robespierre's worshippers love to dwell on his fondness for birds; with the universal passion of mankind for legends of the saints, they tell how the untimely death of a favourite pigeon afflicted him with anguish so poignant, that, even sixty long years after, it made his sister's heart ache to look back upon the pain of that tragic moment. Always a sentimentalist, Robespierre was from boyhood a devout enthusiast for the great high priest of the sentimental tribe. Rousseau was then passing the last squalid days of his life among the meadows and woods at Ermenonville. Robespierre, who could not have been more than twenty at the time, for Rousseau died in the summer of 1778, is said to have gone on a reverential pilgrimage in search of an oracle from the lonely sage, as Boswell and as Gibbon and a hundred others had gone before him. Rousseau was wont to use his real adorers as ill as he used his imaginary enemies. Robespierre may

well have shared the discouragement of the enthusiastic father who informed Rousseau that he was about to bring up his son on the principles of *Emilius*. "Then so much the worse," cried the perverse philosopher, "both for you and your son." If he had been endowed with second sight, he would have thought at least as rude a presage due to this last and most ill-starred of a whole generation of neophytes.

In 1781 Robespierre returned to Arras, and amid the welcome of his relatives and the good hopes of friends began the practice of an advocate. For eight years he led an active and seemly life. He was not wholly pure from that indiscretion of the young appetite, about which the world is mute, but whose better ordering and governance would give a diviner brightness to the earth. Still, if he did not escape the ordeal of youth, Robespierre was frugal, laborious, and persevering. His domestic amiability made him the delight of his sister, and his zealous self-sacrifice for the education and advancement in life of his younger brother was afterwards repaid by Augustin Robespierre's devotion through all the red and horrible hours of Thermidor. Though cold in temperament, extremely reserved in manners, and fond of industrious seclusion, Robespierre did not disdain the social diversions of the town. He was a member of a reunion of Rosati, who sang madrigals and admired one another's bad verses. Those who love the ironical surprises of fate, may picture the young man who was doomed to play so terrible a part in terrible affairs, going through the harmless follies of a ceremonial reception by the Rosati, taking three deep breaths over a rose, solemnly fastening the emblem to his coat, emptying a glass of rose-red wine at a draught to the good health of the company, and finally reciting couplets that Voltaire would have found almost as detestable as the Law of Prairial or the Festival of the Supreme Being. More laudable efforts of ambition were prize essays, in which Robespierre has the merit of taking the right side in important questions. He protested against the inhumanity of laws that inflicted civil infamy upon the innocent family of a convicted criminal. And he protested against the still more horrid cruelty which reduced unfortunate children born out of wedlock to something like the status of the mediæval serf. Robespierre's compositions at this time do not rise above the ordinary level of declaiming mediocrity, but they promised a manhood of benignity and enlightenment. To compose prize essays on political reforms was better than to ignore or to oppose political reform. But the course of events afterwards owed their least desirable bias to the fact that such compositions were the nearest approach to political training that so many of the revolutionary leaders underwent. One is inclined to apply to practical politics Arthur Young's sensible remark about the endeavour of the French to improve the quality of French wool :

“A cultivator at the head of a sheep-farm of 3 or 4,000 acres, would in a few years do more for their wools than all the academicians and philosophers will effect in ten centuries.”

In his profession he distinguished himself in one or two causes of local celebrity. An innovating citizen had been ordered by the authorities to remove a lightning conductor from his house within three days, as being a mischievous practical paradox, as well as a danger and an annoyance to his neighbours. Robespierre pleaded the innovator's case on appeal, and won it. He defended a poor woman who had been wrongfully accused by a monk belonging to the powerful corporation of a great neighbouring abbey. The young advocate did not even shrink from manfully arguing a case against the august bishop of Arras himself. His independence did him no harm. The bishop afterwards appointed him to the post of judge or legal assessor in the episcopal court. This tribunal was a remnant of what had once been the sovereign authority and jurisdiction of the bishops of Arras. That a court with the power of life and death should thus exist by the side of a proper corporation of civil magistrates, is an illustration of the inextricable labyrinth of the French law and its administration on the eve of the Revolution. Robespierre did not hold his office long. Everyone has heard the striking story, how the young judge whose name was within half-a-dozen years to take a place in the popular mind of France and of Europe with the bloodiest monsters of myth or history, resigned his post in a fit of remorse after condemning a murderer to be executed. “He is a criminal, no doubt,” Robespierre kept groaning in reply to the consolations of his sister, for women are more positive creatures than men: “a criminal, no doubt; but to put a man to death!” Many a man thus begins the great voyage with queasy sensibilities, and ends it a cannibal.

Among Robespierre's associates in the festive mummeries of the Rosati was a young officer of Engineers, who was destined to be his colleague in the dread Committee of Public Safety, and to leave an important name in French history. In the garrison of Arras Carnot was quartered,—that iron head, whose genius for the administrative organization of war achieved even greater things for the new republic than the genius of Louvois had achieved for the old monarchy. Carnot surpassed not only Louvois, but perhaps all other names save one in modern military history, by uniting to the most powerful gifts for organization, both the strategic talent that planned the momentous campaign of 1794, and the splendid personal energy and skill that prolonged the defence of Antwerp against the allied army in 1814. Partisans dream of the unrivalled future of peace, glory, and freedom that would have fallen to the lot of France, if only the gods had brought about a hearty union between the military genius of Carnot,

and the political genius of Robespierre. So no doubt after the restoration of Charles II. in England, there were good men who thought that all would have gone very differently, if only the genius of the great creator of the Ironsides had taken counsel with the genius of Venner, the Fifth-Monarchy Man, and Feak the Anabaptist prophet.

The time was now come when such men as Robespierre were to be tried with fire, when they were to drink the cup of fury and the dregs of the cup of trembling. Sybils and prophets have already spoken their inexorable decree, as Goethe has said, on the day that first gives the man to the world; no time and no might can break the stamped mould of his character; only as life wears on do all its aforeshapen lines come into light. He is launched into a sea of external conditions that are as independent of his own will as the temperament with which he confronts them. It is action that tries, and variation of circumstance. The leaden chains of use bind many an ugly unsuspected prisoner in the soul; and when the habit of their lives has been sundered, the most immaculate are capable of antics beyond prevision. A great crisis of the world was prepared for Robespierre and those others, his allies or his destroyers, who with him came like the lightning and went like the wind.

At the end of 1788 the King of France found himself forced to summon the States General. It was their first assembly since 1614. On the memorable Fourth day of May, 1789, Robespierre appeared at Versailles as one of the representatives of the third estate of his native province of Artois. The excitement and enthusiasm of the elections to this renowned assembly, the immense demands and boundless expectations that they disclosed, would have warned a cool observer of events, if in that heated air a cool observer could have been found, that the hour had struck for the fulfilment of those grim apprehensions of revolution that had risen in the minds of many shrewd men, good and bad, in the course of the previous half-century. No great event in history ever comes wholly unforeseen. The antecedent causes are so wide-reaching, many, and continuous, that their direction is always sure to strike the eye of some observer in all its significance. Lewis the Fifteenth, whose invincible weariness and heavy disgust veiled a penetrating discernment, measured accurately the scope of the conflict between the crown and the parlements: but, said he, things as they are will last my time. Under the roof of his own palace at Versailles, in the apartment of Madame de Pompadour's famous physician, one of Quesnai's economic disciples had cried out, "The realm is in a sore way; it will never be cured without a great internal commotion; but woe to those who have to do with it; into such work the French go with no slack hand." Rousseau, in a passage in the *Confessions*, not only divines a speedy convulsion, but

with striking practical sagacity enumerates the political and social causes that were unavoidably drawing France to the edge of the abyss. Lord Chesterfield, so different a man from Rousseau, declared as early as 1752, that he saw in France every symptom that history had taught him to regard as the forerunner of deep change; before the end of the century, so his prediction ran, both the trade of king and the trade of priest in France would be shorn of half their glory. D'Argenson in the same year declared a revolution inevitable, and with a curious precision of anticipation assured himself that if once the necessity arose of convoking the States General, they would not assemble in vain: *qu'on y prenne garde! ils seraient fort sérieux!* Oliver Goldsmith, idly wandering through France, towards 1755, discerned in the mutinous attitude of the judicial corporations, that the genius of freedom was entering the kingdom in disguise, and that a succession of three weak monarchs would end in the emancipation of the people of France. The most touching of all these presentiments is to be found in a private letter of the great Empress, the mother of Marie Antoinette herself. Maria Theresa describes the ruined state of the French monarchy, and only prays that if it be doomed to ruin still more utter, at least the blame may not fall upon her daughter. The Empress had not learnt that when the giants of social force are advancing from the sombre shadow of the past with the thunder and the hurricane in their hands, our poor prayers are of no more avail than the visions of a dream.

The old popular assembly of the realm was not resorted to, before every means of dispensing with so drastic a remedy had been tried. Historians sometimes write as if Turgot were the only able and reforming minister of the century. God forbid that we should put any other minister on a level with that high and beneficent figure. But Turgot was not the first statesman, both able and patriotic, who had been disgraced for want of compliance with the conditions of success at court; he was only the last of a series. Chauvelin, a man of vigour and capacity, was dismissed with ignominy in 1736. Machault, a reformer, at once courageous and wise, shared the same fate twenty years later; and in his case revolution was as cruel and as heedless as reaction, for at the age of ninety-one, the old man was dragged, blind and deaf, before the revolutionary tribunal and thence dispatched to the guillotine. Between Chauvelin and Machault, the elder D'Argenson, who was greater than either of them, had been raised to power, and then speedily hurled down from it (1747), for no better reason than that his manners were uncouth, and that he would not waste his time in frivolities that were as the breath of life in the great gallery at Versailles and on the smooth-shaven lawns of Fontainebleau.

Not only had wise counsellors been tried: consultative assemblies

had been tried also. Necker had been dismissed in 1781, after publishing the memorable Report which first initiated the nation in the elements of financial knowledge. The disorder waxed greater, and the monarchy drew nearer to bankruptcy each year. The only modern parallel to the state of things in France under Lewis the Sixteenth is to be sought in the state of things in Egypt or in Turkey. Lewis the Fourteenth had left a debt of between two and three thousand millions of livres, but this had been wiped out by the heroic operations of Law; operations, by the way, which have never yet been scientifically criticised. But the debt soon grew again, by foolish wars, by the prodigality of the court, and by the rapacity of the nobles. It amounted in 1789 to something like two hundred and forty millions sterling; and it is interesting to notice that this was exactly the sum of the public debt of Great Britain at the same time. The year's excess of expenditure over receipts in 1774, was about fifty millions of livres: in 1787 it was one hundred and forty millions, or according to a different computation even two hundred millions. The material case was not at all desperate, if only the court had been less infatuated, and the spirit of the privileged orders had been less blind and less vile. The fatality of the situation lay in the characters of a handful of men and women. For France was abundant in resources, and even at this moment was far from unprosperous, in spite of the incredible trammels of law and custom. An able financier with the support of a popular chamber and the assent of the sovereign could have had no difficulty in restoring the public credit. But the conditions, simple as they might seem to a patriot or to posterity, were unattainable so long as power remained with a caste that were anything we please except patriots. An Assembly of Notables was brought together, but it was only the empty phantasm of national representation. Yet the situation was so serious that even this body, of arbitrary origin as it was, still was willing to accept vital reforms. The privileged order, who were then as their descendants are now, the worst conservative party in Europe, immediately persuaded the magisterial corporation to resist the Notables. This judicial corporation, or Parliament, of Paris had been suppressed under Lewis the Fifteenth and unfortunately revived again at the accession of his grandson. By the inconvenient constitution of the French government, the assent of that body was indispensable to fiscal legislation, on the ground that such legislation was part of the general police of the realm. The king's minister, now Loménie de Brienne, devised a new judicial constitution. But the churchmen, the nobles, and the lawyers, all united in protestations against such a blow. The common people are not always the best judges of a remedy for the evils under which they are the greatest sufferers, and they

broke out in disorder both in Paris and the provinces. They discerned an attack upon their local independence. Nobody would accept offices in the new courts, and the administration of justice was at a standstill. A loan was thrown upon the market, but the public could not be persuaded to take it up. It was impossible to collect the taxes. The interest on the national debt was unpaid, and the fundholder was dismayed and exasperated by an announcement that only two-fifths would be discharged in cash. A very large part of the national debt was held in the form of annuities for lives, and men who had invested their savings on the credit of the government, saw themselves left without a provision. The total number of fundholders cannot be ascertained with any precision, but it must have been very considerable, especially in Paris and the other great cities. Add to these all the civil litigants in the kingdom who had portions of their property virtually sequestered by the suspension of the courts into which the property had been taken. The resentment of this immense body of defrauded public creditors and injured private suitors explains the alienation of the middle class from the monarchy. In the convulsions of our own time, the moneyed interests have been on one side, and the population without money on the other. But in the first and greatest convulsion, those who had nothing to lose found their animosities shared by those who had had something to lose and had lost it.

Deliberative assemblies, then, had been tried, and ministers had been tried; both had failed, and there was no other device left, except one which was destructive to absolute monarchy. Lewis the Sixteenth was in 1789 in much the same case as that of the king of England in 1640. Charles had done his best to raise money without any parliament for twelve years: he had lost patience with the Short Parliament; finally he was driven without choice or alternative to face as he best could the stout resolution and the wise patriotism of the Long Parliament. Men sometimes wonder how it was that Lewis, when he came to find the National Assembly unmanageable, and discovering how rapidly he was drifting towards the thunders of the revolutionary cataract, did not break up a chamber over which neither the court nor even a minister so popular as Necker had the least control. It is a question whether the sword would not have broken in his hand. Even supposing, however, that the army would have consented to a violent movement against the Assembly, the king would still have been left in the same desperate straits from which he had looked to the States General to extricate him. He might perhaps have dispersed the Assembly; he could not disperse debt and deficit. Those monsters would have haunted him as implacably as ever. There was no new formula of exorcism, nor any untried enchantment. The success of violent designs

against the National Assembly, had success been possible, could after all have been followed by no other consummation than the relapse of France into the raging anarchy of Poland or the sullen decrepitude of Turkey.

This will seem to some persons no better than fatalism. But in truth there are two popular ways of reading the history of events between 1789 and 1794, and each of them seems to us as bad as the other. According to one, whatever happened in the Revolution was good and admirable, because it happened. According to the other, something good and admirable was always attainable and, if only bad men had not interposed, always ready to happen. Of course the only sensible view is that many of the revolutionary solutions were detestable, but no other solution was within reach. This is undoubtedly the best of possible worlds; if the best is not so good as we could wish, that is the fault of the possibilities. Such a doctrine is neither fatalism nor optimism, but an honest recognition of long chains of cause and effect in human affairs.

The great gathering of chosen men was first called States General; then it called itself National Assembly; it is commonly known in history as the Constituent Assembly. The name is of ironical association, for the constitution which it framed after much travail, endured for no more than a few months. Its deliberations lasted from May, 1789, until September, 1791. Among its members were three principal groups. There was first a band of blind adherents of the old system of government with all or most of its abuses. Second, there was a Centre of timid and one-eyed men, who were for transforming the old absolutist system into something that should resemble the constitution of our own country. Finally, there was a Left, with some differences of shade, but all agreeing in the necessity of a thorough re-modelling of every institution and most of the usages of the country. "Silence, you thirty votes!" cried Mirabeau one day, when he was interrupted by the dissents of the Mountain. This was the original measure of the party that in the twinkling of an eye was to wield the destinies of France. In our own time we have wondered at the rapidity with which a Chamber that was one day on the point of bringing back the grand-nephew of Lewis the Sixteenth, found itself a little later voting that Republic which has been ratified by the nation, and has at this moment the ardent good wishes of every enlightened politician in Europe. In the same way it is startling to think that within three years of the beheading of Lewis the Sixteenth, there was probably not one serious republican in the representative assembly of France. Yet it is always so. We might make just the same remark of the House of Commons at Westminster in 1640, and of the Assembly of Massachusetts or of New

York as late as 1770. The final flash of a long unconscious train of thought or intent is ever a surprise and a shock. It is a mistake to set these swift changes down to political levity; they were due rather to quickness of political intuition. It was the king's attempt at flight in the summer of 1791 that first created a republican party. It was that shameful exploit, and no theoretical preferences, that awoke France to the necessity of choosing between the sacrifice of monarchy and the restoration of territorial aristocracy.

Political intuition was never one of Robespierre's conspicuous gifts. But he had a doctrine that for a certain time served the same purpose. Rousseau had kindled in him a fervid democratic enthusiasm, and had penetrated his mind with the principle of the Sovereignty of the People. This famous dogma contained implicitly within it the more indisputable truth that a society ought to be regulated with a view to the happiness of the people. Such a principle made it easier for Robespierre to interpret rightly the first phases of the revolutionary movement. It helped him to discern that the concentrated physical force of the populace was the only sure protection against a civil war. And if a civil war had broken out in 1789, instead of 1793, all the advantages of authority would have been against the popular party. The first insurrection of Paris is associated with the harangue of Camille Desmoulins at the Palais Royal, with the fall of the Bastille, with the murder of the governor, and a hundred other scenes of melodramatic horror and the blood-red picturesque. The insurrection of the fourteenth of July, 1789, taught Robespierre a lesson of practical politics which exactly fitted in with his previous theories. In his resentment against the oppressive disorder of monarchy and feudalism, he had accepted the counter principle that the people can do no wrong, and nobody of sense now doubts that in their first great act the people of Paris did what was right. Six days after the fall of the Bastille, the Centre were for issuing a proclamation denouncing popular violence and ordering rigorous vigilance. Robespierre was then so little known in the Assembly that even his name was usually misspelt in the journals. From his obscure bench on the Mountain he cried out with bitter vehemence against the proposed proclamation:—"Revolt! But this revolt is liberty. The battle is not at its end. To-morrow, it may be, the shameful designs against us will be renewed; and who will there then be to repulse them, if beforehand we declare the very men to be rebels who have rushed to arms for our protection and safety?" This was the cardinal truth of the situation. Everybody knows Mirabeau's saying about Robespierre:—"That man will go far: he believes every word that he says!" This is much, but it is only half. It is not only that the man of power believes what he says;

what he believes must fit in with the facts and with the demands of the time. Now Robespierre's firmness of conviction happened at this stage to be rightly matched by his clearness of sight.

It is true that a passionate mob, its unearthly admixture of laughter with fury, of vacancy with deadly concentration, is as terrible as some uncouth antediluvian, or the unfamiliar monsters of the sea, or one of the giant plants that make men shudder with mysterious fear. The history of our own country in the eighteenth century tells of the riots against meeting-houses in Doctor Sacheverell's time, and the riots against papists and their abettors in Lord George Gordon's time, and Church-and-King riots in Doctor Priestley's time. It would be too bold, therefore, to maintain that the rabble of the poor have any more unerring political judgment than the rabble of the opulent. But in France in 1789 Robespierre was justified in saying that revolt meant liberty. If there had been no revolt in July, the court party would have had time to mature their infatuated designs of violence against the Assembly. In October these designs had come to life again. The royalists at Versailles had exultant banquets, at which, in the presence of the Queen, they drank confusion to all patriots, and trampled the new emblem of freedom passionately under foot. The news of this odious folly soon travelled to Paris. Its significance was speedily understood by a populace whose wits were sharpened by famine. Thousands of fire-eyed women and men tramped intrepidly out towards Versailles. If they had done less, the Assembly would have been dispersed or arbitrarily decimated, though such a measure would certainly have left the government in desperation.

At that dreadful moment of the Sixth of October, amid the slaughter of guards and the frantic yells of hatred against the Queen, it is no wonder that some were found to urge the King to flee to Metz. If he had accepted the advice, the course of the Revolution would have been different; but its march would have been just as irresistible, for revolution lay in the force of a hundred combined circumstances. Lewis, however, rejected these counsels, and suffered the mob to carry him in bewildering procession to his capital and his prison. That great man who was watching French affairs with such consuming eagerness from distant Beaconsfield in our English Buckinghamshire, instantly divined that this procession from Versailles to the Tuileries marked the fall of the monarchy. "A revolution in sentiment, manner, and moral opinions," the most important of all revolutions in a word, was in Burke's judgment to be dated from the Sixth of October, 1789.

The events of that day did indeed give its definite cast to the situation. The moral authority of the sovereign came to an end, along with the ancient and reverend mystery of the inviolability of

his person. The Count d'Artois, the king's second brother, one of the most worthless of human beings, as incurably addicted to sinister and suicidal counsels in 1789 as he was when he overthrew his own throne forty years later, had run away from peril and from duty after the insurrection of July. After the insurrection of October, a troop of the nobles of the court followed him. The personal cowardice of the Emigrants was only matched by their political blindness. Many of the most unwise measures in the assembly were only passed by small majorities, and the majorities would have been transformed into minorities if in the early days of the revolution, these unworthy men had only stood firm at their posts. Selfish oligarchies have scarcely ever been wanting in courage; the emigrant noblesse of France are almost the only instance of a great privileged and territorial caste that had as little bravery as they had patriotism. The explanation is that they had been an oligarchy not of power or duty but of self-indulgence. They were crushed by Richelieu to secure the unity of the monarchy. They now effaced themselves at the Revolution, and this secured that far greater object, the unity of the nation.

The disappearance of so many of the nobles from France was not the only abdication on the part of the conservative powers. Cowed and terrified by the events of October, no less than three hundred members of the Assembly sought to resign. The average attendance even at the most important sittings was often incredibly small. Thus the chamber came to have little more moral authority in face of the people of Paris than had the King himself. The people of Paris had themselves become in a day the masters of France.

This immense change led gradually to a decisive alteration in the position of Robespierre. He found the situation of affairs at last falling into perfect harmony with his doctrine. Rousseau had taught him that the people ought to be sovereign, and now the people were being recognised as sovereign *de facto* no less than *de jure*. Any limitations on the new divine right united the horror of blasphemy to the secular wickedness of political treason. After the Assembly had come to Paris, a famishing mob in a moment of mad fury murdered an unfortunate baker who was suspected of keeping back bread. These paroxysms led to the enactment of a new martial law. Robespierre spoke vehemently against it; such a law implied a wrongful distrust of the people. Then discussions followed as to the property qualification of an elector. Citizens were classed as active and passive. Only those were to have votes who paid direct taxes to the amount of three days' wages in the year. Robespierre flung himself upon this too famous distinction with bitter tenacity. If all men are equal, he cried, then all men ought to have votes: if he who only pays the amount of one day's work

has fewer rights than another who pays the amount of three days, why should not the man who pays ten days have more rights than the other who only pays the earnings of three days? This kind of reasoning had little weight with the Chamber, but it made the reasoner very popular with the throng in the galleries. Even within the Assembly, influence gradually came to the man who had a parcel of immutable axioms and postulates, and who was ready with a deduction and a phrase for each case as it arose. He began to stand out like a needle of sharp rock amid the flitting shadows of uncertain purpose and the vapoury drift of wandering aims.

Robespierre had no social conception, and he had nothing which can be described as a policy. He was the prophet of a sect, and had at this period none of the aims of the chief of a political party. What he had was democratic doctrine, and an intrepid logic. And Robespierre's intrepid logic was the nearest approach to calm force and coherent character that the first three years of the Revolution brought into prominence. When the Assembly met, Necker was the popular idol. Almost within a few weeks, this well-meaning but very incompetent divinity had slipped from his throne, and Lafayette had taken his place. Mirabeau came next. The ardent and animated genius of his eloquence fitted him above all men to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. And on the memorable Twenty-third of June, '89, he had shown the genuine audacity and resource of a revolutionary statesman, when he stirred the Chamber to defy the king's command, and hailed the royal usher with the following words:—"You, sir, have neither place nor right of speech. Go tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and only bayonets shall drive us hence!" But Mirabeau bore a tainted character, and was always distrusted. "Ah, how the immorality of my youth," he used to say, in words that sum up the tragedy of many a puissant life, "how the immorality of my youth hinders the public good!" The event proved that the popular suspicion was just: the patriot is now no longer merely suspected, but known, to have sullied his hands with the money of the court. He did not sell himself, it has been said; he allowed himself to be paid. The distinction was too subtle for men doing battle for their lives and for freedom, and Mirabeau's popularity waned towards the middle of 1790. The next favourite was Barnave, the generous and high-minded spokesman of those sanguine spirits who to the very end hoped against hope to save both the throne and its occupant. By the spring of 1791 Barnave followed his predecessors into disfavour. The Assembly was engaged on the burning question of the government of the colonies. Were the negro slaves to be admitted to citizenship, or was a legislature of planters to be entrusted with the task of social reformation? Our own generation

has seen in the republic of the West what strife this political difficulty is capable of raising. Barnave pronounced against the negroes. Robespierre, on the contrary, declaimed against any limitation of the right of the negro as a compromise with the avarice, pride, and cruelty of a governing race, and a guilty trafficking with the rights of man. Barnave from that day saw that his laurel crown had gone to Robespierre.

If the people 'called him noble that was now their hate, him vile that was their garland,' they did not transfer their affections without sound reason. Barnave's sensibility was too easily touched. There are many politicians in every epoch whose principles grow slack and flaccid at the approach of the golden sun of royalty. Barnave was one of those who was sent to bring back the fugitive king and queen from Varennes, and the journey by their side in the coach unstrung his spirit. He became one of the court's clandestine advisers. Men of this weak susceptibility of imagination are not fit for times of revolution. To be on the side of the court was to betray the cause of the nation. We cannot take too much pains to realise that the voluntary conversion of Lewis the Sixteenth to a popular constitution and the abolition of feudalism was practically as impossible as the conversion of Pope Pius the Ninth to the doctrine of a free church in a free state. Those who believe in the miracle of free will may think of this as they please; but sensible people who accept the scientific account of human character, know that the sudden transformation of a man or a woman brought up to middle age as the heir to centuries of absolutist tradition, into adherents of a government that agreed with the doctrines of Locke and Milton, was only possible on condition of supernatural interference. The king's good nature was no substitute for political capacity or insight. An instructive measure of the degree in which he possessed these two qualities may be found in that deplorable diary of his, where on such days as the 14th of July, when the Bastille fell, and the 6th of October, when he was carried in triumph from Versailles to the Tuileries, he made the simple entry, "*Rien.*" And he had no firmness. It was as difficult to keep the king to a purpose, La Marck said to Mirabeau, as to keep together a number of well oiled ivory balls. Lewis, moreover, was guided by a more energetic and less compliant character than his own.

Marie Antoinette's high mien in adversity, and the contrast between the dazzling splendour of her first years and the scenes of outrage and bloody death that made the climax of her fate, could not but strike the imaginations of men. Such contrasts are the very stuff of which Tragedy, the gorgeous muse with 'scepter'd pall,' loves to weave her most imposing raiment. But history must be just; and the character of the Queen had far more concern in the

disaster of the first five years of the Revolution, than had the character of Robespierre. Every new document that comes to light heaps up proof that if blind and obstinate choice of personal gratification before the common weal be enough to constitute a state criminal, then the Queen of France was one of the worst state criminals that ever afflicted a nation. The popular hatred of Marie Antoinette sprang from a sound instinct. We shall never know how much or how little truth there was in those frightful charges against her, that may still be read in a thousand pamphlets. These imputed depravities far surpass anything that John Knox ever said against Mary Stuart, or that Juvenal has recorded against Messalina; and perhaps for the only parallel we must look to the hideous stories of the Byzantine secretary against Theodora, the too famous empress of Justinian and the persecutor of Belisarius. We have to remember that all the revolutionary portraits are distorted by furious passion, and that Marie Antoinette may no more deserve to be compared to Mary Stuart, than Robespierre deserves to be compared to Ezzelino or to Alva. The aristocrats were the libellers, if libels they were. It is at least certain that from the unlucky hour when the Austrian arch duchess crossed the French frontier, a childish bride of fourteen, down to the hour when the Queen of France made the attempt to re-cross it in resentful flight one and twenty years afterwards, Marie Antoinette was ignorant, unteachable, blind to events and deaf to good counsels, a bitter grief to her heroic mother, the evil genius of her husband, the despair of her truest advisers, and an exceedingly bad friend to the people of France. When Burke had that immortal vision of her at Versailles—"just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy"—we know from the correspondence between Maria Theresa and her minister at Versailles, that what Burke really saw was no divinity but a flighty and troublesome schoolgirl, an accomplice in all the ignoble intrigues and a sharer of all the small busy passions that convulse the insects of a court. The levity that came with her Lorraine blood, broke out in incredible dissipations; in indiscreet visits to the masked balls at the opera, in midnight parades and mystifications on the terrace at Versailles, in insensate gambling. "The court of France is turned into a gaming-hell," said the Emperor Joseph, the Queen's own brother: "if they do not amend, the revolution will be cruel." These vices or follies were less mischievous than her intervention in affairs of state. Here her levity was as marked as in the paltry affairs of the boudoir and the ante-chamber, and here to levity she added both dissimulation and vindictiveness. It was the Queen's influence that procured the dismissal of the two virtuous ministers by whose aid the King was

striving to arrest the decay of the government of his kingdom. Malesherbes was distasteful to her for no better reason than that she wanted his post for some favourite's favourite. Against Turgot she conspired with tenacious animosity, because he had suppressed a sinecure which she designed for a court parasite, and because he would not support her caprice on behalf of a worthless creature of her faction. These two admirable men were disgraced on the same day. The Queen wrote to her mother that she had not meddled in the affair. This was a falsehood, for she had even sought to have Turgot thrown into the Bastille. "I am as one dashed to the ground," cried the great Voltaire, now nearing his end;—"Never can we console ourselves for having seen the golden age dawn and vanish. My eyes see only death in front of me now that Turgot is gone. The rest of my days must be all bitterness." What hope could there be that the personage who had thus put out the light of hope for France in 1776, would welcome that greater flame which was kindled in the land in 1789?

When people write hymns of pity for the Queen, we always recall the poor woman whom Arthur Young met, as he was walking up a hill to ease his horse near Mars-le-Tour. Though the unfortunate creature was only twenty-eight, she might have been taken for sixty or seventy, her figure was so bent, her face so furrowed and hardened by toil. Her husband, she said, had a morsel of land, one cow, and a poor little horse, yet he had to pay forty-two pounds of wheat and three chickens to one Seigneur, and one hundred and sixty pounds of oats, one chicken, and one franc to another, besides very heavy tailles and other taxes; and they had seven children. She had heard that "something was to be done by some great folks for such poor ones, but she did not know who nor how, but God send us better, for the tailles and the dues grind us to the earth." It was such hapless drudges as this who replenished the Queen's gaming tables at Versailles. Thousands of them dragged on the burden of their harassed and desperate days, less like men and women than beasts of the field wrung and tortured and mercilessly overladen, in order that the Queen might gratify her childish passion for diamonds, or lavish money and estates on worthless female Polignacs and Lamballes, or kill time at a cost of five hundred louis a night at lansquenets and the faro bank. The Queen, it is true, was in all this no worse than other dissipated women then and since. She did not realise that it was the system to which she had stubbornly committed herself, that drove the people of the fields to cut their crop green to be baked in the oven, because their hunger could not wait, or made them cower whole days in their beds, because there misery seemed to gnaw them with a duller fang. That she was unconscious of its effect, makes no difference in the real

drift of her policy ; makes no difference in the judgment that we ought to pass upon it, nor in the gratitude that is owed to the stern men who rose up to consume her and her court with righteous flame. The Queen and the courtiers and the hard-faring woman of Mars-le-Tour and that whole generation have long been dust and shadow ; they have vanished from the earth, as if they were no more than the fire-flies that the peasant of the Italian poet saw dancing in the vineyard, as he took his evening rest on the hill-side. They have all fled back into the impenetrable shade whence they came ; our minds are free ; if social equity is not a chimera, Marie Antoinette was the protagonist of the most barbarous and execrable of causes.

Let us return to the shaping of the Constitution, the stability of which was to depend upon the Queen's loyalty. Robespierre left some characteristic marks on the final arrangements. He imposed upon the Assembly a motion prohibiting any member of it from accepting office under the crown for a period of four years after the dissolution. Robespierre from this time forth constantly illustrated a very singular truth ; namely, that the most ostentatious faith in humanity in general seems always to beget the sharpest distrust of all human beings in particular. He proceeded further in the same direction. It was Robespierre who persuaded the Chamber to pass a self-denying ordinance. All its members were declared ineligible for a seat in the legislature that was to replace them. The members of the Right on this occasion went with their bitter foes of the Extreme Left, and to both parties have been imputed sinister and Machiavellian motives. The Right, aware that their own return to the new Assembly was impossible, were delighted to reduce the men with whom they had been carrying on incensed battle for two long years, to their own obscurity and impotence. Robespierre, on the other hand, is accused of a jealous desire to exclude Barnave from power. He is accused also of a deliberate intention to weaken the new legislature, in order to secure the preponderance of the Parisian clubs. There is no evidence that these malignant feelings were in Robespierre's mind. The reasons he gave were exactly of the kind that we should have expected to weigh with a man of his stamp. There is even a certain truth in them, that is not inconsistent with the experience of a parliamentary country like our own. To talk, he said, of the transmission of light and experience from one assembly to another was to distrust the public spirit. The influence of opinion and the general good grows less, as the influence of parliamentary orators grows greater. He had no taste, he proceeded with one of his chilly sneers, for that new science which was styled the tactics of great assemblies ; it was too like intrigue. Nothing but truth and reason ought to reign in a legislature. He did not like the idea of clever men becoming dominant by skilful tactics, and then perpetu-

ating their empire from one assembly to another. He wound up his discourse with some theatrical talk about disinterestedness. When he sat down, he was greeted with enthusiastic acclamations such as a few months before used to greet the stormful Mirabeau, now wrapped in eternal sleep amid the stillness of the new Pantheon. The folly of Robespierre's inferences is obvious enough. If only truth and reason ought to reign in a legislature, then it is all the more important not to exclude any body of men through whom truth and reason might possibly enter. Robespierre had striven hard to remove all restrictions from admission to the electoral franchise. He did not see that to limit the choice of candidates was in itself the most grievous of restrictions.

The common view has been that the Constitution of 1791 perished because its creators were thus disabled from defending the work of their hands. This view led to a grave mistake four years later, after Robespierre had gone to his grave. The Convention, framing the Constitution of the Year III., decided that two-thirds of the existing assembly should keep their places, and that only one-third should be popularly elected. This led to the revolt of the Thirteenth Vendémiaire, and afterwards to the coup d'état of the Eighteenth Fructidor. In that sense no doubt Robespierre's proposal was the indirect root of much mischief. But it is childish to believe that if a hundred of the most prominent members of the Constituent had found seats in the new assembly, they would have saved the Constitution. Their experience, the loss of which it is the fashion to deplore, could have had no application to the strange combinations of untoward circumstance that were now rising up with such deadly rapidity in every quarter of the horizon like vast sombre banks of impenetrable cloud. Prudence in new cases, as has been somewhere said, can do nothing on grounds of retrospect. The work of the Constituent was doomed by the very nature of things. Their assumption that the Revolution was made, while all France was still torn by fierce and unappeasable disputes as to seignorial rights, was one of the most striking pieces of self-deception in history. It is told how in the eleventh century, when the fervent hosts of the Crusaders tramped across Europe on their way to deliver the Holy City from the hands of the unbelievers, the wearied children, as they espied each new town that lay in their interminable march, cried out with joyful expectation, 'Is not this then Jerusalem?' So France had set out on a portentous journey, little knowing how far off was the end; lightly taking each poor halting-place for the deeply longed-for goal; and waxing more fiercely disappointed as each new height they gained only disclosed yet further and more unattainable horizons. "Alas," said Burke, "they little know how many a weary step is to be taken, before they can form themselves into a mass which has a true political personality."

An immense revolution had been effected, but by what force were its fruits to be guarded? Each step in the revolution had raised a host of irreconcilable enemies. The rights of property, the old and jealous associations of local independence, the traditions of personal dignity, the relations of the civil to the spiritual power—these were the momentous matters about which the lawmakers of the Constituent had exercised themselves. The parties of the Chamber had for these two years past been laying mine and counter-mine among the very deepest foundations of society. One by one, each great corporation of the old order had been alienated from the new order. It was inevitable that it should be so. Let us look at one or two examples of this. The monarchy had imposed upon France administrative centralisation without securing national unity. Thus the great provinces that had been slowly added, one after the other, to the monarchy, while becoming members of the same kingdom still retained different institutions and isolated usages. The time was now come when France should be France, and its inhabitants Frenchmen, and no longer Bretons, Normans, Gascons, Provençals. The Assembly by a single decree (1790) redivided the country into eighty-three departments. It wiped out at a stroke the separate administrations, the separate parliaments, the peculiar privileges, and even the historic names of the old provinces. We need not dwell on the significance of this change here, but will only remark in passing that the stubborn disputes from the time of the Regency downwards between the crown and the provincial parlements turned, under other names and in other forms, upon this very issue of the unification of the law. The Crown was on the progressive side, but it lacked the strength and courage to set aside retrograde local sentiment, as the Constituent Assembly set it aside.

Then this prodigious change in the distribution of government was accompanied by no less prodigious a change in the source of power. Popular election replaced the old system of territorial privilege and aristocratic prerogative. The effect of this vital innovation, followed as it was a few months later by a decree abolishing titles and armorial bearings, was to complete the estrangement of the old privileged classes from the revolutionary movement. All that they had meant to concede was the payment of an equal land tax. What was life worth to the noble if common people were to be allowed to wear arms, and to command a company of foot or a troop of horse; if he was no longer to have thousands of acres left waste for the chase; if he was compelled to sue for a vote where he had only yesterday reigned as manorial lord; if in short he was at a stroke to lose all those delights of insolence and vanity which had made not the decoration but the very substance of his days?

Nor were the nobles of the sword and the red-heeled slipper the only

outraged class. The magistracy of the provincial parliaments were inflamed with resentment against changes that stripped them of the power of exciting against the new government the same factious and impracticable spirit with which they had on so many occasions embarrassed the old. The clergy were thrown even still more violently into opposition. The Assembly, sorely pressed for resources, declared the property held by ecclesiastics, amounting to a revenue of not less than eight million pounds sterling a year, or double that amount in modern values, to be the property of the nation. Talleyrand carried a measure decreeing the sale of the ecclesiastical domain. The clergy were as intensely irritated as laymen would have been by a similar assertion of sovereign right. And their irritation was made still more dangerous by the next set of measures against them.

The Assembly withdrew all recognition of Catholicism as the religion of the State; monastic vows were abolished, and orders and congregations suppressed; the ecclesiastical division were made to coincide with the civil division, a bishop being allotted to each department. What was a more important revolution than all, bishops and incumbents were henceforth to be appointed by popular election. The Assembly, who had always the institutions of our own country before them, meant to introduce into France the system of the Church of England, which was even then an anachronism in the land of its birth; much worse was such a system an anachronism, after belief had been sapped by a Voltaire and an Encyclopædia. The clergy both showed and excited a mutinous spirit. The Assembly, by way of retort, decreed that all ecclesiastics should take the oath of allegiance to the civil constitution of the clergy, on pain of forfeiture of their benefices. Five-sixths of the clergy refused, and the result was an outbreak of religious fury in the great towns of the south and elsewhere, which recalled the violence of the sixteenth century and the Reformation.

Thus when the Constituent Assembly ceased from its labours, the popular party had to face the mocking and defiant privileged classes; the magistracy, whose craft and calling were gone; and the clergy and as many of the flocks as shared the holy vindictiveness of their pastors. Immense material improvements had been made, but who was to guard them against all these powerful and exasperated bands? No chamber could execute so portentous an office, least of all a chamber that was bound to work in accord with a king who at the very moment when he was swearing fidelity to the new order of things, was sending entreaties to the king of Prussia and to the Emperor, his brother-in-law, to overthrow the new order and bring back the old. If the revolution had achieved priceless gains for France, they could only be preserved on con-

dition that public action was directed by those who valued these gains for themselves and for their children above all things else—above the monarchy, above the constitution, above peace, above their own sorry lives. There was only one party who showed this passionate devotion, this fanatical resolution not to suffer the work that had been done to be undone, and never to allow France to sink back from exalted national life into the lethargy of national death. That party was the Jacobins, and above all the austere and rigorous Jacobins of Paris. On their ascendancy depended the triumph of the revolution, and on the triumph of the revolution depended the salvation of France. Their ascendancy meant a Jacobin dictatorship, and against this, as against dictatorship in all its forms, many things have been said, and truly said. But the one most important thing that can be said about Jacobin dictatorship is that, in spite of all the dolorous mishaps and hateful misdeeds that marked its course, it was still the only instrument capable of concentrating and utilising the dispersed social energy of the French people. The crisis was not a crisis of logic but of force, and the Jacobins alone understood, as the old Covenanters had understood, that problems of force are not solved by phrases but by mastery and the sword.

The great popular club of Paris was the centre of all those who looked at events in this spirit. The Legislative Assembly, the successor of the Constituent, met in the month of October, 1791. Like its predecessor, the Legislative contained a host of excellent and patriotic men, and they at once applied themselves to the all-important task, which the Constituent had left so deplorably incomplete, of finally breaking down the old feudal rights. The most important group in the new chamber were the deputies from the Gironde. Events soon revealed violent dissents between the Girondins and the Jacobins, but, for some months after the meeting of the Legislative, Girondins and Jacobins represented together in unbroken unity the great popular party. From this time until the fall of the monarchy, the whole of this popular party in all its branches found their rallying-place not in the Assembly but in the Jacobin Club; and the ascendancy of the Jacobin Club embodied the dictatorship of Paris. It was only from Paris that the whole circle of events could be commanded. When the peasants had got what they wanted, that is to say the emancipation of the land, they were ready to think that the Revolution was in safety and at an end. They were in no position to see the enmity of the exiles, the dangerous selfishness of Austria and Prussia, the disloyal machinations of the court, the reactionary sentiment of La Vendée, the absolute unworkableness of the new constitution. Arthur Young in the height of the agitations of the Constituent Assembly found himself at Moulins, the capital of the Bourbonnais and on the great post-road to Italy. He went to

the best coffee-house in the town, and found as many as twenty tables spread for company, but as for a newspaper, he says he might as well have asked for an elephant. In the capital of a great province, the seat of an intendant, at a moment like that, with a National Assembly voting a revolution, and not a newspaper to tell the people whether Fayette, Mirabeau, or Lewis XVI. were on the throne! Could such a people as this, he cries, ever have made a revolution or become free? Never in a thousand centuries: the enlightened mob of Paris have done the whole. And that was the plain truth. What was involved in such a truth, we shall see presently.

Robespierre had now risen to be one of the foremost men in France. To borrow the figure of an older chief of French faction, from trifling among the violins in the orchestra, he had ascended to the stage itself, and had a right to perform leading parts. Disqualified for sitting in the Assembly, he wielded greater power than ever in the Club. The Constituent had been full of his enemies. "Alone with my own soul," he once cried to the Jacobins, "how could I have borne struggles that were beyond any human strength, if I had not raised my spirit to God?" This isolation marked him with a kind of theocratic distinction. These communings with the unseen powers gave a certain indefinable prerogative to a man, even among the children of the century of Voltaire. Condorcet, the youngest of the intimates and disciples of Voltaire, of D'Alembert, of Turgot, was the first to sound bitter warning that Robespierre was at heart a priest. The suggestion was more than a gibe. Priest is the mystagogue in office; his own authority is bound up with the prosperity and acceptance of his holy wares; he holds the necessity of an intervener and interpreter, and that intervener is himself; his spirit has no elasticity, no pliancy, no spaciousness; it stifles and is stifled. Decidedly Robespierre had the sacerdotal temperament, its sense of personal importance, its thin unction, its private leanings to the stake and the cord; and he had one of those deplorable natures that seem as if they had never known the careless joys of a spring-time in their lives. By-and-by, from mere priest he developed into the deadlier carnivore, the Inquisitor.

The absence of advantages of bodily presence has never been fatal to the pretensions of the pontiff. Robespierre was only a couple of inches above five feet in height, but the Grand Monarch himself was hardly more. His eyes were small and weak, and he usually wore spectacles; his face was pitted by the marks of small-pox; his complexion was dull and sometimes livid; the tones of his voice were dry and shrill; and he spoke with the vulgar accent of his province. Such is the accepted tradition, and there is no reason to dissent from

it. It is fair, however, to remember that Robespierre's enemies had command of his historic reputation at its source, and this is always a great advantage for faction if not for truth. So Robespierre's voice and person may have been maligned, just as Aristophanes may have been a calumniator when he accused Cleon of having an intolerably loud voice and smelling of the tan-yard. What is certain is that Robespierre was a master of effective oratory adapted for a violent popular audience, to impress, to persuade, and to command. The Convention would have yawned, if it had not trembled under him, but the Jacobin Club never found him tedious. Robespierre's style had no richness either of feeling or of phrase; no fervid originality, no happy violences. If we turn from a page of Rousseau to a page of Robespierre, we feel that the disciple has none of the thrilling sonorousness of the master; the glow and the ardour have become metallic; the long-drawn plangency is parodied by shrill notes of splenetic complaint. The rhythm has no broad wings; the phrases have no quality of radiance; the oratorical glimpses never lift the spirit into new worlds. We are never conscious of those great pulses of strong emotion that shake and vibrate through the nobly measured periods of Cicero or Bossuet or Burke. Robespierre could not rival the vivid and highly-coloured declamation of Vergniaud; his speeches were never heated with the ardent passion that poured like a torrent of fire through some of the orations of Isnard; nor, above all, had he any mastery of that dialect of the Titans by which Danton convulsed an audience with fear, with amazement, or with the spirit of defiant endeavour. The absence of these intenser qualities did not make Robespierre's speeches less effective for their own purpose. On the contrary, when the air has become torrid, and passionate utterance is cheap, then severity in form is very likely to pass for good sense in substance. That Robespierre had decent fluency, copiousness, and finish, need hardly be said. The French have an artistic sense; they have never accepted our own whimsical doctrine, that a man's politics must be sagacious if his speaking is only clumsy enough. Robespierre more than once showed himself ready with a forcible reply on critical occasions: this only makes him an illustration the more of the good oratorical rule that he is most likely to come well out of the emergency of an improvisation, who is usually most careful to prepare. Robespierre was as solicitous about the correctness of his speech, as he was about the neatness of his clothes; he no more grudged the pains given to the polishing of his discourses, than he grudged the time given every day to the powdering of his hair.

Nothing was more remarkable than his dexterity in presenting his case. James Mill used to point out to his son among other skilful arts of Demosthenes these two: first, that he said everything

important to his purpose at the exact moment when he had brought the minds of his hearers into the state most fitted to receive it; second, that he insinuated gradually and indirectly into their minds ideas which would have roused opposition if they had been expressed more directly. Mr. Mill once called the attention of the present writer to exactly the same kind of rhetorical skill in the speeches of Robespierre. The reader may do well to turn, for excellent specimens of this, to the speech of January 11, 1792, against the war, or that of May, 1794, against atheism. The logic is stringent, but the premisses are arbitrary. Robespierre is as one who should iterate indisputable propositions of abstract geometry and mechanics, while men are craving an architect who shall bridge the gulf of waters. Exuberance of high words no longer conceals the sterility of his ideas and the shallowness of his method. We should say of his speeches, as of so much of the speaking and writing of the time, that it is transparent and smooth, but there is none of that quality which the critics of painting call Texture.

His listeners, however, in the old refectory of the Convent of the Jacobins, took little heed of these things; the matter was too absorbing, the issue too vital. A hundred years before, the hunted covenanters of the western Lowlands, with Claverhouse's dragoons a few miles off, exulted in the endless exhortations and expositions of their hill preachers; they relished nothing so keenly as three hours of Mucklewrath, followed by three hours more of Peter Poundtext. We now find the jargon of the Mucklewraths and the Poundtexts of the Solemn League and Covenant, dead as it is, still not devoid of the picturesque and the impressive. If we cannot say the same of the great preacher of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, the reason is partly that time has not yet softened the tones, and partly that there is no one in all the world with whom it is so difficult to sympathise as with the narrower fanatics of our own particular faith.

We have still to mark the trait that above every thing else gave to Robespierre the trust and confidence of Paris. As men listened to him, they had full faith in the integrity of the speaker. And Robespierre in one way deserved this confidence. He was eminently the possessor of a conscience. When the strain of circumstance in the last few months of his life pressed him towards wrong, at least before doing wrong he was forced to lie to his own conscience. This is a kind of honesty, as the world goes. In the Salon of 1791 an artist exhibited Robespierre's portrait, simply inscribing it, *The Incorruptible*. Throngs passed before it every day, and ratified the honourable designation by eager murmurs of approval. The democratic journals were loud in panegyric on the unsleeping sentinel of liberty. They loved to speak of him as the modern Fabricius, and delighted to recall the words of Pyrrhus, that it is easier to turn the

sun from its course than to turn Fabricius from the path of honour. Patriotic parents eagerly besought him to be sponsor for their children. Ladies of wealth, including at least one countrywoman of our own, vainly entreated him to accept their purses, for women are quick to recognise the temperament of the priest, and recognising they adore. A rich widow of Nantes besought him with pertinacious tenderness to accept not only her purse but her hand. Mirabeau's sister hailed him as an eagle floating through the heavens.

Robespierre's life was frugal and simple, as must always be seemly in the spokesman of the dumb multitude whose lives are very hard. He had a single room in the house of Duplay, at the extreme west end of the long Rue Saint Honoré, half a mile from the Jacobin Club, and less than that from the Riding School of the Tuileries where the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies held session. His room, which served him for bed-chamber as well as for the uses of the day, was scantily furnished, and he shared the homely fare of his host. Duplay was a carpenter, a sworn follower of Robespierre, and the whole family cherished their guest as if he had been a son and a brother. Between him and the eldest daughter of the house there grew up a more tender sentiment, and Robespierre looked forward to the joys of the hearth, so soon as his country should be delivered from the oppressors without and the traitors within.

Eagerly as Robespierre delighted in his popularity, he intended it to be a force and not a decoration. An occasion of testing his influence arose in the winter of 1791. The situation had become more and more difficult. The court was more disloyal and more perverse, as its hopes that the nightmare would come to an end became fainter. In the summer of 1791, the German Emperor, the King of Prussia, and minor champions of retrograde causes issued the famous Declaration of Pilnitz. The menace of intervention was the one element needed to make the position of the monarchy desperate. It roused France to fever heat. For along with the foreign kings were the French princes of the blood and the French nobles. In the spring of 1792, the Assembly forced the king to declare war against Austria. Robespierre in spite of the strong tide of warlike feeling, led the Jacobin opposition to the war. This is one of the most sagacious acts of his career, for the hazards of the conflict were terrible. If the foreigners and the emigrant nobles were victorious, all that the Revolution had won would be instantly and irretrievably lost. If, on the other hand, the French armies were victorious, one of two disasters might follow. The troops might either become a weapon in the hands of the court and the reactionary party, for the suppression of all the progressive parties

alike; or else their general might make himself supreme. Robespierre divined, what the Girondins did not, that Narbonne and the court in accepting the cry for war, were secretly designing first to crush the faction of emigrant nobles, then to make the king popular at home, and thus finally to construct a strong royalist army. The Constitutional party in the Legislative Assembly had the same ideas as Narbonne. The Girondins sought war; first from a genuine, if not a profoundly wise enthusiasm for liberty, which they would fain have spread all over the world; and next because they thought war would increase their popularity and give them decisive control of the situation.

The first effect of the war declared in April, 1792, was to shake down the throne. Operations had no sooner begun, than the king became an object of bitter and amply warranted suspicion. Neither the leaders nor the people had forgotten his flight a year before, to place himself at the head of the foreign invaders, nor the letter that he had left behind him for the National Assembly, protesting against all that had been done. They were again reminded of what short shrift they might expect if the king's friends should come back. The Duke of Brunswick at the head of the foreign army set out on his march, and issued his famous proclamation to the inhabitants of France. He demanded immediate and unconditional submission; he threatened with fire and sword every town, village, or hamlet, that should dare to defend itself; and finally he swore that if the smallest violence or insult were done to the king or his family, the city of Paris should be handed over to military execution and absolute destruction. This insensate document bears marks in every line of the implacable hate and burning thirst for revenge that consumed the aristocratic refugees. Only civil war can awake such rage as Brunswick's manifesto betrayed. It was drawn up by the French nobles at Coblenz. He merely signed it. The reply to it was the memorable insurrection of the Tenth of August, 1792. The king was thrown into prison, and the Legislative Assembly made way for the National Convention.

Robespierre's part in the great rising of August was only secondary. Only a few weeks before he had started a journal and written articles in a constitutional sense. M. d'Héricault believes a story that Robespierre's aim in this had been to have himself accepted as tutor for the young dauphin. It is impossible to prove a negative, but we find great difficulty in believing that such a post could ever have been an object of Robespierre's ambition. Now and always he showed a rather singular preference for the substance of power over its glitter. He was vain and an egoist, but in spite of this, and in spite of his passion for empty phrases, he was not without a sense of reality.

The insurrection of the 10th of August, however, was the idea, not of Robespierre, but of a more commanding personage, who now became one of the foremost of the Jacobin chiefs. De Maistre, that ardent champion of reaction, found a striking argument for the presence of the Divine hand in the Revolution, in the intense mediocrity of the revolutionary leaders. How could such men, he asked, have achieved such results, if they had not been instruments of the directing will of Heaven? Danton at any rate is above this caustic criticism. Danton was of the Herculean type of a Luther, though without Luther's deep vision of spiritual things; or a Chatham, though without Chatham's august majesty of life; or a Cromwell, though without Cromwell's calm steadfastness of patriotic purpose. His visage and port seemed to declare his character: dark overhanging brows; eyes that had the gleam of lightning; a savage mouth; an immense head; the voice of a Stentor. Madame Roland pictured him as a fiercer Sardanapalus. Artists called him Jove the Thunderer. His enemies saw in him the Satan of the Paradise Lost. He was no moral regenerator; the difference between him and Robespierre is typified in Danton's version of an old saying, that he who hates vices hates men. He was not free from that careless life-contemning desperation which sometimes belongs to forcible natures. Danton cannot be called noble, because nobility implies purity, an elevation, and a kind of seriousness which were not his. He was too heedless of his good name, and too blind to the truth that though right and wrong may be near neighbours, yet the line that separates them is of an awful sacredness. If Robespierre passed for a hypocrite by reason of his scruple, Danton seemed a desperado by his airs of 'immoral thoughtlessness.' But the world forgives much to a royal size, and Danton was one of the men who strike deep notes. He had that largeness of motive, fulness of nature, and capaciousness of mind, which will always redeem a multitude of infirmities.

Though the author of some of the most tremendous and far-sounding phrases of an epoch that was only too rich in them, yet phrases had no empire over him; he was their master, not their dupe. Of all the men who succeeded Mirabeau as directors of the unchained forces, we feel that Danton alone was in his true element. Action, which poisoned the blood of such men as Robespierre, and drove such men as Vergniaud out of their senses with exaltation, was to Danton his native sphere. When France was for a moment discouraged, it was he who nerved her to new effort by the electrifying cry, "*We must dare, and again dare, and without end dare!*" If his rivals or his friends seemed too intent on trifles, too apt to confound side issues with the central aim of the battle, Danton was ever ready to urge them to take a juster

measure:—" *When the edifice is all ablaze, I take little heed of the knaves who are pilfering the household goods; I rush to put out the flames.*" When base egoism was compromising a cause more priceless than the personality of any man, it was Danton who made them ashamed by the soul-inspiring exclamation, "*Let my name be blotted out and my memory perish; if only France may be free.*" The Girondins denounced the popular clubs of Paris as hives of lawlessness and outrage. Danton warned them that it were wiser to go to these seething societies and to guide them, than to waste breath in futile denunciation. "A nation in revolution," he cried to them, in a superb figure, "is like the bronze boiling, and foaming, and purifying itself in the cauldron. Not yet is the statue of liberty cast. Fiercely boils the metal; have an eye on the furnace, or the flame will surely scorch you." If there was murderous work below the hatches, that was all the more reason why the steersman should keep his hand strong and ready on the wheel, with an eye quick for each new drift in the hurricane, and each new set in the raging currents. This is ever the figure under which one conceives Danton—a Titanic shape doing battle with the fury of the seas, yielding while flood upon flood sweeps wildly over him, and then with unshaken foothold and undaunted front once more surveying the waste of waters, and striving with dexterous energy to force the straining vessel over the waters of the bar.

La Fayette had called the huge giant of popular force from its squalid lurking-places, and now he trembled before its presence, and fled from it shrieking with averted hands. Marat thrust swords into the giant's half-unwilling grasp, and plied him with bloody incitement to slay hip and thigh, and so filled the land with a horror that has not faded from out of men's minds to this day. Danton instantly discerned that the problem was to preserve revolutionary energy, and still to persuade the insurgent forces to retire once more within their boundaries. Robespierre discerned this too, but he was paralysed and bewildered by his own principles, as the convinced doctrinaire is so apt to be amid the perplexities of practice: the teaching of Rousseau was ever pouring like thin smoke among his ideas, and clouding his view of actual conditions. The tenth of August produced a considerable change in Robespierre's point of view. It awoke him to the precipitous steepness of the slope down which the revolutionary car was rushing headlong. His faith in the infallibility of the people suffered no shock, but he was in a moment alive to the need of walking warily, and his whole march from now until the end, twenty-three months later, became timorous, cunning, and oblique. His intelligence seemed to move in subterranean tunnels, with the gleam of an equivocal premiss at one end, and the mist of a vague conclusion at the other. . .

The enthusiastic pedant, with his narrow understanding, his thin purism, and his idyllic sentimentalism, found that the summoning archangel of his paradise proved to be a ruffian with a pike. The shock must have been tremendous. Robespierre did not quail nor retreat; he only revised his notion of the situation. A curious interview once took place between him and Marat. Robespierre began by assuring the Friend of the People that he quite understood the atrocious demands for blood with which the columns of Marat's newspaper were filled, to be merely useful exaggerations of his real designs. Marat repelled the disparaging imputation of clemency and common sense, and talked in his familiar vein of poniarding brigands, burning despots alive in their palaces, and empaling the traitors of the Assembly on their own benches. "Robespierre," says Marat, "listened to me with affright; he turned pale and said nothing. The interview confirmed the opinion I had always had of him, that he united the integrity of a thoroughly honest man and the zeal of a good patriot with the enlightenment of a wise senator, but that he was without either the views or the audacity of a real statesman." The picture is instructive, for it shows us Robespierre's invariable habit of leaving violence and iniquity unrebuked; of conciliating the practitioners of violence and iniquity; and of contenting himself with an inward hope of turning the world into a right course by fine words. He had no audacity in Marat's sense, but he was no coward. He knew, as all these men knew, that almost from hour to hour he carried his life in his hand, yet he declined to seek shelter in the obscurity which saved such men as Sieyès. But if he had courage, he had not the initiative of a man of action. He invented none of the ideas or methods of the Revolution, not even the Reign of Terror, but he was very dexterous in accepting or appropriating what more audacious spirits than himself had devised and enforced. The pedant, cursed with the ambition to be a ruler of men, is a curious study. He would be glad not to go too far, and yet his chief dread is lest he be left behind. His consciousness of pure aims allows him to become an accomplice in the worst crimes. Suspecting himself at bottom to be a theorist, he hastens to clear his character as a man of practice by conniving at an enormity. Thus, in September, 1792, a band of miscreants committed the grievous massacres in the prisons of Paris. Robespierre, though the best evidence goes to show that he not only did not abet the prison murders, but in his heart deplored them, yet after the event did not scruple to justify what had been done. This was the beginning of a long course of compliance with sanguinary misdeeds, for which Robespierre has been as hotly execrated as if he prompted them. We do not, for the moment, measure the relative degrees of guilt that attached to

mere compliance, on the one hand, and diabolic origination on the other. But his position in the Revolution is not rightly understood, unless we recognise him as being in almost every case an accessory after the fact.

Between the fall of Lewis in 1792 and the fall of Robespierre in 1794, France was the scene of two main series of events. One set comprises the repulse of the invaders, the suppression of an extensive civil war, and the attempted reconstruction of a social framework. The other comprises the rapid phases of an internecine struggle of violent and short-lived factions. By an unhappy fatality, due partly to anti-democratic prejudice, and partly to men's unfailing passion for melodrama, the Reign of Terror has been popularly taken for the central and most important part of the revolutionary epic. This is nearly as absurd as it would be to make Gustave Flourens' manifestation of the Fifth of October, or the rising of the Thirty-first of October, the most prominent features in a history of the war of French defence six years ago. In truth, the Terror was a mere episode; and just as the rising of October, 1870, was due to Marshal Bazaine's capitulation at Metz, it is easy to see that, with one exception, every violent movement in Paris, from 1792 to 1794, was due to menace or to disaster on the frontier. Every one of the famous days of Paris was an answer to some enemy without. The storm of the Tuileries on the Tenth of August, as we have already said, was the response to Brunswick's proclamation. The bloody days of September were the reaction of panic at the capture of Longwy and Verdun by the Prussians. The surrender of Cambrai provoked the execution of Marie Antoinette. The defeat at Aix-la-Chapelle produced the abortive insurrection of the Tenth of March; and the treason of Dumouriez, the reverses of Custine, and the rebellion in La Vendée, produced the effectual insurrection of the Thirty-first of May, 1793. The last of these two risings of Paris, headed by the Commune, against the Convention which was until then controlled by the Girondins, at length gave the government of France and the defence of the Revolution definitely over to the Jacobins. Their patriotic dictatorship lasted unbroken for a short period of ten months, and then the great party broke up into factions. The splendid triumphs of the dictatorship have been, in England at any rate, too usually forgotten, and only the crimes of the factions remembered. Robespierre's history unfortunately belongs to the less important battle; but we must reserve this more eventful part of his life for a second paper.

EDITOR.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

UNSETTLED PROBLEMS OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

THE presidential election of 1876 finds the two great parties of the United States much more evenly balanced in strength than they have been since 1860. In that year, the feeling of the people on the slavery question had become so profound, that it led to a great and memorable defeat of the Democratic party, and in 1864 the same feeling, added to the determination to preserve the Union, secured the re-election of Mr. Lincoln. Four years later, the anxiety of the Northern States to have all the "war issues" settled on a firm basis, prompted the nomination of the general whose skill and energy had crushed the rebellion, and the Democrats found themselves unable to carry more than eight states against him. In 1872, the Democrats chose as their candidate a man who had been their bitterest foe throughout his lifetime, and their followers deserted them by thousands. This paved the way for the easy success of General Grant for the second time. His majority over Seymour in 1868 was 305,458; over Greeley in 1872 it was 763,007. It might have been better for the country, perhaps for the Republican party itself, if the victory on the last occasion had been of a less overwhelming character, for it seemed to produce the impression on the minds of some of the leaders that their power was too firmly established to meet with any serious reverse, and that the popular distrust of their opponents would alone insure their continual success. This illusion received several rude shocks in 1874, and when at last it was found that a Democratic majority had been sent to the Lower House of Congress, everybody could see that the greatest party which the country had ever known—a party which in its time has received more signal proofs of the confidence and affection of the people than any other—was placed in a critical position, and could only be saved by the exercise of the utmost circumspection and tact. It is now to be brought up for the solemn judgment of the people, and the next three months will decide its fate for years to come.

The Republicans have been in power for sixteen years, and whatever may be their shortcomings, it must be admitted that there never was a party in any country which had heavier responsibilities thrust upon it. The slavery question, which had been the subject of compromises ever since the foundation of the government, came up at last in a shape which put out of the question all hopes of a peaceable settlement. No further contrivances for putting off the evil day of reckoning were possible. When Lincoln was elected, it was seen throughout the country that slavery was doomed, and South Carolina almost immediately took the step which has since been followed by so heavy a retribution. The Republicans found themselves face to face

with civil war. The course of that terrible conflict need not be traced here; it must suffice to say that the party in power succeeded in bringing it to a close, although many a time during those four blood-stained years it seemed as if the Republican cause and the Union must perish together. At last came peace, and a difficulty of a different, but scarcely less serious, kind confronted the Republicans. They had to provide for the payment of the war bill; to extinguish, if they could, the animosities kindled by the strife; and to establish an administration which might lead the people back to their old prosperity. If they have not fully accomplished these great ends, it ought to be remembered that the task imposed upon them was one of enormous difficulty. The financial affairs of the nation were in a state of chaos, and the industrial resources of the South, including its entire labour system, were overturned. Party passions ran high, great distrust and anxiety were felt concerning the South, and no one could see what was to be done with the negroes. It had not yet been suggested that it would be a wise or prudent policy to hand over to the black race the governments of their States wherever they were in a majority, and to reverse the positions of the two sections of the Southern population—to make the slaves the masters and the masters slaves.

At this critical moment, Mr. Lincoln perished by the hand of an assassin. Andrew Johnson's administration, which followed, was a prolonged brawl. General Grant went into office with the best intentions, but the qualities which enable a man to win battles do not always fit him to discharge delicate and difficult duties in civil life. The second administration of General Grant carries with it a record which he would doubtless be glad to efface from the page of history. He is free from the stain of personal corruption, but he has been too much the slave of cliques, and the sagacity which almost always enabled him to select the best men for work in the field seemed to desert him when he was placed at the head of the Government. The case of General Belknap, although a bad one, is by no means the only instance in which President Grant has given his confidence to men who were utterly unworthy of it, and who hastened to prove it by basely betraying him. The Indian Department was for years the scene of the grossest frauds. Yet it must not be supposed that all the President's appointments have been bad. He kept an incompetent Secretary of the Treasury in office, but he could not have chosen a more capable Secretary of State than Governor Fish. In like manner, the very responsible post of Collector of the Port of New York—a post which is only second in financial importance to that of the Secretary of the Treasury—has for several years been unexceptionably filled by General Arthur. Where the President has failed, it has been through mingled obstinacy and bad judgment, not from any lack of patriotism, or want of respect for his great office.

The Democratic party now claims the suffrages of the people as the party of reform. That is a claim which, if well founded, cannot fail to awaken the sympathies of the country, especially in its bearing upon the great problem which ten years of incessant legislation has left in as hopeless a state as ever. There are several important questions before the people—the question as to the proper management of the Debt; the Currency, and the Tariff; the School question; and the question of Administrative Reform. Each will enter more or less largely into the approaching elections, but the greatest question of all—the most baffling and complex, and most fraught with future good or evil to the country—is that which relates to the true and thorough pacification of the South. It is therefore essential to consider it with care.

It is often said that the Southern States have been “reconstructed,” that they are now thoroughly united with the rest of the country, that all differences have been forgotten, and the old feuds of the past dead and buried. There is, unfortunately, no well-informed man who can persuade himself that this is true. The differences between North and South may still be open to settlement; but they are not settled to-day. The election next November will be in a great measure influenced by them. If the Democrats win, it will be mainly by means of the Southern vote, and this they will almost certainly get entire—the only probable exception being South Carolina. The importance of this vote in a Presidential election will be seen at a glance from the following table;—

Northern Electoral Vote.		Southern Electoral Vote.	
California	6	Alabama	10
Colorado	3	Arkansas	6
Connecticut	6	Florida	4
Delaware	3	Georgia	11
Illinois	21	Kentucky	12
Indiana	15	Louisiana	8
Iowa	11	Mississippi	8
Kansas	5	Missouri	15
Maine	7	North Carolina	10
Maryland	8	South Carolina	7
Massachusetts	13	Tennessee	12
Michigan	11	Texas	8
Minnesota	5	Virginia	11
Nebraska	3		
Nevada	3		
New Hampshire	5		
New Jersey	9		
New York	35		
Ohio	22		
Oregon	3		
Pennsylvania	29		
Rhode Island	4		
Vermont	5		
West Virginia	5		
Wisconsin	10		

Of the States here classed as Northern, in accordance with general usage, there are several which are very doubtful, and at least two or three in which the Democrats are almost sure to succeed. Among the latter must be mentioned Maryland and Delaware, and probably Oregon, which has already given a Democratic majority this year in its State elections. The doubtful States are New York—which Mr. Tilden carried against a very popular governor in 1874,—and Indiana, which it is thought may be carried by the influence of Mr. Hendricks, the candidate for the Vice-Presidency. No doubt this catalogue of doubtful states might be enlarged—the Democrats fully expect to carry New Jersey and California, but if the five just enumerated vote for Mr. Tilden, he will have quite enough to take him to the White House on the 4th of next March. A Democrat may always reasonably hope to carry some of the Northern or Western States, and the whole or nearly the whole of the Southern. Thus the South practically holds the balance of power. It will at once be seen that the influence exerted by these States on the forthcoming contest will be very great; equally great will be their influence on the politics of the future. The Southern vote has been divided of late years, not always by honourable means; there can be little doubt that in future it will be cast as a unit for the Democratic party. At the close of the rebellion, there seemed a strong probability that at least a fair proportion of the insurgent States could be led over to the Republican party, notwithstanding their traditional alliance with the Democrats. How that opportunity was lost can only be understood by an examination of the famous Reconstruction policy, and an inquiry into its results. The subject is too vast to be adequately treated in a few pages; but an attempt may be made to throw a little light upon it.

In December, 1865, the greater part of the conquered States sent representatives to Congress. As the theory of the Government was that they had never been out of the Union, and could not leave it, there seemed no just or consistent reason for excluding them from representation in the National Legislature. But they were ignominiously driven away. Congress refused even to recognise their local governments, divided the States into five military districts, ordered new elections, and imposed the terms upon which those elections should be carried out. It prescribed who should vote and who should not vote, and in doing this it practically disfranchised all the leading men in the Southern white population, while enfranchising the negroes without discrimination of any kind. The States were placed under Constitutions which the greater part of the property-holders and educated class were not allowed to have a voice in framing. That these measures were lawful under the Constitution no one maintained; they were justified as war measures,

vital to the preservation of the Union. "Congress," said Mr. H. J. Raymond in the House, "exercises powers never conferred upon it, and denies to States rights expressly reserved to them by the Constitution." The Republican party was not alone responsible for these measures, since they were in harmony with the temper of the people at the time, and were even vehemently demanded. The men who counselled a policy of a less rigorous kind were politically ruined. Yet they were only guilty of possessing greater foresight than most of their contemporaries. If the South had at once been admitted to Congress, its remaining disputes with the North—slavery being finally abolished by the 13th Amendment to the Constitution, which, by December, 1865, had been ratified by nine out of the eleven insurgent States, and by eighteen of the Northern States—would have been re-transferred to the only proper arena for them, the halls of the National Legislature. There question after question could have been decided, or at least discussed—the very process which must still be gone through. It was only postponed by the Reconstruction policy of 1865.

Let us enter a little more closely into the facts. Mr. Lincoln had decided on a plan of reconstruction, and it was not changed by his successor. Ex-Secretary Welles, who was in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, is a conclusive witness on this point. "No change of policy," he says, "took place, nor was there any interruption in the conduct of public affairs, by the untimely death of Mr. Lincoln, and the accession of his successor. Mr. Johnson accepted the situation, and entered upon his duties with an earnest and sincere desire to carry forward to a speedy consummation the plan and intentions of his predecessor for the restoration of the Federal Government to its full constitutional authority, the States to their rightful position, the people to their inherent rights, and the Union to all its strength and beneficence."¹ What, then, was this policy? No one can properly understand the reconstruction period, or the grave events still growing out of it, without having the materials for answering that question put clearly before him.

President Lincoln gave a sufficiently plain idea of his plans in his Message for 1864, sent in to Congress on December 8th, 1863. He suggested, in the form of a Proclamation annexed to the Message, the terms on which the insurrectionary States might be restored to the Union. These terms were simple. A full pardon was declared for nearly all persons—the exceptions did not include a large class—who had been engaged in the rebellion, and who would take an oath of fidelity to the government of the United States. It was also provided that when a number of persons representing not fewer than one-tenth of the votes cast at the Presi-

(1) See a paper contributed by Mr. Welles to the *Galaxy* (New York) of April, 1872.

dential election of 1860, "shall re-establish a State government which shall be republican, and in no wise contravening said oath," then the States should immediately enjoy all the advantages possessed by the other States in the Union. It will be observed that not one word is said or hinted about changing the suffrage in any of the States, nor was there any pretence that the Federal Government or Congress could in any way interfere on that subject. President Lincoln's great anxiety then, as at a later period, was to have all the States back in the Union again as soon as possible. He would protect the negro in his newly-gained liberty, but beyond that he would not go. When Louisiana elected a governor in 1864, the President wrote to congratulate the new officer, and said: "Now, you are about to have a Convention which, among other things, will probably define the elective franchise. I barely suggest, for your private consideration, whether some of the coloured people may not be let in, as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks. . . But this is only a suggestion, not to the public, but to you alone." It will shortly be seen what an immense distance there is between this position and that afterwards insisted upon by Mr. Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, and the Republican majority.

Arkansas sent a delegation to Congress in June 1864, the election having been held with the concurrence of President Lincoln. Her representatives were refused admission. Mr. Lincoln made no change in his opinions, although his firmness exposed him to attacks which warned him that his troubles were not ended with the war. Had he lived a few months longer, he would either have found his popularity fast melting away, or he must have submitted to the spirit which prevailed at the time. He would not listen to any talk about "wreaking vengeance" on the rebels. He constantly discounted the theory that punishment ought to follow victory. On the very last day of his life, there was a Cabinet meeting at which he reiterated his sentiments. Secretary Welles has given us an interesting account of that meeting. Mr. Lincoln spoke of the recurrence on the previous night of that singular dream which, he said, had always visited him just before some important event of the war. He imagined that he was in a singular and indescribable vessel, which was moving with great rapidity towards a dark and indefinite shore. This dream always came before some occurrence of great moment, and he felt that they would soon get news of Sherman's victory over Johnston. He then went on to speak of reconstruction, and expressed a hope that the insurgent States would get their governments to work, and return fully to the Union, before Congress met in December. "We must extinguish our resentments," he said, "if we expect harmony and union." "Congress," he added, "had nothing to do with the State governments, which the President could

recognise, and under existing laws treat as other States, give them the same social facilities, collect taxes, appoint judges, marshals, collectors, &c., subject, of course, to confirmation. There were men who objected to these views, but they were not here [*i.e.*, at Washington], and we must make haste to do our duty before they come here." A few hours afterwards this great man, the wisest of all the American Presidents, was shot while sitting in a theatre, and his country was deprived of a life which had never been more valuable than at the moment it was sacrificed.

The moderate section of the Republican party, led by the late Mr. Seward and Mr. Raymond, were thrown into a hopeless minority. The influence of Mr. Lincoln with the people had been great, and it was now lost to them. Many a time had the quaint jokes and anecdotes of the President, his ready address, his invincible good humour, turned aside the malice of his antagonists. Although, as one who knew him well has said, "melancholy dripped from him as he walked," he could always set others laughing; and his stories, if they were sometimes rather coarse, always carried with them a striking moral, or some weighty illustration of the subject under discussion. He was a man eminently fit for the crisis through which he had to pass. It was not possible for any one else to exercise his authority on public opinion. Mr. Johnson was a thoroughly patriotic man, able and incorruptible; but he was a man of Southern birth, and from the first he was an object of suspicion. The Republican majority felt, as Mr. Henry Winter Davis frankly acknowledged in a speech at Chicago, that they needed "the votes of all the coloured people," and this need was the basis of the reconstruction policy actually adopted.

The Southern representatives were knocking at the doors of Congress. They had rescinded their ordinances of secession, and regular State governments were in existence within their borders. The Democrats voted for their admission; but at that time they only numbered forty-one in the House of Representatives, and while their votes were recorded as a matter of idle form, their protests were scarcely listened to. The South declared its anxiety to return to the Union, and acknowledged its utter defeat. It had no power to carry on war. General Grant, then Commander-in-Chief, made a report on the condition of several of the Southern States (Dec. 18, 1865), and stated that they were sincerely desirous of obeying the Government, and to "return to self-government within the Union as soon as possible." But on the very same day Mr. Thaddeus Stevens declared in the House that the Southern States "were dead as to all national and political action"—that they were "dead carcasses lying within the Union." They had "deserted the garden of Eden," and "flaming swords were set at the gates to secure their exclusion."

A resolution was passed excluding, for the time, eleven States from representation in Congress. It was decided that they were not in the Union, although a bloody war had just been waged to prove that they were. Not until the 23d of July, 1866, was Tennessee allowed to take its former position in Congress, and ten other States were still excluded. In the meantime the conditions exacted from the South constantly increased in stringency. No one was allowed to vote for the new constitutions which were demanded, or for the members of the convention for framing those constitutions, who had "participated in the rebellion." All the principal white inhabitants of the Southern States fell under this disqualification; for even if they had not taken an active part in the rebellion, which of them could swear that he had never given "aid or comfort to the enemies" of the Federal Government? These were the terms insisted upon by the 14th Constitutional Amendment, and repeated in the Act of Congress of March 2, 1867. Even the act of giving a bite of bread or a cup of water to a passing soldier might suffice to disfranchise a man under these measures, and debar him from conscientiously taking the "iron-clad oath" contained in the Supplemental Reconstruction Act of March 23, 1867.

Thus the work of forming new State governments was thrown entirely into the hands of the negroes, the crackers—stigmatized even by the negroes as "white trash"—and the carpet-baggers. The Southern lawyer or justice, the planter or the merchant, could not act as a delegate to the Convention for revising his State government; he could not even vote for the delegates. This was the disfranchisement of almost an entire people. The words of the Act (March 2, 1867, sec. 5) are:—"No person excluded from the privilege of holding office by said proposed amendment to the constitution of the United States [the 14th] shall be eligible to election as a member of the Convention to frame a constitution for any of the rebel States, nor shall any such person vote for members of such Convention." The language of the amendment in question excluded from office of any kind all persons who had held positions "under the United States, or under any State," and who had taken part in the rebellion, "or given aid and comfort to the enemy." Now these were the only persons who, in the condition of Southern society, were competent, by education, experience, and training, to frame a system of government on even intelligent principles. Their disabilities were not removed until the new constitutions of their States had been set in operation. And long after that time the South was still made the object of repressive measures. In May, 1870, the first of the so-called Enforcement Acts became law. It was followed by an additional Act in February, 1871, and by still another the following year. There were also the Ku-Klux Acts, the Civil

Rights Bills—the last of which was passed in February, 1875, and has already been declared unconstitutional in more than one court—and the Force Bill. By the Force Bill, the President was empowered to suspend the writ of Habeas Corpus at any time he felt disposed, in the four States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Arkansas. And it proposed to confer this great and dangerous power upon him for the space of four years. The Bill was passed by the House of Representatives, but at so late a period of the session that there was not sufficient time for it to come up in the regular course of business in the Senate, and consequently it fell through. But the moral effect of the threatened measure upon the Southern people was almost as bad as if the Bill had actually become law. It embittered them afresh towards the Republican party. It helped to keep the South in a condition of political excitement, and to check its slow progress towards recovery. The war left the entire region stripped bare of property and money. Capitalists in New York or Boston were not disposed to lend money or give credit to a people who could offer no security, whose property was never safe, and who were continually liable to be placed under martial law.

The execrable character of many of the States governments which grew up under these measures, is now better understood by the American people than it used to be. Correspondents of the Republican papers have repeatedly gone through the country, and all have returned with the same melancholy story of oppression, misrule, and wholesale robbery. Enormous taxes were imposed, and when the people could not pay them, their property was seized and sold at a mere nominal price to some adventurer from a distance. The debts and liabilities of the States absolutely grew faster than they had done even during the war. Thus, South Carolina owed \$5,000,000 when the war ended; in 1872 she owed \$39,158,914. Alabama owed in 1865, \$5,939,654; in 1872 she was in debt \$38,381,967. The debt of Louisiana had been run up within the same period from \$10,099,074 to \$50,540,206. In 1868 Arkansas owed about 3½ millions; she now owes close upon 20 millions. These figures are quoted from the Congressional Ku-Klux report of 1872, and are beyond all question. They tell their own tale. In May, 1874, the newspapers announced that "twenty-nine hundred pieces of real estate in Charleston county, South Carolina," had been forfeited to the State for unpaid taxes—which was simple confiscation. For the taxes were on such a scale that the people could not possibly pay them. The local taxes in some counties of South Carolina amounted to eight and ten per cent., and the assessments were fixed at any sum which the negro rulers pleased. Persons whom even the war had left large owners of property, were stripped of everything they had. "Their lives remain," says a Republican writer, with significant brevity, "their

property and their children do not." Before the war, the taxable value of the property in South Carolina was four hundred millions of dollars, and the taxes amounted to \$392,000. In 1871 the taxable property was reduced to \$184,000,000, but the taxes had increased to \$2,000,000—an increase of about 500 per cent. When it is considered that the wreck of his property which the Southern planter brought out of the war, has since been confiscated for nonpayment of taxes, his present condition may be readily imagined. Who that has lived in New York has not heard of or received appeals for the very necessities of life from the representatives of the oldest families in the South? There was one well-known family, rich and distinguished for generations, as Mr. J. S. Pike says, in his interesting book, "The Prostrate State." House and land are gone, and the only surviving member of the family "peddles tea by the pound and mclasses by the quart, on a corner of the old homestead, to the former slaves of the family, and thereby earns his livelihood." It is needless to go any further into the dismal story, or to describe what has happened under Brooks and "Poker Jack" in Arkansas, or under men like Packard and Durell in Louisiana.

The people of the North now admit that all this misery and wrong, so far as they are the results of misgovernment, must be brought to an end. Whether the Democrats will be entrusted with the work of reforming the grievous abuses which have too long existed—whether it would be wise or prudent to entrust them with that work—are questions of another kind, and it would be out of place here to attempt to answer them. It is quite certain, however, that important consequences must follow to the South from the coming election. Its demand for justice will be heard. Its losses and sufferings during the war were brought on by its own acts—it committed the fault, and it paid the penalty. For many of the evils which have happened to it since, for the character of its State governments, for the crushing burdens of taxation laid upon it for the support of the greatest rogues in its midst, much of the blame has been, and will be, laid to the door of the Republican party. But the Republican party at the North could not always control its followers at the South—still less could it guide the great mass of ignorant negroes who were suddenly taken from the sugar or cotton field, and set in the chief places of authority. The time has now come when the spirit of justice which animates the Northern people will require the expulsion from the Southern States of the hordes of rascals, black and white, who have substituted ruthless oppression and pillage for free government.

Even this review of facts, compressed as it is within the narrowest limits, will suffice to render clear why it is that the Southern vote

is likely to be given to the Democratic party. In the North, there are thousands who will also vote for that party, because they are apprehensive of the effects of continued Federal interference in State affairs. The Democrats are the hereditary representatives of the principle of State Rights—that principle, which may, indeed, be pushed to extremes, but which, within proper limits, is essential to the existence of the Republic. Centralization is not to-day an idle bugbear. Enforcement Acts, which put absolute powers into the hands of a United States Marshal, and enable him to call upon the United States troops to carry out his orders, may be excused as “war measures,” but the Southern communities cannot always be treated as if they were in a state of war. By means of Federal interference, fraudulent elections have been carried out, private rights have been outraged, and entire States placed at the disposal of men compared with whom Boss Tweed of New York was a model of integrity. What is to be said of a system of government under which, just before election day, a United States Marshal dispatches a body of cavalry into a number of parishes with blank warrants of arrest, which they serve upon any citizens who may be pointed out to them by the local politicians or “loyal” negroes? As if this method of securing a majority were not enough, the returns on the following day have been largely made up of fictitious names.¹ If it were not for the fear entertained by the people that the victory of the Democrats would be the signal for the ascendancy of Southern influence in the government, the return of that party to power would have taken place long ago. For a reverence for the fundamental principle of the government—the right of States to govern themselves—is not confined to the South, or even to acknowledged members of the Democratic party. It was disregarded by the Reconstructionists, but it must be restored before the government can be said to rest on its old foundations.

This is, after all, the greatest of all the unsettled problems in American political life. For upon it turn many others, and none more closely than the treatment of the debt. If the Southern States had been reconstructed in fact as well as in name ten years ago, there would be less reason now to fear any tampering with the debt. They were in a better position in 1865 than they are in 1876 to pay their fair share of it, for they had not been wholly beggared by the new-fashioned State governments. There was less talk, too, at that time of demanding compensation for their slaves, although it is a curious fact that their right to some compensation was often admitted by men who were justly respected in the Republican party.

(1) The Congressional inquiry into the Louisiana difficulties, and the speech delivered in the Senate in 1874 by Senator Carpenter—a leading Republican—on the same subject, are full of facts much more scandalous even than those mentioned above.

This concession formed a part of the plan for peace submitted to Mr. Lincoln by Horace Greeley in 1864. The sum of \$400,000,000 in five per cent. United States Stock was to be apportioned among the Slave States, *pro rata*, according to their slave populations. No human ingenuity could have invented a proposition less likely to be accepted by the nation at large. It is well known, however, that many of the former slave owners or their families have kept a strict account of the slaves and property which they lost during the war, and that they intend to put forward a claim for recompense. But it may safely be taken for granted that the people will never pay a cent of this claim, and that the party which recognised it would be swept out of existence as soon as the popular vote could be brought to bear upon it. Yet the dread of having to deal with this emergency is what has tended more strongly than perhaps any other one cause to keep the Democratic party out of power. The resources of the country could not bear the strain which the Southern demand would lay upon them. It may not always be easy to provide for the payment of the debt as it at present stands, especially if its management is not placed in more competent hands than those of two out of the three Secretaries of the Treasury who have already held office and retired since General Grant became President. Less knowledge and intelligence were sometimes applied to the direction of the national finances than a country store-keeper is obliged to use in his affairs, if he wants to save himself from ruin. Mr. Morrill, of Maine, the present Secretary, is a thoroughly competent man, but there is little encouragement for him to devote his nights and days to the harassing duties of his office, seeing that he is certain to go out of office next March, and may find it expedient to go long before. A settled or rational policy becomes almost impossible under this system of incessant change.

The management of the debt by the Republicans has not always been of the wisest kind, but the party at least deserves praise for keeping up the national credit through many trying years. Everybody has felt that while it remained in power, the interest on the loans would be regularly paid, and this confidence is perhaps the greatest force which it has left on its side to-day. The people of the United States cannot forget that Democratic leaders and Conventions have more than once declared themselves in favour of partial repudiation. On the 15th July, 1874, the Democratic Convention of the State of Indiana—presided over by Mr. Hendricks—incorporated the following resolution in its platform: "Resolved, first, that we are in favour of the redemption of five-twenty bonds in greenbacks according to the law under which they were issued." On the 13th of the following October, the Democrats carried the election in this State. In the same year, the Democratic Conven-

tions of Ohio and Missouri adopted precisely similar resolutions. Indeed, the proposition was actually made a plank in the National Democratic platform of 1868. During the canvass in Ohio, in August and September, 1875, two of the Democratic leaders—Mr. Allen and Mr. Cary—went about denouncing the bond-holders as “coupon clippers” and “thieves.” The Democrats in Ohio have this year rewarded the services of Mr. Allen, better known as “Old Bill Allen,” by putting him in nomination for Governor. The National Convention of the party, held at St. Louis last month, did not discuss the financial issue in its platform, but it spoke of the nation’s readiness to “meet any of its promises at the call of the creditors entitled to payment.” It is possible that some members of the party in the West may attach a somewhat sinister meaning to the last few words in the sentence just quoted. But, in order that the case may be fairly stated, it is necessary to point out that the only bonds now offered for sale by the Government—the Funded Loan—are not exposed to any of the quibbles raised by the Western Democrats. Even “Old Bill” has not gone further than to suggest that the interest on the five-twenty bonds should be paid in paper, because it is nowhere specified that it should be paid in gold, and also that the interest should be liable to taxation. Now the Funded Loan is distinctly made payable by law in gold, principal and interest, and is exempt from all taxation, local, municipal, or national. Each bond carries this guarantee on its face, and therefore no question can ever be raised with regard to these securities. Thus far, bonds to the amount of five hundred millions of dollars have been sold, bearing interest at the rate of five per cent. Another issue of three hundred millions at four and a half per cent., and a third, of one thousand millions at four per cent., have also been authorized by Congress, but none of these bonds have yet been placed upon the market. As fast as they are sold, and the provisions of the law will allow, the old loans bearing higher interest will be called in, and the entire debt—now amounting to about two thousand one hundred millions—will be so consolidated, that nothing short of wholesale and utter repudiation can ever affect it.

The people of the United States are constantly acquiring a more direct interest in the wise management of the debt than ever they had before. Although the West holds very little, if any, of it, and the South not one cent, and the total amount held in the whole Union is small compared with what is held abroad, still the aggregate sum invested is yearly growing larger. Banks, insurance companies, and other corporations, now keep the greater part of their reserves in United States’ Bonds. Private capitalists have been driven to the same field of investment by the recent breakdown of many commercial enterprises, by the doubt hanging over

several important railroads, and by the great fall in the value of real estate, amounting in New York city to from 25 to 50 per cent. It is needless to point out that the larger the proportion of the debt held in the United States, the smaller becomes the probability of its ever being wiped out by the sponge of repudiation.

So far as the authority of the President himself extends, the result of the autumn elections will not materially affect the question, because personally Mr. Tilden could be as safely trusted as Mr. Hayes; but in these days it is highly important to ascertain what the *party* wants, for it is the party which dictates a policy, not its temporary chief. The President is now a functionary of a very different kind from that which he was intended to be under the Constitution, or from what he actually was in the early years of the Republic. He plays but a subordinate part in the Government. Congress can easily deprive him of all real power—it did so with Andrew Johnson between 1865 and 1868, and can repeat the process with any of his successors. The Tenure of Office Act, even as modified since General Grant came into power, leaves the President only a limited discretion in appointing or changing his own Cabinet. Neither the election of Mr. Tilden, nor that of Mr. Hayes, could therefore be regarded as putting an end to all controversy about the debt, for Congress might at any time take the extreme but effectual step of refusing to vote an appropriation to provide for the interest. But it is to the last degree improbable that so disastrous a course will ever be pursued; the people of the United States can and will pay their debt, just as they have done down to the present day, in the teeth of difficulties such as no event short of another war could again bring upon them.

We now come to the Tariff question, as to which the most ardent friend of the Republican party must be content to occupy the humble position of apologist. This is where the Democrats have a decided advantage over their opponents. The sentiment of the new generation, and of almost all merchants and business men in the great cities, is entirely with them; for they see how injurious to trade the present tariff is, with its extravagant duties ranging from 50 to 180 per cent. on nearly four thousand various articles of commerce. The Democrats have introduced a greatly improved tariff this very year, which is not likely to become law; but reforms are inevitable. American shipbuilding is a trade of the past. It used to be said that it was the Confederate cruiser, the *Alabama*, that drove American ships from the ocean; but there has been no *Alabama* afloat for ten years past, and where are the American ships? Under the "fostering influence" of Protection domestic trade languishes and the revenue constantly declines. In their treatment of the Currency, the Republicans have not been much more fortunate. In January,

1875, an Act was passed fixing a day on which specie payments should be resumed—namely, the 1st of January, 1879—but no adequate provision has been made for redeeming the legal tender notes; and the Democrats demand the repeal of the Act, while the Republicans preserve an ominous silence about it in their platform. Its repeal would undoubtedly be the withdrawal of a formal pledge, but it seems impossible now that it can be carried into effect. It will be a nice point to decide which has done most to bring the Bill to its grave—the coldness of its friends, or the attacks of its enemies.

There is then the controversy touching the public Schools. The point in dispute is this—whether the public schools, which are depended on to do the work of educating the people, shall be kept up in their present form, or handed over to the control of sects. The Roman Catholics have raised the question by demanding a share of the school funds in aid of schools to be placed entirely under their management. If this concession be made to one sect, why not to another—to all? Why refuse to the vast body of Presbyterians a privilege granted to the Catholics? Ex-Speaker Blaine, who has received such hopeless-looking wounds in the present canvass, introduced, a few months ago, a new Constitutional Amendment into the House which would put an end to this sectarian dispute. It absolutely prohibits the distribution of money raised for the support of public schools among any religious sects or denominations. But if the Catholics keep quiet this year, as prudence will lead them to do, the school question may not be much heard of, except in Ohio, where local causes give it immediate importance.

Lastly, there is the question of Administrative Reform. It might be more interesting to dwell upon this if anybody could decide which of the two parties of the day is in earnest about reform, or which has either the inclination or the power to deal with it in an effective manner. It is like proposing the contraction of the suffrage—you cannot do it without the consent of the very classes who are most interested in preventing it. A law is to be passed prohibiting members of Congress from exercising or applying for any patronage. But a member of Congress will not vote for such a law, and many of the people who elect him wish him to dispense patronage, because they expect to get offices from him, and therefore *they* will not ask him to vote for the measure. Of course this is not right; indeed, we must all admit that it is very wrong; but it is the state of affairs which exists in the United States, as every practical man knows, and it is most difficult to see how a change can be made for the better. Thus far it has stifled all attempts at Civil Service reform, supported as those attempts have been by many of the most thoughtful

men in the Union. Yet what influence have the reformers exercised this very year upon the nominating conventions? The great machine is "fixed" without regard to them. They are left out in the cold. It may be unpleasant to say this, but it is a fact. We have been dealing in this article with public questions as they are; not as they might be or ought to be. In a country where almost everybody hopes to get an office some day or other for himself, his friends, or his kinsfolk, and where competitive examinations for all post-office, custom-house, or Treasury officials would be looked upon as an insult to a free and enlightened people—on such a field as this the promise of sweeping reforms must be merely intended to pass away the time. Which of the two great parties to-day will take the risk of announcing that its followers shall never receive office, not even a post-office, unless they can pass an examination, and satisfactorily prove their educational and moral fitness for the honour? Secretary Boutwell used to say, "The idea is not consistent with American institutions;" and perhaps he felt it all the more because under a system which tested capacity, he never would have been troubled with the charge of the national finances. In every State in the Union at this moment, the men who are working hardest to secure the election of candidates on one side or the other are the office holders, and those who hope to turn them out and step into their shoes. If the Republicans should say to these men, "You may work as hard as you please, and call meetings, and go on the stump till you are black in the face, but that will not entitle you to any office from us. We want moral men, not good wire-pullers, or rousing speakers at cross-roads. We shall give the offices to the Democrats if they can do a sum or write a letter better than you." The result of such a proclamation would be most encouraging to Mr. Tilden, who would shortly be left at leisure to carry out reform in a spirit more in accordance with the celebrated principle laid down by General Jackson, strictly followed since by both parties, and not, it is to be feared, seriously disapproved by the people at large, or they would have swept it away long ago.

L. J. JENNINGS.

AN EXCURSION IN FORMOSA.

A BULWARK of islands, single and in groups, protects—like some great system of natural fortification—the eastern shore of Asia. Beginning at the southern extremity of Kamschatka, this chain of advanced works extends beyond the Northern Tropic. At first come the Kurile Islands, then the Japanese group, then the Linschotten Isles, the Loochooan Archipelago, and the Meiacosima group resting, as on a flank defence, on the great island of Formosa. There is nothing fanciful in this comparison of the long line of islands, that is interposed between the Asiatic coast and the broad expanse of the North Pacific, to a protective fortification. Behind this screen the ports of China from Amoy to the Yellow Sea enjoy an almost, if not quite, perfect immunity from that terrible scourge of the Eastern seas, the dreaded typhoon.¹ Round the right flank of the line they sweep with unbroken fury, and, repulsed by the lofty mountains of Formosa, carry havoc and dismay to Hong-Kong and Macao on the southern coast of China. Thus this great island fills in the geography of the Far East a position commensurate with its physical characteristics, and with the interest with which it has long been regarded.

Few names have been more correctly bestowed. Formosa is indeed majestic in its beauty. It may be regarded as a fortunate event in the history of geographical nomenclature that its sponsors were early Spanish navigators, who inherited a sense of the beautiful and the romantic with their southern blood. The seas about are studded with the uncouth patronymics of rival Dutch explorers, which throw into brighter contrast this well-deserved appellation. A line of Alpine heights runs along the island in the interior. On the west this splendid range sinks into an extensive plain, fertile and rich in streams, which has received a multitude of industrious colonists from the neighbouring Chinese province of Foh-kien. There these colonists have built cities and have turned the country into a garden. But where the mountains begin, their occupation ceases; and the eastern part of the island, abrupt and mountainous to the very shore, is inhabited by tribes of savages who still live in unreclaimed barbarism. The territory in the possession of the

(1) "They (the typhoons) do not extend into the Formosa Strait. . . . There is only one case on record of their having reached Amoy; and northward of Formosa they are of rare occurrence. . . . Eastward of Formosa they extend as far as the Bonin Islands and probably right across the Pacific."—*China Sea Directory*, iii. p. 8. Published by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. London, 1874.

Chinese stretches across the northern end of the island from sea to sea; but its extent on the Pacific shore is very limited, and may be said to end at the sea-port of Kelung.

Coasting along the eastern side the voyager is repeatedly struck by the magnificence of the scenery. The central range rises to a height of above 12,000 feet; whilst between it and the water are mountains of an elevation at least half as great. Their outline is at once beautiful and fantastic. Domes, and peaks, and wall-like precipices succeed each other in striking variety. A brilliant verdure clothes their sides, down which dash cascades that shine like silver in the tropical sunlight. Occasionally on rounding a headland a deep gorge is revealed, and in the shadow cast by the enclosing heights can be dimly discerned the outlines of a native village.

A short excursion made into the country near Kelung enabled me to see many of the beauties of the island. It was undertaken chiefly with a view to visit the coal-mines which abound in that part, and to form some idea of the manner of working them and of transporting the coal to the coast for exportation. As May had already begun, and as the weather was hotter than was pleasant for travelling on foot in the middle of the day, a start was made in the early morning. Soon after six o'clock I landed with one companion on the little island which forms the eastern side of the harbour, and to which Europeans have given the name of Palm Island. On it there are two villages, one inhabited exclusively by Chinese, and the other by a mixed race of Chinese and Peppy-hoans, a tribe of natives less barbarous than their fellows who here, at least, have to some extent coalesced with the colonists from the mainland.

Our landing took place at the nearest point of the former village. On our way we passed several of the inhabitants engaged in fishing in *sampans*, or Chinese boats, which seemed like rude copies of those found at Amoy, and at all other places to which the roving natives of Foh-kien migrate. We were received by a respectable concourse of the remaining villagers. It was soon evident that Europeans were not frequent visitors, as whenever we encountered women or the younger children they fled to their houses at first sight of us. The men, and some dozen valiant little urchins of more mature age, perhaps eight or ten years, exhibited no signs of alarm or even of surprise, and seemed anxious to show us every civility. The former, in several cases, came forward and offered us their long bamboo pipes to smoke; whilst the latter, with that inexpressible love of fun so characteristic of Chinese children, did their best to heighten the terrors of their younger companions by shouting loudly at any who exhibited signs of fear at our approach.

Fishing villages in any part of the world are seldom remarkable

for cleanliness; and a Chinese fishing-village might be expected to surpass all others in abominations of sight and smell. This one, however, of Searle-how seemed an exception to the rule. There was a very remarkable air of comfort and well-being about the place. The boats were numerous and well found. The street was laid out with a fair amount of regularity. The inhabitants were well-dressed, and the women, all tottering on their poor crushed feet, wore many ornaments. A temple of considerable size occupied a prominent position, and, strange to say, it was comparatively clean and in good repair, whilst, still stranger, an attendant was positively engaged in sweeping and in generally embellishing the paved space in front of the central door. Early as it was, voices of small Chinese scholars learning their lessons came from a wing of the building on the right. The houses were well built, comfortable, and cleanly. As a rule one plan was followed. A large central building, generally of neatly cut blocks of the sandstone of which the island is formed, ran parallel to the road-way; from it a wing jutted out at right angles at either end; the whole house thus forming three sides of a square. In the central building was a large hall containing, right opposite the door, the family altar and the shrine of the household deities. This seemed to be the principal living room of the dwelling; the wings were chiefly used as storehouses. We were civilly invited by signs to enter and inspect one of the best of the houses, and were even tempted by the offer of chairs; but as we had some distance to go, we declined the friendly invitation. In front of the village was a noble tree, throwing a vast shade around it, under which the whole village might assemble.

The other village was on the same beach, a few hundred yards further on. Behind both there was much cultivated land, many plots being laid out as vegetable gardens and rice-fields. The high style of Chinese cultivation was everywhere noticeable, as also the rarer sight of well-kept fences and hedges. The houses at this latter place were not so large nor so well-built as those at Searle-how. Many were constructed of wooden frames filled in with fragments of coral from the beach, but in design they were almost exactly similar. Here also in front of the village was a magnificent tree of even nobler proportions than the other. Its trunk was a gnarled and knotted mass bound and overlaid with the stems of innumerable creepers. Beneath a vertical sun it would cast a shadow considerably over a hundred feet in diameter; whilst so thick was its foliage that not a ray could penetrate it.

The Peppy-hoan villagers bore some resemblance to their Chinese neighbours. They had adopted the Chinese dress, and the men had shaven heads and the regular *queue*. The women, on the contrary, dressed their hair in a different fashion, tying it up in a loose knot behind with some bright-coloured cord. Their feet too were bare

and as nature had formed them. They were a tall fine-looking people. The men had a sturdier, more manly air than is common amongst Chinamen, whilst the women could boast a stature and a stateliness of figure almost unknown amongst their Chinese sisters. Handsome faces were not common; their complexions somewhat resembled those of the lighter-skinned Chinese, though they were decidedly of a fresher hue than those of the yellow-visaged nation. The type of feature was unmistakably Mongolian. The island is separated from the main-land by a narrow strait, through which there was a boiling tide rushing at the time of our visit. We tried to engage a boat to cross it, but it was intimated to us by signs that the owners were away. At length a boat of large size deeply laden was seen coming through the strait with the tide. We called out to the boatmen, and made them understand our wish to be ferried across. With some little difficulty in that swift current they succeeded in picking us up, and landing us at a pretty little bay on the opposite shore. There were four men in the boat, all Chinese. When we landed we offered them a small sum of money as our fare; to our astonishment they civilly but firmly refused to accept it, though they must have been considerably delayed in their voyage, and two of them had actually got into the water and stood in it up to their waists to assist us in landing.

The scenery of the main-land was very fine. Even the views we had had on our way up the coast had not at all prepared us for it. The copious moisture of a tropical climate was apparent in the rich luxuriance of the vegetation. The varied outlines of the heights which rose on either side told of earthquakes and of a volcanic region. Inland from the head of the little bay to which we had been brought across ran a narrow valley, through which water had at some time evidently forced its way. On each hand were tokens of a great upheaval. The strata dipped steeply towards the west; and the edges of the seams of rock were scored and eaten away by the action of the water. Yellow sandstone and masses of coralline limestone abounded. The former exhibited in the little promontories and points that jutted out into the sea the strangest forms. Blocks of the soft stone stood upright near the water's edge, and here and there they were rounded off and scraped away near the lower part till they looked like gigantic mushrooms, or huge egg-cups or wine-glasses, or took some other quaint shape. In some cases so exact was the resemblance to these objects that it was difficult to believe that art had not been called in to aid nature in fashioning them.

The bottom of the valley was laid out in rice-plots. The rice had been recently transplanted, and each plant had a clear space around it of several inches. The surface of the ground was covered to a slight depth with water. The brilliant green of the young rice

formed a charming contrast to the more sombre foliage of the shrubs and trees which half hid the steep cliffs on both sides of the valley. The number and beauty of the wild-flowers were extraordinary. We were first struck by a convolvulus of enormous size, of a rich violet hue striped with crimson, which covered the bank by the side of which the path ran. Then a white lily of exquisite shape and delicate perfume delighted us. Orchids of varied colours fringed the pathway. A graceful creeper with a tiny lilac blossom trailed along the narrow strip of sward that edged the rice-field on our right. A cottage or two lay half-hidden behind a hedge of bamboo and screw-pine, above which waved the graceful leaves of the plantain-tree. A splendid variety of tree-fern, like a dwarf palm, grew in great profusion. A variety of willow is a common object in most Chinese villages, and some of the delicately-leaved trees, which we met with in our further progress, bore no inconsiderable resemblance to the aspen.

At the head of the valley we came upon the sea. A sandy beach swept round with a wide curve towards the east, beneath a line of almost perpendicular sandstone cliffs. Midway along it was a little hamlet of fishermen's cottages. Some of the inhabitants were on the beach repairing their boats and nets. Imitating in pantomimic action the occupation of coal-miners, we asked, and were readily shown the way to the pits. Our road lay by the shore beneath the cliffs, then round the headland which they formed. A geologist would have been charmed with the scene laid open to our view. At the water's edge were numberless rocky pinnacles, and cup-shaped masses like those we had already seen. The beach itself was strewn with boulders in every stage of formation. Some of the sandstone stems were so eaten away by the waves that the globular mass on the summit was ready to fall, others had but recently been broken off, whilst on the ground lay many rolled about to a greater or less degree of sphericity. As the path led round the extremity of the headland, two parallel lines of rock in crystallized blocks, as level and as regular as a tiled footway, ran out for some hundreds of yards into the sea. It was the Giant's Causeway on a larger scale. These long and shapely roads, that almost joined the point on which we stood to another promontory in front of us, were just the edges of strata tilted up from where the sea now flows, and inclining towards the land. On our right or inshore hand great sandstone cliffs towered above us. Superimposed on these was a line of perpendicular coralline limestone, edged at the summit with shrubs and creepers, and presenting, with its buttressed projections, and grey and hoary surface, the appearance of an old castle wall. Indeed, so closely in this did nature resemble art, that we were forced to make a close inspection before we could get rid of the idea that we were actually passing beneath ruined walls. The flowers had followed us

still. The giant convolvulus still shone upon the prominences and projections of the cliffs; and the snowy lily grew boldly in clumps far out on the rocks towards the sea.

More rice-fields filled up a narrow plain which succeeded to the cliffs. Then the straggling houses and vegetable gardens of a small village built by the sea-side appeared. The houses came down close to the edge of a snug and picturesque harbour, and many of them stood in the deep shadow of noble trees. Junks and cargo-boats were lying moored close to the shore, and a line of carriers was descending and ascending a steep hill-path, carrying loads to and from the craft below. We soon came upon symptoms of a coal-mining neighbourhood. Heaps of coal, and great masses of "slack" and refuse formed a background to the village between the houses and the surrounding hills. The carriers, who went and came in an endless procession, were bearing baskets of the black mineral, slung from a pole across their shoulders. The bright verdure, the luxuriant tropical shrubs, the smooth sandy beach were soiled by the foul dust from the black heaps that were piled up beneath the hill.

We ascended the path, which was so steep that we almost had to climb. The carriers, nevertheless, came down it fearlessly and with sure foot in spite of their heavy loads. At the summit we saw that the path dropped into a valley, which it crossed between wet rice-fields, and then again mounted a ridge on the other side. This we found, as we went on, was repeated over and over again. In some places so precipitous was the way, that steps were cut in the soft sandstone of the hillside to facilitate the ascent. We encountered still an unbroken stream of carriers with their loads; though diverging paths showed that they came from mines in different quarters.

These continuously succeeding valleys revealed the volcanic nature of the formation, and were evidences of violent convulsions. There was a certain sameness in the features of many. The sides were abrupt, seldom rising above four hundred feet in height; the surrounding ridges were sharp and with a broken sky-line, and the low ground was a kind of floor, flat and level throughout. Yet they were sufficiently unlike to give, as we ascended ridge after ridge, a succession of changing views. The aspect of all was extremely picturesque. The level rice-fields with their emerald-hued plants lay like a brilliant carpet beneath our feet. At one side ran a purling brook, whose murmurs struck softly on the ear. Trees and shrubs of various tints clad the hillsides, while patches of bamboo added further variegation to the foliage, and decked the outline of the heights with groups of graceful forms. The giant convolvulus still clung to the banks and thicker clumps of shrubs; but a brilliant scarlet lily replaced the delicate white one of the sea-shore. Closer inspection was often disappointing. In the rice-fields, wallowing on

hands and knees, and kneading the liquid mud about the plants, were Chinese peasants engaged in the revolting rice-culture. By the side of the streams were huge heaps of refuse coal, which stained the waters to dinginess. The tropical¹ air was warm and moist, and fragments of cloud hung about the higher peaks around us. At first sight these valleys reminded us of sunken craters, such as Agnano, near Naples, or still more the picturesque peninsula of Uraga in Japan. Perhaps there is almost sacrilege in the latter comparison, for in that lonely land, if anywhere, are

"More pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams."²

The road of the coal-carriers was long and troublesome. Carrying a heavy load for at least four miles, as those who came from some of the mines were doing, up and down steep hills in such an atmosphere and such a temperature, must have been superlatively distressing. Many of them bore a forked stick on which they rested at their halts—the pole to which their coal-baskets were slung. These halts were, however, infrequent. Here and there in some sequestered nook, some umbrageous fold in the hillside, an enterprising Chinaman had established a little tea-house, and in front of it a knot of carriers stopped to refresh themselves. Elsewhere there were stalls beneath an awning of mats for the sale of sweetmeats, or bits of sugar-cane.

The mines were worked in a most primitive fashion. A hole, not much bigger than would be necessary to admit one person, was dug horizontally into the side of the steep face of a hill. Into this a miner carried a shallow flexible basket, and when he had scraped it full, he dragged it out with a rope, and transferred its contents to the two baskets which the carriers use. The coal was of two descriptions; a lustrous, black, bituminous sort, and a brittle, dull, yellow kind which came out in small lumps, and abounded in sulphur and iron pyrites. The slack and refuse was cast forth from the pit's mouth to lie where it might. By this rude method of raising it a considerable quantity of the mineral is brought into the market. It is believed that as much as ten thousand tons have been raised in a single year. A rude estimate of the capabilities of the present mines, as now worked, fixes the possible out-put at one hundred tons a day, the actual amount being assumed on fairly good data, as one thousand *piculo*, or about half. The great customers of the Kelung miners are the factories and furnaces of the Chinese naval

(1) The tropic of Cancer crosses the island of Formosa.

(2) These lines of Wordsworth (Protesilaus' description of the Elysian Fields) are not inappropriate in a reference to the lovely part of Japan alluded to, near Yokosuka and Kanasawa, as the district goes by the name of the "Plains of Heaven."

arsenal near Foo-Chow. A considerable quantity also is exported in junks, for household use, at other ports in China. The Government has at length become alive to the important source of wealth which lies hidden in the coal-fields of Northern Formosa. Four English miners arrived just before my visit to the island, to instruct the native colliers, and an engineer, who had already inspected the mines, was in England purchasing the requisite machinery for mining on Chinese Government account. The local officials had issued a proclamation desiring the inhabitants to treat the foreigners with civility; a mandate which, in the case of a casual visitor—judging only from my own experience—was quite uncalled for. The same authority has also intimated that the Government only proposes to open new mines, and not in any way to interfere with the working of those previously dug.

This will undoubtedly very considerably modify the position of the aboriginal savages of Formosa. The increase of the commercial importance of Kelung will mean the extension of Chinese occupation along the eastern coast. Already, thanks to the action of the Japanese Government, which nearly caused a war between it and that of China, a Chinese garrison is stationed at Sauo Bay, some way south of Kelung harbour. In a few years, probably, these wild tribes, who have so long preserved a primeval barbarism on the very borders of a most ancient civilisation, will be surrounded by patient and industrious Chinamen, cut off from the sea, and driven to the mountains of the interior, there to disappear before the Mongolian race, as the Red men have before the Anglo-Saxon.

At the foot of a high hill, far up on the sides of which yawned the black mouths of two coal-pits, out of and into which an ant-like stream of miners and carriers unceasingly swarmed, stood a little hamlet of tea-houses, rice-planters' cottages, and a blacksmith's shop. Above it rose a smooth, grassy eminence, which broadened at the summit to an open down. A fair extent of green sward, placed thus amidst the dense foliage of the neighbouring hills, heightened considerably the beauty of the landscape. In front of the village ran a little stream, across which was thrown a frail bridge of a single plank, a giddy passage for the laden carriers from the mines. A few huge water buffaloes were feeding in the valley, and the green sward was dotted with swine and goats browsing on the shrubs. A wide plantation of bamboo waved in feathery masses on an opposite height, and hedges of the screw-pine fenced the village gardens behind the houses. Up the face of the green hillock, behind the village, ran our road to the town of Kelung, which the rising temperature warned us it was time to gain.

From the higher ground we caught glimpses of distant peaks, and of valleys carpeted with the growing rice. The way, which hitherto had too often been but a mere track upon the summit of a narrow

dyke between water-covered fields, was now along a well-made *chaussée*, neatly paved with stones. It led us beneath jutting crags and eminences crowned with shady copses, and by the side of a swiftly-running stream. Occasionally it dipped down sharply into a narrow ravine, or wound gradually up a steep ascent. At length we descended into an extensive plain; through it flowed the stream we had so long followed, broad and sluggish as a canal. By this stream much of the produce of the mines is brought into the town, and at the head of the navigation lay a small fleet of boats, deep with their sombre cargo. Its banks were so smooth and regular that it had evidently been "canalised" by the industrious people whose patient toil has converted the surrounding country into a garden. An opening in the ridge that seemed to block up the end of the valley enabled us to see the masts of the junks lying in the shallow harbour, and the trees and houses of Kelung. As we approached the town we walked by primly cultivated gardens, and past snug homesteads embowered in trees. We met strings of people carrying back their purchases from the town, and now and then we came upon a gaudily painted sedan-chair borne by two men and carrying a small-footed woman. A little colony of boat-builders occupied a convenient creek just without the town wall, which was visible on our left. Above it showed the fantastic gables and tawdry ornaments of a large joss-house, or temple, the most conspicuous building in the place. A sharp turn to the right brought us past the end of a long bridge, thrown across the stream just before it falls into the harbour, and to the low wicket gate which formed the entrance to Kelung. Arrived within it, we found ourselves once more amidst the horrors of Chinese streets.

We had yet to go a mile farther, and were glad to hail a *sampan* and complete our journey by water instead of threading the filthy labyrinths of the town. We dropped down quietly in our little boat, sculled by a single boatman, past a long line of junks loading and discharging cargo, and landed beneath the ruins of a fort on a low promontory at the custom-house quay. A row of neat bungalows and a tall white flagstaff, flying the dragon-flag, belonged to the Imperial Maritime Customs, one of the institutions of New China which tends perhaps more than any other to bring her within the family of nations. Immediately opposite was a large building with a high-pitched matted roof, in which was stored the salt belonging to the mandarins, its sale being a government monopoly in China. So that, separated by a narrow strip of water, stood face to face symbols of the two methods, which perhaps will soon strive in China for the mastery,—restriction and freedom, the ancient and the new.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

MR. CROSS AND THE MAGISTRACY.

LAST autumn, in this Review, we urged the Government to undertake a series of large and extensive reforms of the magistracy, and of the law and practice relating to the summary administration of criminal justice. We pointed out that there is a great deal to be done, which, if done, would purify and improve the administration of justice, and so far from injuring or displeasing any one, would be welcomed by all classes. With respect to the more difficult and delicate part of the subject, the reformation of the system of appointment, and the enlargement of the powers of supervision and control, we urged that Mr. Cross had a golden opportunity for settling a difficulty that threatened to become a burning political question. The only answer made by Mr. Cross to this latter part of the subject in his recent speech in the House of Commons was not like himself, and exhibited feebleness and inconsistency. "With regard to the counties he believed that the Lords Lieutenant generally made the appointments fairly; and the Lord Chancellor was responsible for the selection of borough magistrates. If they could not trust their Lords Lieutenant and their Lord Chancellors, it would be rather difficult to find out persons in whom they could trust." But Mr. Cross had himself said just before, "that in the county with which he was connected, the appointment of the magistrates was at one time extremely political. He was not blaming one side more than another; but he was happy to say that the system had been changed, and that the appointments were now practically non-political." In other words, up to the present time in Lancashire, the Lords Lieutenant and Lord Chancellors had abused their trust, by subordinating judicial appointments to political and party motives. Now there is, on the contrary, much to be said why we should not trust either Lords Lieutenant or Lord Chancellors. In the first place both are themselves political appointments. They are generally active, strongly-biassed politicians. The Lord Lieutenant is not a minister responsible to Parliament. The Lord Chancellor is not in the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellors have in past years been suspected of the worst kind of jobbing: and the actual exposures of proceedings that would not bear the light have most certainly discredited that great office. So much is this the case that it is asserted and firmly believed that political pressure of no ordinary kind has been brought to bear on the Chancellor, and has even influenced his appointment of the superior judges. This may be untrue, or it may be exaggerated. But Mr. Cross rested his case on the popular trust in

Lord Chancellors and Lords Lieutenant, and this trust does not exist. And then in answer to his question, where we should find men whom we should trust more? without hesitation, I say that I should put far greater trust in the Home Secretary in general, and certainly in Mr. Cross in particular. He says that the Home Secretary is the head of the magistracy. If so, the appointment, the supervision and powers of rebuke, suspension, and removal, should rest with him, and not with the Lord Chancellor. The ultimate solution of this and several other grave questions in reference to the improvement of our system of criminal justice, is to be sought for in the creation of a Ministry of Justice, and in the more complete separation of the administrative from the legislative functions; a reform which is certain to come about in time, and seems obvious to those who stand apart, and are not blinded by official detail, or the rapid working of the machinery. As a provisional improvement it would be well to make the Home Secretary responsible for the appointment and capacity of every magistrate.

If Mr. Cross has laid himself open in his speech to the above criticisms, we must not forget that he has, nevertheless, taken up an excellent position, from which he can, if he chooses, bring in such a large and comprehensive measure as will be sufficient to settle the question. We are not inclined to grudge the praises he bestows on the magistrates. Mr. Cross evidently takes care not to commit himself. He does not say that there are no incompetent magistrates. He does not grapple with the real issue of reformation: namely, that the incompetency of the magistrates has increased, partly owing to the bad appointments in the past, partly owing to the immense increase of the work they are now required to perform. Before the summary jurisdiction became so enormously extended, the chief duty of the magistrates, in reference to criminal justice, was the holding of very rough kinds of preliminary investigation, and committing offenders for trial at Quarter Sessions. But the course of events has brought it to pass, as we showed last autumn, that this preliminary investigation, which has nothing to do with the summary jurisdiction, has become an essential and much more important part of the criminal procedure: and it cannot be denied that a part of this work is most inefficiently performed. In truth the magisterial duty is now very difficult and very responsible. The local magistrates have to perform the same duties as the experienced and able London stipendiaries. Quantity does not make up for quality, though the legislature seemed to think so when it made two justices equal to one stipendiary. We are, however, not likely to quarrel with Mr. Cross's statement, that "there was not a body of men in the country who acted more honestly, with more patience, with more care, or with a more thorough determination to

do what is right than the magistrates of England. They give an enormous amount of time; they give infinite trouble; they get no thanks." We may take all this as the introductory gloss to the really important part of his speech, in which he admitted that "there were things in the system of the administration of justice which ought to be altered." And he further said "that out of 140,000 persons who were sent to gaol, about one-third of that number were sent to gaol not for any crime. They were sent there because they could not pay fines; but he thought that a remedy might be found for this difficulty." Over 40,000 persons unnecessarily sent to gaol every year! And then Mr. Cross continues, "to say that throughout the country there was any real dissatisfaction with the decisions of the justices, was an assertion which he could not for a moment adopt." What, not the dissatisfaction of the annual 40,000! Is not that real enough?

Still, those who know the admirable quality of the work which a very considerable portion of our magistracy does in fact perform, will candidly admit with us that language like this is not unjustifiable; provided that a really statesmanlike, a wide and enlightened scheme of reform is contemplated. But Mr. Cross has to separate the bad from the good, to weed out the incapable, and consolidate the useful parts of the present system by a better system of laws and administration; he has to infuse new strength, by some scheme for improving the quality of the whole body of magistrates.

This is not a mere question of administrative reform, but one deeply affecting the order, the safety, and the life of the nation. These words are advisedly used, and are justified by the most prominent facts in the present condition of the English people. We pointed out long ago, perhaps with wearisome pertinacity, to Mr. Gladstone's Government, the necessity that existed for a root and branch reform of the Labour Laws, like that subsequently carried out by Mr. Cross. These warnings they disregarded. They actually declared that they would not suffer the Labour Laws to become a great political question. Their refusal to give them their due position of importance, their refusal to legislate justly and thoroughly, was one of the causes, and not the least, which contributed to their ignominious downfall. Again we offer our advice. Again we warn the Government not to be misled by the fact that on this subject there is no organized agitation. There might be at any moment. We advocate the speedy settlement of this important subject, and the removal of a state of things which Mr. Cross admits has given rise to such deplorable facts as that over 40,000 unnecessary imprisonments are inflicted every year. We would have a settlement without martyrs. The annual 40,000 are enough. But assuredly if there is to be trifling and postponement, we shall see martyrdom

begin and proceedings taken similar to those in the case of the Dorset labourers, and the more recent example of the banquet and reception given to the five cabinet-makers on coming out of gaol after the expiration of their sentence. Nothing could have a worse effect on the administration of justice than such proceedings.

One of the most important facts of the times, as well as in relation to this subject, is that a revolution is taking place in the rural districts: a revolution which, looking to the actual condition of things, the happy turn events have taken, and the high character of the men who are leading, ought to accomplish itself as an orderly evolution of a neglected and down-trodden people. But the agricultural labourers are awake; they are roused and animated by new knowledge and new hopes. They are listening to speeches, reading newspapers, discussing subjects among themselves that were never broached before; criticising, examining, inquiring, learning. The critical attitude and temper is a solvent. It tends to shatter and destroy, not to create. The labourers are putting in an appearance where they have hitherto been absent, as at vestry meetings, asserting rights which they were not even known to possess. They meet in large crowds and insist with emphatic voice that their views shall no longer be neglected or despised. So orderly and peaceable is their behaviour that the danger is lest those who hold political power should underestimate what is occurring. Let any one examine the changes that are taking place in such a direction as that of contract or hiring. He will find that an increasing independence is the one fact. This independence is right, and all will be well so long as it is supplemented by the proper subordination to authority. When a Government sees a movement of this kind taking place, it is bound in duty to take such steps as will help to guard against the dangers of self-asserted independence, which, unguided and uncontrolled, tends to become more or less revolutionary and anarchical. Without retreating from what I have said of the peaceable and orderly character of this movement, its revolutionary character is plainly visible. I have myself heard, and that from labourers unconnected with unionism, the deliberate opinion that sooner or later there must be an appeal to force. No doubt such expressions are exceptional and isolated, and count for very little at the present time of national quiet; but they are there. The political problem stands clearly out. The labourers are determined to be independent and to be citizens. The only statesmanlike course is to make them really citizens, obedient to and active in the service of authority. Give the labourer the franchise, not on the ground of theoretical ideas of representative government or of abstract right, but because he has, and not irrationally, got the conviction firmly planted in his mind that the vote is the condition and symbol of citizenship. Secondly, offer him a real reform of the local adminis-

tration of justice. Seek to make him reverence the law and its administration. He has long known about the unnecessary punishment of those 40,000 victims with whom Mr. Cross has horrified us so much. The laws and their administration in the past, some of the evils of which are now swept away, have been real tyranny to him. We have to make him love and revere that which he has thought careless, unjust, and tyrannous. These ideas in my mind induced me to write a series of twelve articles on *Our Criminal Justice*¹ last year in the labourers' paper, and the very policy I thought it my duty as one individual citizen to pursue, is the policy for the government of this great country. If this question of justice stood alone, it would still be urgent. Wide and comprehensive legislation would be a duty pressing upon Parliament and Government, and it could not be neglected without injury and danger to the State. In this Review we feel bound to continue our efforts and loudly to insist on this being done, because the Liberal statesmen, absorbed by the narrowest party movements, have taken up an attitude of indifference and even of contemptuous silence. Eager for Parliamentary influence and power, afraid of their competitors for the coveted prizes, anxious not to offend any part of the parliamentary machine, what care they for questions deeply stirring and affecting the innermost life of the people? For them a masterly inactivity is worldly wisdom.

The article upon the Reform of the Magistracy in this Review was followed up by an important deputation to Mr. Cross from the Trades' Union Congress. They presented a memorial to him, which after congratulatory reference to the passing of the recent Labour Laws, stated their views as follows:—

"We therefore earnestly and respectfully beg you to take upon yourself the duty of legislating upon the summary administration of justice, which, in our opinion, is most urgently required. We think that the summary jurisdiction of magistrates has gone too far; that in many crimes of the most serious description—such, for example, as aggravated assaults upon women, and children—no sound reason can be given why an accused person should be deprived of the right of trial by jury. We cannot but regard such laws as serious infractions of the most important constitutional right we possess. We would respectfully point out that no constitutional rule or limit has ever been laid down; that the subject has never been discussed by Parliament; and, lastly, that your own recent legislation, as giving the option of trial by jury, is remarkable as constituting the first step backwards, from the policy hitherto pursued of continually extending summary jurisdiction.

"We do not attempt to offer to you any detailed scheme, well knowing that such a scheme requires full knowledge of the practical details and difficulties

(1) "*Our Criminal Justice*," reprinted by the Co-operative Printing Society, Balloon Street, Manchester.

with which the question is beset; we only urge upon you our conviction that the laws are in a most unsatisfactory condition, and press with undue and unnecessary harshness upon the poorer classes of the community. We think that some definite constitutional line should be drawn so as to alter and amend, or give new meaning to, the old words of our forgotten charter, 'that no man shall be tried except by his peers and the law of the land.' The remedy would appear to us to lie in the extension of the plan of giving option of trial by jury, as in the recent Conspiracy Act, and in several other instances. If this were the remedy, summary jurisdiction might safely be extended still further. We would also point out that it would be most desirable that a line should be drawn separating more clearly that which is civil from that which is criminal, which you have successfully accomplished in dealing with workmen's contracts. The confusion which still obtains is, we believe, a source of difficulty, and often an obstruction to justice. We are further much struck with the plan of giving security in the Employers and Workmen Act, and we would respectfully ask you to consider whether similar provisions might not be framed, which would afford a great relief to the hardships suffered by reason of the unnecessary haste and harshness of the Small Penalties Act, and the present methods of enforcing fines and penalties. We desire, moreover, to record our opinion that it would be wise to reconsider the whole subject of imprisonment, whether in respect of unpaid costs, of fines, or by direct sentence; because imprisonment has become too common, so common that among large classes in this country it has ceased to be either a punishment or a disgrace.

"In conclusion, we beg to say that the gravest dissatisfaction is felt with many of the magistrates, and with the way in which they have discharged their duties. This is not applicable to all, but it is so far generally true, that no reform of the laws of summary jurisdiction could remove the suspicion with which the local administration of justice is unhappily tainted, were it not supplemented by some remedial measure of appointment and supervision. We would, through you, ask her Majesty's Government to legislate without delay upon these important subjects; but should you be of opinion that further information upon the facts and upon the laws is required for legislation, we then respectfully ask Her Majesty's Government to institute such inquiry as they think most likely to conduce to the ends in view."

The only answer Mr. Cross gave to this memorial was that there could not be any real dissatisfaction, because there were so few cases of appeal from the justices' convictions; only 107 in the year 1874. But the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress drew up another memorial in answer to this statement, and showed that these very figures warranted the opposite inference. There were in 1874, 622,174 summary trials and 486,786 convictions; of the 107 appeals, no less than 51 were appeals in cases of bastardy orders, 21 by licensed victuallers and beershop keepers. Excluding these there would be only 35 appeals, or one appeal for every 13,908 convictions. This shows the remedy of appeal to be practically unused. The memorial then continues:—

"We believe that several causes contribute to this result. There is a belief among the poor that the appeal from a magisterial conviction lies to the same body of magistrates, and that if not useless, the chances are against the appeal being successful. Dissatisfaction with the summary tribunal has actually extended (often very unjustly) to the higher tribunal. The expenses of appeal are beyond the means of a labouring man, who has not substantial friends or a Trades Union at his back. Costs of successful appeals are alleged to be often strangely refused. Some of the costs incurred by Unions in supporting successful appeals have been so great as to prevent appeals in all but exceptional instances. In almost every case too the accused must find security or bail for costs, and an appeal is thereby made impossible. But, in fact, there is no general right of appeal. In some of the most serious charges there is no appeal, as in assault. Mr. Oke says, 'No certain rule has been adopted by the Legislature in conferring this power; by some Acts it is given, while by others in analogous cases it is excluded. To the particular Acts, therefore, resort must be had to know whether there lies any appeal; and if so by what party, from what decision, at what time, and in what mode, notice of it should be given, and the recognisance entered into, as the particular provisions governing and regulating the right must be complied with, for there is no general enactment on the subject.'

"The expenses of an appeal upon the law to a Superior Court may be less and the decision more satisfactory, but it is not within the reach of the poor, and we believe that other difficulties of a more technical character will be found to have prevented the full usefulness of this valuable protection. Thus we submit that upon the important subject of appeal legislation is wanted.

"In conclusion, we beg to call your attention to the fact that in the year 1874, there were 93,342 persons sentenced to imprisonment (probably with hard labour), without trial by jury: of these—

126 were for terms above 6 months;
 3,744 from 6 and above 3 months;
 7,700 from 3 and above 2 months;
 12,291 from 2 and above 1 month; &c., &c., and
 1,146 were whipped.

"These numbers appear to us so large, and the powers so great, as to lend the most weighty support to our request for an inquiry into the laws relating to such powers, and into the way such powers have been exercised. We felt it to be our duty to bring these additional observations and facts before you. We only beg to express our belief that you will do what is just, and, therefore, leaving the matter in your hands," &c.

So stood matters. These grave and weighty representations had been respectfully and publicly laid before the Government. They had not been answered, save in respect of the appeals, which answer had been completely refuted. Therefore the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress felt it to be their duty, and at once determined, to raise a debate on the subject in the House of Commons. They thought it right and proper, considering the admirable way in which Sir William Harcourt had advocated the

reform of the Labour Laws, to ask him to undertake the conduct and management of this great and important task. Upon his declining to do so, they were wise enough to intrust the work to Mr. Hopwood, who most faithfully and judiciously discharged the trust confided to him. On June 16th Mr. Hopwood accordingly brought the whole subject fully and completely before Parliament, and succeeded in eliciting a statement and promise of legislation from the Home Secretary. We do not propose to follow Mr. Hopwood in his speech, which has been reprinted. Mr. Cross appeared unable, and at any rate did not attempt, to answer it. He declared that he was not going to find fault with the speech. Those who heard what took place or read the verbatim report of the two speeches must be satisfied that an immense step has at length been gained, for which Mr. Hopwood deserves great credit. It was a most delicate subject to deal with, one upon which the House of Commons is known to be most susceptible. The speech had, in fact, to be made to the very body of magistrates it proposed to reform. Hitherto it has been quite impossible even to bring the subject before the House of Commons. Whenever it has been attempted, some device has been adopted to prevent the introduction of so unpalatable a topic. The mere delivery of Mr. Hopwood's excellent speech in the House would alone have constituted a great success. But when we consider the promise of legislation by the Government, that the subject has become a Government question, and the nature of the startling admission made by Mr. Cross, and the cordial approbation given to Mr. Hopwood by the press, we may congratulate ourselves on having made a very important advance. The result fully justifies those who expressed their opinion that the question of the Magistracy should form one of the subjects which the Liberal party must place in their programme. To reach the stage we have now reached was the difficulty. The timid, the vacillating, and the calculating politicians who have hung back to see which way the wind was going to blow, will swell our ranks. Political capital is now to be made. When the recent Labour Laws were passing or passed, what offers of assistance from members of Parliament poured in upon the secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades' Union Congress! They may now learn that the working classes of the country really are in earnest about the magisterial question, and that they will do well to join heartily in the efforts to obtain justice.

Looking, however, to the position which Mr. Cross has taken up, the stage which the subject has now reached, there is reason to hope that the same fate awaits the magisterial question as befell that of the Labour Laws. It cannot be doubted that a large and wide measure of reform would meet with a great approval and support.

This would come from various quarters; from the non-political—perhaps the largest body in the kingdom; from those who are intensely political, and not party-men; from the working classes; and, lastly, from at least an important section of the magistrates themselves. To these latter real reform means a greater facility of doing justice, a greater trust by the public in the justice that is administered. Let us express our earnest hope that the Government and Mr. Cross may see their way to dealing with this subject as its greatness and importance requires. They have every opportunity and every facility for the work. They have knowledge, ability, and experience. Have they sufficient insight into what is so clear to outside spectators? If not, if they cannot see and will not undertake the duty, such failure, it needs no prophetic vision to foretell, will be a cause of downfall before long. Mr. Cross admitted with characteristic frankness that the advocates of reform on the Labour Laws were only actuated by the desire of obtaining justice. We tell him that this is the case with the reform of the Magistracy and the summary administration of justice. All that is asked for is simple justice; a reformation of the administration and laws of summary justice; a constitutional law defining the limits of the summary powers of justices of the peace, and proclaiming the exact legal rights of citizenship in respect to trial by jury. We hope that this work will be well and faithfully done at once by those in power, that it may redound to their credit as statesmen, and prove a measure of safety in the transitional state of English civilisation through which we are now passing.

HENRY CROMPTON.

A BALLAD OF FAIR LADIES IN REVOLT.

I.

See the sweet women, friend, that lean beneath
The ever-falling fountain of green leaves
Round the white bending stem, and like a wreath
Of our most blushful flower shine trembling through,
To teach philosophers the thirst of thieves :
Is one for me ? is one for you ?

II.

—Fair sirs, we give you welcome, yield you place,
And you shall choose among us which you will,
Without the idle pastime of the chase,
If to this treaty you can well agree :
To wed our cause, and its high task fulfil.
He who's for us, for him are we !

III.

—Most gracious ladies, nigh when light has birth,
A troop of maids, brown as burnt heather-bells,
And rich with life as moss-roots breathe of earth
In the first plucking of them, past us flew
To labour, singing rustic ritornells :
Had they a cause ? are they of you ?

IV.

—Sirs, they are as unthinking armies are
To thoughtful leaders, and our cause is theirs.
When they know men they know the state of war :
But now they dream like sunlight on a sea,
And deem you hold the half of happy pairs.
He who's for us, for him are we !

V.

—Ladies, I listened to a ring of dames ;
Judicial in the robe and wig ; secure
As venerated portraits in their frames ;
And they denounced some insurrection new
Against sound laws which keep you good and pure.
Are you of them ? are they of you ?

VI.

- Sirs, they are of us, as their dress denotes,
And by as much : let them together chime :
It is an ancient bell within their throats,
Pulled by an aged ringer ; with what glee
Befits the yellow yesterdays of time.
He who's for us, for him are we !

VII.

- Sweet ladies, you with beauty, you with wit ;
Dowered of all favours and all blessed things
Whereat the ruddy torch of Love is lit ;
Wherefore this vain and outworn strife renew,
Which stays the tide no more than eddy-rings ?
Who is for love must be for you.

VIII.

- The manners of the market, honest sirs,
'Tis hard to quit when you behold the wares.
You flatter us, or perchance our milliners
You flatter ; so this vain and outworn She
May still be the charmed snake to your soft airs !
A higher lord than Love claim we.

IX.

- One day, dear lady, missing the broad track,
I came on a wood's border, by a mead,
Where golden May ran up to moted black :
And there I saw Queen Beauty hold review,
With Love before her throne in act to plead.
Take him for me, take her for you.

X.

- Ingenuous gentleman, the tale is known.
Love pleaded sweetly : Beauty would not melt :
She would not melt : he turned in wrath : her throne
The shadow of his back froze witheringly,
And sobbing at his feet Queen Beauty knelt.
O not such slaves of Love are we !

XI.

—Love, lady, like the star above that lance
 Of radiance flung by sunset on ridged cloud,
 Sad as the last line of a brave romance !—
 Young Love hung dim, yet quivering round him threw
 Beams of fresh fire while Beauty waned and bowed.
 Scorn Love, and dread the doom for you.

XII.

—Called she not for her mirror, sir ? Forth ran
 Her women : I am lost, she cried, when lo !
 Love in the form of an admiring man
 Once more in adoration bent the knee
 And brought the faded Pagan to full blow :
 For which her throne she gave : not we !

XIII.

—My version, madam, runs not to that end.
 A certain madness of an hour half past,
 Caught her like fever : her just lord no friend
 She fancied ; aimed beyond beauty, and thence grew
 The prim acerbity, sweet Love's outcast.
 Great heaven ward off that stroke from you !

XIV.

—Your prayer to heaven, good sir, is generous :
 How generous likewise that you do not name
 Offended nature ! She from all of us
 Couched idle underneath our showering tree,
 May quite withhold her most destructive flame ;
 And then what woeful women we !

XV.

—Quite, could not be, fair lady ; yet your youth
 May run to drought in visionary schemes :
 And a late waking to perceive the truth,
 When day falls shrouding her supreme adieu,
 Shows darker wastes than unaccomplished dreams :
 And that may be in store for you.

XVI.

—O sir, the truth, the truth ! is't in the skies,
Or in the grass, or in this heart of ours ?
But O the truth, the truth ! the many eyes
That look on it ! the diverse things they see,
According to their thirst for fruit or flowers !
Pass on : it is the truth seek we.

XVII.

—Lady, there is a truth of settled laws
That down the past burns like a great watch-fire.
Let youth hail changeful mornings ; but your cause,
Whetting its edge to cut the race in two,
Is felony : you forfeit the bright lyre,
Much honour and much glory you !

XVIII.

—Sir, was it glory, was it honour, pride,
And not as cat and serpent and poor slave,
Wherewith we walked in union by your side ?
Spare to false womanliness her delicacy,
Or bid true manliness give ear, we crave :
In our defence thus chained are we.

XIX.

—Yours, madam, were the privileges of life
Proper to man's ideal ; you were the mark
Of action, and the banner in the strife :
Yea, of your very weakness once you drew
The strength that sounds the wells, outflies the lark :
Wrapped in a robe of flame were you !

XX.

—Your friend looks thoughtful. Sir, when we were chill,
You clothed us warmly ; all in honour ! when
We starved you fed us ; all in honour still :
Oh, all in honour, ultra-honourably !
Deep is the gratitude we owe to men,
For privileged indeed were we !

XXI.

—You cite exceptions, madam, that are sad,
But come in the red struggle of our growth.
Alas, that I should have to say it ! bad
Is two-sexed upon earth : this which you do,
Shows animal impatience, mental sloth :
Man monstrous, pining seraphs you !

XXII.

—I fain would ask your friend . . . but I will ask
You, sir, how if in place of numbers vague,
Your sad exceptions were to break that mask
They wear for your cool mind historically,
And blaze like black lists of a tainting plague ?
But in that light behold them we.

XXIII.

—Your spirit breathes a mist upon our world,
Lady, and like a rain to pierce the roof
And drench the bed where toil-tossed man lies curled
In his hard-earned oblivion ! You are few,
Scattered, ill-counselled, blinded : for a proof,
I have lived, and have known none like you.

XXIV.

—We may be blind to men, sir : we embrace
A future now beyond the fowler's nets.
Though few, we hold a promise for the race
That was not at our rising : you are free
To win brave mates ; you lose but marionnettes.
He who's for us, for him are we.

XXV.

—Ah ! madam, were they puppets who withstood
Youth's cravings for adventure to preserve
The dedicated ways of womanhood ?
The light which leads us from the paths of rue,
That light above us, never seen to swerve,
Should be the home-lamp trimmed by you.

XXVI.

—Ah ! sir, our worshipped posture we perchance
Shall not abandon, though we see not how,
Being to that lamp-post fixed, we may advance
Beside our lords in any real degree,
Unless we move : and to advance is now
A sovereign need, think more than we.

XXVII.

—So push you out of harbour in small craft,
With little seamanship ; and comes a gale,
The world will laugh, the world has often laughed,
Lady, to see how bold when skies are blue,
When black winds churn the deeps how panic-pale,
How swift to the old nest fly you !

XXVIII.

—What thinks your friend, kind sir ? We have escaped
But partly that old half-tamed wild beast's paw
Whereunder woman, the weak thing, was shaped :
Men too have known the cramping enemy
In grim brute force, whom force of brain shall awe :
Him, our deliverer, await we !

XXIX.

—Delusions are with eloquence endowed,
And yours might pluck an angel from the spheres
To play in this revolt whereto you are vowed,
Deliverer, lady ! but like summer dew
O'er fields that crack for rain your friends drop tears,
Who see the awakening for you.

XXX.

—Is he our friend, there silent ? he weeps not.
O sir, delusion mounting like a sun
On a mind blank as the white wife of Lot ;
Giving it warmth and movement ! if this be
Delusion, think of what thereby was won
For men, and dream of what win we.

XXXI.

—Lady, the destiny of minor powers,
Who would recast us, is but to convulse.
You enter on a strife that frets and sours ;
You can but win sick disappointment's hue ;
And simply an accelerated pulse,
Some tonic you have drunk moves you.

XXXII.

—Thinks your friend so ? Good sir, your wit is bright ;
But wit that strives to speak the popular voice,
Puts on its nightcap and puts out its light :
Curfew, would seem your conqueror's decree
To women likewise : and we have no choice
Save darkness or rebellion, we !

XXXIII.

—A plain safe intermediate way is cleft
By reason foiling passion : you that rave
Of mad alternatives to right and left,
Echo the tempter, madam : and 'tis due
Unto your sex to shun it as the grave,
This later apple offered you.

XXXIV.

—This apple is not ripe, it is not sweet ;
Nor rosy, sir, nor golden : eye and mouth
Are little wooed by it ; yet we would eat :
We are somewhat tired of Eden, is our plea :
We have thirsted long : this apple suits our drouth :
'Tis good for men to halve, think we.

XXXV.

—But say, what seek you, madam ? 'Tis enough
That you should have dominion o'er the springs
Domestic and man's heart : those ways, how rough,
How vile, outside the stately avenue
Where you walk sheltered by your angel's wings,
Are happily unknown to you !

XXXVI.

—We hear women's shrieks on them. We like your phrase,
 Dominion domestic! And that roar,
 'What seek you?' is of tyrants in all days.
 Sir, get you something of our purity,
 And we will of your strength: we ask no more.
 That is the sum of what seek we.

XXXVII.

—O for an image, madam, in one word,
 To show you as the lightning night reveals,
 Your error and your perils: you have erred
 In mind only, and the perils that ensue
 Swift heels may soften; wherefore to swift heels
 Address your hopes of safety you!

XXXVIII.

—To err in mind, sir . . . your friend smiles: he may!
 To err in mind, if err in mind we can,
 Is grievous error you do well to stay.
 But O how different from reality
 Men's fiction is! how like you in the plan,
 Is woman, knew you her as we!

XXXIX.

—Look, lady, where yon river winds its line
 Toward sunset, and receives on breast and face
 The splendour of fair life: to be divine,
 'Tis nature bids you be to nature true,
 Flowing with beauty, lending earth your grace,
 Reflecting heaven in clearness you.

XL.

—Sir, you speak well: your friend no word vouchsafes.
 To flow with beauty, breeding fools and worse,
 Cowards and worse: at such fair life she chafes
 Who is not wholly of the nursery,
 Nor of your schools: we share the primal curse;
 Together shake it off, say we!

XLI.

—Hear, then, my friend, madam ! Tongue-restrained he stands
 Till words are thoughts, and thoughts, like swords enriched
 With traceries of the artificer's hands,
 Are fire-proved steel to cut, fair flowers to view.
 Do I hear him ? Oh, he is bewitched, bewitched !
 Heed him not ! Traitor beauties you !

XLII.

—We have won a champion, sisters, and a sage !
 —Ladies, you win a guest to a good feast !
 —Sir spokesman, sneers are weakness veiling rage.
 —Of weakness, and wise men, you have the key.
 —Then are there fresher mornings mounting East
 Than ever yet have dawned, sing we

XLIII.

—False ends as false began, madam, be sure !
 —What lure there is the pure cause purifies !
 —Who purifies the victim of the lure ?
 —That soul which bids us our high light pursue.
 —Some heights are measured down : the wary wise
 Shun Reason in the masque with you !

XLIV.

—Sir, for the friend you bring us, take our thanks.
 Yes, Beauty was of old this barren goal ;
 A thing with claws ; and brute-like in her pranks !
 But could she give more loyal guarantee
 Than wooing wisdom, that in her a soul
 Has risen ? Adieu : content are we !

XLV.

Those ladies led their captive to the flood's
 Green edge. He floating with them seemed the most
 Fool-flushed old noddy ever crowned with buds.
 Happier than I ! Then, why not wiser too ?
 For he that lives with Beauty, he may boast
 His comrade over me and you.

XLVI.

Have women nursed some dream since Helen sailed
Over the sea of blood the blushing star,
That Beauty, whom frail man as Goddess hailed,
When not possessing her (for such is he !),
Might in a wondering season seen afar,
Be tamed to say, not ' I,' but ' we ?'

XLVII.

And shall they make of Beauty their estate,
The fortress and the weapon of their sex ?
Shall she in her frost-brilliance dictate,
More queenly than of old, how we must woo,
Ere she will melt ? The halter's on our necks,
Kick as it likes us, I and you !

XLVIII.

Certain it is, if Beauty has disdained
Her ancient conquests, with an aim thus high :
If this, if that, if more, the fight is gained.
But can she keep her followers without fee ?
Yet ah ! to hear anew those ladies cry,
He who's for us, for him are we !

GEORGE MEREDITH.

HARTMANN'S PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS.

AMONG the bold exploits of philosophical speculation the writings of Edward von Hartmann must surely always hold a distinguished place. At a time when metaphysical speculation is eyed askance with a good deal of suspicion, if not with contempt, by the larger part of the thinking world, one hears that a youth of twenty-seven has hurled forth, with careless, jaunty air, a system of ontology which claims to possess a scientific certainty. A young Berliner of aristocratic associations, who has passed a good part of his adolescence in military surroundings, appears to have been called by an inscrutable Providence to reinstate metaphysics in the position from which impetuous science has sought to expel her.

The Philosophy of the Unconscious courageously addressed itself with words of correction and enlightenment to three distinct classes, namely, the metaphysicians, the savants, and the theologians. Imbued with much of Schopenhauer's contempt for the philosophy of the chairs, Hartmann charges all previous metaphysicians with neglecting the certain inductive methods of science in favour of the unverifiable procedure of *a priori* deduction. In the same breath he virtually rebukes the modest positive temper of men of science, by declaring that their own inductive methods lead to "speculative results," and by re-affirming the necessity of that teleological interpretation of phenomena, that search for final causes, which they had so long striven to banish from scientific investigations. By this last utterance, further, Hartmann quite as distinctly addressed the theologians, teaching them that design is not only discoverable in a few things in nature to be carefully rummaged out like a geologist's rare specimens, but is equally manifested in all natural processes.

And what impression, it may be asked, has this singular achievement in speculation produced in the minds of these three classes? It seems that among the theologians some few have hailed Hartmann's attempt to re-assert the existence of a mental principle in the world's order in the face of rampant materialism and the mechanical method of interpretation, but the greater part appear to discern that the author takes away more than he gives. If they had been in any doubt before, his recent work, "Die Selbstzersetzung des Christenthums," could hardly leave them in any further uncertainty.

Again, are the professional philosophers recognising the status of this new metaphysician? One or two, like Zeller and Erdmann, do indeed find a spare niche for him in their histories, but they are

careful to say little about his real philosophic claims. For the rest, there is a somewhat ominous silence among the really qualified, as though they were still eyeing the newcomer askance, if indeed they have not learnt to look on him with a gentle smile.

Then finally as to the savants or nature-searchers, as they like to style themselves, do they dutifully accept the corrections of the new teacher, and forthwith commence to enlarge their view of the scope of scientific induction? Here we find a yet more ominous measure of silence, which is only broken now and then by a voice not too submissive in tone. It looks as if the cautious men were after all a little reluctant to take the "inductive" leap proposed to them.

Yet there is the fact that the new philosophy circulates, moving swiftly round a wide orbit; for the bulky volume which encloses it has already run through six editions, and there is a promise of another and larger edition presently.¹ Von Hartmann is a figure in German literature just now, and he has considerably assisted his many admirers to conceive this figure in a sufficiently concrete manner by prefixing a vignette of his features to his ponderous treatise, and quite recently by a detailed account of his life, which includes, among other interesting matters, the name of the physician who helped to land him on the shore of this mundane existence. There is a Hartmann party in Germany, just as there is a Wagner party, fired with a like enthusiasm. The reconciler of Hegel and Schopenhauer is, for the moment at least, a popular author, and rigorous scientific method, even when leading to the abstrusest of results, is at length applauded by the many.² Such an unpredictable effect is surely worth inquiring into.

I.

From the short autobiography already alluded to, and which appeared under the title, "My Course of Development" ("Mein Entwicklungsgang"), in the first three numbers of the "Gegenwart" for 1875,³ we gather the following facts.

(1) This edition, which falls into two volumes, has reached the public since the present essay was finished.

(2) That Hartmann has produced his effect almost exclusively in literary as opposed to philosophic and scientific circles, may be seen by a comparison of the favourable criticisms collected under the heads, "Philosophic, Theologic, and Literary Opinions," which the publishers have just sent out in announcing a new edition of Hartmann's work. The total absence of *scientific* judgments, and the cold and guarded tone of the recognition of the few philosophers, curiously contrast with the abundance and fervour of the notices drawn from political and literary journals.

(3) Just republished in a volume, entitled "Gesammelte Studien und Aufsätze gemeinverständlichen Inhalts." The writer of an exceedingly interesting article on "The Philosophy of Pessimism," in the January number of the *Westminster Review* (which has appeared since the present article was written), reproduces one or two common rumours respecting Hartmann's life which this autobiography plainly contradicts.

Carl Robert Edward von Hartmann (the first two prænomena are not used by the writer) was born at Berlin in the year 1842. His father was a captain in the Prussian Artillery. Edward was the only child, and, being naturally precocious, readily acquired an old-fashioned manner of thought and expression. He went through the excellent school course of the Prussian Gymnasias, not, however, with very much enjoyment. The youth's precocity is well illustrated by the fact that he was able to see, even at this time, the one-sidedness and narrowness of much of school tuition. He felt school to be "a pressing burden," and rebelled "against a system of instruction that was in many particulars a clear waste of time." The hour in which he left school was "perhaps the happiest of his life." One reason of this curious oppressiveness of school life was clearly the want of pleasant companionships. Hartmann speaks of his comrades as looking on him as something uncanny, largely because of his freedom from all sentiments of piety towards authority. He had no great love for classical studies. Mathematics and natural science (what amount of the latter was studied is not mentioned) were his favourite pursuits. The real sources of pleasure in this apparently unjoyous existence were English novels and, later on, the pursuit of music and painting, in each of which branches of art he attained considerable progress.

On leaving school Hartmann was in a good deal of doubt respecting a profession. He shrank from the prospect of a university career on account of the coarseness and vulgarity of student life. (One would like to know how many German Gymnasiasts are troubled by similar scruples.) He was not sufficiently sure of a first-rate success to take up as a calling either of his favourite arts or natural science. He decided for the army, believing that by becoming a soldier he could best become "a whole man." His mathematical and physical studies, moreover, drew him more especially to the department of artillery. In 1858 he joined a regiment of artillery as cadet, and began to attend the lectures and exercises of the artillery school. His new life appears to have been more congenial to him than his school experiences, though it is clear that he found but little sympathy in his special aims among his light-hearted comrades. He secured ample time for reading, which embraced works on philosophy, natural science, and æsthetical subjects. His philosophical reading, which now became more and more the absorbing interest of his leisure, was carried on at first in a desultory, afterwards in a more systematic, fashion. For the most part, he tells us, he was led by a certain natural instinct in finding out what was of value in philosophical literature, though he had the guidance of some medical friends in the perusal of works on psychology and natural science.

Still more remarkable than his early appetite for philosophic literature was his precocious impulse to think out metaphysical problems for himself. He tells us that in his thirteenth year he had begun to jot down thoughts, questions, doubts, and aphorisms, and that at the close of his gymnasium course (in his seventeenth year) he composed his "first connected work," under the title "Reflections on Mind," in which he discussed, *inter alia*, the problems of a future state, free-will, &c. During the first years of his military career (1858—1863) his professional duties left him too little time for philosophical production. In 1863, he tells us, he laid down some of the fundamental pillars of his philosophical system, including the reconciliation of pessimism and optimism, and the justification of the teleological method.

In the winter of 1861–2 his military studies were interrupted by a disorder in the knee, which, as it grew worse, necessitating long absences at baths, finally compelled him to relinquish his career. He left the artillery school in the year 1862, and fully gave up his profession in 1864. The malady from which he suffered has remained a local one, not impairing his general health, and has now considerably abated.

After some further thoughts of taking up the art of painting or of musical composition as an avocation, Hartmann decided to throw himself into philosophy,¹ and towards the end of the year 1864 he had already begun his "Philosophy of the Unconscious." In this, as in earlier productions he went to work, he says, impelled only by a desire to satisfy his own intellectual cravings for truth, and by no consideration of external consequences. He attaches much importance to the fact that his productions were not controlled by "any external ends, whether personal or material." In this respect, he adds—

"The 'Philosophy of the Unconscious' is specifically distinguished from most productions of the modern philosophic book-market, which serve either as a ground-work for an intended university examination, or as a means of gaining a professorship, or as a confirmation of a professorial reputation, or finally as a literary investment."

He also congratulates himself, in terms which perhaps hardly seem suitable, at least to English taste, that this work was undertaken in perfect isolation from professional circles, and what he styles the philosophy of the guild (*Zunftphilosophie*).² The perfect

(1) One almost admires Hartmann's frank vanity, when he tells us that at this time "he knew that in his past twenty-two years he had experienced more, triumphed over more errors, got rid of more prejudices, and seen through more illusions, than many cultivated men are allowed to do in their whole life."

(2) Hartmann is frequently styled Doctor, and Erdmann, in his "Grundriss der Geschichte der Philosophie," says he took his doctorate at the Berlin University in the year 1867. But Hartmann does not mention this, and, moreover, seems never to have assumed the title.

originality and independence of his speculations are vouched for, he thinks, by the fact that among his friends there was none with whom he could hold a conversation "of any philosophical complexion."

By the year 1867 the work was completed, though it was not published till 1869.¹ The author concludes his autobiography by giving his reason for not substantially changing the first draft of his system in later editions, and by meeting the suspicion that his pessimistic proclivities are due to a gloomy personal experience by means of a pleasant little sketch of his home life, lit up with the presence of a sympathetic wife, of a beautiful engaging boy, "just experimenting with the joining together of verbs and nouns," and of a few congenial friends.

II.

With this knowledge of the author's character and history, let us look into the stout volume which encloses the "Philosophy of the Unconscious," in order to see what its main features and fundamental ideas really are. After this we shall be in a position to estimate, roughly at least, the philosophic value of the system, and may then briefly consider the larger question of its literary success.

In the introduction Herr von Hartmann gives us a fairly clear notion of the aim of his volume. Setting out with a quotation from Kant as to the existence of mental representations or ideas (*Vorstellungen*) of which we are not conscious, the author seeks to define his fundamental conception of an unconscious mental process which presents itself now as volition (as in instinct), now as intellectual representation or idea (as in many forms of memory). It is added that the metaphysical conception of the Unconscious, which is to include both unconscious will and unconscious idea, is positive as well as negative, by right of the two attributes volition and representation.

The author further discusses the right method of speculation. He complains that science has remained too confined and *borné*, through want of a metaphysical interpretation of its conclusions; while philosophy, by employing only the deductive method, has remained thin and unsubstantial, and incapable of connecting itself with the fruits of empirical research. The proper method is to combine the two, by seeking "to connect according to the inductive method the speculative principles" (which have been arrived at by "a leap in the air of a mystic nature") "with the highest attained results of inductive science.

(1) It may be interesting to compare Hartmann's age with those of two other young metaphysicians when they published their first great work. Berkeley was twenty-five when the "New Theory of Vision" appeared; the "Treatise of Human Nature" was published when Hume was twenty-six.

After a review of what he calls his predecessors in philosophy and in science in reference to the notion of the Unconscious, and a highly curious section on the mode in which we accept the existence of ends or aims in nature, the writer enters on the first of the three main divisions of his work, namely, that which discusses the manifestations of the Unconscious in organic and principally in animal bodies. This part, as well as the succeeding one, professes to be a rigorous scientific investigation of facts, and serves to form the empirical basis of the metaphysical theory of the Unconscious. The drift of this investigation is, that everywhere in the processes of organic life the action of unconscious will and intelligence is distinctly recognisable. This is shown to hold good in the region of the functions of the spinal column and sympathetic ganglia, in voluntary and reflex movements, in instinct, in the healing processes of the organism, and finally in the growth and formation of organic structure. Under these heads the writer collects from a large number of different sources a host of curious and interesting facts, which in his view clearly point to the operations of unconscious will and idea as their only adequate cause. Without trying to follow him in detail, we may give one or two examples of his mode of reasoning from these biological phenomena.

For example, Hartmann quotes a good many well-known facts which go to show that there are certain movements carried on by the lower centres in the spinal column and medulla oblongata quite independently of the brain. Thus a hen from which Flourens removed the whole of the cerebrum stuck its head under its wing on going to sleep, and on waking shook itself and arranged its feathers with its beak. (The writer can scarcely mean that only the column and the medulla were concerned in these actions.) From these facts he reasons, as Mr. Lewes and others have done, that animals have more than one consciousness; namely, a cerebral consciousness which is the animal's self, and detached consciousnesses connected with the lower centres. In other words, there exist in our bodily organisms distinct wills which, as far as we, the higher consciousnesses, are concerned, are *unconscious*. But more, not only can lower centres of consciousness be proved to exist in the animal organism, we may detect the presence of distinct mental elements which do not enter as factors either into the higher cerebral consciousness or into the lower ganglionic consciousnesses. This is shown in the execution of voluntary movements. When I wish to lift my little finger, says Hartmann, the molecular vibrations which sustain this mental state (Hartmann calls it a representation) are located in the cerebrum, and cannot therefore act directly on the extremities of the motor nerves which lead to the muscles of the finger, since these are seated in the medulla or cerebellum. Nor is it possible to explain by mechanical processes

the transference of these cerebral vibrations to the motor nerves. Hence there must be an intermediate psychical process which is evidently an unconscious one. In consequence of the conscious intention to lift the finger there arises an unconscious intention to excite the point *p* where the motor nerves end. This intention, moreover, clearly involves the presence of an unconscious mental representation, namely that of the point *p*; consequently, "Every voluntary movement presupposes the unconscious representation of the position of the corresponding nervous terminations in the brain" (p. 67).

In the phenomena of instinct Hartmann finds a much wider field for this action of unconscious mind. Instinctive actions cannot, he thinks, be explained as conscious processes, carried out with conscious intention. The rapidity and certainty with which they are executed sharply mark them off from the clearly conscious actions of the same limited minds, these actions being always slow, hesitating, and awkward. Nor can they be explained on any mechanical theory of nervous structure and nervous action as purely material processes. They clearly involve *mental* processes; and since these are not conscious—not even elements of a presumable lower isolated consciousness in a less complex ganglionic centre—they must result from a will and an intelligent conception which are in every sense unconscious. This unconscious intelligent will, though not having any definite material basis or seat in the organism like the conscious will of the cerebrum and the wills of the lower centres, is nevertheless to be regarded as belonging to the individual. It springs "out of the innermost nature and character" of the individual. The aim of each of these instincts "is not thought out by some foreign mind outside the individual as a Providence . . . but is willed in every case by the individual, only unconsciously" (p. 97). Under instinct, it may be added, the author renders very prominent all cases of animal pre-vision in which there seem to be no sources from which the creature could derive its information. Thus the migration of birds cannot be accounted for as the result of a sensation at the time, but clearly involves a fore-casting of future atmospheric changes. This presentiment Hartmann calls a clairvoyance (*Hellsehen*), and he considers the alleged facts of human clairvoyance to be of precisely the same nature.

In his account of the recuperative forces of the organism, and of the processes of organic growth, the author seeks to trace in a yet wider region the action of unconscious will and intelligence in the bodily organism. Disease is a disturbance of the organism by some external force, and recovery is the result of a voluntary act of "an individual providence" deliberately aiming at the result reached. Similarly growth cannot be accounted for as a pure result of mechanical laws, but is seen to involve the action of a will.

The result of this first part seems to be, that in the processes of animal life there shows itself in addition to the will of which the individual is conscious, other quasi-conscious wills correlated with the lower nervous centres, and further a wholly unconscious will which can only be defined as a kind of tutelary spirit or providence of the individual, and which seems to be capable of making good a number of deficiencies of conscious will and intelligence, and of originating a large number of actions and changes in the organism, being limited only by certain material conditions which are not very clearly stated.

In the second part Hartmann proceeds to illustrate the revelations of the Unconscious in the human mind, as the second great region in which the empirical results of this principle are to be looked for. In a somewhat loose arrangement of subjects, the author here passes under review what he deems to be the unconscious elements in sexual love, in feeling generally, in character and morality, in aesthetic judgment and artistic creation, in mysticism, in history, &c. In all these regions the author thinks he discovers the action of mind behind mind, of unconscious intention behind conscious intention, just as in the first part he recognised the presence of will, other than that of consciousness, behind the material processes of the animal organism.

For example, men seek sexual indulgence in the illusion that they thus reach a measure of pleasure not otherwise attainable. This is explained by saying that what they will is not the indulgence but the act of generation; and it is this unconscious purpose, or blind instinctive impulse, which gives all its meaning to the delights of courtship, and to the charm of an opposed or rather a complementary nature for the amatory passion.¹

Again, there is a mysterious element in all pleasure and pain. This is due to the fact that all pleasure is a pacification of will, pain a non-pacification; and in most cases the thing willed is never present to consciousness. Thus the pleasure of colour must be supposed to result from an unconscious will of the nervous substance to re-act in a particular way under the stimulation of certain ether-vibrations.

Other examples can only just be alluded to. Hartmann, though affirming the real existence of the external world and of space, accepts the empiricist's view of the genesis of our space notions through a synthesis of muscular and other feelings, and seeks to show that this synthesis lies outside consciousness. Language, again, exhibits the same principle, for human speech is too large

(1) It is not surprising that this point has so frequently been selected for ridicule by Hartmann's opponents. Hartmann certainly seems to betray something of a cynical satisfaction in destroying as far as possible the more poetic aspects of love.

and complicated a growth to be the product of a single mind, while it is too much of an organic unity to be due to the conscious actions of many. Once more, mysticism (under which must be understood not only the spiritual vision of religionists, but also clairvoyance and even metaphysical intuition) illustrates the existence of the Unconscious. The object or content of mystical thought is nothing reached by experience, but a revelation from the sphere of the Unconscious. Finally, history, as Hegel has shown, involves the aiming of individual wills at a general result of which they know nothing, and so must be regarded as a process of unconscious volition.

By the end of the second part, then, Hartmann claims to have made out that the presence of unconscious yet intelligent will is distinctly traceable both in the region of material processes and in that of conscious activity. With this inductive basis he is satisfied, and proceeds in the third part, under the title, "The Metaphysic of the Unconscious," to define and deduce the consequences of the principle of the Unconscious as the all-pervading ontological reality. Into many of the subtle metaphysical points discussed in this somewhat miscellaneous section of the work we need not enter. It may be sufficient to point to a few of the most striking and interesting features.

The great problems which Hartmann has to attack in a metaphysic of unconscious will is to show the relation of his principle to matter as real existence, and to work out the metaphysical process by which this matter slowly reaches the forms of organic life, and finally of a life which sustains a consciousness.

Matter, says Hartmann, consists, according to the latest physical hypothesis, exclusively of innumerable atomic forces grouped together in certain ways. These forces, or points of force, are either positive or negative, attractive or repellent. Each atomic force is a striving, and what is this? "What, then, is the striving of the atomic force besides will, that striving whose content or object is formed by the unconscious representation of that which is striven after?" (p. 478). The activities of the atomic forces are simply individual acts of volition. Thus easily is matter resolved into will and idea, and the radical difference supposed to exist between matter and mind effaced. The identity of the two is now no longer an inconceivable postulate or a product of mystic conception, but "is elevated to a scientific cognition."

Next as to the evolution of organic life. It is here that Hartmann's principles will have to be tried. He conceives the process of organic development to be distinctly willed and intended by the Unconscious, the object aimed at being a higher and still higher degree of life. But how are we to conceive this "organizing Unconscious"? Is it simply the sum of the individual acts of will supplied by the forces of the atoms of matter? In other words, is

organic evolution a mechanical process explicable by the known laws of material processes? Hartmann is very clear on this point. The Unconscious in organic evolution is something quite apart from the material forces or volitions implied in bodily changes. It is a will enlightened by an intelligence which presides over these, which every now and then *interferes with* their action by introducing a new element.

This conception of an unconscious will (over and above the mere volitions of the bodily atoms) whose action cannot be reduced to a mechanical operation, is brought out with great prominence in the author's discussion of Darwinism. Hartmann admits the action of individual variation, inheritance, and natural selection, but, appealing to objections raised by Mr. Wallace and Professor Nägeli, he thinks these processes are wholly inadequate to account for the progress of animal life. Natural selection explains, he thinks, only the development and transformation of existing organs into some new "*physiological arrangement*" demanded by the circumstances of the time, it is impotent to account for a properly *morphological* change. The main part of the development, both of plants and of animals, is due to the direct action of the organizing Unconscious. What Darwin's principle represents is simply the action of certain mechanical arrangements which the Unconscious finds, so to speak, ready prepared for it, and wisely makes use of. Hartmann lays down a number of principles, which he thinks fully explain the processes of organic evolution. Among these we find the following, which will illustrate the author's conception of his subject. "The Unconscious makes use of the individual deviations which arise accidentally in every process of generation, in so far as these present themselves in those directions which answer to its aim."

Let us now see what Hartmann makes of the genesis of consciousness in this system of things. The points of contrast between consciousness and the Unconscious are said to be such as these: Consciousness is capable of becoming diseased and exhausted, while the Unconscious is not subject to these drawbacks. The one has duration and involves memory, while the other is timeless. The first is liable to error, the second infallible. Again, consciousness is necessarily conditioned by the presence of a material brain or nervous ganglia. On this point Hartmann fully goes with the materialists. The final point of difference between the Unconscious and consciousness is that while in the former will and intellectual representation are inseparable, in the latter the idea may become detached from the volition. Consciousness is thus a possibility of the emancipation of the intellectual from the volitional. The following is the process by which consciousness as emancipated intellectual representation arises:—

"The representation has no interest in its own existence, no endeavour to reach it; consequently, so long as there is no consciousness, it is only called forth by the will, and the unconscious mind can only have such representations as, being called into being by the will, form the content of the will. Here organised matter suddenly breaks in on the peace of the Unconscious, and forces on the astonished individual mind during the necessary reaction of sensation a representation which falls on it as out of heaven, for it finds in itself no will for this representation. . . . The great revolution has come to pass, the first step in the redemption of the world is taken, the idea is snatched away from the will in order to confront it in the future as an independent might, in order to subject that power of which it has been the slave."—P. 394.

Consciousness is thus a product of two factors, the unconscious mind and material activity, which again is but a form of volition. That is to say, its genesis is the result of a collision of two wills, namely, the will of the unconscious individual mind and the reacting wills of the atoms of the brain. This rupture of the quiescence of the unconscious mind is, Hartmann tells us, necessarily accompanied with a feeling of pain (*Unlust*), which accordingly is an inseparable ingredient of all conscious life. Unconscious wills of individual organisms, atomic wills in inorganic nature—these conceptions appear to point to a final solution of the problem of being by a form of pluralism somewhat akin to Leibnitz's theory of monads and Herbart's doctrine of simple beings. But Hartmann's views resemble rather those of Spinoza and later philosophers who postulate one comprehensive ultimate substance. His theory is distinctly termed a form of *Monism*, which recognises but one substance or ultimate reality.¹ All these varieties of will are, he tells us, but different functions of one and the same substance. First of all, it is plain that the unconscious minds of the same individual are all one, else there could not be "that wonderful harmony of the organism." Further, it must be supposed that the unconscious minds of different individuals are the same, and the fixed belief in the opposite is only an illusion of the practical instinct which continually cries "I, I." Finally, the atomic wills of inorganic matter are to be conceived as manifestations of the same metaphysical entity.

The author takes great pains to point out what he considers to be the correct relation of his metaphysical principles to those of previous philosophers, including Plato, Leibnitz, Schelling, Hegel, and Schopenhauer. Into these observations we cannot follow him. He lays great stress on the assertion that his system serves to reconcile the two directions of speculative thought represented by Hegel and Schopenhauer, namely, towards the erection of the will and of the idea exclusively into the ultimate reality. In a highly curious bit of imaginative writing he seeks to describe the original condition of the Unconscious before it manifested its activity in any form of

(1) It may be seen from this that with Hartmann space and time, though objective realities in the phenomenal universe, do not exist for the ultimate substantial will.

phenomenal existence, and shadows forth the rather astounding process by which the idea came into possession of full existence. The idea only exists, he says, when the will has grasped it as its content; before that it is neither actually existent nor potentially existent, nor on the other hand non-existent. What is it then? "Language does not supply a proper word for the expression of this notion; one might most readily characterize this condition as latent existence" (pp. 806—7).

One point in this superlatively metaphysical determination of the nature of the Unconscious must not be passed by, as it is intimately connected with the author's conception of scientific method. The idea he tells us represents the logical; the will, which simply strives, and of itself knows not how to attain, the illogical. At the same time both are included under the notion of causality. "That the stone which I let fall falls, depends on the continuation of volition to the present moment; but that it *falls*, and with a certain velocity, lies in the nature of the logical." Causality is thus conceived "as logical necessity, which receives actuality through the will." End or aim is accordingly the positive side of the logical, and we may adopt the proposition of Leibnitz, *causæ efficientes pendent a causis finalibus*. Logical necessity is the universal, and causality and finality, to which motivation (of will) may be added, are only "different projections" in which this universal presents itself when considered from different points of view. Thus is the teleological method restored to science by means of a metaphysical demonstration.

A word must be said on the relation of the Unconscious to the God of Theism as defined by the author. Hartmann insists that his principle really includes all that is essential in the hypothesis of an intelligent deity. Thus he urges that his noumenon, though unconscious, is not blind, but, from the vast superiority of its intelligence (clairvoyance) above all conscious intelligence, must rather be regarded as "a supra-conscious." Moreover, it is omnipotent as well as omniscient, and though not itself conscious, is the bearer of individual consciousnesses; so that it should, Hartmann thinks, be accepted as a full equivalent for the old conception of a personal intelligence.

It is now full time that we pass on to consider what is undoubtedly the most interesting part of Hartmann's system, namely his doctrine of pessimism, and his proffered solution of the problem of life by means of his theory of the Unconscious. This constitutes the practical side of his philosophy.

That conscious existence is universally and necessarily an excess of pain over pleasure, Hartmann holds no less assuredly than Schopenhauer; and since he is most unmistakably utilitarian in recognising

nothing valuable in conscious life but pleasure and absence of pain, his view of existence as ordinarily understood is about as gloomy as the most despondent pessimist could wish. We think life is beautiful, delightful, but we are deceived. "It is all vanity, that is illusion, nothingness."¹

But Hartmann has his own way of reaching this conclusion. Schopenhauer had been content to prove his pessimism by a very easy method. All volition, he says, as a striving after something, "springs out of deficiency (*Mangel*), out of discontent with one's condition, and is therefore a state of suffering so long as it is not satisfied; but no satisfaction is lasting, it is rather only the starting-point of a new striving."² Sometimes, with something of impatience and a suggestion of grim satisfaction, he would tell the objector to assure himself of the truth of pessimism by comparing the sensation of the animal that devours another with that of the other which is devoured.³

Hartmann is not satisfied with such a short cut. His method is that of "induction," and so he sets to work to prove, by what he considers to be overwhelming evidence, that human existence is a miserable one, and so far from being made less so by the progress of human development, is in a sense growing more and more miserable as intelligence increases and the true value of human ends becomes calmly recognised. Hartmann considers that the predominance of misery in human life may be fully shown by a separate consideration of the value of health, liberty, sufficiency of means and other necessities of enjoyment, of the instincts of hunger and love, of the social relations and friendship, of ambition, of scientific activity and the cultivation of art, and of many other sides of human life and endeavour.

The belief in the possibility of happiness is, then, according to Hartmann, an illusion, and he proceeds to distinguish three stages in this illusion. In the first, happiness is supposed to be attainable by the individual now in the present stage of human development. This is the belief of the *naïve* uncultivated mind, and answers to the childhood of the world or antiquity. The second stage shows us the individual waking up to the impossibility of happiness in this earthly life, and placing this happiness in a transcendent existence after death. The youth of the world, or the middle ages, is the period in which this illusion flourished. In the third stage, men begin to

(1) In one respect, indeed, Hartmann's view is less cheerless than that of Schopenhauer, who asserts that all pleasure is negative, in so far as it can only arise indirectly through the removal or alleviation of pain. Hartmann sees through this fallacy, and puts pleasure and pain on an equality, as being each both negative and positive (pp. 655 *seq.*).

(2) "Welt als Wille und Vorstellung," book iv., § 56, vol. i. p. 365, Frauenstädt's edition of Schopenhauer's collected works.

(3) Schopenhauer does indeed say (*Ibid.* p. 381 *seq.*) that the misery of life can be proved both *a priori* and *a posteriori*, but he hardly makes a pretence of supplying the latter proof.

forego all thought of individual happiness, but still think of happiness as attainable by future generations of mankind. This is the growth of modern time, or the manhood of the world. Each of these illusions Hartmann seeks to upset by a separate line of argument.

And now, what does our author propose to do with mankind in this apparent dead-lock? Schopenhauer had been content to suggest as the only way out of the difficulty what the mystic ascetics of all ages had implicitly taught, and the Buddhist religion had distinctly defined—namely, the breaking or killing of the individual will through renunciation of life's pleasures, the "denial of the will to live," or, to express it otherwise, the gradual quiescence of the will in view of its own contradictoriness and nothingness.

Hartmann thinks this is a confession of intellectual impotence, and no solution of the problem of existence at all. While a pessimist in an empirical sense, he cannot be content with pessimism as a speculative creed. Pessimism must be reconciled with optimism under some higher conception of existence, and this Hartmann seeks to effect by means of his theory of the Unconscious.

First of all, then, Hartmann accepts the consequence that this world, with its preponderance of evil, is the product of the Unconscious, which he here names a creator. Further, he agrees with the optimist Leibnitz so far as to assert that the world is arranged and governed as wisely and excellently as it is possible for it to be;¹ that "if, in the all-wise Unconscious, among all possible representations, that of a better world had had a place, this other would certainly have been produced." This could only be made doubtful by showing that the Unconscious is aiming at an unworthy final end, or uses inappropriate means for securing this end, neither of which is possible.

Granting, then, that this is the best possible world, how came it to be so bad? According to Hartmann, the world owes its existence (though not its form of existence) to a non-rational act, inasmuch as the will in itself, apart from intellectual representation, is alogical. The existence of the universe is due primarily to the blind and uncontrollable impulse of the unconscious will to will. Hence the elements of incompleteness and misery. If the will had not willed—which was impossible—there would have been no universe, consequently no evil. On the other hand, since its existence was necessitated by this restless condition of the will, the mode of existence—the "what" and "how" of existence—is as good as it could have been through the presence of the rational or logical element. This factor of the Unconscious being once necessarily called in to help the will to act, has gradually acquired independence and supremacy, and this is shown in the direction of the whole world-process to a rational final end.

(1) Leibnitz rested this assertion on his conception of evil as negative and limiting.

We must now inquire into the nature of this final end (*Endzweck*) of the world-process. Hartmann follows Hegel very closely in considering this problem. Is, he asks, consciousness the final end, as Hegel asserts, and as might appear from the fact that it is gradually progressing and rising? Certainly not. It cannot be an end to itself (*Selbst-zweck*). "With pains it is born, with pains it devours its existence, with pains it purchases its elevation; and what does it offer as a compensation for all this? A vain self-mirroring!" What, then, is the final end? Consciousness is clearly the *proximate* end. But it lies in the notion of consciousness that the intellect should be emancipated from the will, and the will be resisted and finally annihilated. Hence, says Hartmann, "can it be doubtful that the all-wise Unconscious, which thinks both end and means as one, has formed consciousness merely in order to release the will from the unblestness of its willing, from which it cannot release itself—that the final end of the world-process, for which consciousness serves as the last means, is to realise the greatest possible attainable condition of happiness, namely that of painlessness" (pp. 755-6)?

Here we are taken back to a point frequently alluded to in the course of Hartmann's exposition, namely, that every mode of willing in the Unconscious is accompanied with misery or pain. The condition of the unconscious will, before the representation comes to its relief, is a "hungry empty" willing, and moreover an infinite willing, and all that this representation as a finite quantity helps it to attain fails to satisfy its greed. There remains, then, an endless surplus of hunger, and consequently an absolute unblestness and self-torment without pleasure. From this condition the idea as the logical has to release the unreasoning will. It has "to make good what the irrational will has made bad." How is this to be accomplished? How can reason silence the clamour of hungry will? Only through consciousness. There must be a universal act of denial of will on the part of all conscious minds. In consequence of the development of intelligence and the recognition of the irrationality of all willing and striving, the human species, or some higher beings endowed with conscious intelligence, either on our planet or elsewhere, in whom a sufficient amount of will has been concentrated, will execute the great finale of the world drama by one common act of will-annihilation.

It follows from this, says Hartmann, that Schopenhauer's prescription of an individual denial of will is premature and erroneous. The immediately right thing for the individual is, on the contrary, "the affirmation of will to live." Only by following out the instincts of nature, and by helping to prolong the life of mankind, can the final end, the release of will from its inherent misery, be reached.

The highest duty of man is thus to work in harmony with the unconscious mind, to help on the world-process by seeking in every way to promote, first of all, the general growth of intelligence, by which men will be the more quickly brought to recognise the futility of willing, and, secondly, the spread of sympathy,¹ by which they will be lifted out of their narrow individual aims to take part in one universal aim, the annihilation of all misery by the total denial of will. This reconciliation of optimism and pessimism, says Hartmann, unlike pessimism pure and unalloyed, supplies an adequate basis for practical effort and hopeful endeavour.

III.

Such, then, in brief, is the substance of Hartmann's teaching; and now what is to be said respecting its scientific or philosophic value?

No thoughtful reader can have failed to note, again and again, the insufficiency of Hartmann's reasonings, and it will be found that this logical inadequateness presents itself even more strikingly in the original than in the brief exposition just given. The facile way, for example, in which the author leaps from the physical hypothesis of atomic forces (which thoughtful physicists recognise to be nothing but convenient fictions, the product of our own minds) to the conclusion that all matter is will, is characteristic of his process of induction.

Let us look a little more closely at one or two of the most striking fallacies which the author perpetrates under the guise of the inductive method.

The first thing which a little staggers a man accustomed to the sober ways of a really inductive science, is the assumption that there exists any form of mental life which is unconscious. We say assumption, for the "scientific proof" Hartmann offers, drawn from certain ambiguous statements of Helmholtz and others, as to the existence of "unconscious inferences," &c., is wholly inconclusive. It is obviously impossible to prove from scientific evidence that mind extends beyond the boundaries of consciousness, including our own and that of the lower animals. The reasoning of Kant, Hamilton, and others, that in the human mind there are processes which do not affect consciousness, have been fully upset again and again, being found to rest on two fallacious assumptions; (a) that an idea or feeling which is instantly *forgotten* did not impress consciousness, and (b) that the direction of consciousness by voluntary attention cannot

(1) Hartmann follows Schopenhauer in making the essence of sympathy to be the recognition of the substantial identity of the individual subject with the object of his sympathy. Schopenhauer thinks sympathy may be expressed by the formula of the Veda, "Tat twam asi!" (That art thou!). See Miss Zimmern's interesting volume *Arthur Schopenhauer, his Life and his Philosophy*, p. 233.

embrace two or more distinct lines of mental activity at once. It is doubtful, indeed, whether, as Dr. Carpenter and others affirm, there is any such thing as unconscious cerebration—that is, cerebral activity that usually involves conscious feeling or thought, but at times has no such concomitant.¹ But even were this so, it would be no proof of an unconscious *mental* state.

To this total absence of evidence in favour of unconscious mental actions, must be added the insuperable psychological objection to the conception of such actions. It is not enough to say that since mind is only known to us as consciousness, any attempt to conceive unconscious mind must be a complete failure. We have the most complete assurance that all mental states owe their existence to just those processes of attention, memory, and comparison which make up consciousness, developing and growing in the same degree as these.² A distinct feeling or thought is the product of many slow processes of developing consciousness; and to speak, as Hartmann does, of distinct mental representations and previsions of the future as suddenly springing up anywhen and anywhere in the animal organism, without any previous connected succession of mental states, is a psychological absurdity. Not only is there nothing to prove an extra-conscious mind, such mind is unthinkable and, if we are to reason by induction at all, impossible.

In the second place, Hartmann's conclusion that mental activity is capable of being carried on with any form of material process is a pure assumption, and, further, a highly improbable one. We reach mind (objectively) in two ways: first by its external results, secondly by its external conditions. It may be said that the physical conditions of mind are only known when the whole extent of its manifestations is known; but when these conditions have been sufficiently studied, in a large number of unambiguous cases, it becomes possible to form an induction as to what processes are essential to mental activity. We may then reason, with a high degree of probability, that beyond these limits no mental phenomena are possible. Such an induction has been framed which says that there is no mental activity beyond the limits of the nervous system. Now Hartmann vaults over this stupendous obstacle. It is true he discusses the material conditions of *consciousness*, but he never once asks whether all mind (supposing for the moment there is an unconscious variety) is conditioned by certain physical structures and processes. Thus he leaps to the conclusion that mind coexists with certain bodily processes which are wholly unconnected with the nervous system.

(1) See this point ably argued by Dr. Ireland in the *Journal of Mental Science* for October, 1875.

(2) One of the startling assumptions which Hartmann finds himself compelled to make is, that consciousness has no degrees; another is that volition is never a conscious process.

And now it may be asked what kind of evidence the author brings to nullify the force of this induction. Does he show, by a process of strict scientific proof, that mind manifests itself beyond the limits of the nervous system? Not at all. He finds certain physical events taking place which *look* like actions of an intelligent will, and he concludes that here too mental activity goes on. With the feeblest pretence of proving that they cannot result from mechanical arrangements—as though we yet knew all the secrets of force and motion—he seeks to satisfy his readers that they are the effect of mind or will.¹

Here, then, its nakedness being scarcely veiled by a thin covering of so-called proof, is the old teleological fallacy. Something is as yet unexplained by natural laws. It looks like certain human actions which are directed to an end: ergo, it too must be the product of will. Every argument can be urged against Hartmann's assumption, which has been brought again and again to ridicule such *naïve* reasonings as those of a savage chief who sees the fury of a slain foe in a devastating storm, or those of a child who fondly supposes that the day breaks in order to wake up its mother for the customary morning story. One fallacy Hartmann certainly does escape. He is consistent, and seeks to find purpose in all natural events alike; but to what an impoverishment of the purpose! Hartmann's discussion of the theory of descent and Darwinism, to which he has devoted a separate volume,² must be characterised as simply amusing to every one who recognises how completely Darwin's method, by raising a strictly mechanical process to the rank of a principal cause of organic evolution, removes the ground from under the feet of all would-be teleological interpreters of life.³

(1) The completeness of Hartmann's failure to establish his extra-conscious mind on a foundation of physiological science, may be seen perhaps in the fact that no man of scientific reputation has cared to deal with his arguments, whereas men of no great scientific power have not only attempted to upset Hartmann's position, but have really succeeded in doing so. We refer especially to the rather loose but effective attack made by Dr. Stiebeling in his "*Naturwissenschaft gegen Philosophie*," which a disciple of Hartmann has thought it well to answer step by step, and to the strictures made on Hartmann's scientific conclusions by W. Tobias in his work, "*Die Grenzen der Philosophie*." A much more thoughtful demonstration of the untenability of Hartmann's biological assumptions, and of their essentially unscientific nature, may be found in a work entitled "*Das Unbewusste vom Standpunkt der Physiologie und Descendenz-theorie*" (Berlin, 1872).

(2) Hartmann shows himself quite incapable of understanding Darwin's principles. He supposes that it strictly follows, from this theory of natural selection, that in every locality only one species—namely, the highest in the order of development—would finally survive (pp. 602-3). Hartmann's qualifications for biological speculation may be estimated by the affirmation (p. 606) that a few teeth or vertebræ are "quite indifferent" in the struggle for existence.

(3) This is well pointed out in the thoughtful *brochure* just alluded to—"Das Unbewusste vom Standpunkt der Physiologie und Descendenz-theorie." The writer ingeniously suggests that a good part of Hartmann's system was put together before the

With respect to the philosophical value of Hartmann's principle of the Unconscious we do not propose to say much. From beginning to end it seems hopelessly incoherent to us, and we much fear that in the above account of it we have secured a measure of consistency by "reading into" particular passages. We can only name one or two points which seem to us to demand further explanation. What, for example, are the precise mutual relations of the several forms or manifestations of unconscious will which present themselves in organic life—for instance, the atomic wills of the bodily tissues, the individual conscious will, the unconscious wills of the several nerve-centres, the presiding providential will of the individual, and finally the tutelary will of the species which appears in the process of reproduction; and, further, how are all these related to the one substantial will? Again: how can the unconscious have the pain of unsatisfied hungry greed, and yet not become conscious? How, once more, is the final universal denial of conscious will to be conceived psychologically, except as a new act of volition?¹ Finally, how can we suppose that this cessation of conscious will is to ensure the cessation of all will, when we know that consciousness is always correlated with a given amount of material force (atomic wills), and that this amount is a part of a totality of indestructible force? These are but a few of the little difficulties which force themselves on the careful reader of Hartmann's work.

The last difficulty which we have to urge relates to Hartmann's proof of pessimism, or the triumph of misery in human life. The easy way in which the author satisfies himself on this point is truly delightful. While professing to provide an inductive proof, his reasoning is a series of *petitiones principii*. For example, he thinks it is an argument in favour of an excess of pain, that while pleasure and pain both "attack" the nervous system and produce a species of weariness, the pain in this case undergoes an increase while the pleasure suffers a loss. As though this exhaustion after pain were not one of the most happy features of the human organism, since by deadening sensibility it lulls the pain (instead of adding to it) and enables men to bear what otherwise might well prove maddening with firmness, if not with composure. Another instance of a really charming capacity for missing the real gist of a fact, is to be found in the author's account of work. Work, he argues, is simply and purely an evil, and is only undertaken as a *pis-aller*, that is to avoid author had studied Darwin. It is noteworthy that Hartmann in his autobiography makes no mention of his introduction to Darwin's writings.

(1) It is really refreshing to see how Schopenhauer and Hartmann try to get out of the psychological contradiction involved in this "annihilation of will." Schopenhauer asserted that suicide was not denial of will, whereas a slow self-destruction by abstinence from food was such a denial. Hartmann's subtleties in trying to show how will can accomplish the process of *felo de se*, are a really choice specimen of verbal manipulation.

the greater evil of ennui (not to speak of hunger, &c.). This must mean, of course, that no one would enter on intellectual work, for instance, unprompted by want or ennui, in deliberate preference of such work to a passive mode of enjoyment. We must really prefer the candid assumptions of Schopenhauer to the thin disguise of argument which Hartmann seeks to foist on us.

One may well ask whether all attempts to settle the precise hedonistic worth of life by strict calculation, are not in their nature absurd, whether the facts are not too complex and too multiform to allow of a nice balance of quantities, and whether, therefore, the final beliefs of men, thinkers as well as others, as to the complexion of existence must not continue to be largely the results of a thousand subjective influences and specialities of individual experience, observation, and temperament. Hartmann points out the liability of error from emotional sources in the optimist's conclusions. Are there no corresponding sources of error in the case of the pessimist? and if it is so, may it not perhaps be the part of a true rationality to abide by the instinctive conviction of healthy natures that happiness is in a measure attainable, a notion that has at least the merit of being a good workable hypothesis?

If our estimate of Hartmann's reasonings be a just one, we may well ask what it is that has given him for the hour at least the appearance of a real intellectual force in Germany. Fully to understand this, would be to trace the author's relations to foregoing philosophers, and to show wherein his theories correspond to the present speculative wants of Germany. One important factor which has contributed to Hartmann's success, is the late-awakened interest in Schopenhauer, especially in his pessimistic ideas. There is little doubt that Hartmann is read in the vast majority of cases for the sake of his pessimism. Why the interest in this cheerless and not too rational view of the world should continue even unto to-day in a country which is just entering upon the rich fruits of national union and independence, is a question which we cannot attempt to discuss in this place. Can it be that in spite of all that Germany has obtained, there remains a rather alarming amount of social discontent? Or is this rather protracted attack of *Weltschmerz*, a natural reaction after the joyous aspirations and hopes attendant on a first fruition of a national literature and art? There are not wanting passages in Hartmann's book which suggest that despair of a satisfying æsthetic life, the ideal promise of Schiller, and the apparent attainment of Goethe, has no little to do with the author's estimate of life's resources.

Next to the present engrossing interest in pessimism, Hartmann's success is probably due to certain peculiarities in his mode of philosophizing and in his literary style. The former may be characterised

as eminently laic. Hartmann tells us in his autobiography that he has never cared for the praise or blame of the guild philosophers, and it is perhaps well for him that he possesses this indifference. A style of theorizing less like the closely logical and exhaustive method of Kant or of Hegel it would be difficult to imagine. If philosophers hesitate to recognise Schopenhauer as a genuine metaphysician, they may well pause before they award this rank to his successor. He brings to his task the freshness as well as the superficiality of a real man of the world. Also he displays a certain Prussian and even Prussian military promptness and directness of intellectual movement. He pooh poohs all side issues, sees one objective towards which he must push on his attack, and after a manner attains it. Nothing can well be more entertaining to the serious philosophical student than to see this jaunty Junker forcing his way into the midst of the learned priests of philosophy, and showing them by a mere gesture how the great question which has puzzled them so long is to be solved. When, for example, he sums up the arguments for and against the existence of an independent world, as though it were a simple military problem, susceptible of a solution by the calculus of probabilities, and when he similarly demonstrates that the chances are infinitely against any new ebullition of will on the part of the Unconscious after the grand act of universal renunciation of will, the effect on a severely trained philosophic mind is one of immeasurable hilarity. But then these very qualities are just such as to dazzle the popular mind, which is always predisposed to think that its own unaided common sense can explain everything.

Nothing can better show the characteristic practical skill of Hartmann than the selection of his principal name, "the Unconscious." With something of an American quickness of scent for what is in the air he recognises that in science the nature of unconscious nervous processes which seem to resemble conscious processes in all save this one feature, is the growing question of the hour. This idea, detached from that of the nervous movements which alone give it its meaning, he proceeds with admirable practical insight to erect into a metaphysical principle. The Unconscious—sublime negation that seems to suggest vast cavernous regions of a dim spiritual life, and yet after every new inspection shows itself to be an impalpable inanity, a very nothing, or shall we say like the Germans an "Un-thing"! This conception shows that Hartmann, like Schopenhauer, has a distinct touch of poetic imagination, and, indeed, his Unconscious, in all its curious mysterious movements, is always striving to become more and more anthropomorphic. In its power of appealing to the reader's imagination, and even of rousing a deep vague sentiment of awe, the Unconscious is perhaps superior to its kindred negation the Unknowable.

JAMES SULLY.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

At the moment of closing our last summary, everything wore a pacific aspect, not only in Europe but even on the shores of the Danube. We indicated, however, the dark speck on the horizon, and observed that more than one incident was to be expected. The number of the Review had hardly appeared, before our anticipations were realised. Servia first, and then Montenegro declared war against Turkey. Whether Servia was pressed to it by official Russia—as is denied with more emphasis than ever—or she allowed herself to be drawn on by the encouragements of the Russian Slavophiles, the fact is that she had gone too far to draw back. If Prince Milan had tried to arrest the popular movement which impelled the Servians to go to the succour of their brethren, he would have been overthrown in favour of his rival, Kara Giorgiovitch, who, for his part, would have had no hesitations. And for that matter, if we leave out of account the present sufferings, which certainly will be cruel enough, one must confess that Servia has everything to gain by war, and nothing to lose. If she is victorious, she gains her end at once; if she is defeated, she lays the first stone of her future greatness.

The principle of nationalities is an immense and incalculable force, which the politicians of the old school vainly persist in ignoring. Like all ideas that have their root in the heart of masses, this force is indestructible, and grows and spreads in the midst of reverses. The defeat of Novara was the starting-point of the aggrandisement of Piedmont. Piedmont had taken the cause of Italy in hand. She was defeated while carrying in her hand the Italian flag. From that moment the little Piedmontese State became the representative of Italian nationality. The house of Savoy, which had staked its crown in an unequal struggle with Austria, was henceforth assured of one day exchanging it for the sceptre of the united Peninsula. All the living forces of the nation, even the republicans themselves with Mazzini at their head, worked in the cause. In 1870, if France had vanquished Prussia, and cut Germany to pieces, Germanic unity would none the less have been realised sooner or later, and it may be after half a century of conflict, with more enthusiasm, generality, and consistency, and fewer obstacles than have attended the actual triumph of to-day. Suppose Servia to be beaten, she will perhaps be temporarily occupied, but Europe will not allow the Turks again to reign at Belgrade—and even this extension of power would in truth only have the effect of weakening them. On condition that its fall is heroic, Servia will be the legendary representative of the Slavic nationality of the Danube, the centre of the hope of a future reconstitution of the great southern Slavia of that Empire of Douchan, which fell so gloriously under the blows of the Ottoman at the famous battle of Kassoava. In every household in Croatia, in Dalmatia, in Bosnia, in Bulgaria, in Hungarian Servia, the people will sing of an evening to

the notes of the guzla the prowess of the soldiers of Prince Milan and Prince Nikita. This national epopee, this abstract idea of nationality, thus graven in the spirit of a whole people, will finally one day take shape. As the Turks can never assimilate the Slaves, as they will ever remain for the latter not fellow-citizens but masters and tyrants, their abhorred yoke must sooner or later be broken, when the rayahs shall become more numerous, richer, and better organized. Thus the progress of civilisation must work against the Turks and in favour of their subjects.

What will be the issue of the war ? The telegrams that fill the columns of the newspapers are too confused and too contradictory for us to seize the actual situation clearly. The Servian staff does not seem to have adopted the tactics that prevail more and more in modern wars, and which in the struggle of 1870 produced such amazing results. Instead of concentrating the greatest numbers of troops on a given point, so as to crush the enemy under superior force, they have dispersed their divisions over the whole border of the principality, and begun the attack at four different points. Possibly the composition of the troops, and the weakness of the artillery did not allow a single great battle. Perhaps they had a hope in penetrating the enemy's territory on every side, to find there important reinforcements in the insurgent population. A *corps d'armée* was directed towards the east to defend Saitschar and the Timok, and in case of victory to threaten Widdin. A success on this side would be important, because in coming down the Danube the Servians would find it easier to receive the material assistance, as well as the recruits, continually coming to them across Roumania. On the banks of the Timok, fighting has been going on on both sides with much courage and impetuous resolution, but so far without any great results. On the south, the principal army commanded by Tcherniaeff turned Nisch by Piro and Akpalanka, at the same time threatening Sophia with a view to stopping the reinforcements that were coming by rail from Constantinople. It seems that he has not been able to carry out his design ; but the rumours of his defeat which come to us from Constantinople are without confirmation. Never has the telegraph transmitted so many falsehoods. Every day Servians and Turks alike announce victories, that at the end of two or three days are never thought of more. Zach, who commands the third corps towards the south-west, and who was to effect a junction with the Montenegrins, has evidently not succeeded. Finally in the west, on the banks of the Save, Alympitch with a fourth corps has attacked Belina, but has not been able to take it from the Turks. He calls upon the insurgents of Bosnia, but does not advance into the interior of the country. All these movements are devoid of any of the importance that is attributed to them. No decisive battle has been fought, and the Servians have no interest in playing their game in a single throw. But still, if by concentrating superior forces on a single point, they had been able to obtain on one side or the other a striking and indisputable success, the moral effect would have been enormous. One recalls the disastrous consequences of the first defeats on the French army, and still more on the resolution of its commanders. In the East, where on both sides it is an object to rouse the populations, moral effect is an essential element. An important

victory of the Servians would not only have discouraged the Turks, but would have stirred the Bulgarians and the Bosnians. The Montenegrins obtain real successes. On one side they have occupied the road from Klek to the interior; on the other they are masters of the table-land of Gatchko; they have taken Nevesinjé, and Mostar is surrounded. The Turks are demoralised; they shut themselves up in towns, and dare not risk an encounter in the open country.

The disproportion of forces is very great. The Slavic population engaged in the struggle count in all a million and a half of souls. The Turks can call for thirteen or fourteen millions of men, without counting Egypt; and Egypt is sending troops, the sentiment of Mussulman solidarity having in the Khedive's mind overcome his desire to achieve his own independence. European opinion, so far as it is to be judged by the Exchanges of the great capitals, has come to some peculiar conclusions as to the war. When the telegraph from Constantinople announces Turkish victories, the funds go up, and they go down when the news comes from Belgrade that it is the Servians, on the contrary, who have won the day. A Stock-exchange has no more sympathy for one than the other; but it supposes that, the Servians once crushed, all would again become orderly. No doubt if Serbia, in discouragement, were at once to ask for peace, as has been asserted the last few days, then ulterior complications would be avoided. But as the resistance of Herzegovina, which counts 800,000 inhabitants, has lasted nearly a year, and as all Europe has been in perturbation for six months, may we hope for so sudden an abatement? People do not consider that if the Turks were worsted, no foreign state, certainly not England, would have to go to their rescue. If the Servians were worsted, and if they opposed to their conquerors a heroic resistance under the eyes of all Europe, it would be a severe trial for the Slave sentiment and a grave check for Russia, who in spite of the pertinacity with which she repels the charge, and perhaps truly, still passes in the eyes of the entire East as having instigated the whole movement. No doubt if the Emperor Alexander wishes for peace, whatever else may happen, he can impose peace, for he is absolute master. But if anything could seduce or provoke him to renounce the system of absolute non-intervention, it would be the occupation of Belgrade by the Turks. We may believe that the peace of Europe runs no risk, so long as all the states have an interest in avoiding war. But if it were exposed to danger, it could only be in case the defeat of Serbia should compel Russia to act. So the defeat of the Turks can hardly in any case lead to a conflict. We cannot say as much of a defeat of the Servians. Has not the *Journal de St. Petersbourg*, an official organ, recently said that in that case the Emperor would not resist the aspirations of all his people?

Let us now see what has been the attitude of the great Powers. After reading the text of the Berlin Memorandum, we readily understand how France and Italy should have given their adhesion to it without hesitation, and even without consulting with one another. We have some difficulty in accounting for its rejection by England, after she had accepted the Andrassy

programme, which was really quite as strong a menace to the independence of Turkey. The Berlin Memorandum claimed, 1st, an armistice ; 2nd, materials for rebuilding the churches that had been destroyed, and assistance to the refugees returning to their own homes ; 3rd, that the Turkish Commissary should come to an understanding with the mixed commission mentioned in the Andrassy Note, in order to guarantee the serious application of the promised reforms and to control their execution ; 4th, that advice should be given to the Porte to concentrate its troops, so as to avoid a collision ; 5th, that the Christians should keep their arms during the time of the truce ; and 6th, that the consuls or delegates of the powers should exercise a supervision over the reforms. The suspension of arms was more favourable to the Turks than to the Insurgents ; the Insurgents understood this, and rejected it.

The refusal of England had the undesirable result first of troubling the European concert, and of thus giving rise to opportunities of conflict and struggles for influence which are always perilous ; secondly, of exciting the confidence and arrogant pride of the Turks, by making them believe that they could count on the support of England. As to the first point, it may perhaps be pleaded, and with justice, that there had been too much parade of the Triple Alliance, as if to the exclusion of the rest of the European powers. The action of the English government may have been designed as a protest against these pretensions. But on the second point, nothing so favourable can be urged. It is all very well for the English cabinet to say that it is not supporting Turkey. Its attitude has led to a contrary belief in Europe, and especially at Constantinople, and anybody could have foreseen that this would be so. Is it not mortifying and downright painful for England and the friends of England on the continent, to see her giving her moral support to a Power which only keeps its position by atrocities such as those which have desolated Bulgaria, and have aroused the indignation of all civilised Europe. The Bulgarians are, in the opinion of all who know them, the most interesting of all eastern races. They are laborious, honest, gentle, pacific. They have been ill-treated constantly and systematically, and yet they have never revolted. And now they find let loose upon them hordes of savages who lay waste the country, burn the villages, outrage the women, and sell the children for slaves. As is said by the *Times* correspondent, who is no Slavophil :—" If the women of England could know the facts, there would be such a cry of indignation that all Europe would rise in vengeance." Even in Dahomey such frightful cruelties are unknown. What ought to prevent any government with a spark of care for the rights of humanity from supporting the Turks, is that these facts are no fortuitous occurrence ; they are *the inevitable consequence of the present situation of the Ottoman Porte*. The disciplined troops of Turkey are too few in number to struggle against the rising of the Christian populations. Recourse is therefore necessary to the arms of true savages like the Bashi-Bazouks, the Circassians, and the recruits who are arriving from Asia Minor. How is it possible that men like these, without discipline, animated by the fury of religious fanaticism, over-excited, and then let loose among populations that

are peaceful enough, but still are known to be unfriendly,—how is it possible for such men not to give themselves up to every excess? If Turkey is victorious, who does not shudder at the thought of the fate that awaits the vanquished? And not even all these crimes and cruelties will save Turkish supremacy. Sooner or later Bulgaria and Herzegovina will be emancipated, as Roumania and Servia have been emancipated. The English Conservatives have the odious distinction of being always ready to uphold causes that are condemned by humanity and justice. They now seem to be ranging themselves on the side of the cut-throats and ravishers in Bulgaria—agreeing for once with the court of the Vatican, which calls upon all countries to join England in defending Turkey. If they think they are combatting Russian influence by this action, they make a great mistake. Russia, in undertaking the defence of the unhappy peoples of the Balkan Peninsula, has evidently the better and the nobler part. She is gaining all over the world the sympathies of every friend of liberty and of the deliverance of the oppressed; and she is making sure of the affection of all the Slaves, even in Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, and throughout the Danubian basin. The more favourable the attitude taken by Austria towards the Turks, the more surely does she alienate from herself the attachment of her Slavic subjects, who form the majority of the Empire, and the more surely also will she augment the influence and the ascendancy of Russia. If, on the contrary, Austria and England had taken in hand the cause of the emancipation of the provinces that are crushed down and ruined by Turkish domination, then there would have been no reason to fear Russia in these regions. Since Roumania has been free, it is certainly not towards her powerful neighbour that she turns, nor would that be a glad day for her on which she should be encircled within a Russian frontier. The best, nay the only means of anticipating the triumph of Panslavism, is to emancipate the Southern Slaves, so that, by forming a more free and democratic centre of activity than Russia, they may no longer have any interest in union with her. That was the idea of Mazzini and of Kossuth, and it was a just idea. When we reflect upon the situation of the East, we become persuaded of this capital truth, that all those who are at this moment doing their best to sustain the Turks, are in fact doing the work of Russia, and preparing for her an inevitable supremacy in the future. Free the Slaves from the Mussulman yoke, and they will insist on remaining free. Keep them under their abhorred masters, and they will throw themselves into the arms of Russia as soon as they can.

One of the principal incidents of the month has been the interview at Reichstadt. On the morning of the 8th of July the Emperor Francis Joseph awaited at Bodenbach the arrival of the Emperor Alexander, who was leaving Jugenheim on his return home. The two Chancellors Andrassy and Gortschakoff accompanied their sovereigns. After an hour's journey by train, carriages conveyed the illustrious company to the castle of Reichstadt. In the afternoon the two Emperors parted, after thrice embracing one another in the most expansive fashion. This was the exterior aspect of an interview on which depended at that moment the fate of Europe. As

for what passed, it seems that the most pacific resolutions were taken. It must have been decided that no intervention should take place beyond the Danube; that they would await the results of the war; and when the chance of arms should have decided, then they would do their best together to establish a durable peace, and to limit the consequences of victory. Neither power was to act apart, and they were to do their best only to act in concert with the other states of Europe. After the interview the Emperor Francis Joseph proceeded to visit the Empress Dowager at Prague. He seemed well pleased and very confident as to the future. A deputation of manufacturers having demonstrated to him how much the empire needed peace, he answered that he believed peace to be assured.

In the Italian parliament Count Mamiani questioned the government upon the policy they meant to follow on the Eastern question. The minister of foreign affairs replied that Italy meant to preserve her neutrality, and that the principle of non-intervention would also be accepted by the other great powers. In the assembly at Versailles in answer to a question by M. Louis Blanc relative to Eastern affairs, the Duc Decazes answered in terms of great reserve. It cannot be well, he said, for France to be mixed in any event in the East which might trouble the peace of the world. She has no special aims of her own. She only unites in the efforts of the other powers, who are aiming at narrowing the circle of the struggle, and will only intervene to assist in the restoration of peace. Again, an understanding by a confidential channel, which is confirmed at this moment, is a fact at which all Europe ought to rejoice. The newspapers give very circumstantial details, which have every appearance of truth, of an interview between the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia and M. Thiers. The policy of non-intervention must at first have seemed very difficult to follow, said the Grand Duke, because there is in Russia a Pan-Slavic party, of great power and high spirit and exercising a great influence over the Emperor. But the Emperor was now resolved not to intervene except in favour of peace. On the subject of the interview at Reichstadt, the Grand Duke is supposed to have said: 'The two Emperors have always been perfectly agreed, or to speak more exactly, they have recovered a perfect agreement, for in these days people travel quickly in opposite directions.'

People attribute to the urgent advice of the Emperor Alexander the closing of the Austrian port of Klek in Dalmatia, by which the Turkish fleet brought supplies to the troops in Herzegovina. In this Austria has done no more than conform to the precepts of international law. So long as Turkey had to do with insurgent subjects, as was the case in Herzegovina, so long Austria, not having recognised the insurgents as belligerents, was not in a position to close her ports to the Turkish troops. But now that Montenegro, an independent state, is at war with Turkey, Austria can no longer allow the Turks to pass by her territory for the purposes of a military operation.

London has also supplied pacific assurances to Europe. Lord Derby replying to deputations at the Foreign Office (July 14) showed that neither Russia nor Austria was in a position to make war; that France, Italy, and Germany had no interest in war; and that England naturally was more

opposed to it than even the other States. He confirmed the accuracy of the newspaper reports of the issue of the interview at Reichstadt, and consequently he concludes that in all probability peace will not be broken. He summed up in one very lively expression the attitude of England. We are bound, he said, to prevent the murder of the sick man, but we have no obligation to prevent natural death or suicide. Lord Derby's words gave a certain relief in our own country, but the uneasiness which they abated is again reviving. People ask why our fleet is still at Besika Bay, and whether its presence there is not sure to be misinterpreted by the Turkish government. Mr. Disraeli's way of answering questions upon Turkish matters amuses the more shallow of his followers, but increases the general distrust of him in serious politicians of all ways of thinking.

At the same time as symptoms so reassuring as those we have described, there are some restless spirits who still persist in discerning certain menacing clouds. In the number of these we must count, they say, the visits that have taken place amongst the Sovereigns this spring. There have been repeated interviews between the Emperor William and the Emperor Alexander. A few days ago there was the meeting between the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of Russia in Bohemia. Now it is the Crown Prince of Italy who hastens first to Berlin, and then to St. Petersburg. The Emperor William goes as far as Wurzburg in search of Prince Bismarck who was probably a good deal disconcerted at having his cure interrupted. Lord Odo Russell is of the party, and is not afraid of wearying the great chancellor. Finally, the Emperor William repairs to Saltzburg to meet the Emperor of Austria, and Lord Odo Russell confers with their majesties. If the understanding amongst States is in proportion to the number of interviews between their Sovereigns, never can it have been closer. If all the world is agreed in wishing peace, however, why these re-unions of the powerful of the earth? Again there are incidents that burst like bombshells. At the end of last month when all seemed to be calming down, it was Servia and Montenegro who suddenly opened a campaign. Now, behold Roumania abruptly bringing the knife to the throat of the Sultan, to obtain concessions from him that are equivalent to the complete eradication of the last vestiges of sovereignty; and she is sending troops to the Danubian frontier to defend a neutrality that nobody threatens. These measures, in which it seems the Prince of Hohenzollern has taken the initiative, are all the more strange as they do not seem to be agreeable to the Roumanian Parliament. The Senate pronounces definitely for peace. The country is contented: it has nothing to gain in a war against the Porte, for if the Porte were worsted, the advantage would fall to the Slaves and not to the Roumanians. It is certainly no religious motive that will put arms into the hands of the Wallachs. Watching the attitude of Prince Hohenzollern, one is inclined to believe that he is obeying the influence of those who perhaps called the rising in Herzegovina into being, and who at any rate made it enormously important. During the last year, each time that we think we have arrived at an arrangement, some new incident breaks out again to open the question. It is not yet possible to foresee what will be the consequences of the attitude of Roumania. At present the probabilities

still are that the war will remain local. The substance of the situation has been summed up in a saying attributed to Prince Gortschakoff: "We are very attached to the Danubian Slaves, our brethren, but we are still more attached to the crown of our sovereign." In proportion as the summer advances, the chances of a great war grow less. A winter campaign will be terribly trying for civilised troops, especially in Eastern Europe.

In France the Republicans continue to give proof of their wisdom. In order to keep the present ministry in power, and to spare the country a crisis, they surrendered in the discussion of the Municipal Bill the immediate application of a principle to which they cling—namely, the election of mayor by the councils in all the communes. The Government concedes this for the villages, but in the case of the towns it wishes to keep the power in the hands of the central government, and they made it a cabinet question. If the Republicans voted against the Government Bill, the Bonapartists would have done the same, and the ministry would have fallen. M. Gambetta persuaded his friends above all things to save the ministry. "We are, and we intend to remain, the wiser party," he said; "in this way we shall also be the stronger party." And to a Bonapartist, who asked him when then he would apply his principles, he answered, "In 1879!"—that is to say, when there will be another president. Many Republicans abstained, the Municipal Bill was passed, and the ministry kept in office. The sacrifice thus made by the Radicals need not weigh very heavily on their consciences. In perfectly free countries, where municipal institutions have a very vigorous life of their own, in Belgium and in Holland, countries of old autonomous communes, the burgomaster—that is to say, the mayor—is appointed by the Government, even, it may be, from outside the council.

A grave question has occupied the French Senate, the law namely for conferring degrees. The Act which had been passed by the previous Chamber had granted to private persons the right of founding universities, and had established for the purpose of granting academic degrees, mixed juries composed of the State professors and the professors of the free universities. This was evidently an infringement of the prerogative of the State. If, for permission to practise as a doctor or an advocate you require proofs of capacity, it is only the State that can measure them, for it is a matter of public order. M. Waddington was therefore perfectly right in restoring to the State a prerogative of which it ought never to have been deprived. The discussion was very keen and very brilliant. M. Challemeil Lacour showed the danger of entrusting the direction of superior instruction to a clergy that is hostile to modern liberties. After M. Foucher de Coreil, who replied with great felicity to M. Wallon, M. Jules Simon and the Bishop of Orleans descended into the arena. M. Simon's speech was very dexterous, very insinuating, and as unctuous as a sermon; it was, they said, St. Francis de Sales in the Versailles tribune. Mgr. Dupanloup spoke like a barrister. M. Laboulaye, who for some time has seen freedom nowhere but in the clerical camp, spoke in favour of Catholic univer-

sities. M. Waddington defended the Bill with a vigour that ought to have been decisive. He recalled to M. Laboulaye the opinion which he held in 1870—"Liberty of instruction as extensive as possible, but the right of conferring degrees never." Finally, M. Dufaure, a very good Catholic for all that, proceeded to defend the policy of the Government. But he did not succeed, and was left in a minority.

The rejection of the Bill in the Senate is a great imprudence on the part of the clericals and Conservatives. It will preserve a law to which they cling, and which we confess is an excellent engine of war for the Church in its attempts to make itself master of the State; but on the other hand, it will arouse against the party the animosity of the majority of the country. It will be the first time that France has felt the hand of the bishops arresting the will of the nation. The galleries of Versailles were filled with priests and women of the world, their friends. It was felt to be the struggle of Catholicism with modern liberty. The defeat, however, cannot be final, and M. Waddington already announces his intention of bringing the Bill in again next year. Meanwhile the tolerably patient attitude of the Republican majority in face of this vexatious disappointment shows that M. Gambetta's power over his party has suffered no diminution.

The Italian Ministry has succeeded in passing its measure for the purchase of the North Italian Railways, and they leave undecided the important question, who is to manage them, the State or a company. By this means the Depretis Ministry has kept the support of the Florentine party and the majority. On the other hand it has suffered a check in connection with the establishment of *Punti Franchi* in certain ports, at Venice, at Genoa, at Leghorn. It is desirable that the Italian Government should not be renewed every season. Once a year may perhaps be allowed to be at least often enough.

It is to be hoped that the technicalities of an Education Bill will not prevent the public from grasping the true scope of what the Government are doing, or from perceiving that the details of a grant, or the introduction of a few words in a subdivision of a clause, may go to the very root of the most organic questions of national life. We are now seeing the results of Mr. Forster's education policy in 1870. What Mr. Forster ought to have said in 1870 is this:—"It would involve too sudden a break in educational arrangements at once to withdraw all aid from the denominational schools. Let them remain for the present as they are. But not one more of them will receive any aid or recognition whatever from Government. Education is recognised as a public duty, to be provided for mainly by public money, and therefore to be supervised and administered by public bodies." That was the one broad truth which a real statesman would have impressed upon parliament and the country. It was definite, intelligible, and in the only line of national progress. Such denominational schools as already existed were to be treated as tolerated exceptions; public schools, under the control of public bodies, were to be the one recognised type. What happened we know only too well. Mr. Forster expressly invited what

ought to have been the exceptional schools, receiving public money on sufferance, to multiply themselves and to receive more public money. The recent policy of the Conservative Government is the result of Mr. Forster's incoherencies, which confused public opinion, clouded principles, and paralysed the party. No one ever seriously expected the government of 1870 to abandon the sectarian schools on the instant, but if the principle had been definitely laid down, and accepted, as in 1870 it certainly would have been, by parliament, that the sectarian schools were to be extinguished as rapidly as was compatible with educational convenience, then Lord Sandon's present action would have been distinctly and unmistakably a direct reversal of a declared and accepted piece of policy. And from such a reversal the Ministry would have shrunk as cautiously as they have shrunk from restoring the Irish Church, or repealing the Irish Land Act.

When Lord Sandon's Bill was introduced in May, we described its merits as chiefly negative. Since then at least one very important deduction has to be made from this eulogy. The principle which Mr. Forster never perceived, Lord Sandon does not concede, and he carries the matter somewhat further. It has hitherto been necessary for the managers of a sectarian school, nominally called voluntary, to provide a certain amount of justification for their name in the shape of private subscriptions. The government now take up the position that this condition is inexpedient, and that the grant paid by the State to these schools should be virtually independent of the amount of private subscriptions. What does that come to in plain English? To this, that the State is going to provide the money for schools, and the clergy and clerically-minded laymen are to have the management of them. This is a breach of modern political principle that would astonish people beyond measure, if they had not been taught by the timorous and shifty empiricism of the legislation of 1870 already to acquiesce in a more partial infraction of the same principle. Lord Sandon only hands over a little more public money to private bodies.

But this is not all. From these private bodies one half of the nation are practically excluded. This is the real grievance of the Dissenter. It deals a blow at him, not as a religious professor, but as a citizen. No doubt it is a most serious thing to him to see, as he will see under Lord Sandon's Bill, his children driven by law into a Church school. There is a conscience clause no doubt, and it may be loyally observed or not. But, however loyally it may be observed, how would churchmen feel if they saw their children driven by law into Roman Catholic schools? Still, we repeat, this is not the side from which we, at least, are most anxious to see the subject considered by liberal politicians. It is the civil disability of which we complain, more even than of the outrage on religious scruple. What the Dissenter in every rural parish in England will see is this: a school, paid for by public money, filled by means of a public law, and its teacher instructing his, the Dissenter's, children; and yet he, the parent and the citizen, is to have no more voice, direct or indirect, in the choice of the managers, or the choice of the teacher, or the discipline of the school, or any other matter whatever, than if the school to which for the future the Rector need not contribute a penny, were the Rector's drawing-room or the Rector's

garden. How do you expect elementary education to be popular? Do you not see that you are adding to the necessary inconvenience of compulsion the gratuitous odium of sectarian privilege? And how can you persist that your Establishment, for whose wretched sake all this is maintained, does not divide our people into two, and lower our whole type of national life? See what happened not many weeks ago at Cricklade. All the children attending a Church school were invited to a special gathering: the little dissenters were placed at one side, and the little churchpeople on the other; prizes were given to the latter, while the former were told by the Vicar that as they did not come to church, there were no prizes for them; finally by a grotesque touch that could only have occurred to an ecclesiastic, the church children sat down to tea, while the dissenters were marched round the tables and then bowed out by their gracious host. The case may seem trivial, and if it were solitary, it might really be so. But everybody who takes the trouble to note down the number of cases of a similar sort, knows that the instance is typical. Mr. Bright, in a speech which makes his friends wish that he had always been able to take as important a part in education debates (July 24), very appositely quoted the remark of the President of the Wesleyan Conference last year, that there are hundreds of parishes in England and Wales in which there is no social freedom whatever, and if the child of a dissenting family were withdrawn from the Church school even under the protection of a Conscience Clause, a mark would be set upon that family. Of course this is so, and is known to be so by Conservative members of parliament, as well as by other people. Here is a case that comes under one's eye in the morning paper of to-day:— "In the village of Hullavington, near Malmesbury, Wilts, there is a church school which provides sufficient school accommodation for the district. There are also in the same village a Baptist chapel and Sunday school which were recently enlarged. On the occasion of the completion of the buildings a tea party was held, whereupon the Rev. — the clergyman of the place, sent out a circular. 'The Rev. — has made up his mind that all those parents who can afford to send their children to the tea party to-day cannot want any help, also the children cannot come to the school feast in August.' "

It is only an ecclesiastic here or there who is imprudent enough to act up to his prejudices in so bold a way as this, but for one of them who teases and persecutes indiscreetly, there are a thousand who tease and persecute with a quiet discretion that is just as effective. Yet these are the men, and the kind of men, to whom the State is going to hand over in as many cases as possible so important an institution as the school, and so important a function as that of the instruction of the people. Of course if the imparting of elementary instruction be a national function to be supported by State funds, then it ought like other functions of the same kind to be performed by civil and secular bodies.

Besides offering to pay public money to the clerical managers of the sectarian schools, even if there be not a shilling of private subscription, the Government have changed their measure in the same direction by another alteration in the original Bill. They have sanctioned a clause

empowering localities in which there is a School Board without schools to have the Board dissolved. The argument of the Government is that such Boards were only chosen in order to secure a body with the power of enforcing attendance at the schools; and now that this power is conferred by the new Bill on such bodies as Councils and Boards of Guardians, the School Board in such cases will have no further office to fulfil. The answer to this is that in abolishing School Boards, we are abolishing the organizing machinery for any new schools that may be required. A School Board may be useless for the moment except for passing compulsory bye-laws, but who is to say that to-morrow the accommodation of a given locality may not become insufficient, and in that case what has become of the machinery for repairing the deficiency? Mr. Playfair justly describes the whole manœuvre. "A few days ago," he said, "a clause had been passed, the effect of which would be to transform [sectarian] schools into private adventure schools with Government subventions. The design of the new clause [giving power of dissolving School Boards] was to make all the existing schools become Denominational in character. If the clause passed, there would be continuous agitation in many places on the part of the minority opposed to School Boards; parishioners would be polled at great expense; and this sectarian warfare would involve all the inconveniences that are urged as objections to the Permissive Bill."

Well, let it be so. We shall have nearly universal compulsion, though we shall have it in a clumsy and roundabout way. That is clear gain, so far as it goes. And it will prove a gain ultimately to have the ecclesiastical principle of education placed squarely in front of the civil principle. The grosser the abuse, the greater the probability of a thorough and trenchant remedy. The Liberals will hardly come back to power, until they are prepared to withdraw every farthing of public money from every sectarian school in the country, and to organize public instruction on strictly political and non-ecclesiastical principles. There will be an end of the parliamentary grant to any school not under the control of a public representative body.

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TURKEY IN EUROPE.¹

I.

ON the 2nd of July, 1875, Mr. Holmes, the British Consul in Bosnia, reported to Lord Derby that there was "disturbance in the Herzegovina."

"The Governor-General," Mr. Holmes was informed, "had at present no intention of sending troops against the insurgents, but will prevent their efforts to extend their revolt by surrounding their districts with policemen, and he will probably send some of the notables of Serajevo to endeavour to bring them to reason."

Such were the small beginnings of the insurrection, which continued and extended its course until, on the 2nd July, 1876, the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs was telegraphing to the Turkish Ambassador in London that Serbia and Montenegro had declared war against the Porte.

As to the origin of the insurrection, Mr. Holmes wrote as follows:—

"Early last winter, some hundred and sixty-four of the inhabitants of the district of Nevessin left their homes and went into Montenegro. After remaining there some months, however, they petitioned the Porte to be allowed to return to Nevessin. The Governor-General advised the Porte to reply, that as they had chosen to leave their country for Montenegro, they might remain there. The Government, however, decided to accept their request, and allowed them to return. Shortly afterwards they appeared in revolt, declared that they were oppressed, refusing to pay their taxes, or to admit the police among them, and they have been endeavouring by intimidation to cause their neighbours in the surrounding districts to join them. The Mutesarif of Mostar invited them to come to that place to state their grievances, which he assured them would be redressed, but they refused, and the Governor-General tells me that they cut to pieces a man quite unconnected with them who had gone to Mostar to seek redress for some grievance, and threatened with the same fate any within their reach who should do so in future."

A few days later, writes Mr. Holmes, the disaffected peasants

(1) Papers presented to Parliament by command of her Majesty: Turkey, No. 2, No. 3, and No. 4, 1876.

attacked and captured a caravan laden with rice, sugar, and coffee; murdered and decapitated five Turkish travellers; drove away forty police placed in the defile of Stolat; intercepted various roads, and made them unsafe for travelling Mussulmans; and, finally, "are endeavouring to force others to join them by burning the houses of those who refuse to do so, and by other means of intimidation."

Towards the end of the third month from the beginning of the insurrection, Consul Holmes was joined with the Consuls of the other Great Powers in a mission, the purpose of which was to assure the insurgents that the Great Powers would give them no aid, and to advise them to communicate directly with the agents of the Porte, which was prepared to consider their complaints. From the report of Mr. Holmes of the failure of this mission, we take a passage which completes the British Consul's view of these transactions:—

"I do not hesitate to declare that the oppression in the Herzegovina in general is greatly exaggerated by the Christians, and that the discontent which undoubtedly exists against most of the chief Turkish landowners, and against the Zaptiehs and tax-farmers, has been the excuse rather than the cause of the revolt, which was assuredly arranged by Servian agitators and accomplished by force. The mass of the inhabitants, unarmed, had no choice. Their houses were devastated and their lives threatened, and they were ordered to follow their leaders. And now the ruin is such that those who wish to submit cannot. They have no homes to go to, and the armed bands threaten all who breathe a whisper of submission."

But the origin of the insurrection was traced from an earlier period by the Consul of another Great Power. That Consul begins by saying that the insurrection was caused by unusual maladministration, and then proceeds:—

"There were no foreign influences which caused the movement, but cases of unusual maladministration.

"In the district of Nevesinje the farmers of taxes, the Christian Stanko Perinovo, of Mostar (at present a refugee in Ragusa), and the Mahomedans Forto and Ali Beg Redjipasics, endeavoured to collect the tithes with more than usual rigour and arbitrary power. The year 1874 had been a failure; in spite of this the tax-farmers had, according to their practice, valued the crops higher than the real proceeds, and instead of taking their share immediately after the harvest, they came to do so in January, 1875. The peasants, in order to live, had in the meantime sold a portion of the crops, or refused to comply with the exaggerated demands. This gave rise to all sorts of violence, people were deprived of all they had, and those who had little were beaten and imprisoned. The 'Kuczes' (village chiefs), who complained to the Kaimakam on this proceeding of the tithe-farmers, were insulted and threatened with arrest. To escape from this they fled to Montenegro, where they arrived on the 20th of February. . . .

"In the meantime the tithe-farmers in Nevesinje continued their work, committing all sorts of injustice and violence, in which they were assisted by the Zaptiehs, or native gendarmerie. All complaints to the Kaimakam being in vain, the Christians decided to avoid the Kassaba, or district town, and declined to do any *corvée*. This resistance led to counter-measures on the part of the authorities, which intimidated some, but exasperated the great majority to such a point that, refusing to work for their landlords, they went with their

cattle to the mountains, and some of them sent over their families and goods to Montenegro."

He goes on to say that in the end of March, in another district, called Bilek, severity and cruelty in enforcing an unusually severe task of forced labour "so exasperated the people, who had lost so much time with forced labour, that the chiefs of the clans decided to refuse not only this work, but every other, to keep aloof from the town, and to disobey the summons to appear before the tribunal" in respect of the unperformed *corvée*. Ultimately most of the people took refuge in the mountains, while some of the chief men joined those from Nevesinje in Montenegro. In May, Dervish Pasha, the Governor-General, invited the refugees in Montenegro, as well as those in the mountains, to return, promising an amnesty. Some of those who returned were murdered. Other fugitive peasants, returning to another village, were subsequently murdered. Then some of the peasants got arms, probably from Montenegro. Gradually it became known that they had resolved to demand the execution of the long-promised reforms (the reforms, in fact, of the firmans of 1839 and 1856, though these documents, so familiar as achievements of diplomacy, were quite unknown to the poor peasants); and also the abolition of tithe-farming, of forced labour, and of the employment of the police as tax-collectors. The demand of real religious equality exasperated in the highest degree every Mussulman; the other demands exasperated the tithe-farmers and the official class. The Governor-General was inclined to conciliation, promised to use his influence at Constantinople in favour of concession, and meanwhile refused to give the Mussulmans arms.

"When the Kaimakam communicates this to the Mussulmans they reply that they would defend themselves, and under the lead of Ali Bey Redjiparic¹ they break into the Government store and take all the breechloaders and ammunition.

"Thus, at the end of June both parties in Nevesinje stood face to face ready to fight, the Christians with few arms and no ammunition, and without knowing whether and by whom they might be supported. In the other districts people were waiting to see what Nevesinje would do, but taking care not to provoke the Turks.

"It would still have been in the power of the Government to prevent the rising by collecting at once a sufficient force to keep in check the Mussulmans."

This, however, was not done, and the insurrection begins, not quite in the way described by Consul Holmes:—

"On the 1st of July the Mussulmans, who, provided with arms, patrolled through the plain of Nevesinje, kill some Christians who had returned ill to their homes. On this the Christians, divided into four bands, lay an ambush for the Turks, and succeed already on the 3rd in surrounding and massacring

(1) Is this personage the before-mentioned Ali Beg Redjipasics?

a band of Turks; and on the 6th they attack a column of provisions, escorted by frontier guards and armed citizens, and take away forty-seven horses. On the 7th there is another such small fight."

From these two narratives can probably be drawn a tolerably accurate picture of the real events.

In the Herzegovina, as in Bosnia, the condition of things is such that an insurrection is always justified, if it is likely to be successful. The tyranny of a dominant religion is more active, and more constantly injurious, arrogant, and oppressive there, than in other provinces, because its members are far more numerous in proportion to the whole population, and include the owners of the land. The condition of the people is worse, because, though in no Turkish province is there in practice any limit to the exactions of the tithe-farmer and tax-farmer, in the Herzegovina and Bosnia these persons and the police, who are their agents, belong, the latter quite, and the former almost exclusively, to the dominant religion: and consequently there is no public opinion to qualify the spirit of exaction. For the same reason the system of forced labour takes more oppressive forms there than elsewhere; and justice, which has to be bought almost everywhere in Turkey, is worst of all administered there, where the Mussulmans are numerous enough to fill all the judicial places, as well as to be parties and to furnish witnesses in almost every suit. Last of all, the cultivators are tenants at will, without conditions, of landlords not of another order only, but of another religion. In such provinces, it may be truly said that there is no limit to exactions; no man can call anything his own; and industry, on the part of Christians at all events, is useless except to the extent required to furnish the barest necessities. If there could be any refuge for a people in such conditions of life, it must be in a strong executive. But the Governor-General and the chief officials of a Turkish province, receive and lose their offices at the will of the remote court. No part, indeed, of the Turkish system of government is a more frequent subject of complaint on the part of foreign Consuls, than this uncertain and generally short tenure of the highest offices; and a Turkish provincial executive always may be, and generally is, at once the weakest and the most oppressive in the world. In other parts of European Turkey the condition of things may be more than tolerable. But in Bosnia and the Herzegovina, oppression extends to the smallest as well as the largest affairs and is ever present.¹

(1) We extract from a most interesting "Glance at Grievances" (Blue Book, Turkey, No. 2, p. 30), the following account of one among the many forms of oppression usual in the Herzegovina. Any one who has seen, or read accounts of, the methods of Oriental finance and administration, when not checked by an occasional Akbar or

Upon the majority of a subject population, the effect of such a state of things, when continued for generations, is that they become scarcely conscious of their degraded condition. These are the easy tempered and submissive, whose spirits are broken, and who have no desire beyond the instinctive wish to preserve their lives. No doubt in most even of these bitter resentments slumber, capable of being roused. Of the minority of such a population—the bold and spirited—on the other hand, not a few must be given to acts of violence and brigandage. Brigandage becomes a form of patriotism; and even the better sort of people may prefer the chances of an insurrection or war to the misery and monotony of subjection. When hopes of foreign aid, or unusual wrongs, provoke a rising, these are the men who plunder caravans for the military chest, and burn the houses of their kinsmen for recruits. It is not a noble commencement of possible freedom, but its want of nobleness is one of the results of Turkish rule.

Several circumstances favoured the rising of July, 1875, and have contributed to make its course, unlike that of the score or more of risings which have happened in various provinces of Turkey since 1858, a question of European concern, and a chapter of future history. At the time of the outbreak, the weak or careless policy of the Grand Vizier Mahmoud, or mere want of funds, had left the insurgent districts with barely sufficient

by English rule, will at once recognize the extreme probability that not a trifle is exaggerated.

The method of collecting the tithes is as follows:—

"Private farmers buy the tithes by auction to the highest bidder, and it not unfrequently happens that the produce is not equivalent to the exorbitant price paid to the Government by the farmers, and, as the latter wish to make a good profit anyhow, it follows that they avail themselves of any means to do so, and these are the most unjust extortion and arrogance. For example, the confederate speculators arrive in the villages of which they have bought the tithes, bringing with them their followers and horses. There they mostly behave as absolute masters, and they live at the expense of the poor peasants, who have to provide them with all they require for eating and drinking to any extent they please. There are, however, some rare exceptions to this conduct. So great is the expense of supplying the wants of these voracious oppressors, that the poor people are often obliged to borrow from them at usurious interest the very means to provide for them.

"The 'spahi' or farmers of the tithes ought to see the thrashing of the grain, and when it is measured they ought to fix the proper tithes; but it is very difficult to get them to do this, for the most blustering and powerful tithe-farmers buy the tithes of many villages, and as they cannot be present at all of them, and will not trust to others, it is their pleasure to fix the tithes by an approximate calculation ('tamin') in which, of course, they set down more than there is. In vain the owner complains; he must be satisfied with his assessment, for he knows very well that the farmers are sure of Government support, and not unfrequently some of the most influential members of the Government act in concert with the speculating tithe-farmers.

"It happens in many places, especially where there are fields, that the tithe-farmer leaves his grain as it were in deposit in some poor hut or shed in the village, with no one to look after it, and then if any damage or loss occurs, the peasants of the village are bound to make it good"—and so on, beyond our limits for quotation.

troops for the most necessary garrisons; nor for many weeks was there an appreciable increase in the Imperial forces. By their knowledge of this, not only the insurgent leaders themselves, but the Slavonic committees in the adjoining Austrian provinces, were no doubt encouraged to unusual exertions; while from the very earliest moment aid had doubtless come from Montenegro; and this increased as time passed, until the foreign Consul, from whose report we have already quoted, was able to write, in words no doubt roughly accurate, that towards the end of August "Montenegro now came forward as protector of the movement, and men, arms, and ammunition have come ever since from there." But another spring of unwonted energy flowed from a more exalted quarter. While the refugees from Nevesinje and Bilek were at the Court of the Prince of Montenegro, the Emperor of Austria had visited Dalmatia. Words of warm sympathy with his Slavonic subjects, such as are not unusual and are certainly most becoming in the mouth of a Hapsburg Prince, no doubt fell, during the visit, from the Emperor. The meaning of these words, as they were reported from village to village, was exaggerated. It became the common topic of the bazaars that by purchase or otherwise the provinces bordering on Dalmatia, of the trade of which the ports of Dalmatia are the natural outlet, were about to pass into the hands of the House of Hapsburg. And gradually, as is reported, "The Christians, with all their indolence, could not but take up the idea that this was so, and conceive hopes that their deliverance was at hand."

II.

An apology is due for the length of the preliminary quotations and remarks that have been made. But they suggest an answer to the assumptions which have underlain every dispatch and every speech of the British Government on the question of this rising, until, within the last six weeks, the faint dawn of different ideas has appeared. Those assumptions are (1) that Austria and Russia, one almost exclusively, and the other to a very large extent, a Slavonic power, and obliged to reckon with Slavonic opinion, could, so long as there was no real promise of an improvement in the condition of the Christians, be reasonably expected to use the means necessary,—and in some quarters nothing short of force would have been sufficient,—to cut off the insurrection from the support of the neighbouring populations; and (2) that the insurgents themselves could without extreme cruelty be asked to put faith in the promises of the Porte. It will startle some readers of the papers presented to Parliament, to see the sort of surprise and indignation with which Lord Derby, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, and most of the British Consuls (though most notably Mr. Holmes), for months treat the omission to

starve the insurrection as an offence combining the worst features of political and even moral guilt.

Very early in the rising, the Sultan's Government invoked the aid and the advice of the great Powers. The task before them, though difficult, had some favourable aspects. The rising was limited to parts of a province which itself was at the extreme north-western corner of the Ottoman dominions; was connected with the rest of the empire by no more than a few miles of territory interposed between two practically independent principalities; and while its social arrangements were more complicated, the class bitterness and oppression more intense, and the maladministration more grave than those of other provinces, these very circumstances suggested special treatment, and gave hope that the disorder might be kept within the limits of its origin.

In the course of last autumn and the early part of winter, several of the correspondents of the newspapers of England, France, and America (not always a class so ill-informed, or so foolish in their ideas, as is maintained in some quarters), strongly urged the plan of the annexation of these provinces to Austria. The advantages of such a change are obvious. Their separation from the harbours of the Dalmatian coast, and the separation of the harbours from the provinces, are mutually injurious in the highest degree. Moreover, what is wanted in the provinces is exactly what Austria can furnish, not perhaps in the highest form, but adequately: a strong government, able to keep peace between the hostile religions; to respect and protect property; to impose taxes of known amount, and to allow no more to be collected in its name; to appoint proper judges and to pay them properly; to make roads. And, lastly, annexation to Austria would mean for the Bosnians and Herzegovinians union with a large population of the same race as themselves.

Naturally this plan had warm friends throughout Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia. Nor can it be doubted that, in the headquarters of the Austrian army and among not a few of the politicians of Vienna, the policy—call it of territorial aggrandisement, of extending the civilising mission of Austria, or of mitigating the domination of the Magyars—had, and perhaps has, eager and sturdy advocates. There is some reason to think that in the early part of the autumn, at any rate, the wishes of the Imperial Court itself inclined in this direction.

There is no evidence of what would have been the action of Russia, had this idea been adopted. Yet at least it may be said that Bosnia and the Herzegovina are remote from Russia; that the Government of Russia is in the hands of a firm, cautious, and far-seeing statesman, and of a most pacific Czar; and that neither her army nor her people are ready for war on a great scale.

But the question need not be asked. The Austro-Hungarian Government of itself decided against all plans of annexation. The policy of that Government is still determined by the necessity of satisfying the Magyars. And the Magyars, whether from a wise conservatism, or from a narrow and jealous provincialism, will not tolerate an addition to the already vast numbers of the Slavonic subjects of the House of Hapsburg. No one, indeed, it may be here observed, can read the papers presented to Parliament without seeing that Magyar policy (*pur et simple*) is satisfied with nothing so well as with the *status quo*; and, if that could be restored and maintained, would gladly leave to the tender mercies of Turkey the future fate of her Christian subjects. Influences at Vienna in favour of a more generous policy have partly come from non-Hungarian quarters; have partly been imposed by the necessity of events.

Assuming annexation to Austria to have been impossible, and the British desire,—of seeing the insurrection put down at once by force, and the population left to the chance of Turkish reforms,—to have been disappointed;—what remained?

There remained, first, the possibility of autonomy. But the very circumstances which justified the insurrection, spoke strongly against autonomy. Extreme misgovernment, religious and class hatreds, oppression in many forms, agrarian confusion, are not favourable antecedents for an independent State; though an insurrection is an effective, as it is also an instinctive, mode of appealing to the world against them. The position of Bosnia and Herzegovina in these respects was in marked contrast to that of Bulgaria. For Bulgaria had a quiet, industrious, orderly population; mainly of the same race and creed; with comparatively few Mahomedans, and it was growing steadily in wealth and intelligence. No denunciations could be better founded than those so often uttered by the late Lord Strangford against the agitators, who, for political purposes, sought to tempt or to intimidate into insurrection the villagers of Bulgaria. Far better to wait till the time was ripe for them to enter quietly into the independence for which circumstances and their character were preparing them. But, had the hour struck, had independence been attainable without the risks of devastation and massacre, Lord Strangford would have been the first to affirm that the Bulgarian people on both sides of the Balkan were fit for self-government.

There remained, further, annexation partly to Montenegro and partly to Servia, or wholly to one or the other; and there remained the alternative of improved administration under the Porte.

It is important to learn the opinion of Austria on these alternatives:—important, but by no means conclusive, for in these papers there is proof that Count Andrassy may hold an opinion very strongly, and yet afterwards see the wisdom of changing it for

another, to be held not less strongly, not less loyally; and besides, Count Andrassy's opinion, so far as it is an Hungarian opinion, may be in conflict with an Austrian as well as a Slavonic opinion: and, out of conflicts of opinion come compromises. Subject to these qualifications, it must be said, that the official Austro-Hungarian opinion, several times expressed in these papers, is decidedly opposed to the annexation of any part of the insurgent districts to either of the Principalities, on the ground that "Austria-Hungary will then have to support the claims of her own Croats on Turkish Croatia."

But on all these points the English Cabinet had before them some evidence as to the wishes of the insurgents themselves. Our readers will recall the mission of the Consuls, which in the third month of the insurrection was sent to warn the insurgents against reliance on the Great Powers, and to urge them to enter into direct negotiations with, and to have confidence in, the Porte.

"We" (the English, French, and Russian Consuls) "entirely failed," writes Mr. Holmes, on his return from the mission (September 24th), p. 23, "to persuade the insurgents we met to submit, and to bring their complaints before Server Pasha. We did not, however, see any of the principal chiefs of the insurrection, who were all in the neighbourhood of Trebigné.

"Our colleagues of Austria, Germany, and Italy returned on the 23rd, having been equally unsuccessful. They, however, saw the leaders of the insurrection near Trebigné, who demand an armistice and an European intervention to guarantee the reforms which may be adopted. I would here remark that, contrary to what is asserted in so many newspapers, the people of the Herzegovina neither demand, nor have ever desired, an impossible autonomy, as Servian agitators would have persuaded them to do. They only ask to remain subjects of the Sultan, with reformed laws, and a proper and just administration of them."

In an elaborate dispatch, dated the 28th of September, Mr. Holmes writes:—

"The chiefs of the insurgents demand an European intervention and an armistice to allow them to consult and assemble at any place which might be fixed to discuss their affairs. They do not, and never have desired independence or annexation to Montenegro, but they wish to remain Turkish subjects under very extensive administrative reforms, the execution of which to be guaranteed by Europe."

And as to the Bosnians:—

"In Bosnia, almost to a man, the population would refuse¹ to be annexed to Servia or to Austria, and they have never dreamt of independence, which, from the nature of circumstances and the state of education, is impracticable. They also only wish to be governed with justice, and placed on an equality in law with their Mussulman compatriots."

(1) The testimony, repeatedly given, of Mr. Freeman, about this time established as acting consul at Bosna-Serai, is always that nothing will induce the Bosnian insurgents to come again under Turkish rule. Probably the majority of the people were indifferent about the means, provided they could live under an impartial and honest administration.

And the Consul of another great Power, to whom we have already referred, wrote about the same time :—

“ The people do not want to revolt against the Sultan, but against the native Mussulmans.”

Under these circumstances, and with information no doubt of the same general kind before them, the policy initiated by the two great Slavonic Powers—the policy which seemed to them to give a hope for the restoration of peace—was that which, subsequently to the date of the Berlin memorandum, was described by Count Andrassy as the policy of the “*status quo amélioré*.” And the first stage in this policy was the presentation to the Porte, on the 31st of January, with the approval and support of the other great Powers, of the document known as the Andrassy note, and the promise of the Porte, in reply, that it would “carry out four of the reforms proposed in the note in all their integrity,” and would give effect to the principle of the fifth.

To this scheme the English Cabinet, on the 25th of January, promised a general support, which was, in fact, accorded at Constantinople before the end of the month. On the 13th of May the two Slavonic Powers, again having the cordial concurrence of Germany, invited the concurrence of the English Government to further proposals, subsequently known as the Berlin Memorandum, in pursuance, as they alleged, of the same policy. What, in the intervening hundred and odd days, had happened to justify either these proposals, or the unconditional refusal of the English Government to accept them even as a basis for negotiation?

We propose to answer this question by showing from the papers presented to Parliament, what, in the end of May, was the evidence possessed by the English Cabinet as to the conduct of the Turkish officials in the insurgent provinces, and as to the prospects of their success in giving effect to the promises made by the Porte.

Before doing this, we affirm that, at the time the Andrassy note received the assent of the Porte, only the most sanguine diplomacy could have conceived it possible that that transaction would put an end to the insurrection. What did it offer? Only this;—that, if the Turk should fail to protect the returning insurgents and refugees, and to give effect to its renewed and enlarged promises of reform, then, at some quite undefined and probably most remote time, and in some wholly undefined manner—the manner and the time sure to depend almost entirely on the course of public opinion in foreign countries—the great Powers would exact the fulfilment of the once more broken promises. And what, on the other hand, did it expect in return? That, after a most hopeful insurrection had begun, the insurgents would lay down their arms

and return into the midst of Agas and Beys exasperated by the destruction of their property, Zaptiehs and Tithe-Farmers enraged by the loss of their profits and the attempt to take away their occupation, and the whole body of Mussulmans infuriated by the arrogant claims of the infidels, the formidable rising of a subject population, and the murder of many of their own kindred. Was it not a little sanguine to expect such results from such a measure?

It is due to the English Cabinet to say that *they*, at least, had bound their country by no promises. The purpose of *their* policy was to disarm the insurgents and see Turkish rule quietly restored. For its reform they had the most amiable wishes; but they repudiated all responsibility. Twice in four months was the name of England employed to take arms out of the hands of an insurgent population, without (so far as England was concerned) substituting any security whatever for the fair hopes that lay in those arms.

To proceed with the evidence that the conduct of the Ottoman Government and its agents between January and the middle of May justified the act of the British Government on the Berlin Memorandum. On the 4th of March Wassa Effendi, declared by Sir Henry Elliot to be "a man of energy, and in earnest in the duty confided to him, an Albanian by birth, and a Roman Catholic in religion," was appointed by the Porte to superintend the reforms in the Herzegovina and especially to provide for the return of the refugees. But Sir Henry Elliot is obliged to write further as follows:—

"I asked Wassa Effendi also what power he would have of executing prompt and summary punishment in the case of outrages against the refugees, and I cannot say that his answer is satisfactory.

"There will be three different authorities in the provinces, all more or less independent, between whom some jealousy is pretty sure to arise; and I cannot find that any of them possesses the power of carrying out a summary capital punishment.

"In this country, as in England, a soldier who murders a civilian is handed over for trial to the civil authority, which cannot carry out a capital sentence till it is confirmed from Constantinople, and the benefit of a prompt example, which is so essential in a state of things like the present, is thereby lost.

"It is not to be expected that acts of violence will not be perpetrated against the refugees; for in addition to the fanatical feelings by which the Mussulmans may be animated, many of them must entertain a thirst for revenge for wives and children murdered, and for property carried off by those who are about to return, and it will require a firm hand and a resolute repression to keep them in check."

A few days after he had announced the appointment of Wassa Effendi, Sir H. Elliot was able to send a copy of new instructions that had been addressed to the Turkish Governors-General.

"These instructions," Sir H. Elliot adds, "if perfectly adhered to, and enforced, appear calculated to remedy much of what is now complained of in the provincial administration; but till I see greater discrimination shown in the selection of the Governors-General, and an abandonment of the system of

changing them every two or three months, I shall not expect much benefit from them."

A week later (March 10) a report from Mr. Holmes, the Consul at Bosnia Serai—whose knowledge of the country, and good feeling towards the Porte receive in these papers frequent acknowledgments—was forwarded to Lord Derby. It enforces the opinion of Sir H. Elliot in the following words :—

"With regard to the administrative reforms promised by the Government, there is one which has not been alluded to, and without which all others will be impossible, and that is the stability of the Governors-General in their offices. It is utterly absurd to imagine that, while these functionaries are changed every few months, any reforms can be carried out. No one can be expected even to learn the requirements of the Province intrusted to his care in less than six months, and unless he is assured of being allowed sufficient time to carry out his projects he has no inducement to inaugurate them, and can have no ambition beyond his own personal interests. It is, therefore, evident that the system which has so long obtained, is suicidal to all good government, and must certainly be changed if any amelioration is sincerely intended."

How soon changes occurred in these very pashalics, we shall see presently. Meanwhile, if Lord Palmerston had interfered in Turkish affairs at all after the manner of the present Government, and had undertaken, as they in effect did undertake, a heavy responsibility towards the insurgent population—is it conceivable that Lord Palmerston would not have adopted some of these suggestions, and enforced them, from the first and effectively, at Constantinople? Mr. Holmes proceeds :—

"Bosnia and the Herzegovina should, in my opinion, form one Vilayet, under a Governor-General selected for his courage, energy, probity, and intelligence. He should be vested with full power to act as he judges for the best on his own responsibility, and should be assured of, at least, six years' tenure of office, unless he proved clearly incompetent to fulfil his duties. He should also be allowed to choose his own subordinates."

Mr. Holmes next refers to another matter, most pertinent to the subsequent controversy in regard to the Berlin memorandum :—

"The equality of the Christian and Mussulman population has been proclaimed, but this can never be a matter of fact until the former are permitted the privilege of serving their country as soldiers, or *as long as the permission of carrying arms is accorded to the one and denied to the other* ; while these distinctive marks of inferiority are imposed on the Christians they will always feel in the position of a conquered race, and no real feeling of equality can possibly exist."

Another consular officer, Mr. Freeman, writes (February 18) :—

"I would here venture to remark that one important point seems to have been entirely overlooked. There is no question of disarming the Mussulmans, and yet, as long as a part of the population are permitted to carry arms and the remainder are denied this privilege, there cannot even be a semblance of equality. No doubt it would be a difficult measure to execute at the present moment, but I believe it could be done by a firm Governor-General, backed

by a few battalions of picked troops; and at any rate, if the Mussulmans cannot be induced to deliver up their arms, they might be prohibited from carrying them in public. Not even the poorest Mussulman peasant now comes to market without being more or less armed, and the better classes are all armed to the teeth. This might be prohibited, and any one transgressing the order should instantly have his arms confiscated. The effect of such a measure would be very great, and would be an indication that the Government was in earnest, and would, as events permitted, introduce the other promised reforms."

Of the prospect of the reforms, Mr. Holmes writes (March 30):—

"Among all classes, however, I find very great distrust of the power of the Porte, and even of its intention to properly carry out the promised reforms. Nothing has yet been done to give confidence to the Christians, and though there are many intelligent Mussulmans who are convinced of the propriety and necessity of a change, there is a large majority who understand neither, and will offer a stolid but passive resistance to all attempts to reform."

But an immediate and capital importance belonged to the question of arms. How, if they returned unarmed, were the Christian villagers to be protected against the Mussulman beys and villagers, who had arms in their hands? Sir A. Buchanan, writing from Vienna of the inadequacy of the means taken for the safe reception of the returning refugees—a subject which "seemed," he said, "not to have been seriously considered at Constantinople"—speaks (March 18) of "the military measures that will be necessary to protect the refugees from the armed and excited Turkish population, to whom the Government had confided, in a great measure, the defence of the country since the outbreak of the insurrection." For the purpose of escorting the refugees from the frontier, Sir Andrew Buchanan was informed that a considerable force would be necessary; while, "unless detachments of eight or ten men could be left at each village, the refugees, many of whom were anxious to return, would be afraid to do so." And such detachments were not forthcoming.

Mr. Freeman, however, writing from Bosnia itself, takes a somewhat different view of the same circumstances—a view which points to the reasonableness of the suggestion that the refugees and insurgents should be allowed to return armed to their homes, as proposed in the Berlin note, so long as a strong and impartial government cannot be established in that pashalik:—

"The local Government pretends that many of the refugees from these provinces are willing and anxious to return, but are afraid to do so at present, as the military authorities cannot detach troops for their protection, failing which it is supposed the insurgent bands would not allow them to quietly settle down. There is no doubt much truth in this supposition, but I am sure that the refugees would be quite as unwilling to put themselves under the protection of a brutal and ill-disciplined soldiery as to incur the risk of being driven from their homes by the insurgents; and until the insurrection be finally quelled and all troops withdrawn from the rural districts, there is little chance of many of them returning to their country."

On the 21st of April, Mr. Freeman informed Lord Derby that in his neighbourhood large numbers of Bashi-Bazouks had been enrolled, and that "the Mussulman population of all the frontier districts will shortly be armed with breech-loading rifles."

Next to the oppression of the Agas and Zaptiehs, that of the so-called courts of justice had been the most intolerable. On the 3rd of February, Acting-Consul Freeman, writing from Bosnia-Serai, had to complain that the Government was at that moment especially unfortunate in its selection of judges. Sir H. Elliot very properly complained to the Grand Vizier :—

"The Grand Vizier (Feb. 22) excused himself on the plea that all judicial appointments in the provinces were made by the Minister of Justice, without reference to him. His highness further complained that more than a month ago the papers respecting the arrangement to be made for the appointment of Christian caimakans in Bulgaria had been sent to the Minister of Justice, *who up to this time had done nothing in the matter.*"

More than a month later, Sir H. Elliot had still to complain that the measures of the Government "seem calculated still further to debase the administration of justice" in the provinces; and he goes on to explain how it is that the financial embarrassments "cannot fairly be alleged as an excuse."

And, as to the peasant's tithes, a capital point in the January promises, Mr. Acting Consul Freeman writes (May 26) :—

"I have the honour to inform your lordship that new arrangements had latterly been made for the collection of the 'Aashr,' or tithe on agricultural produce. The system of farming the tithes was entirely abolished, and officials styled 'Aashr Mudiri' had been appointed in all the sandjaks at a salary of 2,500 piastres a month each, with a considerable staff of subordinates, to assess and collect the tax. Instructions, however, were received yesterday by telegraph from Constantinople to annul this arrangement, and it was publicly announced in the 'Idareh Medjliss' or Administrative Council, that the tithes would be immediately offered for sale at public auction as heretofore. This will undoubtedly produce a very bad impression in the country.

"The Commission of Control continues to hold its sittings daily, but its labours have as yet borne no fruits.

"No decision has yet been come to as regards the 'Bedel-i-askerish,' or tax in lieu of military service, although much time has been spent in discussing the matter. It was announced that the tax was only to be paid between the ages of twenty and forty, but the Government persists in demanding the same gross amount as heretofore, and it is naturally rather difficult to reconcile such conflicting instructions."

We now pass to the heads of the administration, the immediate representatives of the Ottoman Porte, in the disturbed provinces. Mr. Holmes writes (March 20) :—

"The most insurmountable difficulty is the question of money. Instead of finding 2,000,000 piastres here Wassa Effendi found nothing, as I told your Excellency would probably be the case. However, 1,000,000 is expected here in a day or two, and another at a rather indefinite period. But even supposing the 2,000,000 to have been on the spot, it is nothing to what is required, and Wassa Effendi is terrified at the prospect before him."

Mr. Freeman writes (April 14):—

“The state of the administration here continues to be as unsatisfactory as ever. No doubt the position of Wassa Effendi is an exceedingly difficult one. Being subordinate to the Governor-General, he cannot take the initiative in any matter, and all he seems to do is to act the part of Councillor to his Excellency. The local Medjlisses have been re-elected, exactly as in former years, and without any regard to the interests and wishes of the people in general. The ‘Bedel-i-askerish,’ or tax in lieu of military service, is being exacted as heretofore, and payment of the ‘Aghnam,’ or tax on sheep, which should only be required in the month of June, is being demanded now.”

The Porte had recently made Bosnia and the Herzegovina separate governments,—a fatal difficulty, wrote Consul Holmes on March 20. On April 7 he describes Ibrahim Pasha, the Governor-General of Bosnia, as perfectly indolent and apathetic. Yet in a Turkish province the first condition of tolerable administration, even in easy times, is an able and energetic governor. Of Ali Pasha, the Governor-General of the Herzegovina, Mr. Holmes writes (April 7), that he

“Is doing his best to put matters right. I think that on all sides there is a misapprehension as to the attributions and authority of the two Commissioners with relation to the Governor-General, which, as usual, I suppose, have not been sufficiently clearly defined by the Porte; and that this will perhaps give rise to future trouble.”

But the Commander-in-Chief again was independent both of the Commissioners and of the Governors-General; and Moukhtar Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief, it is evident from the papers, detested the January policy of conciliation and reform, and thought only of pressing forward the war. Three months after the fair promises of January, destined still in the following month to be most respectfully treated by Lord Derby,—

“Moukhtar Pasha had summoned every available man to join him in the second expedition for the relief of Nisch. Wassa Effendi complained to me,” writes Mr. Monson (April 30), “that this concentration of all the troops in the south of the province was a serious hindrance to him in arranging for the return of the refugees, whom he could not undertake to protect unless a small military force is placed at his disposal.”

On May 12 (it was on the 13th the Berlin proposals were handed to Lord Odo Russell) a crisis of confusion had been reached in the Herzegovina. Several hundred families, urged by the Austrian threat of withdrawing the allowance of food, had actually returned to their homes, and more were expected. Wassa Effendi demanded troops to protect them.

“Wassa Effendi,” writes Mr. Holmes, “has this instant informed me that Moukhtar Pasha has declared categorically that *he will not send any troops to Poporopolie to protect the insurgents who are about to return to that neighbourhood, as he pretends (sic) that he cannot move a single battalion.*”

The result was that Wassa Effendi telegraphed to the Grand Vizier his resignation. And Ali Pasha, also a man of honest and firm character, according to the English bystanders, was ordered to resign the governorship of the Herzegovina. Mr. Holmes hears that this was due to the representations of Baron Rodich, the Austrian Governor of Dalmatia. But it is clear from the papers that Ali had freely criticised the proceedings and the veracity of Moukhtar Pasha. In Bosnia, meanwhile, we quote from Mr. Freeman (May 12):—

“Vely Pasha, the commander of the forces there, has found complete anarchy reigning in many parts of the country, and the Bashi-Bazouks terrorizing the people. At Chazin, near Bihach, especially, the confusion and disorder were so great that he placed the kaimakam” (civil governor of a district), “a Bosnian Mussulman, under arrest. More than two hundred armed Turks, however, shortly congregated and demanded his release, and Vely Pasha was forced by threats and intimidation to accede to their demand, and to withdraw from the place.”

Finally, Mr. Holmes, the special champion of the Porte, *à propos* of the demands made by the insurgents in April, and pronounced by him to be unworthy of consideration, thus writes (April 14):—

“In these demands there is evidence of the profound distrust with which every promise of the Turkish Government is regarded, and I cannot say that they are without justification. The Christians are afraid to place themselves unarmed in the power of their old masters, whom they know they have irreparably injured. They are informed of the state of Turkish finances, and are naturally anxious to know how they are to be fed, and given the means of cultivation, when they are aware that there is not money enough to pay the troops, zaptiehs, and other employés. They dread also the presence among them of the hungry and undisciplined soldiers.”

What inferences as to the chances and the mode of effecting the pacification of the insurgent districts, and of calming the indignant spirits of the many millions of Slavonic people, who for nine hundred miles are the neighbours of the Turkish Empire,—are drawn by our readers from these extracts?

Lord A. Loftus gives the following account to Lord Derby, of the conclusions to which, on the 28th of March, Prince Gortchakow was inclining:—

“The Prince appeared less sanguine than heretofore of a successful issue to these negotiations, not from any want of energy or goodwill on the part of those charged with them, but from the utter prostration of Turkey. The Porte had no money, no means for re-establishing the refugees in their homes, and no means of affording them sufficient military protection to induce them to return. There were, besides, no administrators, civil or military, competent for the duties which they were called upon to perform. ‘I can say sincerely,’ said the Prince, ‘that we wish to maintain the Turkish Empire. It is our object and interest to do so, but we cannot struggle against destiny; and although we have used all our diplomatic efforts for the pacification of the insurgent provinces, we have no means of remedying the internal decay of the Empire.’”

On April 22, when, at the very time efforts were being made to bring competent representatives of the insurgents into direct communication with the Sultan's ministers, Moukhtar Pasha was exhausting the resources of Turkey in the prosecution of the war,—Prince Gortchakow used this language :—

“All that Russia had done was to promise that her best efforts should be given towards the pacification on the condition that the reforms accepted by the Porte should be faithfully carried out. He had therefore asked Cabouli Pasha if he could cite one single instance in which any of the promises given by the Porte had been yet carried out. Not a single step, said the Prince, has yet been made by the Porte towards the fulfilment of those promises.”

And on the 30th of the same month,

“He observed that Russia and Austria had hitherto successfully exercised their influence to restrain both Montenegro and Servia from taking part in the contest; that, up to the present moment, all that the powers had received from the Porte had been a written promise to carry out reforms, not one of which had as yet received the semblance of execution; and that the Porte, at the time when efforts were being made by Austria and the other Powers to bring about an armistice and a pacification, had appealed to arms. If, therefore, the efforts of the European Powers to effect a pacification between the Porte and the insurgents should prove to be unavailing, although he will do nothing to incite Servia and Montenegro, he can no longer restrain them from action.

“There can be no doubt, said his highness, that in such an event the insurrection would assume much larger proportions, and a flame would be kindled in Bulgaria, Epirus, Thessaly, and Albania, which the Porte, with its weakened resources, would be unable to extinguish; and the Christian Powers of Europe, awakened by public opinion to the call of humanity, will have to interpose to arrest the effusion of blood.”

III.

By Easter that chapter of events, which had begun with the well-intended, but, it must be said, the inadequate and, as regards the insurgents, delusive, plan of pacification proposed by Count Andrassy, was about to close. If within a few weeks, possibly even days, the insurrection could not be arrested, all observers saw it must reach far wider limits. And with the failure of the plan of pacification by fair promises, was sure to fall also the ministry of Mahmoud; and the advent was near of a more vigorous military administration.

“Should the insurrection be continued,” wrote Sir Andrew Buchanan from Vienna on the 9th of April, “even in the doubtful case of Servia and Montenegro remaining neutral, the policy of the present Grand Vizier will have signally failed, and it may be feared that the Turkish Government will come to consider that all the resources of the country, without any regard to foreign creditors, should be devoted to the maintenance of Mussulman supremacy in the European Provinces of the Empire, as the only means of prolonging its existence.”

Servia and Montenegro did not remain neutral. And all the resources of the country were speedily to be devoted, not only without regard to foreign creditors, but by other methods not always scrupulous or merciful, to the purpose contemplated by Sir A. Buchanan.

In the interval, could anything be done? To this question the Chancellors of Austria and Russia addressed themselves without delay. Both had strong reasons to dread the continuance, much more the extension, of the insurrection. And both had some, and one the strongest, reasons for fearing the results on public opinion in their respective countries of a pacification effected without some security for the safety of the persons, and for the tolerable government in future, of the Christian population.

In a conference with Baron Rodich and General Jovanovich (April 7), in which the insurgent chiefs were again urged on the part of the great Powers to accept the proposals of the Porte and lay down their arms, the latter announced the conditions which they deemed essential. They asked :—

“ I. That to the Christians shall be given at least a third of the lands as their property; land which the Turks took and usurped from the Christians, and without which third the latter will not be able to live.

“ II. That Turkey withdraws the troops in the Herzegovina, and shall only maintain garrisons which shall be recognized as necessary in the following places: Mostar, Stolatz, Trebigné, Nicholsich, Pleoljé, and Toccie.

“ III. That Turkey cause to be rebuilt the houses and churches that have been burned, provide for the Christians food for at least a year, and agricultural implements, and exempt them from taxation for three years from the date of their return.

“ IV. That the Christians shall not lay down their arms until the Mussulmans shall have been disarmed, and until the reforms are in process of execution.

“ V. The Christians having returned, their leaders shall come to an understanding with the Government as to the execution of the reforms. The said leaders shall compose an assembly with the functionaries of the Government for the application and the regulation of the said reforms, which latter must be extended to the whole of Bosnia and the Herzegovina.

“ VI. As the insurgents cannot trust to the simple promises of the Porte, which he has never been known to keep, and as also the Porte will with difficulty support her own troops, the insurgents, fearing that the money given by the Porte for the Christians may be lost in the hands of the Turkish employés, who would distribute nothing, and would let the Christians starve; and as the insurgents know that they would get no help from the Porte, even if the powers should protest; on these grounds we demand that the money shall be paid into the hands of the treasurer of an European Commission, that this Commission shall receive all the funds for the reconstruction by itself of the houses and churches, and for the distribution of provisions to the Christian families, erecting for that purpose central storehouses in convenient places.

“ Finally, we demand that in the before-mentioned garrisons occupied by the Turks, the Governments of Austria and Russia shall establish agents, who shall see that the reforms are executed as we desire.”

At the moment these counter-proposals were absolutely rejected by the two Powers; while the British Ambassador and the British Government thought them unworthy of a moment's remark. Count Andrassy—never a friend of the Slavs—was said to have declared against the further concession of a “hair's breadth.” On the other hand, the Italian Consular Commissioner regarded the first condition as “extremely pertinent and suggestive, he having invariably maintained that the agrarian grievance lay at the root of the

Bosnian question. The demand for a third of the lands," he urged, "was not to be considered a communistic aspiration, but as a clumsily expressed desire for the revocation of the agrarian regulations of 1851 and 1862, which abolished the ancient feudal privileges of the tillers of the soil," and made them completely dependent on the Agas.

Prince Gortchakow, too, though acquiescing in the public action desired by Count Andrassy, from the first maintained that—

"The fact of the counter-proposals being made was a proof that the insurgents, under certain conditions, were ready to lay down their arms.

"He further observed that there was nothing in the counter-proposals of the insurgent chiefs which was in opposition to the spirit of Count Andrassy's proposals.

"They neither asked to be freed from the direct rule of the Sultan, nor did their counter-proposals aim at any territorial dismemberment of the Empire. The maintenance of the six garrisons in the Herzegovina and Bosnia was a proof that they projected no dismemberment of the Empire. Their object alone was to obtain some guarantee for the execution of the proposals accepted by the Porte."

Lord Augustus Loftus, reporting the conversation, added :—

"From what Prince Gortchakow said, I am led to believe that he has taken steps to induce Count Andrassy to modify his opinions, with a view to a renewal of the negotiations with the insurgent chiefs. At the same time I could perceive, from the language of the Chancellor, that he was most anxious to maintain a perfect understanding and co-operation with Austria, and to prevent anything which could lead to a divergence of opinion between the two Cabinets in regard to Eastern affairs."

The result of the concert thus described by the British Ambassador is to be found in the now famous Berlin Memorandum, handed to Lord Odo Russell on the 13th of May. The memorandum proposed no new radical changes, such as that demanded by the insurgents relating to the agrarian question. To this extent the Austro-Hungarian Chancellor remained unconvinced, and prevailed. But the two Chancellors and Prince Bismarck agreed to recommend to the other Powers that a suspension of arms for two months should be exacted from the Porte; and also further stipulations, the purpose of which (whether well or ill conceived) was to give some degree of confidence to the insurgents and refugees that they might return without danger to their lives; and at the same time some assurance to the Christians, in other Slavonic countries as well as in the insurgent provinces, that effect would at last be given to the promises of reform. It is evident that the Austro-Hungarian Chancellor had been sincerely convinced of the prudence of these modifications of his original opinion in regard to the demands of the insurgents.

"The insurgents," he said, addressing the Budget Committee of the Austrian Delegation (May 20), "had demanded things absolutely inadmissible, things already granted, and things which aimed at practical guarantees for the accomplishment of the reforms. The first were unconditionally rejected, but the practical guarantees must be sought for."

The distinction was well founded, and justified by the demands alone recommended to be made.

To the success of the proposals, of which we have thus traced the origin and the spirit, the support of the British Cabinet, as the principal adviser, most trusted friend, and diplomatic champion of the Porte, was essential. It was withheld.

But is it not true that the Parliamentary papers, full as they are of the evidence of persons on the whole most unfavourable to the insurgents, demonstrate that the latter could not prudently return to their homes without guarantees; that it was necessary, in the words of the Berlin Memorandum, to "inspire them with confidence in the vigilant solicitude of Europe;" and that the "gravity of the situation," to use Prince Gortchakow's words to the British Ambassador (April 3), "required that the European powers should hold the most energetic language to the Porte, with a view to the adoption of such concessions as will reasonably satisfy the insurgents, and thereby give peace to her disaffected subjects?" It cannot be said that the demands of the Berlin Memorandum, if they had been made to and accepted by the Porte, would have certainly brought about a pacification. But it can be said without hesitation that nothing short of them offered a chance of that result.

Lord Derby's rejection of the Berlin plan was unqualified. As an alternative he was invited to accept it as a basis for consideration. He was asked to suggest alterations, while keeping the same end in view. From France, from Italy, from Austria, from Germany, from Russia, successively came the most urgent instances, even entreaties to England to join in the efforts proposed to be made for the restoration of peace. "The several articles of the Memorandum," said Prince Bismarck, (May 20), "were open to discussion, and might be modified according to circumstances; and he, for one, would willingly entertain any improvement her Majesty's Government might have to propose." But Lord Derby was inexorable. "I have no plan to propose," he said to Count Beust, when, on the part of his Government, the Austrian Ambassador had made a similar request two days earlier. And a week had not elapsed before the British Ambassador at Constantinople was not, indeed, in any sense urging the Porte on the responsibility of England to reject the note which it was then still thought would be presented; but was at least in consultation with Raschid Pasha, as to the objections which might properly be made to its anticipated contents.

In Lord Derby's reply to the Berlin Memorandum a couple of almost contemptuous lines are thought sufficient to refute two of the five propositions of the Memorandum:—the proposal that the insurgents and refugees should be allowed to return in arms; and the proposal that the Turkish troops in these provinces should be concentrated in specified fortresses and garrison-towns. Would any one, who had

read the correspondence of the British Ambassador and Consuls, have believed the substance or the manner of this reply to those proposals to be possible?

Secondly, the fifth point of the memorandum had provided "That the Consuls or delegates of the Powers should keep watch over the application of the reforms in general, and over the steps relative to the repatriation in particular." To this Lord Derby, with the same curtness as before,¹ and even more of the air of a "superior person," replies, "The consular supervision would reduce the authority of the Sultan to nullity, and without force to support it supervision would be impossible."

Now, certainly, it is not too much to say that every twentieth page of the five hundred contained in the Blue Books No. 2 and No. 3 gives an instance in which acts of neglect, incompetence, or cruelty on the part of Ottoman ministers or officials, were checked or prevented, or were not unhopefully attempted to be checked or prevented, by the remonstrance of a British representative. The Ottoman Government is, in fact, not only afraid of the Great Powers and anxious to stand well with them, or with those of them it deems the strongest and, at the same time, the most friendly; it has good intentions of a sort, though they are perpetually frustrated by the extreme badness of the immense majority of its agents. And it is one of the most notable characteristics of the Porte that some of its best work has been done when the circumstances have justified the warning voice of a British representative. No doubt it is an anomaly for the government of a great Empire ever to move in leading strings; but the existence of the Ottoman Empire in Europe at all is an anomaly. Had, then, the Northern Powers made a proposition so unworthy of consideration, when they urged that till the security of life and property in the disturbed provinces should have been established, and till effect should have been given to the promises of reform, this right of criticism and report should by express stipulation be given to named representatives of the great Powers collectively? No doubt this implied the possible employment of force, in the event of the failure of the Porte to make effectual reforms. But the Porte's acceptance of the Andrassy Note had already given the Great Powers the right to employ force in that event, and this proposal of the Memorandum did no more than provide machinery for giving effect to the principles of the Note.

(1) Another of the points of the Memorandum provided that the Porte should give the Consular Commission the means of feeding the refugees on their return, till they had the means of feeding themselves, *i.e.*, till the next harvest. These refugees are now being fed by the Austrian Government, and would die if left to themselves on their return home. But the English Secretary of State observes: "It would be little better than a system of indiscriminate almsgiving. It would probably be beyond the power of the Porte" (a State able to pay for war) "to adopt, and would prove utterly demoralising to any country." There is a notable affinity between the doctrinaire style of this dispatch and the ignoble policy of which it was the outcome.

But the "breach in the European concert," of which the dispatch of May 19 was the expression, was, in fact, a necessary result of the radical difference of aim which, from the beginning, separated the policy of Mr. Disraeli's cabinet from that of Russia, and of the Powers which, on the whole, have cordially sanctioned and supported her view of the troubles in South-eastern Europe. Consistently from the beginning, with the single exception of what they have perhaps since regretted, their adhesion to the Andrassy note, the British cabinet has refused to enter into engagements, or to become in any way responsible for measures, for the improvement of the system of the Turkish government, or for the permanent amelioration of the condition of its subjects. Russia and Austria regarded the declaration of reforms by the Porte, which followed the presentation of the Andrassy Note, as different in kind from all previous declarations, because it was due to the "initiative of the Great Powers," and because it "gave them a right to intervene" in the event of a clear failure to give effect to the reforms. The English Government could not be ignorant that this was both the effect and the intention of the Andrassy Note; but it passed, as it were, gently and silently over the novel and dangerous concession; and in Lord Derby's dispatches of January 25, notifying his adhesion to the Andrassy Note, there is a carefully apologetic and deferential tone towards the Porte, perfectly consistent with his subsequent refusal even to consider the question of asking for guarantees, when, five months later, the insurrection was spreading, and the Porte had not made even a beginning of giving either effect to the reforms or security to the refugees willing to return.

The British view may be thus expressed: "We cannot agree to any interference with the free exercise by the Porte of its sovereignty. We will not in any way be parties to a policy seeking to control its administration in the supposed interests of its subjects—first, because we do not wish to impair the sovereignty of the Porte; secondly, because we do not believe that foreign governments can effectually superintend even in the most general manner the administration of another government. What we do desire is that the Turks should put down the insurrection, and, meanwhile, that the neighbouring governments should prevent their predatory or sympathising subjects from giving it help. As for the Christian or other misgoverned subjects of Turkey, we are quite willing, if we can see our way, to give the Porte advice, especially when the insurrection is put down; but as for any effect that may be given to our advice, or to their own better considered plans of reform, we must trust, and ask the insurgents to trust, in the self-interest of the Porte. If, after the lesson of this insurrection, the Porte does not govern better it will ultimately come to ruin. That is the only refuge, painful and slowly reached as it may be, to which, if the Porte cannot reform

his own government, we can invite his oppressed subjects to look for ultimate deliverance."

The Russians, on the other hand, still insisted on the "*status quo amélioré*." Their argument was to this effect:—"It is perfectly true that to control the administration, even in the most general way, and for a limited time, of a Foreign Power is not a very hopeful task. But the objections both to the autonomy and to the annexation to any neighbouring state, and to the temporary occupation by a Foreign Power, of the insurgent provinces, are considered by all of us and admitted by Great Britain, to be at present at least insuperable. It may have been impolitic or criminal to begin the insurrection at the particular time at which it was begun. But we cannot use Russian influence, nor can Austria restrain her Slavonic subjects, so as to assist in putting down the insurrection, until there is some hope of good government. This is partly because an opposite policy would make the Emperor's government detested, and we cannot say unjustly detested, by all good people in Russia. But it is chiefly because the establishment of a tolerable government is the only means whereby another insurrection, and all the accompanying trouble and immense peril to Europe, can be avoided a few years after this has been put down. More than this, it is a much more difficult thing than you seem to imagine to put down Slav committees, and arrest the movements of Slav enthusiasts. If we cannot to some extent satisfy these people, if we cannot inspire the insurgents and their friends in the Austrian provinces and elsewhere with confidence that a real change will be effected, the insurrection will go on and spread, whether we like it or not. The insurrection will go on and spread with infinite cruelty and devastation of provinces, till either there are great Turkish successes, requiring a much more difficult kind of intervention than might now be sufficient; or great Turkish disasters bringing with them a dismemberment of the Empire, and the risk of a continental war."

In the presence of such alternative dangers, was the enforcement and supervision of reforms to be effected within the limited territory of the insurgent provinces, a task so entirely beyond the reach of the whole of the Great Powers of Europe, united (but for England) in an almost unparalleled unity of purpose?

The opportunity had come and was missed. The certainty that it would meet a refusal from the Porte (see dispatch from Raschid Pasha, May 21, and from Sir H. Elliot, May 27), was undoubtedly the real reason why the note was never presented.

Mr. Disraeli boasted that the concert of the great Powers, thus broken, had been restored in a concert of inaction,—in an agreement to wait for the results of war. But in their anticipations of the results of war the Governments were far from an agreement. Prince Gortchakow looked forward to "the aggravation of all previous

difficulties by a fanatical war of extermination" (June 21); while Lord Derby considered that, "if either party should obtain a decided advantage over the other, the Powers would be in a position to meditate usefully and effectually." Was this novel opinion as to the time most appropriate for mediation, prompted by a character given to excuses for inaction; or was there, and is there, a faint chance that, contrary to experience and all the appearances of the hour, the Ottoman Turk, his warrior's pride once satiated, will recognise his administrative incapacity, and accept practical limitations to his dominion?

That warrior's pride had been so effectively roused by the prolonged irritation of a war waged by peasants and volunteers, and so encouraged by the sympathy of England and the consequent inaction of the civilised Powers, that even on May 27 a vast military effort was ready; and, yet earlier, orders had been given to put arms for the destruction of the Sultan's enemies into the hands of the most blood-thirsty of the Mahommedan races. And a few weeks later, Servia and Montenegro, not realising the magnitude of the forces raised to meet them, had declared war.

IV.

Public feeling has been deeply moved by the events which have been disclosed during the last month. If an effort may be made to interpret the public wishes, they are that means may be found for preventing the recurrence of calamities which, while horrible in themselves, retard in the most serious manner the prosperity and the civilisation of South-Eastern Europe. The English people feel that a government which, having such subjects as the Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks, puts arms in their hands, and bids them massacre thousands of unarmed citizens, or which, having put the arms into their hands, cannot restrain them, must be a very barbarous or a very weak government. They see that if any of the murderers are punished, if the course of murder is stopped so soon as may now have been the case, it is only because by accident foreigners were looking on; and they infer that if things so horribly bad are done in war, things very bad must be done in the quiet times of peace; that if such things are done by the orders, and subsequently vindicated by the authority, of a Grand Vizier of the "highest qualities and the purest patriotism,"¹ and in an arena on which the eyes of

(1) See (1) Sir H. Elliot to Lord Derby, June 19, 1876:—

"Your lordship has received Mr. Consul Reade's report of the cruelties &c.;

"I have again spoken very seriously to the Grand Vizier on the subject &c.;

"Mehemet Ruchdi Pasha assured me . . . that 'the emergency had been so great as to render it indispensable at once to stamp the movement out by any means that were available' (the movement was quite trifling, the Bulgarians being generally a well-affected population); 'and under the circumstances the Government had no choice.'"

and (2) the Same to the Same, May 31, 1876, from which it appears that Mehemet Ruchdi Pasha's character is singularly high among Turkish statesmen.

Europe have long been known to be fixed, intolerable things must be done every day in little-known provinces by obscure governors, and by petty officials in many remote districts.

Thus it has come to pass that public opinion is far more inclined to attend to Turkish affairs than it was two months ago. It listens to the evidence which proves that the Bosnians and Herzegovinians revolted against oppression and maladministration which had broken the spirits of nearly all they had not turned into brigands. It does not suppose that all the provinces in the immense Ottoman Empire suffer equally or in the same way; it does not deny that the Turks at Constantinople may be tolerant, wise, and courteous gentlemen; it wishes to exaggerate nothing against old allies of England; but it is still satisfied that the government of an empire so vast lays on them a task to which they are altogether unequal; and it feels that the only chance of the long continuance of Turkish rule anywhere lies in limiting its dominion, and enabling it to concentrate on a smaller territory whatever administrative ability it possesses.

What prospect is there of these ideas being raised from the vague region of hopes into that of practical politics? And, first, what are in fact the smallest changes that would be sufficient to satisfy the double aim of arresting the misgovernment and degradation of races in whose prosperity and strength all Europe has an interest, and of limiting the responsibilities of Turkey to something like the measure of its administrative capacity? Would any change be adequate that would do less than withdraw from the direct government of Constantinople Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and also Bulgaria?

The claims of Bosnia and the Herzegovina rest on their exceptional misery and misgovernment, and on the fact that the prevailing disorder and distress are rooted in an agrarian confusion, and in a complication of social and religious difficulties, the solution of which is not only altogether beyond the reach of Turkish capacity, but would try the metal of the best English or Indian administrators. If, indeed, the interests of the population are really to be considered, the choice lies between but two alternatives; the immediate annexation of the provinces partly to Montenegro, but principally to the strong and civilised government of Austria-Hungary, and their temporary occupation by a sufficient European force until the agrarian difficulties, the difficulties as to the constitution of the local armed force, and the other difficulties (not so considerable) arising out of the mutual relations of the three religions have been solved, and order and confidence created by strong and competent hands.¹

(1) Count Andrassy's opinion, that the mixed Christian and Mahomedan population of Bosnia is in itself inconsistent with the autonomy of the province, is suggested by his wishes. Put on a footing of justice the relations of the peasantry to the soil, and such a population will live as peaceably as a similar population in Russian (p. 155, *supra*), and as Hindoos and Mussulmans in Indian, villages.

Then the provinces might possibly be ripe for such a relation of vassal and tributary autonomy to the Porte, as seems to be contemplated by Prince Gortchakow.

The claims of the Bulgarian nation are different. Upon it, on account of its robust and laborious character, the strong national sentiments that animate it, and the comparatively slight intermixture with it of any Mahommedan population, have long rested a large part of the hopes of prosperity for South-Eastern Europe. If the war could have been kept within its original limits, or if the Turks could have defeated the Servians without massacres in Bulgaria, the relations of the people to the Porte might long have remained unchanged. But two months have wrought a vast change. They have brought the Bulgarians and the Turks into such relations with each other, that the former relations of goodwill, or at least mutual tolerance, can hardly be revived; and Europe, moved by the danger to herself of disorder and weakness in the East, is alarmed at the prospect of a population, on which so much depends, continuing under the direct rule of the Porte, with the risks of degradation that rule involves.

Not for a moment must the magnitude of the change proposed be underrated. The question is one of the gravest that ever made demands on the self-restraint, and the courage of Europe. It is more difficult in some respects than that which in 1830-1 owed its happy solution to the initiative of Great Britain. The changes would be prompted, indeed, first of all by regard for the interest of the Porte; by the absolute necessity that exists to lessen its responsibilities, if it is to continue to live. But the Turks, victorious, proud, not given to self-criticism, cannot be expected to regard their situation in this light. Even if presented to them in the happiest and most delicate terms by their firmest ally, such proposals would be startling. When the military efforts of Turkey seemed baffled on every hand, and when the question was only of demanding guarantees for the execution of reforms in Bosnia and the Herzegovina, the British Government (June 14) doubted "the possibility of effective interposition, unless the powers were prepared (*which her Majesty's Government were not*) to use compulsion." Now, when the Porte has developed great military resources and considerable military ability, and Servia lies open before its victorious armies, far larger and deeper questions cannot be raised and settled, unless by the concerted action of all the Great Powers, prepared even to use compulsion, should compulsion be necessary to support their demands.

What are the grounds for thinking the great Powers are now equal to such a task? Some such grounds there seem to be in the prevailing and recognised necessity for peace among the great Powers themselves; in the character of the sovereigns and ministers; in the desire (characteristic of our time, and which has been greatly

stimulated by the success of the Italian experiment¹⁾ to obtain, as it were, from accomplished facts and contented nations a security for "a system of peace;" and, lastly, in the language, published in these papers, of the leading statesmen.

"The main task of Austrian Hungary," said Count Andrassy (May 24) to the Hungarian Delegation, "is the bringing about of such a state of affairs that the periodical recurrence of such dangers as now exist shall be prevented." And on the 21st of June Prince Gortchakow declared, "The Emperor of Russia is persuaded that it is both possible and desirable that the several Governments should come to an agreement as to the means of arriving at a satisfactory solution of the present complications."

And, with regard to means, speaking of the limited problem then (May 9) alone before the Powers, Prince Gortchakow, in common with all the Powers who supported the Berlin memorandum, contemplated, of course, the *possibility* of military intervention;—but "on condition that it bore an European character, and was carried out under European supervision."

Of the "real intentions" of any Power, it may be an extremity of irrelevance and of credulity to quote the professions of diplomatists. Lord Augustus Loftus, however, writes²:—

"I feel persuaded that the predominant wish of the Emperor Alexander is to maintain peace, and that his policy in regard to Eastern affairs is perfectly disinterested. . . . I am also convinced that Prince Gortschakoff aspires to no exclusive advantage for Russia in the course he is pursuing."

(1) One of the many happy results of Italian freedom and unity is that Italian questions are no longer a source of mutual suspicion and recrimination, not to speak of war, between two of the greatest European powers. Not the least of the advantages that may be expected to flow from the concert of England and Russia in obtaining for the most advanced of the South Slavonic nations securities for the free development of their national character, is the arrest of the flow of angry words and unreasonable suspicions which now disgraces a portion of the press, and occasionally one or two diplomatists, of the two countries. It ought to be now unnecessary to say that there is not a particle of evidence for connecting Russia with the rising in the Herzegovina. It is only after many months that private Russian committees gave any help. And to those suspicious persons who say, "Of course there is no evidence in the Blue Books, but, all the same, Russia 'did it,'" we can only reply by saying that far nearer than Russia are at least five or six mainly Slavonic communities, most of them with little love for Russia, which notoriously rendered enough assistance to explain the ability of the natives to continue the insurrection, and their hopes of success. We read of "Italians" (p. 10), of seven hundred Austrian Croats (p. 18), of four hundred or five hundred old Grenzers (Slavonians of the military frontier), of "a few Servians," of the Omladina of Servia as more active than is liked by the native Bosnians, of Kara George the younger and his Serbs, of Dalmatians, of Austrian subjects again and again, and of Montenegro and the Montenegrins constantly. Is not this enough, without dragging in the name of Russia; though of course in such a scene Russian subjects cannot long have been wholly unrepresented?

The truth is that only "gambling" politicians could, in the present condition of Europe and the East, expect to gain for Russia territorial, or any exclusive, advantages within the Turkish dominions. And the present rulers of Russia are not "gambling" politicians, though no one can say what will be the character of their successors.

(2) No. 409. June 5.

And as to public opinion in Russia :—

“While there is undoubtedly a strong feeling of sympathy on the part of the Russian nation for the Christian population in Turkey, there is among the higher and enlightened classes an equally ardent desire for the maintenance of peace; and there is, moreover, a strong conviction that any entanglement of Russia in an European war, for which she is wholly unprepared, would be the greatest calamity that could befall the Empire.”

If we turn from the professions of diplomatists to the actual condition of Europe, there is not less ground for hope that a permanent settlement and not mutual quarrels will be the result, if the Eastern question, at least within the limits indicated, is now taken into consideration by the Great Powers with that purpose in view. There is strong evidence that it is not only the clear interest, but the fixed resolution of each of the Great Powers to remain at peace with the others : England, Italy, and Germany, because they are satisfied with existing arrangements as regards themselves; Austria-Hungary, because she is convinced that no possible change of territorial limits could help her. France, inasmuch as she is far from satisfied with her present frontier, and Russia, by reason of the aggressive designs vaguely attributed to her, are regarded as possible disturbers of European peace in the future. But, at present neither is armed. The griefs of France are not in the East, where the prudent statesman, who for several years has now had charge of the Foreign Office, desires only a permanent settlement of chronic difficulties. Did Russia, as we entirely disbelieve, look on the South Slavonic nations as raw material for the manufacture of Russian subjects, she would still, in the present condition of her armaments, shrink from a war which, begun with Austria, might end by bringing her into collision with the still giant power of Germany. A further security for peace lies in the fact that, the only two Powers to which conflicting wishes with regard to the Turkish provinces can be attributed, are precisely the two Powers in whose case war would aggravate domestic dangers, already in the highest degree alarming.

Nor is there real cause for misgiving in the attitude of Austria-Hungary. Count Andrassy, it is true, has formally acquainted Russia, Germany, and England, with the objections of his Government to the grant of autonomy to any Slavonic people. This objection, however, is a part of Hungarian rather than of Austrian policy. It is not shared by Europe, as, on the part of England, Lord Derby, saving always the reference to Constantinople, at once plainly stated. And, if it shall be recognised as inconsistent with the general interest of Europe, Austria is not in a position to disregard that interest. In fact, Count Andrassy, warned of this, and desiring before everything a pacific and permanent settlement of the Bosnian question, is already preparing to take a new position; and, if in a short time he is urged either to occupy or to annex Bosnia

and the greater part of the Herzegovina, he will probably¹ not be found to need so much pressure as would once have been necessary.

From these considerations, the readiness of the other Great Powers to co-operate with England may be inferred; but were it otherwise, it would still be the duty of England even alone to take such an initiative as a sagacious estimate of her just influence and of her power at Constantinople might justify. The limits of her influence must largely depend on the character of her representative, and of the policy he is directed to follow. But in firm and resolute hands her influence is the immense influence of an ally who wields vast strength at sea, who has never failed Turkey in an emergency, and to whom within the limits of Turkey no selfish purpose can be imputed. And, if this influence could be used for obtaining from the Porte, quietly and without struggle—for the Bulgarians, well considered franchises, guaranteeing the free development of national life; and for Bosnia, reforms, going to the root of agrarian and sectarian disorders—immense would be the service rendered to the Porte,² immense to Europe, and not least to Russia. "Russia" in the sense of the enlightened classes in that country, "Russia" in the sense of its present Government, knows well that the South Slavonic communities are alien³ from the Russians, and that facts

(1) Compare dispatches in P. P. Turkey iii., Nos. 481, 365, and 527.

(2) A leading journal of Western Europe thus writes (July 29) as to Turkey:—"Elle a tout à perdre à s'étendre, tout à gagner à se réduire. Depuis longtemps les provinces éloignées du gouvernement central ont échappé à son contrôle, et l'indépendance administrative qui leur serait donnée, avec le maintien de la suzeraineté du Sultan, ne ferait que fortifier la situation de la Turquie proprement dite." Of the then policy of Mr. Disraeli, the same journal adds: "Le grand danger de cette trop sage politique, c'est de livrer toutes les races Chrétiennes de l'Orient à l'influence exclusive de la Russie."

(3) Comparatively indifferent to all they have in common, and each tenacious of whatever distinguishes it in manners, character, tradition, language, and religion, even the nearest neighbours among the South Slavonic nations regard each other with jealousy, and deprecate union. A hundred years hence, intercommunication and culture may have united them, as the various German communities have become united; and a real or supposed necessity of defence against Russia, for instance, or Germany, may very soon suggest some form of confederation. But the most cherished wish of every Bulgarian is that his country should remain Bulgaria, and on no account be united with Servia. Consul-General White (one of the ablest of British consular officers) informs us that what more than anything else contributed to the determination of Servia to make war on Turkey, was the fear that her neighbours and rivals, the Croats, by their strenuous support of the insurrection, were winning the leadership of the people of the Slavonic "No Man's Land," Bosnia. Even in Bosnia itself a national feeling does survive, notwithstanding extreme misery and the bitterest animosities of class and creed; and, early in the insurrection, agents of the Servian Omladina were beaten and sent home, because they were supposed to have "foreign," and not Bosnian or Herzegovinian interests at heart. But in the hour of real Bosnian distress, as now in the hour of Servian distress, all help becomes welcome; and if Russian help is welcomed with tears of gratitude in Servia, it is as in every Polish insurrection, French help was welcome. And an inference cannot thence be drawn that the Servian people any more than the Bulgarians would endure incorporation with remote, foreign, and autocratic Russia, or would open for Russia a road to Constantinople.

contradict the theory of Panslavism. But there is another Russia, the Russia of a large part of the press and of the army, for which Panslavism is patriotism. This Russia, if there came a Czar sharing its dreams, might well fill Eastern Europe with war. And nothing short of such disastrous contact with the realities of South Slavonic feeling can ever give a lasting check to the hopes and intrigues of this "Russia," unless it be the actual existence of institutions giving contentment to the South Slavonian peoples, and a free course to their national genius.

V.

We cannot conclude this notice of the papers presented to Parliament without some remarks on the part they represent to have been taken by the present head of the English Foreign Office. From the beginning to the end of the eventful year to which they refer, but one idea seems to occupy the mind of the Minister; that Russia and Austria could and should compel their subjects and the two principalities to withhold all assistance from the insurgents. For hundreds of pages this idea is repeated with wearisome iteration by Lord Derby and his agents in South-Eastern Europe. But at the end of, at the most, five months, it had become apparent that the two governments were either unable or unwilling to do what was desired. As England had no means of compelling them to do as she wished, the fact of their want of will or want of power was one of capital importance, requiring a new view to be taken of the situation, and a new departure. But on and on to the end of the papers the changes are rung on this useless theme: Lord Derby, meanwhile, refusing, till the impossible should have been accomplished, to consider any means for giving assurance of reform, or any new plan of pacification. What is to be thought of a minister's judgment, who spoke quite hopefully of the prospect of war to the bitter end between the Porte and its subjects, as a process likely to terminate in a reasonable compromise: who told the Russian Ambassador that "the sympathy notoriously felt in Russia for the insurgent population of Turkey was in itself enough to explain the suspicion and mistrust towards Russia of the English press, and of English speakers;" who considered the interests of England in the East would be furthered by the publication of this remark; and who allowed the English Ambassador at Constantinople to report to him, without reproof, as if it were both true and relevant, a Constantinopolitan rumour, that "Russia was at the bottom of the risings in Bulgaria."

Nor even has the limited part Lord Derby assigned to himself been well performed. England was the trusted, as well as the powerful, friend of the Ottoman Empire. At all times English advice, when it points to definite acts and is properly urged, has with the Porte a controlling influence. In circumstances of perplexity

and weakness, such as those of the early months of the present year, disregard of a practicable suggestion on the part of England would have been out of the question. Several such suggestions were indicated by the Consuls: all were unnoticed by the Secretary of State. Yet of one of these, the suggestion that the Porte should appoint its ablest and strongest administrator as Governor-General of the two provinces, for the express purpose of carrying into effect the Andrassy reforms; and should give him for a fixed term unqualified control over the Commander-in-Chief as well as over all the officials—it is not too much to say that it offered a chance of creating confidence in the Porte, and of achieving the pacification of the provinces.

Lord Derby has charged the Northern Courts with having, in the Berlin Memorandum, “invented a new system of diplomacy. They had drawn up their measures together without any sort of consultation with the other Powers,” and then invited their adhesion. And much credit has been claimed for the energy with which this alleged encroachment of the Northern Powers was resented. But the papers presented in Parliament give a different impression. From them it is evident that, till June at the earliest, *i.e.* till after the epoch of the Berlin memorandum, Lord Derby (except so far as he expressed a general concurrence in the Andrassy note) gave no attention whatever to the internal affairs of Turkey, and that his efforts were concentrated on material means for putting down the insurrection. Before the Andrassy memorandum was communicated to him, he formally approved of the separate consideration by the Northern Powers of the grievances of the subjects of Turkey;¹ and he did not afterwards resent it. Writing to Lord A. Loftus on May 8 he records a conversation with Count Schouvaloff, which must have given Count Schouvaloff an impression that the English Government did not wish to take part in the Berlin conference then impending, and which probably gives the reason why the invitation to take part in it, which, on May 9, Lord Augustus Loftus “had reason to believe” would be given to the British and French (and no doubt the Italian) Ambassadors, was withheld. It is difficult, in short, not to suspect that both the resentment actually manifested in regard to the separate action of the Northern Powers and the subsequent indications of an intention hereafter to consider the internal condition of Turkey, with a view to proposing some considerable changes, are the commencement of a quite new policy, imposed on the Government partly by events and partly by public opinion.

But, details apart, the policy adopted by the Government thus far has this capital defect:—The events of 1854-6 placed England under a strong moral obligation towards the Christians of Turkey; and, if she is to have any policy at all in South-Eastern Europe, it is also her interest to win the confidence of the Christian population. Her

(1) Lord Derby to Sir A. Buchanan, Dec. 11, 1875.

past services and known good-will to the Porte, and her power at sea, give her an influence there, which she might have exercised on behalf of the Christians, far in excess of that of any other Power; while her command of able administrators, accustomed to deal with populations of hostile religions, and with the agrarian difficulties of an oriental country, give her peculiar means of determining in detail the best advice to give to the Porte. If, in short, there ever was an emergency in European politics, in which justice and policy demanded an English initiative, it was this. A service was to be rendered to humanity: a demonstration (almost certainly wholly peaceful) made of the power and influence of England; and allies gained for the future. All these opportunities have been hitherto missed; and the Christians left, and the initiative abandoned, to Austria-Hungary and Russia—Powers biassed by the special interest each has in a particular mode of “manipulating” the Christians; without influence with the Porte; and without the means England has of giving wise counsels as to the special difficulties of the Turkish Empire.

Will the future of Lord Derby's administration of the Foreign Office be more honourable to England than the past? The actual position of things, and Lord Derby's own antecedents, give the means and the opportunity for the resolute prosecution of a new policy. The Porte has acquired military prestige; feebleness can no longer be imputed to it: it may therefore with honour make concessions. England, and the present Government in particular, has been an unfaltering friend of the Porte; in the darkest hour never permitting the popular voice to draw from it one hasty sentence in qualification of that firm friendship. England, and the present Government, therefore, are in the strongest position for tendering advice in a manner not to be disregarded. The alliance of all Europe awaits England, and is ready to accept her as a leader;—on the sole condition that the leading shall be firm, and the work promise to be enduring. England has refused to press on the Porte or to associate itself with “schemes of administration and projects of reform embodied in vague and general terms, and framed without close and careful inquiry.”¹ The quiet which must succeed the complete defeat of insurrectionary hopes will give time for framing plans not open to those objections; only let the time be used promptly. Finally, England, at once remote from the scene of the events that disturb Europe, and cosmopolitan in her interests, can regard the contending creeds and races without passion; only, if she claims to play an European part, let not her indifference and her remoteness make her content with expedients; for the questions raised, if they receive now only a temporary solution, may be raised again when the union of the Great Powers has once more been broken by angry jealousies and vast ambitions.

ALBERT RUTSON.

(1) Lord Derby to Count Schouvaloff, June 29, Google

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

It is impossible to offer any definition of cruelty which shall leave out of view the motive. A benevolent lady who has made her name conspicuous amongst the uncompromising opponents of what is called vivisection, is reported to have used very strong language in reference to the doctrine of doing evil that good may come; and there can be no doubt that from the minds of many who have been forward in this discussion it is necessary to clear away a fundamental illusion on this score. The fallacy lies in the impossibility of giving any definition of many forms of what is called evil, excepting by taking into consideration the results. The same deed changes its character under different conditions. To remove a sleeping infant from its cradle, hold its limbs, open its mouth by force and make incisions into its gums, is surely an act which if it were done merely for the pleasure of the excitement or from any other source of enjoyment to the performers, is evil, unmitigated evil. If however, the same deed be done with the object of relieving distress and warding off convulsions, it is evil no longer. It is not easy to see how anyone could object in such a case to such forms of expression as "that the end justified the deed," and that in this instance at least it was "lawful to do evil that good might come." At any rate it is a question of words and definitions only, for all will agree as to the principles concerned, and the rule of conduct will be the same with all. Now in the case of a sane adult, it is pretty generally established that it is not right, without his consent, to subject him to pain even for his own good; but with regard to lunatics, children, and the lower animals, no such law will hold. No one would contend that an operation performed upon a dog, however painful in itself, was "cruel," if the operator was skilful, did his best, and had as his sole motive the benefit of the animal. It is true that we now and then carelessly speak of "a cruel operation" when we mean simply a painful one; but as a rule we are careful to distinguish between the two, and to impute cruelty only when we wish to imply our belief that the pain caused was not necessary, and therefore either wilful or the result of ignorance. I will take, therefore, as granted the simple proposition, that upon a dumb animal, incapable of giving consent, it is lawful without consent to inflict pain when the good of the animal is the object. We come next to the more difficult question as to lawfulness of inflicting vicarious suffering. Here, indeed, we have the real stumbling-block in reference to experiments, for it must be granted that there is a natural and instinctive sense of unfairness in causing pain to one animal for the benefit of another. In the old time, and under different forms of belief, there

was less scruple on such points than there is now, and it was hastily assumed that a nation's safety was cheaply purchased at the cost of an individual life. We live, however, in a punctilious age; and it is perhaps not much to be wondered at, that among those who have rejected in theology the notion of vicarious expiation there should be some difficulty in admitting the morality of inflicting vicarious pain. Yet it can surely be made clear that it is impossible to lay down a hard-and-fast law in the matter, and that here as elsewhere questions of degree have to be estimated, and judgment and conscience brought to bear. Here as elsewhere the responsible man is bound to avoid crotchets, and of two evils to choose the less. If the health and comfort of twelve dogs were in danger unless an inch were cut from the tail of a thirteenth, there surely could be no hesitation as to what ought to be done. At any rate he would be the cruellest who hesitated longest. Yet, if the propriety of taking action in a case such as this cannot be denied, the principle under discussion is granted. We have seen, first, that it is wise, humane, and good to give pain when we are sure that advantage will result; and, secondly, that it is not necessary that the advantage should accrue to the precise individual pained. It is sufficient to know that it will accrue to some one, and that it will certainly exceed the suffering caused. If there is doubt it will be wise to hold the hand, but if there is certainty it is almost criminal to hang back. There are circumstances under which we must do evil that good may come; we must be cruel in order to be kind; we must inflict pain in order to produce pleasure.

I cannot but think that these considerations very much narrow the ground of controversy with those opponents of experiments on animals—the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Miss Cobbe, Mr. Curtis May, and others—who try to base their opposition on “principle,” and assert that such experiments are never justifiable. It is clear that the question is, whether or not it is anything like certain that good will follow them. To some of the large class who are fond of disparaging their own species, it might perhaps seem easier to grant the lawfulness of experiments if they were designed solely to aid discovery for the benefit of animals. But if we once admit that the infliction of vicarious suffering may be justifiable, we certainly cannot introduce any arbitrary limitations as regards species. If a dog may be sacrificed to save the lives of a dozen other dogs, it may also be sacrificed to save a baby or its mother. It is sentimentalism run mad to see any difficulty in admitting this. It follows, then, that such sacrifices are matters of expediency, and that they are more than justifiable when the result is certain. We come, then, to the question, Are the experiments to which biologists have been accustomed to resort justified by their fruits? Is there enough of certainty as to promised gain to warrant their continuance? Before discussing this point, let me protest that the decision on this point must be left to those

who alone are qualified to judge. It is hopeless for any lady, however eminent in philanthropy, however famed in literature—or, indeed, for any class of women or men, excepting trained physiologists, to form an opinion of the slightest value on this point. May I further hint, without rudeness, that it is almost an impertinence to try. On such a matter, as in a thousand others, society must trust a specially qualified class. It must believe, as, indeed, it has every reason to do, that the humanity of this class is on a fair average with that of mankind generally, and that no pain will be inflicted which does not promise an adequate gain.

Here I must ask to be allowed a digression. Do we not, in several important respects, take a false and maudlin view of our relations to what we call the domestic animals? We speak of the debt between us, which really is mutual, as if it were all on one side: we call them our slaves, our drudges, and delight to speak of man as a tyrant and oppressor. It should be remembered, however, before we disquiet ourselves too much by phrases of this kind, that our evidence comes only from one side. It is man himself who is the sole accuser, and his knowledge of what the animals themselves think is but very imperfect. Could we really ascertain their feelings we should probably find that they look up to man with feelings of lively gratitude and reverence, and regard him as a most beneficent deity. It is reserved for man himself to look still higher; our sheep and oxen, could they reason at all on such a subject would, in all probability, stop at a lower platform of theology, and render their worship to man as the cause, so far as they are concerned, that the hill-sides are covered over with flocks.

There can be no doubt, whatever, that the animal world has gained greatly by the gradual subjugation of the earth which its head and leader has accomplished. Man has led on the other animals to victory. He has treated them, it is true, much as great generals have treated the rank and file, sometimes with consideration, and sometimes with but little. On the whole, however, there can be no hesitation in saying that his gains have been theirs also. Not only has the number of animals capable of existing on a given space been much increased by the industry and ingenuity of man, but their conditions of life have been much softened. Many of the so-called natural checks to the increase of population have ceased to operate, and, to a large extent, our domestic animals are no longer exposed to any material risk from hunger or severity of weather. Many of them, indeed most, are better protected in these respects than are large portions of the human family. Everything possible is also done to secure them against the attacks of other animals, and to keep them from the many risks of accidental death which surround them in a wild state. As a rule their early stages of life are surrounded by every luxury, and are, no doubt, periods of the utmost enjoyment. It is true that as age advances and incapacities creep over them,

some,¹—horses, for instance,—are in risk of losing many of their privileges, and of being exposed to more painful conditions as regards labour, food, and rest; but this happens after all only to a minority, and it is one of the drawbacks to the happiness of long life, from which man himself has by no means been able to escape.

If I have been successful in my argument that the animals of our houses, stables and farms have been great gainers by their domestication, so far as numbers in existence and protection in the enjoyment of life are concerned, I am prepared yet further to urge that they have also made a great moral gain. We have not only protected them, and immensely favoured their increase, but we have civilised and half-humanised them. If to be a man be better than to be a gorilla, then to be a shepherd dog, a pointer or a spaniel, is better than to be a wolf. As are the low enjoyments and narrow perceptions of a Fiji compared with those of a subscriber to the *Fortnightly Review*, so probably is the moral and intellectual nature of the rude and savage progenitor of the dog to his ennobled offspring, "the friend of man." Dogs, horses, cattle, have done much for us, but such are the arrangements under which we and they hold our lives, that we have in the process been enabled, whilst pursuing in the main our own good, to do far more for them.

Nor need we, I feel sure, afflict our consciences with many pangs as to the "loss of liberty," which the birds and animals that we have attached to our service have incurred. In the vast majority of instances such fancied loss is not felt in the least. So rapidly do most animals accommodate their tastes and feelings to changed circumstances, that a few months of captivity, if taken young, will in most instances suffice to eradicate the longing for old pursuits, and to substitute another class of tastes. A parrot caught young, and carefully tended in a cage, will decline its freedom, and if put loose in an apple-tree on a summer morning, will soon steal back into its prison. The apparent monotony of its life, as measured by human feelings, is not felt as such by it, and provided it be well supplied with food and water, pity for its lot is more than wasted. It is the same in all probability with canaries, doves, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and most of our household pets; their nature has either in one or many generations received such modifications that they no longer regard their associations with man as other than an honour and a gain.

I have had two reasons for entering upon this line of argument and suggestion. First I have desired to set at rest the qualms of some refined and delicate consciences which might, could they attain to better vigour, not only enjoy life more for themselves, but contribute more also to the enjoyment of others. But secondly,

(1) Let me point out that it is only those of the domestic animals which we do not eat which are liable to suffer in old age. So far from its being cruel to eat horses, it would be the reverse, for instead of their being worked to the end every horse would be secure of a few months rest and luxury before his death.

and perhaps more importantly, I have wished to argue against the supposition that we owe a sort of debt to our domestic friends which ought to bind us to an exceptional rule of conduct in their favour. Such an opinion is based on sentimentality, and is contrary to common sense. We owe to dogs, cats, and horses, the same honourable allegiance which is due to all that lives, and no more. We must not sacrifice the interest of any individual horse, cat or dog, without adequate object, nor must we inflict a single pang of unnecessary pain. If we do so we are cruel, whether the victim be a dog or a tadpole, and in each instance the cruelty is measured by the absence of motive, or the smallness of the motive in proportion to the pain caused, and not by any fanciful bonds of indebtedness, which exist in the case of the mammal and are absent in that of the batrachian. It will be obvious that I have put aside the influence upon the mind of the operator, and for the present consider only the rights of the different animals.¹

My argument has been that man and animals are members of one commonwealth; or, to use a yet more common illustration, that we are sailing in one boat, that it is futile to allege diversity of interests, and useless to claim for any one immunity from that suffering which, although falling with apparently unequal incidence, is part of the lot of all. We cannot change our destiny, or make the world perfect upon another plan.

If a sheep could understand the returns of human mortality, great would be its exultation at the preponderance of births over deaths. "Two thousand more born than died in London alone last month! And then the doctors more and more insist that mutton is the best kind of meat; only think what a lot more of us they'll have to keep. Why they'll have to plough up that prickly moor and make it grow clover and turnips for us, and drain that marsh where we are in such risk of the rot. Very likely they'll give up ever killing us before we are full grown. And next spring, why I really believe old John will sleep every night in the field, for fear some of our lambs should die. Hurrah for increase of population; down with Vegetarians, the Dialectical Society, and Malthus! Long may men love mutton!"

I do not in the least exaggerate in putting such sentiments into the mouth of an intelligent sheep; and if I were to attempt to find

(1) There have been perhaps few circumstances brought to light in the recent discussion on the subject of vivisection more humiliating than the ease with which a certain section of the public can conceive it possible that the performance of painful experiments may have in it an element of attractiveness to the operator. It might have been expected that those who, for the first time, learned that such things were occasionally done, would, judging from their own sentiments, have at once felt it to be impossible that any should undertake them excepting under motives of compelling duty strong enough to overcome a natural repugnance of the most potent kind. What we have witnessed has been, however, somewhat different, and the revelation that there are amongst us many who believe that there must be something intrinsically pleasant in the infliction of suffering is by no means one of an encouraging character.

words strong enough to express the gratitude of pheasants to the sport-loving propensities of man, I might even encounter greater difficulty. A costly war of extermination continually waged against weasels, hawks, and all other natural enemies; copses allowed to grow thick for cover, and kept scrupulously quiet; the paths strewn with Indian corn, or even with raisins; little ricks of barley put up here and there in the woods, and left to be pulled to pieces during the dark days of winter; not to mention the yet more definite patronage afforded by the breeding coop on the warm hillside, and the hard-boiled eggs innumerable; all these things must make a rational pheasant regard man with the utmost warmth of love. And what is the "penalty" that he will have to pay? Nothing more terrible than this; that, before he has suffered from sickness and old age, his existence shall end in a manner which, compared with those by which most of his patrons will have to depart, may be described as a luxurious death. He will experience perhaps ten minutes of annoyance and anxiety, a few seconds of terror, one of pang, and then he will be asleep for ever. There is nothing so very fearful in this. But I shall be asked, what about the wounded birds? Well, as to the wounded birds, so-called, nine out of ten of them fly off wounded only in their tail feathers; a few others hard hit die very quickly, almost as soon as they have reached the next copse; a few are caught within twelve hours by foxes; and a very few live on, and recover perfectly from broken limbs, having never throughout their convalescence experienced a tithe of the discomfort which awaits an average hospital patient.

The same might be asserted as regards all the other birds and animals which are protected for sport, with a few minor reservations with respect to some, and as to special modes of killing. Undoubtedly, the less of what is called sport mixes with the mode of killing, the more cruel as a rule does it become. Trapping, ferreting, &c., involve more of suffering than hunting with dogs or shooting. If it were possible to take the votes of the foxes, hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, and other "victims of sport," as to the continuance or cessation of the present customs of the country, ninety-nine out of every hundred would hold up foot for the *status quo*, and the remaining one would be served right for his want of pluck, if left to die miserably of disease or old age.

I contend then most seriously that so far as the happiness of the animals is concerned it is the opponents of sport and not the sportsmen who are cruel. None who know the facts can doubt this. There may be other reasons for attempting to restrict field sports, but with but little exception there is nothing to be done which would not be to the disadvantage of the animals. I shall allude to the influence of these pursuits on the minds of those who pursue them, further on; and clearly I have nothing here to do with the interests of agriculture in reference to the preservation of game.

It is very needful to remember that cruelty is not restricted to the infliction of pain, but that the prevention of happiness, if intentional or the result of carelessness, must also rank as such. There is, in fact, far more of this kind of passive cruelty than of the more active form. It is astonishing how little, as a rule, our minds feel responsible for the happiness which we only passively prevent. It is right and natural that the infliction of suffering should always assume a paramount place in our consciences, but that it should take the almost exclusive pre-eminence which it habitually does is surely the result of want of thought. All healthy animal life must rank as happiness, and the man who permits the rearing of a puppy or prevents the destruction of a dog which would, but for him, have been killed, is a benefactor to dogs. Without sophistry it might really become a question, under some circumstances, as to whether happiness procured might not be made to more than counterbalance suffering inflicted. We encounter this passive cruelty—or cruelty by prevention of the happiness of existence—on a large scale in vegetarians and in the opponents of game preserving. I have already alluded to it, but the subject is so important that I am tempted to produce a further illustration. Let us suppose that Smith and Jones, two hermits, have each a few acres of ground under their control. Smith, objecting to the infliction of pain, keeps a cow for milk and some hens for their eggs, and makes up the rest of his sustenance from vegetables. Jones feeds rabbits and pigs with some of the cabbages and some of the milk, and allows his hen to hatch a certain number of her eggs; he digs a fishpond in one corner of his plot and stocks it, and he keeps a few sheep. It is true that he is compelled every now and then to dismiss to the Silent Land a pig, a rabbit, a lamb, or a chicken, but is he not still, in the long-run, a better friend to animal joy than his neighbour? Smith simply abstains from causing pain, Jones gives occasionally and unavoidably a little pain, but he is the cause of the produce of a vastly overbalancing amount of pleasure. Smith, so far as I can see, ought, in the end, to be plagued on his death-bed with remorse, by the consideration that his sentimental inhumanity has been the means of preventing the enjoyment of existence to numberless animals. A valued friend, an American, whom I had invited to join me in an evening stroll with a gun, replied, "I never shot a rabbit in my life, and until I am starving I never will." I admired his purism, but thought, nevertheless, "Still I am the friend of the rabbits, for were it not that I enjoy shooting them, there would not by next Christmas be a dozen left on the farm."

To some extent it is even true that there is a set-off of happiness in prolonged life to be placed against the sufferings caused to animals by experiments. It is not by any means all experiments that cause severe pain, or that entail much discomfort afterwards, and in many instances it is the experimenter's express wish that the

animal should survive and regain good health. Many a dog, the subject of an experiment, has lived in happiness for months or years afterwards. We must remember, also, that the animals taken for such experiments are always those which would otherwise have been killed. It may well be doubted whether a dozen rats, if they could judge, would not rather take their chance of a well-furnished laboratory than be destroyed out of hand. It is the fact that in many instances the animals, rabbits, guinea-pigs, or dogs, have been bred and reared in comfort for this express purpose, and but for it would never have been permitted to exist. Some experimenters are very careful not only to reduce as far as possible the amount of pain, but also to increase what we may call the subsequent compensatory enjoyment, and no doubt more might be done in this direction. It may have been noticed by some who have seen the architect's¹ plans of the new laboratory at Edinburgh, that the kennels, &c., for the subjects of experiment were to be built with careful regard to comfort, and with a south aspect. It may be open to most reasonable doubt whether life in such an establishment even with average "experiments" in prospect, is not from the dog's point of view preferable not only to death, but to the starved and persecuted existence of an ownerless cur on the streets.

Putting aside, then, as obviously erroneous the assertion that it is wrong in principle to inflict pain except for the direct benefit of the individual so hurt, we come to the question as to the circumstances which justify such infliction. In this respect each separate group of actions must be investigated on its own merits, and three principal questions have, I think, in each instance to be put and answered.

1st. What will be the amount of suffering to the victim? 2nd. What amount of gain to others may reasonably be expected from it? 3rd. Will the act be attended by injurious consequences to the moral nature of the agent? By these tests the carnivorous lady, the fox-hunting squire, the snail-drowning gardener, and the experimental physiologist must all alike submit to be tried; for they are all alike implicated, directly or indirectly, in acts which cause pain, and which require to be justified by results. I have already incidentally alluded to most of these subjects; but respecting *scientific experiments on animals*, it may be convenient that I here attempt to give answers to the questions proposed in more detail.

1. *As to the amount of suffering caused to the victims.* It may perhaps be sufficient to allege in general terms that the amount of suffering incident to the performance of experiments on animals has been in the popular mind most grossly exaggerated. Expressions made use of in scientific books have been misunderstood, and narratives of most exceptional occurrences have been accepted as if they exemplified what was common. Every one who has read the valuable report of evidence collected by the Royal Commission must

(1) Quoted in the Report of the Royal Commission.

have felt relieved at the discovery that neither by the testimony of friend or foe could it be proved that any excesses or abuses had taken place in England. To this effect on his own mind Mr. Forster has borne public testimony, and no doubt the other Commissioners also felt it. As regards the vague reports which reach us respecting the doings in foreign laboratories, it behoves us to receive them with caution and charity. For the most part they are capable neither of proof nor of disproof, and in many cases the testimony upon which they are for the present based is open to much doubt. Those prone to believe the worst may profitably be reminded that, in early days of this agitation, a statement was gravely published to the effect that a certain ophthalmic teacher recommended his pupils to acquire dexterity by operating on the eyes of animals, without stopping to be made to understand that the eyes meant were those of dead sheep. The evidence of one witness before the Commission would have been amusing had it not been disgraceful, both as regards knowledge and honesty, in respect to the erroneous statements which he had put in circulation, and his refusal to acknowledge them when they were pointed out.

2. The sum total of suffering caused by experiments on animals as practised in England, may be confidently asserted to be exceedingly small, and such as a very moderate scientific gain might be easily held to counterbalance. I shall pass, then, to the second and more difficult question, as to *what kind and amount of gain may be expected to result from them.*

The very different estimates which different minds form of the advantages likely to accrue from the energetic prosecution of biological and pathological pursuits, is no doubt one of the main causes of the divergence of opinion as to the propriety of experiments involving pain. One man looks confidently to a better comprehension of the laws of life, as the main means of human advancement, and for him the term "human advancement" implies increased order, comfort, and happiness for all the more worthy forms of life. To him man is the entrusted hierarch of the world, and to increase his knowledge is to enlarge his sphere of sympathy, and to fit him better for the duties of his august post. No wonder that a scientific man, with such a faith in him, thinks but lightly of a little temporary pain, in comparison with the realisation of his hopes. He is not merely in search of panaceas for special maladies, or for little definite bits of retail discovery in reference to the causes of cancer and consumption. He is seeking general knowledge, having faith in it, and feeling sure that it will include all details. His hope is not so much to be able to hang up a few lanterns here and there in the darkness, as to let in a daylight so broad and strong that it shall fill every nook and corner with clearness. If I were asked to come to particulars, I would say that the discoveries of new laws as to the way in which the nervous system influences health, mind, and character; of new

facts, as to the special uses of food and the influences which make up climate; and of fresh means (possibly of the simplest and most easily applicable kind) by which health may be favoured and disease prevented, are only a few among his aspirations.

Opposed to or contrasted with him we have men who either from senility, or constitutional conservatism, want of imagination, or simply from ignorance, scarcely feel either hope or desire as to the further progress of knowledge. They assert that man's head is clever enough if only his heart were warmer, and they look upon medicine much as if all that a doctor had to do was to get up the contents of a receipt book already quite sufficiently full of physiology and biology. That I am not drawing too severe a portrait will, I think, be admitted, if I am allowed to cite here a letter addressed to the Royal Commission by Sir George Duckett, of Bampton. This gentleman is at the head of the list of the Committee of the Society for the Abolition of Vivisection, and he was invited by the Commission to attend and communicate to them the facts which had induced him to become active in the matter. His letter in reply is typical of the views of a large number of those who have taken part in that agitation, and as such it is valuable, and well deserves such publicity as can be given to it. Under date December 12th of last year, he writes:—

“SIR,—I shall of course be ready to attend on the Vivisection Commission, but as my testimony is in no way connected with any personal experience, and that I can simply express my horror and repugnance that in a Christian country such monstrosities should be permitted, it might be desirable to state this to Lord Cardwell, especially as I can only attend at some personal inconvenience. All that I could say would be what the major part of the kingdom would say—that the practice of vivisection, an abomination introduced from the Continent, is horrid and monstrous, and goes hand in hand with atheism. Medical science has arrived probably at its extreme limits, and has little to learn, and nothing can be gained by repetition of experiments on living animals.

“I am, &c.”

In a subsequent letter, Sir George Duckett positively declined to attend the Commission, but spoke of “the hellish practice of subjecting animals to torture,” and appended the names of six gentlemen, three or four of them surgeons, whom he believed to share his opinions. It will be seen, then, that a want of faith in the further progress of science is one of the mental conditions which favours an attitude of opposition to these experiments.

Not only are there some who think, with Sir George Duckett, that “medical science has reached its extreme limits,” but there are others who, far too well-informed for such a blunder, yet feel doubtful as to whether experiments are of much use in aiding us in its pursuit. It is in this class that almost all the medical men who are in any degree opposed to the practice are to be found, and their influence in spreading a similar belief amongst the public has

been considerable. Nor is there, indeed, the slightest doubt that the notion so prevalent amongst the inexperienced—that a single experiment may set at rest a single question, much as a gardener might decide the nature of an unknown seed by simply sowing it once—is an utter mistake. The problems of physiology are very complex, and need for their solution endless patience and perseverance. It is quite true that experiments have to be done over and over again, and that not unfrequently a whole series may appear to have been wasted when, as sometimes happens, they are confuted by a fresh series made under more favourable circumstances. But we must allege that the result comes at last, that it is often a gain of priceless value, and a gain for all time. Nor is it a matter upon which the less informed ought to seek to influence or restrict those who are more so. Physiologists alone can judge as to the kind of evidence needed, and the amount and degree of repetition which are essential, and to them the decision ought to be left.

I am not concerned to attempt here any detailed citation of the gains which have accrued to science from experiments on animals. I wish rather to rest my argument upon the immense value of science in its widest sense, and upon the general testimony of those engaged in its advancement, as to the absolute necessity for such experiments. We cannot always easily trace the sources whence our increments of knowledge come, and nothing, I must repeat, is more foolish than to attempt to narrow the scope of those who are willing to engage in its pursuit.

Dr. Bridges, in an able article in this Review for July last, investigated the evidence for the assertion that we owe the invaluable discovery of the circulation of the blood to experiments on living animals. His general conclusion was that Harvey had before sufficient facts from other sources to have enabled him to dispense with experiments, and that we ought rather to attribute his discovery to peculiar qualities in Harvey's mind, than to anything special in his modes of research. It may be quite true that there are numerous facts which look to us, who now know the secret, as if they ought to have revealed even to a lower genius than Harvey's this simple but most important fact. It is, nevertheless, certain that no one else had so interpreted them, and that Harvey himself thought that he was indebted to experiments. His words are explicit: "At length, and by using greater and daily diligence, having frequent recourse to vivisection, employing a variety of animals for the purpose," &c. It seems safer to trust to such a declaration than to any conjectural reasoning. No doubt many facts from many sources helped up to the discovery, and such will be the case in all future discoveries. If we wish for a crop, we must not be sparing of our seed.

I come now to the last, and as many will hold by far the most

important, question of the three, that, namely, which concerns *the influence which the performance of such experiments is likely to exert upon the minds of those who practise or witness them.* There are not a few who, if ever so well convinced that carnivorous habits, field sports, and experiments on animals were severally in the long run justifiable (as conducing in the main to the increase of happiness both in men and animals), would yet find it hard to believe that they could without degradation to their own minds induce themselves to take any other part in them than that of abettors. Many a person would rather forego poultry and game altogether, than take any share in killing the birds. Such minds are also easily led to believe that there must be something degrading to those who take such a part. It does not, however, by any means follow that this is so. Our mental endowments probably differ within wider limits than we are inclined to allow for, and it is by no means certain that any good would result from attempts to equalise us. The man who stops to feel pain at the death of a fallen partridge, is one who probably has but a half zest for the sport and its surroundings. If he had, his mind would be too much pre-occupied to admit of sentimentality. It is the same with the physiologist and with the surgeon. In each instance intentness upon their work and its results saves their minds from the pain of useless sympathy, and also probably from any of that blunting which the conscious suppression of sympathy would entail. There are happily few, very few, who can in the first instance perform experiments on animals without pain, and many to whom probably science might have been much indebted, had they resorted to them, have been deterred only by this sentiment. When such a feeling rises to the height of becoming an obstacle to the performance of obvious duty, it should surely rank as nothing better than a sentimental weakness. To resist it under such circumstances and with such motives is not likely to weaken the moral sense. Its indulgence may indeed be productive of more serious losses, and may easily bring about a diminution in that vigour of character which helps so much on the happiness of life. There are indeed no limits to the extent to which a sentimental dislike to giving pain, even for good ends, may be developed by cultivation. The poets Cowper and Wordsworth, both by nature sentimental and introspective, through life cultivated this side of their characters, and with results which, although beautiful in some respects, were not without their grave drawbacks. Both of them came to entertain a profound distrust of science and of investigators, and in both the consciousness of misery and disorder in the world assumed proportions which probably impaired their usefulness and robbed them of their proper joy in life. There are many circumstances under which a little dulness and some lack of the imaginative faculty are a decided advantage to the mind. It needs only to have well cultivated the habit of realising what you

see, and what is to follow it, to bring the mind into such a frame that the meeting a butcher's boy with a flock of lambs is enough to spoil all the pleasure and profit of a summer evening's walk. Nothing, indeed, but the habit of overlooking or refusing to recognise, prevents our being distressed by similar feelings at every hour of the day. It is possible to develope such a delicacy of sentiment, that the vegetable world shall be also included, and until it may become impossible not only to kill a rabbit, but to order the felling of a tree, or the stubbing of a useless hedge. Yet this is surely morbid, and is far less to be desired than the more robust type of character, which pursues happiness with energy and shuts its eyes to unavoidable pain.

A boy will go to see an ox felled—the majority of boys would if permitted—but it is not from pleasure in killing or from delight in infliction of pain. There is excitement in the event, the subjugation of a big strong animal, which may in its wrath become even dangerous, and, lastly, the curiosity to see something fresh and much apart from the ordinary events of life. A passion for frequenting slaughter-houses may even, in rare instances, be developed, but I do not recollect ever to have heard of a father who had to contend against his son's partiality for the calling of a butcher. Nor do butchers themselves become cruel beyond other people, nor do they ever, I believe, manifest any degree of pleasure in the suffering which, in the course of their vocation, they are obliged to cause. Callous, in a certain sense, they may be, but it is only in reference to that which must be done; no general degradation of character results.

It is the same with the surgeon, the police magistrate, the sportsman, and the physiological experimenter. So long as the acts we perform are based upon good motives, so long are our sentiments free from any material risk of injury. It is probably consistent with fact that amongst our magistracy those show themselves least regardful of the pain they cause who are newest to the vocation, and, further, that the most severe sentences usually come from a class which takes no share in physiological research, and but rarely indulges in field sports. Those who took principal parts in the cruelties of the Reign of Terror were not the representatives of any special classes; nor, on the other hand, is there the slightest ground for believing that those whose daily pursuits have familiarised them with the sight of pain, have at any period in the history of our species furnished more than their average proportion of men notorious for inhumanity.

The operating surgeon does not become fond of the knife as he grows older; rather it is well known that the reverse occurs, that with advancing years and diminished pleasure in enterprise, a comparative reluctance to resort to operations comes on. Nor certainly does the profession of surgery blunt a man's susceptibility as regards suffering in general. Those who protested against the

*of feeling
hand
eye*

experiment at Norwich were all of them surgeons, and chief amongst them was one who, of all other living men, has perhaps been most familiar with deeds of blood in the operating theatre.

Sportsmen are, as a rule, remarkable for their humanity. That neither the pleasures of the field nor the duties of the physiological laboratory have in themselves any bad effect on a man's kindness of heart, is well illustrated by the fact that amongst the most vigorous opponents of vivisection are veteran sportsmen, and amongst those most alive to the iniquities of fox-hunting and partridge-shooting—are found men familiar with physiological research.

This essay, which I must now bring to a close, bears, I fear, upon its face but too clear evidence of having been put together in a hurried manner for it to be necessary for me to apologize for appending a summary at its end.

My chief objects in writing it have, I think, been to ask attention :—

1. To the importance of distinguishing between giving pain and cruelty, and to insist,
2. That cruelty occurs only when the pain is caused wilfully, and without justifying cause.
3. That there are no abstract laws of right and wrong as to the infliction of pain by man on animals, and that each instance must be justified or otherwise by the results aimed at.
4. That it is very important to remember that the prevention of happiness is a form of cruelty, and that many social customs which are often accused as cruel, are really productive of much collateral animal happiness.
5. That in a general way it would be a wiser and far more successful course on the part of the humane to endeavour to augment animal happiness than merely to reduce pain.
6. That the practice of experiments on animals with a view to increase of knowledge is certainly justified, and is likely in the aggregate to increase the happiness both of animals and men.
7. That it is unwise and unfair, a sort of treason against progress, for the uninstructed in any science to endeavour by force to obtrude their opinions as to the manner in which the science shall be prosecuted.

Lastly, I may confess that perhaps my principal motive in putting these remarks together has been to convince those whose consciences are over tender as regards the general conduct of man to the other animals, and its influence upon their happiness and our own moral development, that there is comparatively little reason for self-accusation.

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON.

A WORD ON GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

I HAVE often, on previous occasions, felt bound to urge, not only the evils of indiscriminate almsgiving, but the duty of withholding all such gifts as the rich have been accustomed to give to the poor. At the same time I have realised so fully how tremendous the responsibility of abstaining from such gifts is considered by the donors, that I have not thought they could act on my advice without themselves seeing that it would be merciful as well as wise to withhold such gifts. I have, therefore, usually said, "Look for yourself, but look with the sound of my words ringing in your ears." And those words have been distinctly to proclaim that I myself have no belief whatever in the poor being one atom richer or better for the alms that reach them, that they are very distinctly worse, that I give literally no such alms myself, and should have no fear for the poor whatever if any number of people resolved to abstain from such alms. But, on the other hand, I have long felt, and feel increasingly, that it is most important to dwell on the converse of the truth.

The old forms in which charity expressed itself are past or passing away. With these forms are we to let charity itself pass? Are there no eternal laws binding us to charitable spirit and deed? Are we, who have become convinced that doles of soup, and loans of blankets, and scrubbing-brushes sold at less than cost-price, have failed to enrich any class—have helped to eat out their energy and self-reliance—thereon to tighten our purse-strings, devise new amusements for ourselves, expend more in luxurious houses and expensive dinners, cultivate our own intellects, indulge elegant tastes, and float down the stream of Time in happy satisfaction that the poor cannot be bettered by our gifts—in fact must learn self-help—we meantime going to flower-shows, or picture galleries, or studying systems of political economy? Are the old words, "Bear ye one another's burdens," to pass away with the day of coal tickets? Have the words, "Ye are members one of another," ceased to be true because our tract and dole distribution has broken down? Are there no voices still speaking in our hearts the old commandment, "Love one another"? Is that love to be limited henceforward to the pleasant acquaintances who call upon us, and like the same poets, and can talk about Rome and the last clever book? Or is it, as of old, to go forth and gather in the feeble, the out-of-the-way, the poor? Is humanity, is nationality, is citizenship too large for our modern love or charity to embrace, and shall it in the future be limited to our family, our successful equals, or our superiors? Are we going to look out and up, but never down? The love of our Master Christ, the love of St. Francis, the love of Howard, the love of John Brown, the burning love of all who have desired to serve others, has been a mighty, all-embracing one, and specially tender,

specially pitiful. All modern forms of almsgiving may pass and change, but this love must endure while the world lasts. And if it endure, it must find expression. Charity such as this *does* find expression. It finds expression, when healthiest and most vigorous, not in weak words, but in strong acts. If we would not be mere butterflies and perish with our empty, fleeting, self-contained lives; if we would not be fiends of intellectual self-satisfaction living a cold and desolate life; if we would not leave the hungry, the forlorn, the feeble, to perish from before us, or to rise and rend us; we must secure such love as that which lighted and intensified the lives of heroes and of missionaries, and struggle to see what scope there is for acts which shall embody that love.

The mistake the old-fashioned donors make is not in their benevolence—that cannot be too strong—but they forget to watch whether the influence of their deeds is beneficent. I should not at all wonder if even thirty years ago doles were more beneficent than now. If the poor had at that time not learned to trust to them, if they came straight from the loving hands of those who cared to step aside from beaten tracks to know and serve the poor, they must have had very different results from any they have now, when people *have* learned to depend on them, when they are almost the fashion, and often the relief for the consciences of those who don't feel quite easy, if they give *no* time, *no* heart, *no* trouble, nor *any* money to the poor. I have no manner of doubt that just now gifts of necessities are injurious. What form, then, shall our charity take in the immediate future?

Take that question home to yourselves, each of you who has not answered it already; ask it of yourselves, not as if you were asked to take the position of hero, or martyr, or professed philanthropist, but as if I had said to you, "What do you, as a man or woman, feel bound to do beyond the circle of your family for those who are fellow-men, fellow-citizens, many of them sunk into deep ruts of desolation, poverty, and sin?" Find some answer, live up to it, so shall your own life, your own city, your own age be better.

I will tell you what kind of answer I think may come to you. First, as to money, which is perhaps the most difficult thing to give without doing harm. Don't sit down under the conviction that therefore you are to buy or spend it all for yourself. If you like to earn rather less, to pause in middle life, and give full thought to spending what you have, or, better still, to give time which might have made money, I shall certainly not complain of you. But do not think there is no scope for beneficent gifts of money because soup-kitchens and free dormitories are not beneficent. There is abundant scope for large gifts, large enough to please the proudest of you. Are there no great gifts of open spaces to be made for the rich and poor to share alike in the time to come—spaces which shall be to the child no more corrupting than the moun-

tain to the Highlander, or the long sea horizon to the fisherman's lad? They will come to him as an inheritance he possesses as a Londoner or an English child; most likely being taken, like light and air, straight from God, and not in any way tending to remind him of men's gifts, still less to pauperise him. But if a memory of you as a donor comes to him as youth ripens into manhood, long after you are in your grave, the thought is more likely to incite him to make some great, abidingly useful gift to his town, than in any way to paralyse his energies or weaken his self-respect. Are there no places to plant with trees, no buildings to erect, no libraries to found, no scholarships to endow? Are there, moreover, none of those many works to achieve, which a nation, a municipality, a vestry, first needs to see done, to learn the use of by using, though finally such a community may prize them more by making an effort to establish similar ones? For instance, no one would dwell more urgently than I on the need of making healthy houses for the poor remunerative; and now the problem of doing so has been in a great measure solved. But do we not owe this to the efforts of a body of men in earlier time who were content to lose money in experiments and example? Pioneers must risk, if not give, largely, that we may travel smoothly over the road which they made with such difficulty. Are we in turn never to be pioneers? Are there no improved public-houses, no improved theatres, no better machinery for collecting savings which we may establish and give our money to? The same kind of far-sighted policy might be adopted with all smaller gifts, making them either radically beneficial in themselves, as when they train an orphan for service-work in life, or give rest to an invalid whose savings are exhausted; or they may be gifts of things which no one is bound to provide for himself, but which give joy, as if you helped to put coloured decoration outside our schools or houses in dingy streets, or invited a company of poor people whom you know to tea in your garden during the fair June weather, or even sent some shells from your home by the sea to small children in one of our few London playgrounds.

But to leave the question of money and come to the greater gift of *time*. Here especially I would beg you to consider whether you have each of you done your utmost. A poor district in London is inhabited by a number of persons, ill educated, dirty, quarrelsome, drunken, improvident, unrefined, possibly dishonest, possibly vicious. I will assume that we, too, have each of us a good many faults—perhaps we are selfish, perhaps we are indolent. I am sure all the virtue is not among the rich; but certain advantages they surely have which the poor have not—education, power of thinking out the result of certain courses of action, more extended knowledge of facts or means of acquiring it, habits of self-control, habits of cleanliness, habits of temperance, rather more providence usually, much more refinement, nearly always a higher standard, perhaps a high

standard, of honesty. Have we not a most distinct place among the poor if this be so? Is not our very presence a help to them? I have known courts nearly purified from very gross forms of evil merely by the constant presence of those who abhorred them. I know, you probably all know, that dirt disappears gradually in places that cleanly people go in and out of frequently. Mere intercourse between rich and poor, if we can secure it without corrupting gifts, would civilise the poor more than anything. See, then, that you do not put your lives so far from those great companies of the poor which stretch for acres in the south and east of London that you fail to hear each other speak. See that you do not count your work among them by tangible result, but believe that healthy human intercourse with them will be helpful to you and them. Seek to visit and help in parishes in which this is recognised as an end in itself.

Again, we have got our population into a state of semi-pauperism from which individuals and societies cannot raise them merely by abstaining from gifts by guardians or withdrawing out-relief. We have accustomed them to trust to external help, and only by most patient individual care shall we raise them. Neither can we persuade donors, unaccustomed to study the future results of their acts, to abstain from distinctly unwise charity unless we are among them, unless we are ready, too, to consider with them about each human soul, which is to them and to us inexpressibly precious, what is at the moment the wise thing to do. Have most gentlemen any idea how much this work needs doing in the poor districts of London? The Charity Organization Society came forward now some years ago to try to get the donors of London to meet and consider this question in detail in every district in London. It undertook to look carefully into all cases brought to its offices, and to report the results of its inquiries. It did *not* undertake to make additional gifts except where they might secure enduring benefit, but it said to the donors, "Associate yourselves, relieve after due thought, after investigation, and in conjunction one with another." That Society has made great way; it has established offices in every district, and has provided an investigating machinery of inexpressible value, of which every Londoner may avail himself. But, I ask, where are the donors? Where are the representatives of the various relieving agencies? The clergy? The district visitors? There are of course a certain number who have co-operated heartily, but, as a rule, I am forced to reply very mournfully, after all these years they are for the most part going on with their ill-considered relief very much the same, not using the machinery, and reproaching the Charity Organization Society that *it* is not relieving largely, and that it is not composed of themselves! Now, till these relieving agencies come in and take their share, and give their gentler tone to the somewhat dry machinery, are these offices to be places where mere routine business is done by an agent who cannot have much individual care

for the applicants? Or is there to be any one to watch over each applicant with real charity, questioning him gently, thinking for him sympathetically, seeking for him such help as will be really helpful? In some offices in the poor districts we have found honorary secretaries to do this, and splendid work it has been. Wherever such help has been forthcoming the poor have been well served, and the old-fashioned donors have been in some measure won to wiser courses of action. But many more such honorary secretaries are needed, and that imperatively and immediately. Are there no men of leisure, with intellect and heart, who will come forward? I have known no such urgent need as this in the many years I have spent face to face with the poor since I came to London—the need of advice, of sympathy, of thoughtful decision for poor man after poor man, as he comes up to our offices at a crisis in his life.

One more instance of the way help can be given, and I have done, for I will not dwell now on the good that might be done by the purchase and management of the houses of the poor, by teaching, by entertainments for them, by oratorios, by excursions, by the gift of beautiful things. I will only point out now that as guardians or vestrymen the most influential sphere of work presents itself. If you try to get into Parliament, many men of equal education, high principles, and refinement probably contest the place with you; if you succeed they fail; if you try to make a name among the fashionable or wealthy circles, you may or may not succeed; but if you fail no one misses you much. But if, instead of trying to get high up, you were to try to get down low, what a position of usefulness you would have! You would learn much from vigorous colleagues, much I fancy which would make you ashamed; but what might not they gain, what might not the locality gain, if the administration of its affairs were carried on under the influence of men of education! As guardians, how you might see to the poor, leading them back to independence in most thoughtful ways, watching over them individually that no wrong was done! As vestrymen, how you might be on the side of far-sighted expenditure or the suppression of corruption! When I see people all struggling to get up higher, they seem to me like people in a siege, who should all rush to defend the breach for the glory and renown of it, and trample one another to death, and leave little doors unwatched all round the town.

I don't the least mean that the works I have suggested are the only ones, or the best, or even that always that *kind* of work may be best. The form that charity takes in this age or in that must be decided by the requirements of the time, and these I describe may be as transient as others. Only never let us excuse ourselves from seeking the best form in the indolent belief that no good form is possible, and things are better left alone; nor, on the other hand, weakly plead that what we do is *benevolent*. We must ascertain that it is really *beneficent* too.

OCTAVIA HILL.

ROBESPIERRE.¹

II.

THE Girondins were driven out of the Convention by the insurgent Parisians at the beginning of June, 1793. The movement may be roughly compared to that of the Independents in our own Rebellion, when the army compelled the withdrawal of eleven of the Presbyterian leaders from the parliament; or, it may recall Pride's memorable Purge of the same famous assembly. Both cases illustrate the common truth that large deliberative bodies, be they never so excellent for purposes of legislation, and even for a general control of the executive government in ordinary times, are found to be essentially unfit for directing a military crisis. If there are any historic examples that at first seem to contradict such a proposition, it will be found that the bodies in question were close aristocracies, like the Great Council of Venice, or the Senate of Rome in the strong days of the Commonwealth; they were never the creatures of popular election, with varying aims and a diversified political spirit. Modern publicists have substituted the divine right of assemblies for the old divine right of monarchies. Those who condone the violence done to the king on the Tenth of August, and even acquiesce in his execution five months afterwards, are relentless against the violence done to the Convention on the Thirty-first of May. We confess ourselves unable to follow this transfer of the superstition of sacrosanctity from a king to a chamber. No doubt, the sooner a nation acquires a settled government the better for it, provided the government be efficient. But if it be not efficient, the mischief of actively suppressing it may well be fully outweighed by the mischief of retaining it. I have no wish to smooth over the perversities of a revolutionary time; they cost a nation very dear; but, if all the elements of the state are in furious convulsion and uncontrollable effervescence, then it is childish to measure the march of events by the standard of happier days of social peace and political order. The prospect before France at the violent close of Girondin supremacy was as formidable as any nation has ever yet had to confront in the history of the world. Rome was not more critically placed, when the defeat of Varro on the plain of Cannæ had broken up her alliances and ruined her army. The brave patriots of the Netherlands had no gloomier outlook at that dolorous moment when the Prince of Orange had left them, and Alva had been appointed to bring them back by rapine, conflagration, and murder, under the loathed yoke of the Spanish tyrant.

(1) Concluded from the previous number of the Fortnightly Review.

Let us realise the conditions that Robespierre and Danton and the other Jacobin leaders had now to face. In the north-west one division of the fugitive Girondins was forming an army at Caen; in the south-west another division was doing the same at Bordeaux. Marseilles and Lyons were rallying all the disaffected and reactionary elements in the south-east. La Vendée had flamed out in wild rebellion for Church and King. The strong places on the north frontier, and the strong places on the east, were in the hands of the foreign enemy. The fate of the Revolution lay in the issue of a struggle between Paris, with less than a score of departments on her side, and all the rest of France and the whole European coalition marshalled against her. And even this was not the worst. In Paris itself a very considerable proportion of its half-million of inhabitants were disaffected to the revolutionary cause. Reactionary historians dwell on the fact that such risings as that of the Tenth of August were devised by no more than half of the sections into which Paris was divided. It was common, they say, for half-a-dozen individuals to take upon themselves to represent the fourteen or fifteen hundred other members of a section. But what better proof can we have that if France was to be delivered from restored feudalism and foreign spoliation, the momentous task must be performed by those who had sense to discern the awful peril, and energy to encounter it?

The Girondins had made their incapacity plain. The execution of the king had filled them with alarm, and with hatred against the ruder and more robust party who had forced that startling act of vengeance upon them. Puny social disgusts prevented them from co-operating with Danton or with Robespierre. Prussia and Austria were not more redoubtable or more hateful to them than was Paris, and they wasted in futile recriminations about the September massacres or the alleged peculations of municipal officers, the time and the energy that should have been devoted without let or interruption to the settlement of the administration and the repulse of the foe. It is impossible to think of such fine characters as Vergniaud or Madame Roland without admiration, or of their untimely fate without pity. But the deliverance of a people beset by strong and implacable enemies could not wait on mere good manners and fastidious sentiment, when these comely things were in company with the most stupendous want of foresight ever shown by a political party. How can we measure the folly of men who so missed the conditions of the problem as to cry out in the Convention itself, almost within earshot of the Jacobin Club, that if any insult were offered to the national representation, the departments would rise, "Paris would be annihilated; and men would come to search on the banks of the Seine whether such a city had ever existed!" It was to no purpose that Danton urgently rebuked the senseless animosity with which the

Right poured incessant malediction on the Left, and the wild shrieking hate with which the Left retaliated on the Right. The battle was to the death, and it was the Girondins who first menaced their political foes with vengeance and the guillotine. As it happened, the treason of Dumouriez and their own ineptitude destroyed them before revenge was within reach; such a consummation was fortunate for their country. It was the Girondins whose want of union and energy had by the middle of 1793 brought France to distraction and imminent ruin. It was a short year of Jacobin government that by the summer of 1794 had welded the nation together again, and finally conquered the invasion. The city of the Seine had once more shown itself what it had been for nine centuries, ever since the days of Odo, Count of Paris and first king of the French, not merely a capital, but France itself, 'its living heart and surest bulwark.'

The immediate instrument of so rapid and extraordinary an achievement was the Committee of Public Safety. The French have never shown their quick genius for organization with more triumphant vigour. While the Girondins were still powerful, nine members of the Convention had been constituted an executive committee, April. 6, 1793. They were in fact a kind of permanent cabinet, with practical irresponsibility. In the summer of 1793 the number was increased from nine to twelve, and these twelve were the centre of the revolutionary government. They fell into three groups. First, there were the scientific or practical administrators, of whom the most eminent was Carnot. Next came the directors of internal policy, the pure revolutionists, headed by Billaud de Varennes. Finally, there was a trio whose business it was to translate action into the phrases of revolutionary policy. This famous group was Robespierre, Couthon, and Saint Just.

Besides the Committee of Public Safety there was another chief governmental committee, that of General Security. Its functions were mainly connected with the police, the arrests, and the prisons, but in all serious affairs the two Committees deliberated in common. There were also fourteen other groups of various size, taken from the Convention; they applied themselves with admirable zeal, and usually not with more zeal than skill, to schemes of public instruction, of finance, of legislation, of the administration of justice, and a host of other civil reforms, of all of which Napoleon Bonaparte was by-and-by to reap the credit. These bodies completed the civil revolution, which the Constituent and the Legislative Assemblies had left so mischievously incomplete, that as soon as ever the Convention had assembled, it was besieged by a host of petitioners praying them to explain and to pursue the abolition of the old feudal rights. Everything had still been left uncertain in men's minds, even upon that greatest of all the revolutionary questions. The feudal division of the

committee of general legislation had in this eleventh hour to decide innumerable issues, from those of the widest practical importance, down to the prayer of a remote commune to be relieved from the charge of maintaining a certain mortuary lamp which had been a matter of seignorial obligation. The work done by the radical juriconsults was never undone. It was the great and durable reward of the struggle. And we have to remember that these industrious and efficient bodies, as well as all other public bodies and functionaries whatever, were placed by the definite revolutionary constitution of 1793 under the direct orders of the Committee of Public Safety.

It is hardly possible even now for anyone who exults in the memory of the great deliverance of a brilliant and sociable people, to stand unmoved before the walls of that palace which Philibert Delorme reared for Catherine de' Medici, and which was thrown into ruin by the madness of a band of desperate men in our own days. Lewis had walked forth from the Tuileries on the fatal morning of the Tenth of August holding his children by the hand, and lightly noticing, as he traversed the gardens, how early that year the leaves were falling. Lewis had by this time followed the fallen leaves into nothingness. The palace of the kings was now styled the Palace of the Nation, and the new republic carried on its work surrounded by the outward associations of the old monarchy. The Convention after the spring of 1793 held its sittings in what had formerly been the palace theatre; and fierce men from the Faubourgs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau, and fiercer women from the markets, shouted savage applause or menace from galleries, where not so long ago the Italian buffoons had amused the perpetual leisure of the finest ladies and proudest grandes of France. The Committee of General Security occupied the Pavillon de Marsan, looking over a dingy space that the conqueror at Rivoli afterwards made the most dazzling street in Europe. The Committee of Public Safety sat in the Pavillon de Flore at the opposite end of the Tuileries on the river bank. The approaches were protected by guns and by a body-guard, while inside there flitted to and fro a cloud of familiars, who have been compared by the enemies of the great Committee to the mutes of the court of the Grand Turk. Anyone who had business with this awful body had to grope his way along gloomy corridors, that were dimly lighted by a single lamp at either end. The room in which the Committee sat round a table of green cloth, was incongruously gay with the clocks, the bronzes, the mirrors, the tapestries, of the ruined court. The members met at eight in the morning and worked until one; from one to four they attended the sittings of the Convention. In the evening they met again, and usually sat until night was far advanced. It was no wonder if their

hue became cadaverous, their eyes hollow and bloodshot, their brows stern, their glance pre-occupied and sinister. Between ten and eleven every evening a sombre piece of business was transacted, which has half effaced in the memory of posterity all the heroic industry of the rest of the twenty-four hours. It was then that Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, brought an account of his day's labour; how the revolutionary tribunal was working, how many had been convicted and how many acquitted, how large or how small had been the batch of the guillotine since the previous night. Across the breadth of the gardens, beyond their trees and fountains, stood the Monster itself, with its cruel symmetry, its colour as of the blood of the dead, its unheeding knife, neutral as the Fates.

Robespierre has been held responsible for all the violences of the revolutionary government, and his position on the Committee appeared to be exceedingly strong. It was, however, for a long time, much less strong in reality than it seemed: all depended upon successfully playing off one force against another, and at the same time maintaining himself at the centre of the see-saw. Robespierre was the literary and rhetorical member of the band; he was the author of the strident manifestoes in which Europe listened with exasperation to the audacious hopes and unflinching purpose of the new France. This had the effect of investing him in the eyes of foreign nations with supreme and undisputed authority over the government. The truth is that Robespierre was both disliked and despised by his colleagues. They thought of him as a mere maker of useful phrases; he in turn secretly looked down upon them as the man who has a doctrine and a system in his head, always looks down upon the man who lives from hand to mouth. If the Committee had been in the place of a government which has no opposition to fear, Robespierre would have been one of its least powerful members. But although the government was strong, there were at least three potent elements of opposition even within the ranks of the dominant revolutionary party itself.

Three bodies in Paris were, each of them, the centre of an influence that might at any moment become the triumphant rival of the Committee of Public Safety. These bodies were, first, the Convention; second, the Commune of Paris; and thirdly, the Jacobin Club. The jealousy thus existing outside the Committee would have made any failure instantly destructive. At one moment, at the end of 1793, it was only the surrender of Toulon that saved the Committee from a hostile motion in the Convention, and such a motion would have sent half of them to the guillotine. They were reviled by the extreme party who ruled at the Town Hall for not carrying the policy of extermination far enough. They were reproached by

Danton and his powerful section for carrying that policy too far. They were discredited by the small band of intriguers, like Bazire, who identified government with speculation. Finally, they were haunted by the shadow of a fear, which events were by-and-by to prove only too substantial, lest one of their military agents on the frontier should make himself their master. The key to the struggle of the factions between the winter of 1793 and the revolution of the summer of 1794 is the vigorous resolve of the governing Committees not to part with power. The drama is one of the most exciting in the history of faction; it abounds in rapid turns and unexpected shifts, upon which the student may spend many a day and many a night, and after all he is forced to leave off in despair of threading an accurate way through the labyrinth of passion and intrigue. The broad traits of the situation, however, are tolerably simple. The difficulty was to find a principle of government which the people could be induced to accept. "The rights of men and the new principles of liberty and equality," Burke said, "were very unhandy instruments for those who wished to establish a system of tranquillity and order. The factions," he added with fierce sarcasm, "were to accomplish the purposes of order, morality, and submission to the laws, from the principles of atheism, profligacy, and sedition. They endeavoured to establish distinctions, by the belief of which they hoped to keep the spirit of murder safely bottled up and sealed for their own purposes, without endangering themselves by the fumes of the poison which they prepared for their enemies." This is a ferocious and passionate version, but it is substantially not an unreal account of the position.

Upon one point all parties agreed, and that was the necessity of founding the government upon force, and force naturally meant Terror. Their plea was that of Dido to Ilioneus and the stormbeaten sons of Dardanus, when they complained that her people had drawn the sword upon them, and barbarously denied the hospitality of the sandy shore:—

"Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri."

And that pithy chapter in Machiavelli's *Prince* which treats of cruelty and clemency, and whether it be better to be loved or feared, anticipates the defence of the Terrorists, in the maxim that for a new prince it is impossible to avoid the name of cruel, because all new states abound in many perils. The difference arose on the question when Terror should be considered to have done as much of its work as it could be expected to do. This difference again was connected with difference of conception as to the type of the society which was ultimately to emerge from the existing chaos. Billaud-Varennes, the guiding spirit of the Committees, was without any conception

of this kind. He was a man of force pure and simple. Danton was equally untouched by dreams of social transformation; his philosophy, so far as he had a definite philosophy, was in spite of one or two inconsistent utterances, materialistic: and materialism, when it takes root in a sane, perspicacious, and indulgent character, as in the case of Danton, and,—to take a better-known example, in the case of Jefferson,—usually leads to a sound and positive theory of politics; chimeras have no place in it, though a rational social hope has the first place of all. Neither Danton nor Billaud expected a millennium; their only aim was to shape France into a coherent political personality, and the war between them turned upon the policy of prolonging the Terror after the frontiers had been saved and the risings in the provinces put down.

There were, however, two parties who took the literature of the century in earnest; they thought that the hour had struck for translating, one of them, the sentimentalism of Rousseau, the other of them, the rationality of Voltaire and Diderot, into terms of politics that should form the basis of a new social life. The strife between the faction of Robespierre and the faction of Chaumette was the reproduction, under the shadow of the guillotine, of the great literary strife of a quarter of a century before between Jean Jacques and the writers whom he contemptuously styled Holbachians. The battle of the books had become a battle between bands of infuriated men. The struggle between Hébert and Chaumette and the Common Council of Paris on the one part, and the Committee and Robespierre on the other, was the concrete form of the deepest controversy that lies before modern society. Can the social union subsist without a belief in God? Chaumette answered yes, and Robespierre cried no. Robespierre followed Rousseau in thinking that anyone who should refuse to recognise the existence of a God, should be exiled as a monster devoid of the faculties of virtue and sociability. Chaumette followed Diderot, and Diderot told Samuel Romilly in 1783 that belief in God as well as submission to kings would be at an end all over the world in a very few years. The Hébertists might have taken for their motto Diderot's shocking couplet, if they could have known it, about using

“ Les entrailles du prêtre
Au défaut d'un cordon pour étrangler les rois.”

The theists and the atheists, Chaumette and Robespierre, each of them accepted the doctrine that it was in the power of the armed legislator to impose any belief and any rites he pleased upon the country at his feet. The theism or the atheism of the new France depended, as they thought, on the issue of the war for authority between the Hébertists in the Common Council of Paris, and the Committee of Public Safety. That was the religious side of the attitude of the government to the opposition, and it is the side that

possesses most historic interest. Billaud cared very little for religion in any way; his quarrel with the commune and with Hébert was political. What Robespierre's drift appears to have been, was to use the political animosity of the Committee as a means of striking foes against whom his own animosity was not only political but religious also.

It would doubtless show a very dull apprehension of the violence and confusion of the time, to suppose that even Robespierre, with all his love for concise theories, was accustomed to state his aim to himself with the definite neatness in which it appears when reduced to literary statement. Pedant as he was, he was yet enough of a politician to see the practical urgency of restoring material order, whatever spiritual belief or disbelief might accompany it. The prospect of a rallying point for material order was incessantly changing; and Robespierre turned to different quarters in search of it almost from week to week. He was only able to exert a certain limited authority over his colleagues in the government, by virtue of his influence over the various sections of possible opposition, and this was a moral, and not an official influence. It was acquired not by marked practical gifts, for in truth Robespierre did not possess them, but by his good character, by his rhetoric, and by the skill with which he kept himself prominently before the public eye. The effective seat of his power, notwithstanding many limits and incessant variations, was the Jacobin Club. There a speech from him threw his listeners into ecstasies, that have been disrespectfully compared to the paroxysms of Jansenist convulsionaries or the hysterics of Methodist negroes on a cotton plantation. We naturally think of those grave men who a few years before had founded the republic in America. Jefferson served with Washington in the Virginian legislature and with Franklin in Congress, and he afterwards said that he never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time; while John Adams declared that he never heard Jefferson utter three sentences together. Of Robespierre it is stated on good authority that for eighteen months there was not a single evening on which he did not make to the assembled Jacobins at least one speech, and that never a short one.

Strange as it may seem, Robespierre's credit with this grim assembly was due to his quite Philistine respectability and to his literary faculty. He figured as the philosopher and bookman of the party; the most iconoclastic politicians are usually willing to respect the scholar, provided they are sure of his being on their side. Robespierre had from the first discountenanced the fantastic caprices of some too excitable allies. He distrusted the noisy patriots of the middle class, who curried favour with the crowd by clothing themselves in coarse garments, clutching a pike, and donning the famous cap of red woollen which had been the emblem of the emancipation

of a slave in ancient Rome. One night at the Jacobin Club, Robespierre mounted the tribune, dressed with his usual elaborate neatness, and still wearing powder in his hair. An on-looker unceremoniously planted on the orator's head the red cap demanded by revolutionary etiquette. Robespierre threw the sacred symbol on the ground with a severe air, and then proceeded with a discourse of much austerity. Not that he was averse to a certain seemly decoration, or to the embodiment of revolutionary sentiment by means of a symbolism that strikes our cooler imagination as rather puerile. He was as ready as others to use the arts of the theatre for the liturgy of patriots. One of the most touching of all the minor dramatic incidents of the Revolution was the death of Barra. This was a child of thirteen who enrolled himself as a drummer, and marched with the Blues to suppress the rebel Whites in La Vendée. One day he advanced too close to the enemy's posts, intrepidly beating the charge. He was surrounded, but the peasant soldiers were loth to strike. "*Cry Long live the King,*" they shouted, "or else death!" "*Long live the Republic,*" was the poor little hero's answer, as a ball pierced his heart. Robespierre described the incident to the Convention, and amid prodigious enthusiasm demanded that the body of the young martyr of liberty should be transported to the Pantheon with special pomp, and that David, the artist of the Revolution, should be charged with the duty of devising and embellishing the festival. As it happened the arrangements were made for the ceremony to take place on the Tenth of Thermidor—a day on which Robespierre and all Paris were concerned about a celebration of bloodier import. Thermidor, however, was still far off; and the red sun of Jacobin enthusiasm seemed as if it would shine for ever.

Even at the Jacobins, however, popular as he was, Robespierre felt every instant the necessity of walking cautiously. He was as far removed as possible from that position of Dictator which some historians with a wearisome iteration persist in ascribing to him, even at the moment when they are enumerating the defeats which the party of Hébert was able to inflict upon him in the very bosom of the Mother Club itself. They make him the sanguinary dictator in one sentence, and the humiliated intriguer in the next. The latter is much the more correct account of the two, if we choose to call a man an intriguer who was honestly anxious to suppress what he considered a wicked faction, and yet had need of some dexterity to keep his own head upon his shoulders.

In the winter of 1793 the Municipal party, guided by Hébert and Chaumette, made their memorable attempt to extirpate Christianity in France. The doctrine of D'Holbach's supper-table had for a short space the arm of flesh and the sword of the temporal power on its side. It was the first appearance of dogmatic atheism in

Europe as a political force. This makes it one of the most remarkable moments in the Revolution, just as it makes the Revolution itself the most remarkable moment in modern history. The first political demonstration of atheism was attended by some of the excesses, the folly, the extravagances, that marked the growth of Christianity. On the whole it is a very mild story compared with the atrocities of the Jewish records or the crimes of Catholicism. The worst charge against the party of Chaumette is that they were intolerant, and the charge is deplorably true; but this charge cannot lie in the mouth of persecuting churches.

Historical recriminations, however, are not very edifying. It is perfectly fair when Catholics talk of the atheist Terror, to rejoin that the retainers of Anjou and Montpensier slew more men and women on the first day of the Saint Bartholomew than perished in Paris through the Years I. and II. But the retort does us no good beyond the region of dialectic; it rather brings us down to the level of the poor sectaries whom it crushes. Let us raise ourselves into clearer air. The fault of the atheists is that they knew no better than to borrow the maxims of the churchmen; and even those who agree with the dogmatic denials of the atheists—if such there be—ought yet to admit that the mere change from superstition to reason is a small gain, if the conclusions of reason are still to be enforced by the instruments of superstition. Our opinions are less important than the spirit and temper with which they possess us, and even good opinions are worth very little unless we hold them in a broad, intelligent, and spacious way. Now some of the opinions of Chaumette were full of enlightenment and hope. He had a generous and vivid faith in humanity, and he showed the natural effect of abandoning belief in another life by his energetic interest in arrangements for improving the lot of man in this life. But it would be far better to share the superstitious opinions of a virtuous and benignant priest like the Bishop in Victor Hugo's superb novel, than to hold those good opinions of Chaumette as he held them, with a rancorous intolerance, a reckless disregard of the rights and feelings of others, and a shallow forgetfulness of all that great and precious part of our natures that lies out of the immediate domain of the logical understanding. One can understand how an honest man would abhor the darkness and tyranny of the Church. But then to borrow the same absolutism in the interests of new light was inevitably to bring the new light into the same abhorrence as had befallen the old system of darkness. And this is exactly what happened. In every family where a mother sought to have her child baptized, or where sons and daughters sought to have the dying spirit of the old consoled by the last sacrament, there sprung up a bitter enemy to the government which had closed the churches and proscribed the priests.

How could a society whose spiritual life had been nourished in the

solemn mysticism of the middle ages, suddenly turn to embrace a gaudy paganism? The common self-respect of humanity was outraged by apostate priests who, whether under the pressure of fear of Chaumette, or in a very superfluity of folly and ecstasy of degradation, hastened to proclaim the charlatanry of their past lives, as they filed before the Convention led by the Archbishop of Paris, and accompanied by rude acolytes bearing piles of the robes and the vessels of silver and gold with which they had once served their holy offices. "Our enemies," Voltaire had said, "have always on their side the fat of the land, the sword, the strong box, and the *canaille*." For a moment all these forces were on the other side, and it is deplorable to think that they were as much abused by their new masters as by the old. The explanation is that the destructive party had been brought up in the schools of the ecclesiastical party, and their work was a mere outbreak of mutiny, not a grave and responsible attempt to lead France to a worthier faith. If, as Chaumette believed, mankind are the only Providence of men, surely in that faith more than in any other are we bound to be very solicitous not to bring the violent hand of power on any of the spiritual acquisitions of the race, and very patient in dealing with the slowness of the common people to leave their outworn creeds.

Instead of defying the Church by the theatrical march of the Goddess of Reason under the great sombre arches of the Cathedral of Our Lady, Chaumette should have found comfort in a firm calculation of the conditions. 'You,' he might have said to the priests,— 'you have so debilitated the minds of men and women by your promises and your dreams that many a generation must come and go before Europe can throw off the yoke of your superstition. But we promise you that they shall be generations of strenuous battle. We give you all the advantages that you can get from the sincerity and pious worth of the good and simple among you. We give you all that the bad among you may get by resort to the poisoned weapons of your profession and its traditions,—its bribes to mental indolence, its hypocritical affectations in the pulpit, its tyranny in the closet, its false speciousness in the world, its menace at the deathbed. With all these you may do your worst, and still humanity will escape you; still the conscience of the race will rise away from you; still the growth of brighter ideals and a nobler purpose will go on, leaving ever further and further behind them your dwarfed finality and leaden moveless stereotype. We shall pass you on your flank; your fieriest darts will only spend themselves upon air. We will not attack you as Voltaire did; we will not exterminate you; we shall explain you. History will place your dogma in its class, above or below a hundred competing dogmas, exactly as the naturalist classifies his species. From being a conviction, it will sink to a curiosity; from being

the guide to millions of human lives, it will dwindle down to a chapter in a book. As History explains your dogma, so Science will dry it up; the conception of law will silently make the conception of the daily miracle of your altars seem impossible; the mental climate will gradually deprive your symbols of their nourishment, and men will leave your system not because they have confuted it, but because, like witchcraft or astrology, it has ceased to interest them. The great ship of your Church, once so stout and fair and well laden with good destinies, is become a skeleton ship; it is a phantom hulk, with warped planks and sere canvas, and you who work it are no more than ghosts of dead men, and at the hour when you seem to have reached the bay, down your ship will sink to the lowest bottom like lead or like stone.'

Alas, the speculation of the century had not rightly attuned men's minds to this firm confidence in the virtue of liberty, sounding like a bell through all distractions. None of these high things were said. The temples were closed, the sacred symbols defiled, the priests maltreated, the worshippers dispersed. The Commune of Paris imitated the policy of the king of France who revoked the edict of Nantes, and democratic atheism parodied the dragonnades of absolutist Catholicism.

Robespierre was unutterably outraged by the proceedings of the atheists. They perplexed him as a politician intent upon order, and they afflicted him sorely as an ardent disciple of the Savoyard Vicar. Hébert, however, was so strong that it needed some courage to attack him, nor did Robespierre dare to withstand him to the face. But he did not flinch from making an energetic assault upon atheism and the excesses of its partisans. His admirers usually count his speech of the Twenty-first of November one of the most admirable of his oratorical successes. The Sphinx still sits inexorable at our gates, and his words have lost none of their interest. "Every philosopher and every individual," he said, "may adopt whatever opinion he pleases about atheism. Anyone who wishes to make such an opinion into a crime is an insensate; but the public man or the legislator who should adopt such a system, would be a hundred times more insensate. The National Convention abhors it. The Convention is not the author of a scheme of metaphysics. It was not to no purpose that it published the declaration of the Rights of Man in presence of the Supreme Being. I shall be told perhaps that I have a narrow intelligence, that I am a man of prejudice, and a fanatic. I have already said that I spoke neither as an individual nor as a philosopher with a system, but as a representative of the people. *Atheism is aristocratic. The idea of a great being*

who watches over oppressed innocence and punishes triumphant crime is essentially the idea for the people. This is the sentiment of Europe and the Universe; it is the sentiment of the French nation. That people is attached neither to priests, nor to superstition, nor to ceremonies; it is attached only to worship in itself, or in other words to the idea of an incomprehensible Power, the terror of wrongdoers, the stay and comfort of virtue, to which it delights to render words of homage that are so many anathemas against injustice and triumphant crime."

This is Robespierre's favourite attitude, the priest posing as statesman. Like others, he declares the Supreme Power incomprehensible, and then describes him in terms of familiar comprehension. He first declares atheism an open choice, and then he brands it with the most odious epithet in the accepted vocabulary of the hour. Danton followed practically the same line, though saying much less about it. "If Greece," he said in the Convention, "had its Olympian games, France too shall solemnise her sans-culottid days. The people will have high festivals; they will offer incense to the Supreme Being, to the master of nature; for we never intended to annihilate the reign of superstition in order to set up the reign of atheism. . . . If we have not honoured the priest of error and fanaticism, neither do we wish to honour the priest of incredulity: we wish to serve the people. I demand that there shall be an end of these anti-religious masquerades in the Convention."

There was an end of the masquerading, but the Hébertists still kept their ground. Danton, Robespierre, and the Committee were all equally impotent against them for some months longer. The revolutionary force had been too strong to be resisted by any government since the Paris insurgents had carried both king and assembly in triumph from Versailles in the October of 1789. It was now too strong for those who had begun to strive with all their might to build a new government out of the agencies that had shattered the old to pieces. For some months the battle which had been opened by Robespierre's remonstrance against atheistic intolerance, degenerated into a series of masked skirmishes. The battle ground of rival principles was overshadowed by the baleful wings of the genius of demonic Hate. *Vexilla regis prodeunt inferni*; the banners of the King of the Pit came forth. The scene at the Cordeliers for a time became as frantic as a Council of the Early Church, settling the true composition of the Holy Trinity. Or it recalls the fierce and bloody contentions between Demos and Oligarchy in an old Greek town. We think of the day in the harbour of Corecra when the Athenian admiral who had come to deliver the people, sailed out to meet the Spartan enemy, and on turning round to see if his Corcyrean allies were following, saw them following indeed, but the crew of each ship striving in

enraged conflict with one another. Collot d'Herbois had come back in hot haste from Lyons, where, along with Fouché, he had done his best to carry out the decree of the Convention, that not one stone of the city should be left on the top of another, and that even its very name should cease from the lips of men. Carrier was recalled from Nantes, where his feats of ingenious massacre had rivalled the exploits of the cruellest and maddest of the Roman Emperors. The presence of these men of blood gave new courage and resolution to the Hébertists. Though the alliance was informal, yet as against Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and the rest of the Indulgents, as well as against Robespierre, they made common cause.

Camille Desmoulins attacked Hébert in successive numbers of a journal that is perhaps the one truly literary monument of this stage of the revolution. Hébert retaliated by impugning the patriotism of Desmoulins in the Club, and the unfortunate wit, notwithstanding the efforts of Robespierre on his behalf, was for a while turned out of the sacred precincts. The power of the extreme faction was shown in relation to other prominent members of the party whom they loved to stigmatise by the deadly names of Indulgent and Moderantist. Even Danton himself was attacked (December, 1793) and the integrity of his patriotism brought into question. Robespierre made an energetic defence of his great rival in the hierarchy of revolution, and the defence saved Danton from the mortal ignominy of expulsion from the communion of the orthodox. On the other hand, Anacharsis Clootz, that guileless ally of the party of delirium, was less fortunate. Robespierre assailed the cosmopolitan for being a German baron, for having four thousand pounds a year, and for striking his *sans-culottism* some notes higher than the regular pitch. Even M. Louis Blanc calls this an iniquity, and sets it down as the worst page in Robespierre's life. Others have described Robespierre as struck at this time by the dire malady of kings—hatred of the Idea. It seems, however, a hard saying that devotion to the Idea is to extinguish common sense. Clootz, notwithstanding his simple and disinterested character, and his possession of some rays of the modern illumination, was one of the least sane of all the men who in the exultation of their silly gladness were suddenly caught up by that great wheel of fire. All we can say is that Robespierre's bitter demeanour towards Clootz was ungenerous; but then this is only natural in him. Robespierre often clothed cool policy in the semblance of clemency, but I cannot hear in any phrase he ever used, or see in any measure he ever proposed, the mark of true generosity; of kingliness of spirit, not a trace. He had no element of ready and cordial propitiation, an element that can never be wanting in the greatest leaders in time of storm. If he resisted the atrocious proposals to put Madame Elizabeth to death, he was

thinking not of mercy or justice, but of the mischievous effect that her execution would have upon the public opinion of Europe, and he was so unmanly as to speak of her as *la méprisable sœur de Louis XVI*. Such a phrase is the disclosure of an abject stratum in his soul.

Yet this did not prevent him from seeing and denouncing the bloody extravagances of the Proconsuls, the representatives of Parisian authority in the provinces; nor from standing firm against the execution of the Seventy-Three, who had been bold enough to question the purgation of the National Convention on the Thirty-first of May. But the return of Collot d'Herbois made the situation more intricate. Collot was by his position the ally of Billaud, and to attack him, therefore, was to attack the most powerful member of the Committee of Public Safety. Billaud was too formidable. He was always the impersonation of the ruder genius of the Revolution, and the incarnation of the philosophy of the Terror, not as a delirium, but as a piece of deliberate policy. His pale, sober, and concentrated physiognomy seemed a perpetual menace. He had no gifts of speech, but his silence made people shudder, like the silence of the thunder when the tempest rages at its height. It was said by contemporaries that if Vadier was a hyæna, Barère a jackal, and Robespierre a cat, Billaud was a tiger.

The cat perceived that he was in danger of not having the tiger, jackal, and hyæna on his side. Robespierre, in whom spasmodical courage and timidity ruled by rapid turns, began to suspect that he had been premature; and a convenient illness, which some suppose to have been feigned, excused his withdrawal for some weeks from a scene where he felt that he could no longer see clear. We cannot doubt that both he and Danton were perfectly assured that the anarchic party must unavoidably roll headlong into the abyss. But the hour of doom was uncertain. To make a mistake in the right moment, to hurry the crisis, was instant death. Robespierre was a more adroit calculator than Danton. We must not confound his thin and querulous reserve with that stout and deep-browed patience, which may imply as superb a fortitude and may demand as much iron control in a statesman, as the most heroic exploits of political energy. But his habit of waiting on force, instead of, like the other, taking the initiative with force, had trained his sight. The mixture of astuteness with his scruple, of egoistic policy with his stiffness for doctrine, gave him an advantage over Danton that made his life worth exactly three months more purchase than Danton's. It has been said that Spinozism or transcendentalism in poetic production becomes Machiavellism in reflection; for the same reasons we may always expect sentimentalism in theory to become under the pressure of action a very self-protecting guile.

Robespierre's mind was not rich nor flexible enough for true statesmanship, and it is a grave mistake to suppose that the various cunning tacks in which his career abounds, were any sign of genuine versatility or resource or political growth and expansion. They were in fact the resort of a man whose nerves were weaker than his volition. Robespierre was of a kind of spinster. Force of head did not match his spiritual ambition. He was not, we repeat, a coward in any common sense; in that case he would have remained quiet among the croaking frogs of the Marsh, and by-and-by have come to hold a portfolio under the First Consul. He did not fear death, and he envied with consuming envy those to whom nature had given the qualities of initiative. But his nerves always played him false. The consciousness of having to resolve to take a decided step alone, was the precursor of a fit of trembling. His heart did not fail, but he could not control the parched voice, nor the twitching features, nor the ghastly palsy of inner misgiving. In this respect Robespierre recalls a more illustrious man; we think of Cicero tremblingly calling upon the Senate to decide for him whether he should order the execution of the Catilinarian conspirators. It is to be said, however, in his favour that he had the art which Cicero lacked, to hide his pusillanimity; Robespierre knew himself, and did his best to keep his own secret.

His absence during the final crisis of the anarchic party allowed events to ripen, without committing him to that initiative in dangerous action which he had dreaded on the Tenth of August, and dreaded on every other decisive day of this burning time. The party of the Commune became more and more daring in their invectives against the Convention and the Committees. At length they proclaimed open insurrection. But Paris was cold, and opinion was divided. In the night of the Thirteenth of March, Hébert, Chaumette, Cloutz, were arrested. The next day Robespierre recovered sufficiently to appear at the Jacobin Club. He joined his colleagues of the Committee of Public Safety in striking the blow. On the Twenty Fourth of March the Ultra-Revolutionist leaders were beheaded.

The first bloody breach in the Jacobin ranks was speedily followed by the second. The Right wing of the opposition to the Committee soon followed the Left down the ways to dusty death, and the execution of the Anarchists only preceded by a week the arrest of the Moderates. When the seizure of Danton had once before been discussed in the Committee, Robespierre resisted the proposal violently. We have already seen how he defended Danton at the Jacobin Club, when the Club underwent the process of purification in the winter. What produced this sudden tack? And how came Robespierre to assent in March to a violence which he had

angrily discountenanced in February? There had been no change in the policy or attitude of Danton himself. The military operations against the domestic and foreign enemies were no sooner fairly in the way of success, than Danton began to meditate in serious earnest the consolidation of a republican system of law and justice. He would fain have stayed the Terror. "Let us leave something," he said, "to the guillotine of opinion." He aided, no doubt, in the formation of the Revolutionary Tribunal, but this was exactly in harmony with his usual policy of controlling popular violence without alienating the strength of popular sympathy. The process of the tribunal was rough and summary, but it was fairer—until Robespierre's Law of Prairial—than people usually suppose, and it was the very temple of the goddess of Justice herself compared with the September massacres. "Let us prove ourselves terrible," Danton said, "to relieve the people from the necessity of being so." His activity had been incessant in urging and superintending the great levies against the foreigners; he had gone repeatedly on distant and harassing expeditions as the representative of the Convention at the camps on the frontier. In the midst of all this he found time to press forward measures for the instruction of the young and for the due appointment of judges, and his head was full of ideas for the construction of a permanent executive council. It was this which made him eager for a cessation of the method of Terror, and it was this which made the Committee of Public Safety his implacable enemy.

Why, then, did Robespierre, who also passed as a man of order and humanity, not continue to support Danton after the suppression of the Hébertists as he had supported him before? The common and facile answer is that he was moved by a malignant desire to put a rival out of the way. On the whole, the evidence seems to support Napoleon's opinion, that Robespierre was incapable of voting for the death of anybody in the world on grounds of personal enmity. And his acquiescence in the ruin of Danton is intelligible enough on the grounds of selfish policy. The Committee hated Danton for the good reason that he had openly attacked them, and his cry for clemency was an inflammatory and dangerous protest against their system. Now Robespierre, rightly or wrongly, had made up his mind that the Committee was the instrument by which, and which only, he could work out his own vague schemes of power and reconstruction. And, in any case, how could he resist the Committee? The famous insurrectionary force of Paris, which Danton had been the first to organise against a government, had just been chilled by the fall of the Hébertists. Least of all could this force be relied upon to rise in defence of the very chief whose every word for many weeks past had been a protest against the Communal leaders.

In separating himself from the Ultras, Danton had cut off the great reservoir of his peculiar strength.

It may be said that the Convention was the proper centre of resistance to the designs of the Committee, and that if Danton and Robespierre had united their forces in the Convention, they would have defeated Billaud and his allies. This seems to us more than doubtful. The Committee had acquired an immense preponderance over the Convention. They had been eminently successful in the immense tasks imposed upon them. They had the prestige not only of being the government—so great a thing in a country that had just emerged from the condition of a centralised monarchy; they had also the prestige of being a government that had done its work triumphantly. We are now in March. In July we shall find that Robespierre adopted the very policy that we are now discussing, of playing off the Convention against the Committee. In July that policy ended in his headlong fall. Why should it have been any more successful four months earlier?

What we may say is, that Robespierre was bound in all morality to defend Danton in the Convention at every hazard. Possibly so; but then to run risks for chivalry's sake was not in Robespierre's nature, and no man can climb out beyond the limitations of his own character. His narrow head and thin blood and instable nerve, his calculating humour and his frigid egoism, disinclined him to all games of chance. His apologists have sought to put a more respectable colour on his abandonment of Danton. The precisian, they say, disapproved of Danton's lax and heedless courses. Danton said to him one day:—"What do I care? Public opinion is a strumpet, and posterity a piece of nonsense." How should the puritanical lawyer endure such cynicism as this? And Danton delighted in inflicting these coarse shocks. Again, Danton had given various gross names of contempt to Saint Just. Was Robespierre not to feel insults offered to the most able and devoted of his lieutenants? What was more important than all, the acclamations with which the partisans of reaction greeted the fall of the Ultras, made it necessary to give instant and unmistakable notice to the foes of the Revolution that the goddess of the scorching eye and fiery hand still grasped her axe of vengeance.

These are pleas invented after the fact. All goes to show that Robespierre was really moved by nothing more than his invariable dread of being left behind, of finding himself on the weaker side, of not seeming practical and political enough. And having made up his mind that the stronger party was bent on the destruction of the Dantonists, he became fiercer than Billaud himself. It is constantly seen that the waverer, of nervous and aboriginal constitution, no sooner overcomes the agony of irresolution, than he flings himself on his object

with a vindictive tenacity that seems to repay him for all the moral humiliation inflicted on him by his stifled doubts. He redeems the slowness of his approach by the fury of his spring. "Robespierre," says M. D'Héricault, "precipitated himself to the front of the opinion that was yelling against his friends of yesterday. In order to keep his usual post in the van of the Revolution, in order to secure the advantage to his own popularity of an execution which the public voice seemed to demand, he came forward as the author of that execution, though only the day before he had hesitated about its utility, and though it was in truth far less useful to him than it proved to be to his future antagonists."

Robespierre first alarmed Danton's friends by assuming a certain icy coldness of manner, and by some menacing phrases about the faction of the so-called Moderates. Danton had gone, as he often did, to his native village of Arcis-sur-Aube, to seek repose and a little clearness of sight in the night that wrapped him about. He was devoid of personal ambition; he never had any humour for mere factious struggles. His, again, was the temperament of violent force, and in such types the reaction is always tremendous. The indomitable activity of the last twenty months had bred weariness of spirit. The nemesis of a career of strenuous Will in large natures is apt to be sudden sense of the irony of things; in Danton, as with Byron it happened afterwards, the vehemence of the revolutionary spirit was touched by this desolating irony. His friends tried to rouse him. It is not clear that he could have done anything. The balance of force, after the suppression of the Hébertists, was irretrievably against him, as calculation had already revealed to Robespierre.

There are various stories of the pair having met at dinner almost on the eve of Danton's arrest, and having parted with sombre disquietude on both sides. The interview, with its champagne, its interlocutors, its play of sinister repartee, may possibly have taken place, but the alleged details are plainly apocryphal. After all, 'Religion ist in der Thiere Trieb,' says Wallenstein; 'the very savage drinks not with the victim, into whose breast he means to plunge a sword.' Danton was warned that Robespierre was plotting his arrest. "If I thought he had the bare idea," said Danton with something of Gargantuan hyperbole, "I would eat his bowels out." Such was the disdain with which the 'giant of the mighty bone and bold emprise' thought of our meagre-hearted pedant. The truth is that in the stormy and distracted times of politics, and perhaps in all times, contempt is a dangerous luxury. A man may be a very poor creature, and still have a faculty for mischief. And Robespierre had this faculty in the case of Danton. With singular baseness, he handed over to Saint Just a collection of notes to serve as the material for the indictment which Saint Just was to present to the Convention. They comprised everything that

suspicion could interpret malignantly, from the most conspicuous acts of Danton's public life down to the casual freedom of private discourse.

Another infamy was to follow. After the arrest, and on the proceedings to obtain the assent of the Convention to the trial of Danton and others of its members, one only of their friends had the courage to rise and demand that they should be heard at the bar. Robespierre burst out in cold rage; he asked whether they had undergone so many heroic sacrifices, counting among them these acts of "painful severity," only to fall under the yoke of a band of domineering intriguers; and he cried out impatiently that they would brook no claim of privilege, and suffer no rotten idol. The word was felicitously chosen, for the Convention dreaded to have its independence suspected, and it dreaded it all the more because at this time its independence did not really exist. The vote against Danton was unanimous, and the fact that it was so is the deepest stain on the fame of this assembly. On the afternoon of the Sixteenth Germinal (April 5) Paris in amazement and some stupefaction saw the once dreaded Titan of the Mountain fast bound in the tumbril, and faring towards the sharp-clanging knife. "I leave it all in a frightful welter," Danton is reported to have said. "Not a man of them has an idea of government. Robespierre will follow me; he is dragged down by me. Ah, better be a poor fisherman than meddle with the governing of men!"

Let us pause for a moment over a calmer reminiscence. This was the very day on which the virtuous and high-minded Condorcet quitted the friendly roof that for nine months had concealed him from the search of proscription; the same week he was found dead in his prison. While Danton was storming with impotent thunder before the tribunal, Condorcet was writing those closing words of his *Sketch of Human Progress*, which are always so full of strength and edification. "How this picture of the human race freed from all its fetters, —withdrawn from the empire of chance, as from that of the enemies of progress, and walking with firm and assured step in the way of truth, of virtue, and happiness, presents to the philosopher a sight that consoles him for the errors, the crimes, the injustice, with which the earth is yet stained, and of which he is not seldom the victim! It is in the contemplation of this picture that he receives the reward of his efforts for the progress of reason, for the defence of liberty. He ventures to link them with the eternal chain of the destinies of man: it is there he finds the true recompense of virtue, the pleasure of having done a lasting good; fate can no longer undo it by any disastrous compensation that shall restore prejudice and bondage. This contemplation is for him a refuge, into which the recollection of his persecutors can never follow him; in which,

living in thought with man reinstated in the rights and the dignity of his nature, he forgets man tormented and corrupted by greed, by base fear, by envy ; it is here that he truly abides with his fellows, in an elysium that his reason has known how to create for itself, and that his love for humanity adorns with all purest delights."

In following the turns of the drama which was to end in the tragedy of Thermidor, we perceive that after the fall of the anarchists and the death of Danton, the relations between Robespierre and the Committees underwent a change. He, who had hitherto been on the side of government, became in turn an agency of opposition. He did this in the interest of ultimate stability, but the difference between the new position and the old is that he now distinctly associated the idea of a stable republic with the ascendancy of his own religious conceptions. How far the ascendancy of his own personality was involved, we have no means of judging. The vulgar accusation against him is that he now deliberately aimed at a dictatorship, and began to plot with that end in view. It is always the most difficult thing in the world to draw a line between mere arrogant egoism on the one hand, and on the other the identification of a man's personal elevation with the success of his public cause. The two ends probably become mixed in his mind, and if the cause be a good one, it is the height of pharisaical folly to quarrel with him because he desires that his authority and renown shall receive some of the lustre of a far-shining triumph. What we complain of in Napoleon Bonaparte for instance, is not that he sought power, but that he sought it in the interests of a coarse, brutal, and essentially unmeaning personal ambition. And so of Robespierre. We need not discuss the charge that he sought to make himself master. The important thing is that his mastery could have served no great end for France ; that it would have been like himself, poor, barren, and hopelessly mediocre. And this would have been seen on every side. France had important military tasks to perform before her independence was assured. Robespierre hated war, and was jealous of every victory. France was in urgent need of stable government, of new laws, of ordered institutions. Robespierre never said a word to indicate that he had a single positive idea in his head on any of these great departments. And, more than this, he was incapable of making use of men who were more happily endowed than himself. He had never mastered the excellent observation of De Retz, that of all the qualities of a good party chief, none is so indispensable as being able to suppress on many occasions, and to hide on all, even legitimate suspicions. He was corroded by suspicion, and this paralyses able servants. Finally, Robespierre had no imperial quality of soul, but only that very sorry imitation of it, a lively irritability.

The base of Robespierre's schemes of social reconstruction now

came clearly into view, and what a base ! An official Supreme Being and a regulated Terror. The one was to fill up the spiritual void, and the other to satisfy all the exigencies of temporal things. It is to the credit of Robespierre's perspicacity that he should have recognised the human craving for religion, but this credit is as naught when we contemplate the jejune thing that passed for religion in his dim and narrow understanding. Rousseau had brought a new soul into the eighteenth century by the Savoyard Vicar's Profession of Faith : the most fervid and exalted expression of emotional deism that religious literature contains ; vague, irrational, incoherent, cloudy ; but the clouds are suffused with glowing gold. When we turn from that to the political version of it in Robespierre's discourse on the relations of religious and moral ideas with republican principles, we feel as one who revisits a landscape that had been made glorious to him by a summer sky and fresh liquid winds from the gates of the evening sun, only to find it dead under a grey heaven and harsh blasts from the north-east. Robespierre's words on the Supreme Being are never a brimming stream of deep feeling ; they are a literary concoction ; never the self-forgetting expansion of the religious soul, but only the composite of the rhetorician. He thought he had a passion for religion ; what he took for religion was little more than mental decorum. We do not mean that he was insincere, or that he was without a feeling for high things. But here as in all else his aspiration was far beyond his faculty ; he yearned for great spiritual emotions, as he had yearned for great thoughts and great achievements, but his spiritual capacity was as scanty and obscure as his intelligence. And where unkind Nature thus unequally yokes lofty objects in a man with a short mental reach, she stamps him with the very definition of mediocrity.

How can we speak with decent patience of a man who seriously thought that he should conciliate the conservative and theological elements of the society at his feet by such an odious opera-piece as the Feast of the Supreme Being ? This was designed as a triumphant ripost to the Feast of Reason which Chaumette and his friends had celebrated in the winter. The energumens of the Goddess of Reason had now been some weeks in their bloody graves ; by this time, if they had given the wrong answer to the supreme enigma, their eyes would perhaps be opened. Robespierre persuaded the Convention to decree an official recognition of the Supreme Being, and to attend a commemorative festival in honour of their mystic patron. He contrived to be chosen president for the decade in which the festival would fall. When the day came (20th Prairial, June 8, 1794), he clothed himself with more than even his usual care. As he looked out from the windows of the Tuileries upon the jubilant crowd in the gardens, he was intoxicated with enthusiasm. "O Nature," he cried, "how sublime thy power, how full of delight !

How tyrants must grow pale at the idea of such a festival!" In pontifical pride he walked at the head of the procession, with flowers and wheat-ears in his hand, to the sound of chants and symphonies and choruses of maidens. On the first of the great basins in the gardens David, the artist, had devised an allegorical structure for which an inauspicious doom was prepared. Atheism, a statue of life size, was throned in the midst of an amiable group of human Vices, with Madness by her side, and Wisdom menacing them with lofty wrath. Great are the perils of symbolism. Robespierre applied a torch to Atheism, but alas, the wind was hostile, or else Atheism and Madness were damp. They obstinately resisted the torch, and it was hapless Wisdom who took fire. Her face, all blackened by smoke, grinned a hideous ghastly grin at her sturdy rivals. The miscarriage of the allegory was an evil omen, and men probably thought how much better the churchmen always managed their conjurings and the art of spectacle. There was a great car drawn by milk-white oxen; in the front were ranged sheaves of golden grain, while at the back shepherds and shepherdesses posed with scenic graces. The whole mummary was pagan. It was a bringing back of Cerealia and Thesmophoria to earth. It stands as the most disgusting and contemptible anachronism in history.

The famous republican Calendar, with its Prairials and Germinals, its Ventoses and Pluvioses, was an anachronism of the same kind, though it was less despicable in its manifestation. Its philosophic base was just as retrograde and out of season as the fooleries of the Feast of the Supreme Being. The association of worship and sacredness with the fruits of the earth, with the forces of nature, with the power and variety of the elements, could only be sincere so long as men really thought of all these things as animated each by a special will of its own. Such an association became mere charlatanry, when knowledge once passed into the positive stage. How could men go back to adore an outer world, after they had found out the secret that it was a mere huge group of phenomena, following fixed courses, and not obeying spontaneous and unaccountable volitions of their own? And what could be more puerile than the fanciful connection of the Supreme Being with a pastoral simplicity of life? This simplicity was gone, irrecoverably gone, with the passage from nomad times to the complexities of a modern society; therefore to typify the Supreme Being as specially interested in shocks of grain and in shepherds and shepherdesses was to make him a mere figure in an idyll, the ornament of a rural mask, a god of the garden, instead of the sovereign director of the universal forces and stern master of the destinies of men. Chaumette's commemoration of the Divinity of Reason was a sensible performance compared with Robespierre's farcical repartee. It was something, as Comte has said, to select for worship man's most individual attribute. If

they could not contemplate society as a whole, it was at least a gain to pay homage to that faculty in the human rulers of the world which had brought the forces of nature,—its pluviosity, nivosity, germinality, and vendemiarity,—under the yoke for the service of men.

If the philosophy of Robespierre's pageant was so retrograde and false, its politics were still more inane. It is a monument of presumptuous infatuation that anyone should feel so strongly as he did that order could only be restored on condition of coming to terms with religious use and prejudice, and then that he should dream that his Supreme Being—a mere didactic phrase, the deity of a poet's georgic—should adequately replace that eternal marvel of construction, by means of which the great churchmen had wrought dogma and liturgy and priest and holy office into every hour and every mood of men's lives. There is no binding principle of human association in a creed with this one bald article. 'In truth,' as I have said elsewhere of such deism as Robespierre's, 'one can scarcely call it a creed. It is mainly a name for a particular mood of fine spiritual exaltation; the expression of a state of indefinite aspiration and supreme feeling for lofty things. Are you going to convert the new barbarians of our western world with this fair word of emptiness? Will you sweeten the lives of suffering men, and take its heaviness from that droning piteous chronicle of wrong, and cruelty, and despair, which everlastingly saddens the compassionating ear like moaning of a midnight sea; will you animate the stout of heart with new fire, and the firm of hand with fresh joy of battle, by the thought of a being without intelligible attributes, a mere abstract creation of metaphysic, whose mercy is not as our mercy, nor his justice as our justice, nor his fatherhood as the fatherhood of men? It was not by a cold, a cheerless, a radically depraving conception such as this, that the church became the refuge of humanity in the dark times of old, but by the representation, to men sitting in bondage and confusion, of godlike natures moving among them under figure of the most eternally touching of human relations,—a tender mother ever interceding for them, and an elder brother laying down his life that their burdens might be loosened.'

On the day of the Feast of the Supreme Being, the guillotine was concealed in the folds of rich hangings. It was the Twentieth of Prairial. Two days later Couthon proposed to the Convention the memorable Law of the Twenty-second of Prairial. Robespierre was the draftsman, and the text of it still remains in his own writing. This monstrous law is simply the complete abrogation of all law. Of all laws ever passed in the world it is the most nakedly iniquitous. Tyrants have often substituted their own will for the ordered procedure of a tribunal, but no tyrant before ever went through the atrocious farce of deliberately making a tribunal the organised

negation of security for justice. Couthon laid its theoretic base in a fallacy that must always be full of seduction to shallow persons in authority: "He who would subordinate the public safety to the inventions of jurisconsults, to the formulas of the Court, is either an imbecile or a scoundrel." As if public safety could mean anything but the safety of the public. The author of the Law of Prairial had forgotten the minatory word of the sage to whom he had gone on a pilgrimage in the days of his youth. "All becomes legitimate and even virtuous," Helvétius had written, "on behalf of the public safety." Rousseau inscribed on the margin, "The public safety is nothing, unless individuals enjoy security." What security was possible under the law of Prairial?

After the probity and good judgment of the tribunal, the two cardinal guarantees in state trials are accurate definition and proof. The offence must be capable of precise description, and the proof against an offender must conform to strict rule. The Law of Prairial violently infringed all three of these essential conditions of judicial equity. First, the number of the jury who had power to convict was reduced. Second, treason was made to consist in such vague and infinitely elastic kinds of action as inspiring discouragement, misleading opinion, depraving manners, corrupting patriots, abusing the principles of the Revolution by perfidious applications. Third, proof was to lie in the conscience of the jury; there was an end of preliminary inquiry, of witnesses in defence, and of counsel for the accused. Any kind of testimony was evidence, whether material or moral, verbal or written, if it was of a kind likely to gain the assent of a man of reasonable mind.

Now what was Robespierre's motive in devising this infernal instrument? The theory that he loved judicial murder for its own sake can only be held by the silliest of royalist or clerical partisans. It is like the theory of the vulgar kind of protestantism that Mary Tudor or Philip of Spain had a keen delight in shedding blood. Robespierre, like Mary and like Philip, would have been as well pleased if all the world would have come round to his mind without the destruction of a single life. The true inquisitor is a creature of policy, not a man of blood by taste. What, then, was the policy that inspired the Law of Prairial? To us the answer seems clear. We know what was the general aim in Robespierre's mind at this point in the history of the revolution. His brother Augustin was then the representative of the Convention with the army of Italy, and General Bonaparte was on terms of close intimacy with him. Bonaparte said long afterwards, when he was expiating a life of iniquity on the rock of Saint Helena, that he saw long letters from Maximilian to Augustin Robespierre, all blaming the Conventional Commissioners—Tallien, Fouché, Barras, Collot, and the rest—for the horrors they perpetrated, and accusing them of ruining the revolution by their

atrocities. Again, there is abundant testimony that Robespierre did his best to induce the Committee of Public Safety to bring those odious malefactors to justice. The text of the Law itself discloses the same object. The vague phrases of depraving manners and applying revolutionary principles perfidiously, were exactly calculated to smite the band of violent men whose conduct was to Robespierre the scandal of the Revolution. And there was a curious clause in the law as originally presented, depriving the Convention of the right of preventing measures against its own members. Robespierre's general design in short was to effect a further purgation of the Convention. There is no reason to suppose that he deliberately aimed at any more general extermination. On the other hand, it is incredible that, as some have maintained, he should merely have had in view the equalisation of rich and poor before the tribunals, by withdrawing the aid of counsel and testimony to civic character from both rich and poor alike.

If Robespierre's design was what we believe it to have been, the result was a ghastly failure. The Committee of Public Safety would not consent to apply his law against the men for whom he had specially designed it. The frightful weapon which he had forged was seized by the Committee of General Security, and Paris was plunged into the fearful days of the Great Terror. The number of persons put to death by the Revolutionary tribunal before the Law of Prairial had been comparatively moderate. From the creation of the tribunal in April 1793, down to the execution of the Hébertists in March 1794, the number of persons condemned to death was 505. From the death of the Hébertists down to the death of Robespierre, the number of the condemned was 2,158. One half of the entire number of victims, namely, 1,356, were guillotined after the Law of Prairial. No deadlier instrument was ever invented by the cruelty of man. Innocent women no less than innocent men, poor no less than rich, those in whom life was almost spent no less than those in whom its pulse was strongest, virtuous no less than vicious, were sent off in woe-stricken batches all those summer days. A man was informed against; he was seized in his bed at five in the morning; at seven he was taken to the Conciergerie; at nine he received information of the charge against him; at ten he went into the dock; by two in the afternoon he was condemned; by four his head lay in the executioner's basket.

What stamps the system of the Terror at this date with a wickedness that cannot be effaced, is that at no moment was the danger from foreign or domestic foe less serious. We may always forgive something to well-grounded panic. The persecutions of an earlier date in Paris were not excessively sanguinary, if we remember that the city abounded in royalists and other reactionists, who were really dangerous in fomenting discouragement and spreading confusion.

If there ever is an excuse for martial law, and it must be rare, the French government were warranted in resorting to it in 1793. Paris in those days was like a city beleaguered, and the world does not use very harsh words about the commandant of a besieged town who puts to death traitors found within his walls. Opinion in England at this very epoch encouraged the Tory government to pass a Treason Bill, which introduced as vague a definition of treasonable offence as even the Law of Prairial itself. Windham did not shrink from declaring in parliament that he and his colleagues were determined to exact "a rigour beyond the law," and they were as good as their word. The Jacobins had no monopoly either of cruel law or cruel breach of law in the eighteenth century. Only thirty years before, opinion in Pennsylvania had prompted a hideous massacre of harmless Indians as a deed acceptable to God, and the grandson of William Penn proclaimed a bounty of fifty dollars for the scalp of a female Indian, and three times as much for a male. A man would have had quite as good a chance of justice from the Revolutionary Tribunal as at the hands of Braxfield, the Scotch judge, who condemned Muir and Palmer for sedition in 1793, and who told the government, with a brazen front worthy of Carrier or Collot d'Herbois themselves, that if they would only send him prisoners he would find law for them.

We have no sympathy with the spirit of paradox that has arisen in these days, amusing itself by the vindication of bad men. We think that the author of the Law of Prairial was a bad man. But it is time that there should be an end of the cant which lifts up its hands at the crimes of republicans and freethinkers, and shuts its eyes to the crimes of kings and churches. Once more, we ought to rise into a higher air; we ought to condemn wherever we find it, whether on the side of our adversaries or on our own, all readiness to substitute arbitrary force for the processes of ordered justice. There are moments when such a readiness may be leniently judged, but Prairial of 1794 was not one of them, either in France or in England. And what makes the crime of this law more odious, is its association with the official proclamation of the State worship of a Supreme Being. The scene of Robespierre's holy festival becomes as abominable as a Catholic Auto-da-fé, where solemn homage was offered to the God of pity and loving-kindness, while flame glowed round the limbs of the victims.

Robespierre was inflamed with resentment, not because so many people were guillotined every day, but because the objects of his own enmity were not among them. He was chagrined at the miscarriage of his scheme; but the chagrin had its root in his desire for order, and not in his humanity. A good man—say so imperfectly good a man as Danton—could not have endured life after enacting such a law and seeing the ghastly work that it was doing. He

could hardly have contented himself with drawing tears from the company in Madame Duplay's little parlour by his pathetic recitations from Corneille and Racine, or with listening to melting notes from the violin of Le Bas. It is commonly said by Robespierre's defenders that he withdrew from the Committee of Public Safety, as soon as he found out that he was powerless to arrest the daily shedding of blood. The older assumption used to be that he left Paris and ceased to be cognizant of the Committee's deliberations. The minutes, however, prove that this was not the case. Robespierre signed papers nearly every day of Messidor—(June 19 to July 18) the bloodstained month between Prairial and Thermidor—and was thoroughly aware of the doings of the Committee. His partisans have now fallen back on the singular theory of what they style moral absence. He was present in the flesh, but standing aloof in the spirit. His frowning silence was a deadlier rebuke to the slayers and oppressors than secession. Unfortunately for this ingenious explanation of the embarrassing fact of a merciful man standing silent before merciless doings, there are at least two facts that show its absurdity.

First, there is the affair of Catherine Théot. Catherine Théot was a crazy old woman of a type that is commoner in protestant than in catholic countries. She believed herself to have special gifts in the interpretation of the holy writings, and a few other people as crazy as herself chose to accept her pretensions. One revelation vouchsafed to her was to the effect that Robespierre was a Messiah and the new redeemer of the human race. The Committee of General Security resolved to indict this absurd sect. Vadier,—one of the roughest of the men whom the insurrections of Paris had brought to the front—reported on the charges to the Convention (27 Prairial, June 15), and he took the opportunity to make Robespierre look profoundly ridiculous. The unfortunate Messiah sat on his bench, gnawing his lips with bitter rage, while amid the sneers and laughter of the Convention the officers brought to the bar the foolish creatures who had called him the Son of God. His thin pride and prudish self-respect were unutterably affronted, and he quite understood that the ridicule of the mysticism of Théot was an indirect pleasantry upon his own Supreme Being. He flew to the Committee of Public Safety, angrily reproached them for permitting the prosecution, summoned Fouquier-Tinville, and peremptorily ordered him to let the matter drop. In vain did the public prosecutor point out that there was a decree of the Convention ordering him to proceed. Robespierre was inexorable. The Committee of General Security were baffled, and the prosecution ended. "*Lutteur impuissant et fatigué,*" says M. Hamel, the most thoroughgoing defender of Robespierre, upon this, "*il va se retirer, moralement du moins.*" Impotent and wearied! But he had just won a most signal victory for good sense and humanity. Why was it the only one? If

Robespierre was able to save Théot, why could he not save Cécile Renault?

Cécile Renault was a young seamstress who was found one evening at the door of Robespierre's lodging, calling out in a state of exaltation that she would fain see what a tyrant looked like. She was arrested, and upon her were found two little knives used for the purposes of her trade. That she should be arrested and imprisoned was natural enough. The times were charged with deadly fire. People had not forgotten that Marat had been murdered in his own house. Only a few days before Cécile Renault's visit to Robespierre, an assassin had fired a pistol at Collot d'Herbois on the staircase of his apartment. We may make allowance for the excitement of the hour, and Robespierre had as much right to play the martyr as had Lewis the Fifteenth after the incident of Damiens' rusty pen-knife. But the histrionic exigencies of the chief of a faction ought not to be pushed too far. And it was a monstrous crime that because Robespierre found it convenient to pose as sacrificial victim at the Club, therefore he should have had no scruple in seeing not only the wretched Cécile, but her father, her aunt, and one of her brothers, all dispatched to the guillotine in the red shirt of parricide, as agents of Pitt and Coburg, and assassins of the father of the land. This was exactly two days after he had shown his decisive power in the affair of the religious illuminists. The only possible conclusion open to a plain man after weighing and putting aside all the sophisms with which this affair has been obscured, is that Robespierre interfered in the one case because its further prosecution would have tended to make him ridiculous, and he did not interfere in the other, because the more exaggerated, the more melodramatic, the more murderous it was made, the more interesting an object would he seem in the eyes of his adorers.

The second fact bearing on Robespierre's humanity is this. He had encouraged the formation and stimulated the activity of popular commissions who should provide victims for the revolutionary tribunal. On the Second of Messidor (June 20) a list containing one hundred and thirty-eight names was submitted for the ratification of the Committee. The Committee endorsed the bloody document, and the last signature of the endorsement is that of the man who had resigned a post in his youth rather than be a party to putting a man to death. As was observed at the time, Robespierre in doing this, suppressed his pique against his colleagues, in order to take a part in a measure that was a sort of complement to his Law of Prairial.

From these two circumstances, then, even if there were no other, we are justified in inferring that Robespierre was struck by no remorse at the thought that it was his law which had unbound the hands of the horrible genie of civil murder. His mind was

wholly absorbed in the calculations of a frigid egoism. His intelligence, as we have always to remember, was very dim; he only aimed at one thing at once; and that was seldom anything very great or far-reaching. He was a man of peering and obscured vision in face of practical affairs. In passing the law of Prairial, his designs—and they were meritorious and creditable designs enough in themselves—had been directed against the corrupt chiefs such as Tallien and Fouché, and against the fierce and coarse spirits of the Committee of General Security, such as Vadier and Voulland. Robespierre was above all things a precisian. He had a sentimental sympathy with the common people in the abstract, but his spiritual pride, his pedantry, his formalism, his personal fastidiousness, were all wounded to the very quick by the kind of men whom the Revolution had thrown to the surface. Governor Morris, then the American minister, describes most of the members of the two Committees as the very dregs of humanity, with whom it is a stain to have any dealings; as degraded men only worthy of the profoundest contempt. Danton had said: "Robespierre is the least of a scoundrel of any of the band." The Committee of General Security represented the very elements by which Robespierre was most revolted. They offended his respectability; their evil manners seemed to tarnish that good name which his vanity hoped to make as revered all over Europe, as it already was among his partisans in France. It was indispensable therefore to cut them off from the revolutionary government, just as Hébert and as Danton had been cut off. His colleagues of Public Safety refused to lend themselves to this. Henceforth, with characteristically narrow tenacity, he looked round for new combinations, but, so far as I can see, with no broader design than to enable him to punish these particular objects of his very just detestation.

The situation of sections and interests which ended in the Revolution of Thermidor is one of the most extraordinarily intricate and entangled in the history of faction. It would take a volume to follow out all the peripeteias of the drama. Here we can only enumerate in a few sentences the parties to the contest and the conditions of the game. The reader will easily discern the difficulty in Robespierre's way of making an effective combination. First, there were the two Committees. Of these the one, the General Security, was thoroughly hostile to Robespierre; its members, as we have said, were wild and hardy spirits, with no political conception, and with a great contempt for fine phrases and philosophical principles. They knew Robespierre's hatred for them, and they heartily returned it. They were the steadfast centre of the changing schemes which ended in his downfall. The Committee of Public Safety was divided. Carnot hated Saint Just, and Collot d'Herbois hated

Robespierre, and Billaud had a sombre distrust of Robespierre's counsels. Shortly speaking, the object of the Billaudists was to retain their power, and their power was always menaced from two quarters, the Convention and Paris. If they let Robespierre have his own way against his enemies, would they not be at his mercy whenever he chose to devise a popular insurrection against them? Yet if they withstood Robespierre, they could only do so through the agency of the Convention, and to fall back upon the Convention would be to give that body an express invitation to resume the power that had in the pressure of the crisis a year before been delegated to the Committee, and periodically renewed afterwards. The dilemma of Billaud seemed desperate, and events afterwards proved that it was so. If we turn to the Convention, we find the position equally distracting. They, too, feared another insurrection, and a second decimation. If the Right helped Robespierre to destroy the Fouchés and Vadiers, he would be stronger than ever; and what security had they against a repetition of the violence of the Thirty-first of May? If the Dantonists joined in destroying Robespierre, they would be helping the Right, and what security had they against a Girondin reaction? On the other hand, the Centre might fairly hope, just what Billaud feared, that if the Committee came to the Convention to crush Robespierre, that would end in a combination strong enough to enable the Convention to crush the Committees.

Much depended on military success. The victories of the generals were the great strength of the Committee. For so long it would be difficult to turn opinion against a triumphant administration. "At the first defeat," Robespierre had said to Barère, "I await you." But the defeat did not come. The plotting went on with incessant activity; on one hand, Robespierre, aided by Saint Just and Couthon, strengthening himself at the Jacobin Club, and through that among the sections; on the other, the Mountain and the Committee of General Security trying to win over the Right, more contemptuously christened the Marsh or the Belly of the Convention. The Committee of Public Safety was not yet fully decided how to act.

At the end of the first week of Thermidor, Robespierre could endure the tension no longer. He had tried to fortify his nerves for the struggle by riding, but with so little success that he was lifted off his horse fainting. He endeavoured to steady himself by diligent pistol-practice. But nothing gave him initiative and the sinews of action. Saint Just urged him to raise Paris. Some bold men proposed to carry off the members of the Committee bodily from their midnight deliberations. Robespierre declined, and fell back on what he took to be his greatest strength and most unfailing resource; he prepared a speech. On the Eighth of Thermidor he delivered it to the Convention, amid intense excitement both within its walls and

without. All Paris knew that they were now on the eve of one more of the famous Days; the revolution of Thermidor had begun.

The speech of the Eighth Thermidor has seemed to men of all parties since a masterpiece of tactical ineptitude. If Robespierre had been a statesman instead of a phrasemonger, he had a clear course. He ought to have taken the line of argument that Danton would have taken. That is to say, he ought to have identified himself fully with the interests and security of the Convention; to have accepted the growing resolution to close the Terror; to have boldly pressed the abolition of the Committee of General Security, and the removal from the Committee of Public Safety of Billaud, Collot, Barère; to have proposed to send about fifty persons to Cayenne for life; and to have urged a policy of peace with the foreign powers. This was the substantial wisdom and real interest of the position. The task was difficult, because his hearers had the best possible reasons for knowing that the author of the Law of Prairial was a Terrorist on principle. And in truth we know that Robespierre had no definite intention of erecting clemency into a rule. He had not mental strength enough to throw off the profound apprehension which the incessant alarms of the last five years had engendered in him; and the only device, that he could imagine for maintaining the republic against traitors, was to stimulate the rigour of the revolutionary tribunal.

If, however, Robespierre lacked the grasp which might have made him the representative of a broad and stable policy, it was at least his interest to persuade the men of the Plain that he entertained no designs against them. And this is what in his own mind he intended. But in order to do it effectively, it was clearly best to tell his hearers in so many words whom he wished them to strike. That would have relieved the majority, and banished the suspicion which had been busily fomented by his enemies, that he had in his pocket a long list of their names for proscription. But Robespierre, having for the first time in his life ventured on aggressive action without the support of a definite party, faltered. He dared not to designate his enemies face to face and by name. Instead of that, he talked vaguely of conspirators against the republic and calumniators of himself. There was not a single bold, definite, unmistakable sentence in the speech from first to last. The men of the Plain were insecure and doubtful; they had no certainty that among conspirators and calumniators he did not include too many of themselves. People are not so readily seized by grand phrases, when their heads are at stake. The sitting was long, and marked by changing currents and reverses. When they broke up, all was left uncertain. Robespierre had suffered a check. Billaud felt that he could no longer hesitate in joining the

combination against his colleague. Each party was aware that the next day must seal the fate of one or other of them. There is a legend that in the evening Robespierre walked in the Champs Elysées with his betrothed, accompanied as usual by his faithful dog, Brount. They admired the purple of the sunset, and talked of the prospect of a glorious to-morrow. But this is apocryphal. The evening was passed in no lover's saunterings, but amid the storm and uproar of the Club. He went to the Jacobins to read over again his speech of the day. "It is my testament of death," he said, amid the passionate protestations of his devoted followers. He had been talking for the last three years of his willingness to drink the hemlock and to offer his breast to the poniards of tyrants. That was a fashion of the speech of the time, and in earlier days it had been more than a fashion of speech, for Brunswick would have given them short shrift. But now, when he talked of his last testament, Robespierre did not intend it to be so if he could prevent it. When he went to rest that night, he had a tolerably calm hope that he should win the next day's battle in the Convention, when he was aware that Saint Just would attack the Committees openly and directly. If he would have allowed his band to invade the Pavillon de Flore, and carry off or slay the Committees who sat up through the night, the battle would have been won when he awoke. His friends are justified in saying that his strong respect for legality was the cause of his ruin.

Men in all ages have had a superstitious fondness for connecting awful events in their lives with portents and signs among the outer elements. It was noticed that the heat during the terrible days of Thermidor was more intense than had been known within the memory of man. The thermometer never fell below sixty-five degrees in the coolest part of the night, and in the day time men and women and beasts of burden fell down dead in the streets. By five o'clock in the morning of the Ninth Thermidor, the galleries of the Convention were filled by a boisterous and excited throng. At ten o'clock the proceedings began as usual with the reading of correspondence from the departments and from the armies. Robespierre who had been escorted from his lodgings by the usual body of admirers, instead of taking his ordinary seat, remained standing by the side of the tribune. It is a familiar fact that moments of appalling suspense are precisely those in which we are most ready involuntarily to note a trifle; everybody observed that Robespierre wore the coat of violet-blue silk and the white nankeens in which a few weeks previously he had done honour to the Supreme Being.

The galleries seemed as enthusiastic as ever. The men of the Plain and the Marsh had lost the abject mien with which they usually cowered before Robespierre's glance; they wore a courageous air of

judicial reserve. The leaders of the Mountain wandered restlessly to and fro among the corridors. At noon Tallien saw that Saint Just had ascended the tribune. Instantly he rushed down into the chamber, knowing that the battle had now begun in fierce earnest. Saint Just had not got through two sentences, before Tallien interrupted him. He began to insist with energy that there should be an end to the equivocal phrases with which Paris had been too long alarmed by the Triumvirate. Billaud, fearing to be outdone in the attack, hastily forced his way to the tribune, broke into what Tallien was saying, and proceeded dexterously to discredit Robespierre's allies without at once assailing Robespierre himself. Le Bas ran in a fury to stop him; Collet d'Herbois, the president, declared Le Bas out of order; the hall rang with cries of "To prison! To the Abbey!" and Le Bas was driven from the tribune. This was the beginning of the tempest. Robespierre's enemies knew that they were fighting for their lives, and this inspired them with a strong and resolute power that is always impressive in popular assemblies. He still thought himself secure. Billaud pursued his accusations. Robespierre, at last, unable to control himself, scaled the tribune. There suddenly burst forth from Tallien and his partisans vehement shouts of "Down with the tyrant, down with the tyrant!" The galleries were swept by a wild frenzy of vague agitation; the president's bell poured loud incessant clanging into the tumult; the men of the Plain held themselves firm and silent; in the tribune raged ferocious groups, Tallien menacing Robespierre with a dagger, Billaud roaring out proposals to arrest this person and that, Robespierre gesticulating, threatening, yelling, shrieking. His enemies knew that if he were once allowed to get a hearing, his authority might even yet overawe the waverers. A penetrative word or a heroic gesture might lose the day. The majority of the chamber still hesitated. They called for Barère, in whose adroit faculty for discovering the winning side they had the confidence of long experience. Robespierre, recovering some of his calm and perceiving now that he had really to deal with a serious revolt, again asked to be heard before Barère. But the cries for Barère were louder than ever. Barère spoke, in a sense hostile to Robespierre, but warily and without naming him.

Then there was a momentary lull. The Plain was uncertain. The battle might even now turn either way. Robespierre made another attempt to speak, but Tallien with intrepid fury broke out into a torrent of louder and more vehement invective. Robespierre's shrill voice was heard in disjointed snatches, amidst the violent tones of Tallien, the yells of the president calling Robespierre to order, the murderous clanging of the bell. Then came that supreme hour of the struggle, whose tale has been so often told, when Robespierre turned from his old allies of the Mountain, and succeeded in shrieking out an appeal to

the probity and virtue of the Right and the Plain. To his horror, even these despised men, after a slight movement, remained mute. Then his cheeks blanched, and the sweat ran down his face. But anger and scornful impatience swiftly came back and restored him. *President of assassins*, he cried out to Thuriot, *for the last time I ask to be heard. Thou canst not speak*, called one, *the blood of Danton chokes thee*. He flung himself down the steps of the tribune, and rushed towards the benches of the Right. *Come no further*, cried another, *Vergniaud and Condorcet sat here*. He regained the tribune, but his speech was gone. He was reduced to the dregs of an impotent and gasping voiceless gesticulation, like the strife of one in a nightmare.

The day was lost. The tension of a passionate and violent struggle prolonged for many hours always at length exasperates onlookers with something of the brute ferocity of the actors. The physical strain stirs the tiger in the blood; they conceive a cruel hatred against weakness, just as the heated throng of a Roman amphitheatre turned up their thumbs for the instant dispatch of the unfortunate swordsman who was too ready to lower his arms. The Right, the Plain, even the galleries, despised the man who had succumbed. If Robespierre had possessed the physical strength of Mirabeau or Danton, the Ninth Thermidor would have been another of his victories. He was crushed by the relentless ferocity and endurance of his antagonists. A decree for his arrest was resolved upon by acclamation. He cast a glance at the galleries, as marvelling that they should remain passive in face of an outrage on his person. They were mute. The ushers advanced with hesitation to do their duty, and not without trembling carried him away, along with Couthon and Saint Just. The brother, for whom he had made honourable sacrifices in days that seemed to be divided from the present by an abyss of centuries, insisted with fine heroism on sharing his fate, and Augustin Robespierre and Le Bas were led off to the prisons along with their leader and idol.

It was now a little after four o'clock. The Convention with the self-possession that so often amazes us in its proceedings, went on with formal business for another hour. At five they broke up. For life, as the poets tell, is a daily stage-play; men declaim their high heroic parts, then doff the buskin or the sock, wash away the paint from their cheeks, and gravely sit down to meat. The Conventionals, as they ate their dinners were unconscious apparently that the great crisis of the drama was still to come. The next twelve hours were to witness the climax. Robespierre had been crushed by the Convention; it remained to be seen whether the Convention would not now be crushed by the Commune of Paris.

Robespierre was first conducted to the prisons of the Luxembourg. The gaoler, on some plea of informality, refused to receive him. The

terrible prisoner was next taken to the Mairie, where he remained among joyful friends from eight in the evening until eleven. Meanwhile the old insurrectionary methods of the nights of June and of August in '92, of May and of June in '93, were again followed. The beating of the *rappel* and the *générale* was heard in all the sections, and the tocsin sounded its dreadful note, reminding all who should hear it that insurrection is the most sacred and the most indispensable of duties. Hanriot, the commandant of the forces, had been arrested in the evening, but he was speedily released by the agents of the Commune. The Council issued manifestoes and decrees from the Common Hall every moment. The barriers were closed. Cannon were posted opposite the doors of the hall of the Convention. The quays were thronged. Emissaries sped to and fro between the Jacobin Club and the Common Hall, and between these two centres and each of the forty-eight sections. It is one of the inscrutable mysteries of this delirious night that Hanriot did not at once use the force at his command to break up the Convention. There is no obvious reason why he should not have done so. The members of the Convention had re-assembled after their dinner, towards seven o'clock. The hall which had resounded with the shrieks and yells of the furious gladiators of the factions all day, now lent a lugubrious echo to gloomy reports which one member after another delivered from the shadow of the tribune. Towards nine o'clock the members of the two dread Committees came in panic to seek shelter among their colleagues, "as dejected in their peril," says an eyewitness, "as they had been cruel and insolent in the hour of their supremacy." When they heard that Hanriot had been released, and that guns were at their door, all gave themselves up for lost and made ready for death. News came that Robespierre had broken his arrest, and gone to the Common Hall. Robespierre, after urgent and repeated solicitations, had been at length persuaded about an hour before midnight to leave the Mairie and join his partisans of the Commune. This was an act of revolt against the Convention, for the Mairie was a legal place of detention, and so long as he was there he was within the law. The Convention, with heroic intrepidity, declared both Hanriot and Robespierre beyond the pale of the law. This prompt measure was their salvation. Twelve members were instantly named to carry the decree to all the sections. With the scarf of office round their waists, and a sabre in hand, they sallied forth. Mounting horses, and escorted by attendants with flaring torches, they scoured Paris, calling all good citizens to the succour of the Convention, haranguing crowds at the street corners with power and authority, and striking the imaginations of men. At midnight heavy rain began to fall.

The leaders of the Commune meanwhile, in full confidence that victory was sure, contented themselves with incessant issue of paper

decrees, to each of which the Convention replied by a counter-decree. Those who have studied the situation most minutely are of opinion that even so late as one o'clock in the morning, the Commune might have made a successful defence, although it had lost the opportunity which it had certainly possessed up to ten o'clock of destroying the Convention. But on this occasion the genius of insurrection slumbered. And there was a genuine division of opinion in the eastern quarters of Paris, the result of a grim distrust of the man who had helped to slay Hébert and Chaumette. At a word this distrust began to declare itself. The opinion of the sections became more and more distracted. One armed group cried, *Down with the Convention!* Another armed group cried *The Convention for ever, and down with the Commune!* The two great faubourgs were all astir, and three battalions were ready to march. Emissaries from the Convention actually succeeded in persuading them—such the dementia of the night—that Robespierre was a royalist agent, and that the Commune were about to deliver the little Lewis from his prison in the Temple. One body of communist partisans after another was detached from its allegiance. The deluge of rain emptied the Place de Grève, and when companies came up from the sections in obedience to orders from Hanriot and the Commune, the silence made them suspect a trap, and they withdrew towards the great metropolitan church or elsewhere.

Barras, whom the Convention had charged with its military defence, gathered together some six thousand men. With the right instinct of a man who had studied the history of Paris since the July of '89, he foresaw the advantage of being the first to make the attack. He arranged his forces into two divisions. One of them marched along the quays to take the Common Hall in front; the other along the Rue Saint Honoré to take it in flank. Inside the Common Hall the staircases and corridors were alive with bustling messengers, and those mysterious busybodies who are always found lingering without a purpose on the skirts of great historic scenes. Robespierre and the other chiefs were in a small room preparing manifestoes and signing decrees. They were curiously unaware of the movements of the Convention. An aggressive attack by the party of authority upon the party of insurrection was unknown in the tradition of revolt. They had an easy assurance that at daybreak their forces would be prepared once more to tramp along the familiar road westwards. It was now half-past two. Robespierre had just signed the first two letters of his name to a document before him, when he was startled by cries and uproar in the Place below. In a few instants he lay stretched on the ground, his jaw shattered by a pistol-shot. His brother had either fallen or had leaped out of the window. Couthon was hurled over a staircase and lay for dead. Saint Just was a prisoner.

Whether Robespierre was shot by an officer of the Conventional force, or attempted to blow out his own brains we shall never know, any more than we shall ever be quite assured how Rousseau, his spiritual master, came to an end. The wounded man was carried, a ghastly sight, first to the Committee of Public Safety, and then to the Conciergerie, where he lay in silent stupefaction through the heat of the summer day. As he was an outlaw, the only legal preliminary before his execution was to identify him. At five in the afternoon, he was raised into the cart; Couthon and the younger Robespierre lay, confused wrecks of men, at the bottom of it; Hanriot and Saint Just, bruised, begrimed, and foul, completed the band. One who walks from the Palace of Justice, over the bridge, along the Rue Saint Honoré, into the Rue Royale, and so to the Luxor column, retraces the *via dolorosa* of the Revolution on the afternoon of Tenth of Thermidor.

The end of the intricate manœuvres known as the Revolution of Thermidor was the recovery of authority by the Convention. The insurrections, known as the days of the Twelfth Germinal, First Prairial, and Thirteenth Vendémiaire, all ended in the victory of the Convention over the old revolutionary forces of Paris. The Committees, on the other hand, had beaten Robespierre, but they had ruined themselves. Very gradually the movement towards order, which had begun in the mind of Danton, and had gone on in the cloudy purposes of Robespierre, became definite. But it was in the interest of very different ideas from those of either Danton or of Robespierre. A White Terror succeeded the Red Terror. It was not until nine months after the death of Robespierre that the reaction was strong enough to smite his colleagues of the two Committees. The surviving Girondins had come back to their seats in the Convention; the Dantonians had not forgiven the execution of their chief. These two parties were bent on vengeance. In April, 1795, a decree was passed banishing Billaud de Varennès, Collot d'Herbois, and Barère. In the following month the leaders of the Committee of General Security were thrown into prison. The revolution had passed into new currents. We cannot see any reasons for thinking that those currents would have led to any happier results if Robespierre had won the battle. Tallien, Fouché, Barras, and the rest were thoroughly bad men. But then what qualities had Robespierre for building up a state? He had neither strength of practical character, nor firm breadth of political judgment, nor a sound social doctrine. When we compare him, I do not say with Frederick of Prussia, with Jefferson, with Washington, but with the group of able men who made the closing year of the Convention honourable and of good service to France, we have a measure of Robespierre's profound and pitiable incompetence.

EDITOR.

THE IRISH DOMESDAY BOOK.

THE return of owners of land in Ireland, which has lately been prepared by the Government, is in many respects a faulty document. To be of real value, it ought to be easy to compare with the returns of the same kind which have been compiled for England and Scotland; it ought to be a *bonâ fide* account of owners of land in a real sense, excluding property of a different class; and it ought to point to most of the facts, at least, which can fairly be said to relate to the subject. In every one of these matters, however, the Irish Domesday Book, as it is commonly called, is open to very grave exceptions; and as a cadastral survey of the land of Ireland it must be deemed imperfect, and even deceptive. For instance, unlike its English and Scotch counterparts, it makes a wholly inadequate rating, and not even the approximate rental, the standard of the value of Irish land; and it evidently estimates the wastes of Ireland, which are put down at 151,000 acres only, quite differently from the English return, in which "commons and waste lands" appear to cover an area ten times as large. Then again—following in this respect the bad precedent set for this country, with a political object easy to detect—this return identifies "houses" with "lands," and places the owners of both in the same list, the result being to represent the number of Irish landowners, who deserve the name, as infinitely greater than it really is (there is a like fallacy in the cases of England and Scotland), and to mystify and perplex the whole question. Lastly, in this, as in the English and Scotch returns, no attempt has been made to ascertain the amount of charges affecting landed property. The merely nominal and the absolute owners of estates seem to have equal interests; no notice, moreover, has been taken of terms less than ninety-nine years; and these omissions are extremely serious. For all these reasons it is not possible to speak highly of this performance, and something better, we hope, will ere long replace it. Nevertheless the return, such as it is, deserves attention as a first effort to deal thoroughly with an important subject; and a careful review of it will perhaps throw light on the characteristics of the land system of Ireland, and on various problems suggested by it.

The most striking feature of the Domesday Book is at first sight the extreme fewness of Irish as compared with English landowners, the inference being that the people of Ireland have no lasting hold on their native soil, in a degree unknown in the larger country. The metropolis apart, the owners of land in England and Wales are said to be more in number than 972,000, on an area of 33,000,000

acres, the population being 19,458,000—that is, 1 in 20 of the inhabitants of England and Wales can call a fraction of the land their own. In Ireland, however, the owners of land are only 68,758, with an area of more than 20,000,000 acres, and a population of 5,409,000—that is, 1 in 80 Irishmen only have the “stake in the country” of landed property. Nevertheless, owing to the confusing influence of a disturbing element in these returns, this computation is misleading; and a fairer account of the matter shows that the contrast is not so marked as it seems at first. If we exclude, as we clearly ought, from the estimate mere house tenements in both countries, the real owners of land in England and Wales would be perhaps not more than 300,000 persons, against 40,000 of the same class in Ireland—that is, compared with the whole population, the number of the English and Welsh landowners would be only as 1 to 64, while in Ireland it would be 1 in 130, a proportion very different from that just referred to.¹ Nevertheless, even if we reckon thus, the owners of land in England and Wales will be, relatively to the same class in Ireland, in a ratio of more than 2 to 1; and no doubt can exist, after making every allowance that can be fairly made, that the ownership of the soil is more restricted in Ireland than in the rest of these kingdoms.

The next point to notice in this return is the size of Irish estates as compared with English, and the deficiency of small landowners in Ireland. We have satisfied ourselves that 63 proprietors have more than a fifth of the soil of Leinster, 67 about a fourth of Munster, 90 a good deal more than a third of Ulster, 54 about this large share of Connaught. In fact, of the 20,159,000 acres which make up the entire area of Ireland, not less than 5,806,000 are possessed by 274 owners—that is, not far from a third of the whole island is in the hands of a few score of people who form but a fraction even of their own order. Great as is the extent of estates in England, broad as are the manors of such nobles as the Duke of Northumberland and the Duke of Devonshire, and of many other large-acred men, they show nothing like these results; and we venture to say that any such proportion between large properties and the rest of the soil does not exist in Britain south of the Tweed. As for the want in Ireland of small landowners—that is, of persons possessing estates of from 100 to 800 acres—it is evident on the face of the return; and though we have not attempted an exact comparison, the corresponding class, there can be no doubt, is many times more numerous in this country.

These considerations no doubt show that landed property is distributed less favourably in Ireland than it is in England, with

(1) These figures are, and must be, to a great extent conjectural; but we have taken some pains to approach at least the truth.

reference to the community at large; its economic settlement is less safe and national. It is not, however, we are convinced, to these facts that we should mainly ascribe the phenomena of the land system of Ireland, which even at this moment are so distressing—the discontent which is still too often seen in the relations of landlord and tenant, the agitation which has outlived the Land Act.

Except in a few not important points, the land system of Scotland does not provoke demands for reform or change; it accommodates itself sufficiently well to the wants and wishes of all classes; it is in disaccord with no popular sympathies. Yet, economically, the land system of Scotland, as the returns for that country clearly prove, presents the identical characteristics to which we have called attention as regards Ireland, and which might be supposed to give the Irish land system its peculiar character. The owners of land in Scotland are few. If indeed we take houses into account, they appear to be 1 in 25, compared with the population of 3,359,000; but if we exclude this class of property, they are not more than 1 in 105, those in Ireland being 1 in 130; and it is impossible to suppose that this small difference could be productive of great effects. Then, too, Scotland is, in a special way, a country of vast territorial domains; 150 persons, it has been alleged, possess fully a third of her soil; and when we remember the immense estates of the Dukes of Sutherland, Buccleuch, and Athol, of Mr. Matheson, and many other magnates, we must admit that, in this matter of large properties, she resembles Ireland. The number of small landowners, too, though greater in Scotland than in Ireland, is nevertheless by no means large; and if we compare both with the same class in England, the difference ceases to have much significance. On the whole, therefore, we find in Scotland what at first sight we might fairly consider the distinctive marks of the Irish land system, and yet we know that the land presents very different problems in the two countries.

While we are far from saying that economic causes do not largely affect the land question of Ireland, the peculiarities of her land system, and the popular feelings connected with it, are, we believe, in the main, to be traced to circumstances of a wholly different kind. If we examine the returns for England and Wales, we find that the land discloses everywhere signs of ancient, peaceful, and contented settlement; that its organization is old and felicitous. In all parts, indeed, of that broad area, new wealth is continually gathering to the soil; the successful trader, the opulent lawyer, men who have become rich in every walk of industry, are now, as they have been for centuries, elbowing out an impoverished class of landowners; and considerable tracts are, year after year, passing into the hands of a fresh race of proprietors. But in every county of England and

Wales the land is still held, to a great extent, by well-known families of long descent; and, what is more important, they still form a preponderating element in territorial life. Glance at the English returns, and you still see the names of Percy and Grey, of Lowther and Howard, predominant in the region north of the Humber; the Manners are supreme in Leicestershire; in Devon the historic house of Courtenay is surrounded by a host of distinguished satellites—Carews, Fortescues, Prideaux's, and others; Cornwall has still her Bassets, her Robartes, her Tremaynes; the Thynnes are the social chiefs of Wilts; in Dorset, the Bankes, the Pleydells, the Rivers, are eminent among the local magnates. As for Wales, the descendants of her Celtic princes are still lords of immense domains; out of a whole legion of inferior potentates, we need refer only to the race of "Sir Watkin," and to the Morgans, for ages chiefs of Tredegar. Nor is the case very different even in the districts where the old aristocracy, as might have been supposed, would have been almost thrust out or supplanted. In Kent, in Surrey, even in Middlesex, considerable estates are still possessed by proprietors of far-descended lineage; the Stanleys, the Townleys, the Gerards, and others are still the leading noblesse of Lancashire; the Calthorpes, the Dudleys, and many more are conspicuous in the black country; the Somersets and Berkeleys are great names in the opulent tracts that spread around Bristol. The influence, too, of these ruling houses has been enormous, wherever they exist; they have given, as it were, its form and mould to the settlement of the land around them; they have made the new elements which centre in the soil to accommodate themselves in a great measure to the old conditions of landed society. Nor can it be said that in England and Wales the organic structure of landed relations has been rudely broken, or even shaken; it has suffered little from civil discord; confiscation has made few changes in it; and it has continued for ages in a state of repose, hardly at all disturbed by external events, and only modifying itself with the growth of the nation. The same remarks, in a great degree, apply to the land system of Scotland, as we see it in the returns for that country. The successors of her old highland chieftains still retain enormous tracts of the soil; the families of her first lowland settlers overshadow the land to the south of the Grampians; the heads of her ancient Norse colonists are dominant in Caithness and the Orkneys; the Macleods and Macdonalds, the Campbells and Scotts, the Hays, Kerrs, Gordons, and other names of the kind, are still those of her great landowners. In Scotland, too, notwithstanding Culloden and the civil wars of the seventeenth century, the organization of the land was not broken up; and though instances of confiscation were frequent enough, there was no general subversion of proprietary rights; whole tracts of the

country were not kept in a continual state of change of ownership ; and reiterated dispossession on an immense scale was unknown.

Let us now contrast with the state of things which we find in England, in Wales, and in Scotland, the existing settlement of land in Ireland. Three centuries ago her Celtic chieftains were owners of probably five-sixths of the soil ; and, even down to the time of Cromwell, the possessions they held were still vast. The names, however, of the descendants of these men, as we see clearly from the Domesday Book, appear scarcely in any part of Ireland among proprietors of large estates ; and for the most part they have wholly vanished from what were once their ancestral domains. The only landowners of Irish descent who retain, in any sense, a considerable part of the immense tracts their forefathers ruled, seem to be, in Leinster, Lord Castletown and Mr. Kavanagh, and in Ulster, Lord O'Neill and a few others ; and though, in Munster and Connaught, the number is greater—O'Briens, O'Connors, O'Reillys, O'Haras, O'Loghlens, Macnamaras, and the like—it is not more than from ten to twenty persons. Even more significant is the absence of names which stand out on old Irish maps as dominant over entire counties. Setting aside hundreds of inferior chiefs, you cannot now find the O'Moores of Leix, the Maguires of Fermanagh, the O'Donnells of the north ; and the principalities of McArthur More, of O'Sullivan Beare, of O'Connor of O'Faly, have passed into the hands of other lords.

Nor has fortune been much more propitious to the great Norman houses which for four centuries held sway through the shifting bounds of the Pale. The Geraldines, indeed, still own broad lands in Kildare ; the castle of the Butlers still overlooks the streets of their feudal town of Kilkenny ; the Plunketts flourish in Meath and Louth ; the St. Lawrences, Prestons, Barnwells, and Talbots hold tracts in the plain that surrounds Dublin. But the burning pine of the Desmonds has been long extinct ; the vast lordships of the Taaffes and the Eustaces, of the Flemings and Graces, the Fitz-Stephens and Walshes, know no more the presence of their ancient nobles ; in many counties the old Norman names are to be found only in the ranks of the peasantry. Thus the settlement of the land in Ireland is, to that of the rest of Britain, but a thing of yesterday ; and even now two-thirds of the country probably belong to the descendants of Elizabethan rovers, of adventurers and soldiers of Cromwell and William, of Dutch and French refugees, and of Scottish colonists. Nor is even this the most striking feature of a most remarkable plan of landed ownership. The settlement of property in land in Ireland is founded on conquests and confiscations, recurring over and over again, and generally marked by extreme violence ; it was propped up by inhuman laws, which perpetuated the

strife of race and faith, and drew an almost impassable line between the owner and the occupier of the soil; it promoted absenteeism on a gigantic scale; it tended, over the greater part of the island, to make the Irish landlord an alien master, and the Irish peasant a degraded serf. The state of things, too, which had been thus established, continued, it must be borne in mind, with scarcely a sign of real improvement, to a period almost within living memory; and even now, largely as it has been modified by time, opinion, and changed manners, and by earnest efforts of legislation, its traces are still to be seen everywhere. And here it must be added that one great attempt, made in our own day, to transform the ownership of land in Ireland on an extensive scale, cannot be said to have been very fortunate. The operation of the Incumbered Estates' Acts has transferred millions of acres of the soil of Ireland; but the new proprietary, as a general rule, have been a harsh and exacting class, and have not placed the organization of the land in any perceptible degree on a better footing.

It is to these differences in the settlement of the land, far more than to economic causes, that we must chiefly ascribe the distinction between Ireland and the rest of Britain in this respect—that we must trace the form of the Irish land system, and the train of sentiments that is connected with it. There is a great deal that is strange and anomalous in the relations of landlord and tenant in England; and *a priori* there is much to condemn in the existing conditions of English tenures. But the structure of English landed society is ancient, and, for the most part, sound; it is sustained by noble and kindly traditions; it is cemented by long and peaceful usage; it knits the owners and occupiers of the soil together in a union that shows no signs of breaking. A Land Act that is little more than a sham has sufficed to satisfy the English farmer; and he still follows his superior to the poll with the fidelity of a feudal retainer. The characteristics of landed relations are, in a great measure, the same in Scotland; and though the Scotch tenantry think more for themselves, and are more independent than their southern fellows, they feel the profoundest reverence for the lords of the soil. In Ireland all this is very different; and the mode in which the land was obtained and settled is the clear and paramount cause of the difference. In a part of Ulster, indeed, where a race of colonists were associated in the closest dependence as owners and occupiers of the same districts, and where a provision was made for the conquered race, the land system is in a healthy state; friendly ties bind the landed classes together; there is little ill-will in landed relations; and customs, deep-rooted and strongly developed, connect the whole form of landed society. But everywhere else the land system of Ireland bears the marks of its peculiar origin, of the

antecedents from which it sprung. Were there nothing else, the owners of the soil in Ireland, with a title that, as a general rule, does not extend beyond two centuries, could not expect to command the respect that belongs to an ancient class of proprietors, to gather around them the happy traditions that grow out of long and prescriptive possession. But if it be recollected that the mass of Irish land was violently torn from its old inheritors, and was, for generations, tossed from one hand to another; that the descendants of the dispossessed owners were reduced to a state almost of villinage; that nothing was left undone for years to uphold this crude arrangement of repeated conquests; that populations of discordant faiths, who dwelt together within the same borders, were kept separated into hostile castes; and, finally, that Irish landed property was deserted by those who reaped its fruits, and deprived of the associations that make it gracious, to an extent unknown in the sister island—we shall understand the kind of relations that would be formed out of such an order of things, and should cease to wonder that, even at this day, the land is a source of trouble in Irish politics. Notwithstanding all that has been done to remove the evil effects of the past, a line of distinction, easy to trace, still keeps the landed classes in a great measure apart, in three, at least, of the Irish provinces; the landlords regard themselves as of a different order and of a different interest from their dependants; the peasantry cherish memories of ancient wrong, and look with suspicion on their superiors; and in spite of innumerable well-meant efforts, the social chasm is not completely closed. In this condition of affairs the relations that belong to the land are even now not in a wholesome state; kindly usages do not spring up from the soil; and owners and occupiers, considered as a whole, are not united by genuine sympathy. The evidence of this is not doubtful; scarcely a representative of landed property sits in the House of Commons for Ireland, south of the Boyne; and an agitation has sprung up for what, under specious disguises and names, is really a new confiscation of the Irish land.

From what we have said it will be seen how unjust it would be to lay the blame of this still infelicitous state of things on any class or persons of this generation. It is easy to censure "agitators and priests," "oppressive landlords" and "grasping tenants," "indifferent politicians" and "mere economists;" but the Irish land system, as a matter of fact, is the growth of an unfortunate past; and almost all that is unlovely in it belongs to the distant domain of history. A more useful inquiry is whether anything can be still effected, as regards the subject, to mitigate or efface existing evils, and to place landed relations in Ireland, as far as may be, on a more stable basis. I, for one, must utter a distinct protest against the schemes of "general tenant right," of "fixity of tenure," and of "fixed rents," put forward by a well-known party as panaceas in

this matter. However plausibly they may be disguised, however their authors may hide it from themselves, they really mean a transfer of the soil from its present owners to the occupying tenants, without compensation even nearly adequate. Projects of this kind are simply unjust; they would necessarily lead to wrong and confusion—to the mischiefs, in short, of a scramble for property; and in the interest of a still distracted nation, which has already suffered so much from violent changes in the tenure of land, they ought, I think, to be firmly opposed. There is less objection to the plan of Mr. Mill for the expropriation of the owners of land in Ireland, and the acquisition of their estates by the State, with a view to a new distribution of them; but I doubt the expediency of such a measure, though it certainly cannot be pronounced unfair, and probably it would never command the assent of Parliament. Nor can I, in any sense, subscribe to the doctrine which in some quarters has received support—that the Irish Land Act ought to be so administered as indirectly to accomplish objects beyond its real and avowed purpose; that landlords in Ireland ought to be subjected to burdens so onerous and oppressive as practically to take their property from them, or to convert it into a mere rent-charge wholly different from proprietary rights. Such ideas appear to me odious; and, on the whole, I cannot seriously doubt that, for the general good of Ireland herself, the settlement of the land as it exists at present, unfortunate as it is in many respects from its historical associations and other causes, must be honestly defended against all plans of spoliation, avowed or concealed. It is, however, a very different question whether, consistently with this as a fixed principle, legislation may not to some extent effect improvement in Irish tenures, and make the land system of Ireland better. Taking our stand on the Land Act of Mr. Gladstone, it is surely but right that, in whatever degree it has been evaded or rendered useless by devices contrary to its true import, it ought to be supplemented by just amendments; and the security of possession and other rights which it guaranteed to the occupier of the soil in Ireland, ought to be assured to him beyond dispute. Some reform is certainly needed here; it would be attended with good results; and if it would not satisfy wild demands, it would remove some grounds of discontent, at least, within the reach of remedial law. In addition to this, a real effort in another direction ought to be made to effect a change obviously of true policy. Historical and economic facts point to the expediency of increasing the number of small landowners in Ireland by any means that can be deemed legitimate; and it would be desirable that the occupiers of the Irish soil should be generally enabled to buy their holdings, and thus to acquire largely a permanent title to the land, not by confiscation but fair purchase. No doubt can exist that this can be accomplished: money is not wanting on the part of the tenant, nor

readiness to sell on the part of landlords; and the principle of the scheme, as is well known, holds a prominent place in the Irish Land Act. The machinery, however, at present arranged to effect the transfer will hardly work; and a reform in this respect deserves the attention of those who really wish well to Ireland. The solution of the problem will be probably found in the extension of the powers of local tribunals, and the establishment of local registries of rights to land—all steps in that process of “freeing the soil,” and rendering its alienation simple and easy, which is one of the chief questions of a not distant future.

For the rest we must largely trust in time and in the influence of just government, to remove the blots of the Irish land system; and this trust is certainly not illusory. No doubt, apart from some general causes, special circumstances have tended of late to revive what has been expressively called the “Irish land war;” and there are those who assert that landed relations in Ireland are as disturbed as ever. The Land Act has raised extravagant hopes in a population long sorely tried, and not accustomed to reason or think; a few Irish landlords have provoked ill-will, and even caused a great deal of alarm, by attempts to elude the effects of that measure; the progress of Ireland in material wealth has led to a rise of rents, and disputes on the subject. These, however, are merely passing troubles; some may be dealt with by legislation; and most of them ought to be smoothed away by the searching machinery of the Land Act, intelligently applied with an even hand. If we steadily look over broad tracts of time, we see that all that was most evil and perilous in the land system of Ireland has been gradually becoming a thing of the past; that everything connected with the Irish soil exhibits plain signs of decided improvement. There is still too little sympathy between the landed classes in most parts of the country; but the Irish landlords and tenants of the present day are associated in a very different way from what they were in the time of Arthur Young, when the first were tyrants and the others slaves. The relation of owner and occupier in the Irish soil is even now not all we could wish it to be; but the rack-renting squires of Miss Edgeworth’s tales, the grasping middlemen of half a century ago, the millions of a down-trodden peasantry who struggled for existence on a precarious root, have been replaced by a happier order of things. In other respects landed relations in Ireland are in a healthier state than they formerly were; the evils of absenteeism have been greatly reduced; the management of estates and farms has made a rapid advance; above all the terrible agrarian crimes—active symptoms of the hatred and passion that marred the structure of Irish life—have immensely diminished, if they have not disappeared. These gratifying changes have been the result of the work of years, and of the complete reform, which has taken place in the present age, in the

government and administration of Ireland ; and there can be no doubt that the same effects will continue to follow the same causes. On the whole, though it is still impossible to pronounce the Irish land system sound, or in a really satisfactory state, it has certainly thrown off its worst ills ; and we may hope that the time is not distant when it will cease to alarm and perplex statesmen, and will be in accord with national feelings. To attain that consummation, I, for one, look with confidence to the good sense and right feeling of many Irish landlords ; no class, probably, in the British Empire has improved so markedly during the last fifty years ; no class has been more severely subjected to a jealous and exacting public opinion ; no class seems to be more impressed with the difficulties of a position for which its present representatives are not responsible.

One or two other points in the Domesday Book are also entitled to special notice. The most remarkable of these, perhaps, is the extraordinary advance of Ulster in wealth, compared with the three other provinces. In the time of Cromwell the value of land in Ulster was only a third of that of Leinster, and not more than a half of that of Munster ; it seems to have been not higher than that of land in Connaught. Now, however, the valuation of Ulster, on an area of 5,260,263 acres, is £4,125,945 ; that of Leinster, on an area of 4,812,411 acres, is £4,812,411 ; that of Munster, with its 5,898,370 acres, is £3,311,085 ; that of Connaught is only £1,421,886, on an acreage of 4,188,631. In other words the value of land in Ulster, has, in the space of two short centuries, grown nearly three times as fast as that of Leinster, and five and six times as fast as the rest of the south ; and it is now not much lower than that of Leinster, and far greater than that of Munster and Connaught. No doubt a deduction must here be made, since the rating value of land in Ulster, on which, and not on rental, this return has been made, is higher than in the other provinces ; but, even allowing for this difference, there can be no question but that the material progress of Ulster has been a great deal more rapid than that of the whole of the rest of the island. The fact will, perhaps, be cited to show the superiority of a Teutonic race, and the connection of Protestantism with the march of prosperity ; nor is the inference possibly wholly erroneous. Yet I may be allowed to think that this marked advance of Ulster may, in the main, be due to causes of a very different kind—to her monopoly of Irish manufactures, to the comparative soundness of her land system, and to the circumstance that a very large part of her population were never subjected to the depressing influences which kept the mass of the peasantry elsewhere in a state of serfdom. During the last century the North of England has increased in opulence more quickly than the South ; what had race or religion to do with the matter ?

W. O'CONNOR MORRIS.

LORD FAIRFAX AT COLCHESTER.

At the meeting of the Archæological Institute at Colchester in August, there was a manifestation of such interest and of such strong feeling on the question of the execution of the two insurgent officers after the memorable siege of that town in 1648, that it seems an opportune moment to examine the various assertions, and to state the case distinctly and impartially. The excitement caused by the discussion at Colchester shows the very strong feeling that exists respecting the events of our great civil war ; a feeling which ought by all means to be encouraged, and which, as it must inevitably give rise to closer investigation and to the more careful weighing of evidence, will surely do good. Many fallacies will be exposed, and the true bearing of historical events will be more correctly appreciated. Probably some popular idols will be displaced, while the oft-repeated slanders of former times will be heard no more.

The facts which have given rise to so much argument are sufficiently well known. After the insurgent garrison of Colchester had surrendered at discretion, a court-martial tried four of its officers and condemned them to death ; and Lord Fairfax, the commander-in-chief of the besieging army, remitted the sentence on two, and confirmed it on the two others, namely Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle.

For this Lord Fairfax is accused of having barbarously committed a cold-blooded murder from the vilest motives of personal revenge. The authorities quoted for the murder are Lord Clarendon and an assertion on the tombstone in St. Giles's church at Colchester, where the condemned officers were buried. The authority for the motive is a rancorous little foot-note in the work of an obscure writer, which has been too often copied, suggesting that the General owed Lucas a grudge for having been handled very roughly by him at the battle of Marston Moor. It may be remarked, in passing, with reference to this perversion of history, that Lucas routed Lambert's regiment at Marston Moor, and was afterwards repulsed and taken prisoner by the Scottish infantry. He never encountered the victorious regiment of Sir Thomas Fairfax, fortunately for himself.

If the General had been merely an obscure soldier like Lucas or Lisle, the question would have been of slight importance. But it is no light matter that a stain should be allowed to dim the scutcheon of Thomas Fairfax. The fair fame of one of England's most honest public men and greatest generals is the property of his country, and should be guarded from the misrepresentations which strong party

feeling gives rise to. There is scarcely any character in the history of those times respecting whom more may be known than the great Lord Fairfax. His own voluminous correspondence, and that of his father and grandfather, carefully preserved by the family, and the laborious collections of his secretary Rushworth, added to the journals and notes of his chaplains, of his cousin Brian and others, lay bare every action and motive of his life, from the day when, as a boy, he fought under Lord Vere at Bois-le-duc, to the last scene at Bilbrough when, surrounded by friends, beloved and respected by both parties alike, the grave closed upon as brave and true a patriot as England ever produced. A close scrutiny may be challenged into the actions and motives of a life which are so amply recorded, and Fairfax will come forth unscathed from an ordeal which very few historical characters could bear without damage. He was a bungling politician, and far too honest and full of scruples to be a successful statesman. He was also a confused and involved writer, when Mr. Rushworth or Mr. Stretton was not at hand to correct his rough drafts. But he was an honest public servant, acting without any motive of self-interest and solely from a sense of duty. He and his father drew their swords with extreme reluctance, and not without earnest attempts to obtain a peaceful settlement. They were Royalists—their political views are on record—they fought for the rights of the parliament, and for complete liberty of conscience, under a constitutional king. This was their “good old cause” which, thanks in no small measure to their bravery and skill, after some vicissitudes, finally triumphed. Thomas Fairfax was not only an accomplished and successful general, famous alike for dauntless gallantry in the field and for his generous kindness to the vanquished, he was also a scholar and an antiquary; and we owe to his care and research the preservation of York Minster, and of the colleges and the Bodleian Library at Oxford, as well as of the valuable books and the priceless collection of Dodsworth manuscripts which now belong to the University.

The assertion that such a man committed a barbarous murder in cold blood from the basest motives must be dismissed as a vile and dishonest calumny. *Nemo repente turpissimus*. An honourable and spotless career disproves the charge. The only question that can be discussed is whether Lord Fairfax, in conscientiously discharging a painful duty, was or was not mistaken in the view he took of that duty.

In considering this point it is very important that no false issues should be allowed, and that two perfectly distinct transactions should be kept apart. Their confusion has led to much of the misunderstanding that has obscured the truth. There are two questions. The first is whether, by the terms of the capitulation, any officer of the

garrison could be tried at all. The second is whether, if they could be tried under those terms, Lord Fairfax did right in approving the sentences. It is essential that these two issues should be considered separately; for during Fairfax's life the first issue alone was raised. It was charged against him that the terms of the surrender precluded him from trying any officer of the garrison. It is a significant fact that this, and not the justice or injustice of the sentences, was the issue raised. The forfeiture of military rights by a breach of their paroles of honour on the part of the condemned officers, must have been notorious at the time, for it was the subject of a public correspondence between Lord Fairfax and one of them. Yet this, the cause of their condemnation, was carefully ignored at the time by their friends, and was denied by party writers with much hardihood, until the publication of the Fairfax correspondence placed the fact beyond doubt.

It was not the reasons which led him to confirm the sentence that Lord Fairfax was called upon to defend. It was the fact of the executions as bearing upon the terms of surrender. Unfortunately the General's defence was carelessly written nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, when his memory was failing him, and he was suffering from a complication of diseases. It is in the form of some rough notes, hastily jotted down, and never revised or corrected. These notes were not intended for publication, and are full of errors of memory. The manuscript proves at once that they were first rough drafts, intended to be shown to friends for correction. They need, therefore, every sort of allowance. The notes are headed, "Some things to be cleared during my command of the army."

He says:—

"It is fit for me in this place to say something for my own vindication about my Lord Capel, Sir Charles Lucas, and Sir George Lisle, who were prisoners at mercy upon the rendering of Colchester: *seeing some have questioned the just performance of those articles.* After four months' close siege they were compelled to surrender, and that upon mercy; and delivering upon mercy is to be understood that some are to suffer and the rest to go free. Immediately after our entrance into the town, a Council of War was called, and those fore-named persons were sentenced to die, the rest to be acquitted. This being so resolved, I thought fit notwithstanding to transmit the Lord Capel, the Lord Norwich, &c., over to the Parliament, being the civil judicature of the kingdom, and so most proper judges in their case, who were considerable for estates and families; but Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, being mere soldiers of fortune, and falling into our hands by chance of war, were executed, and in this I did nothing but according to my commission and the trust reposed in me. But it may be objected I went into the court during the trial, to which I answer, it was at the earnest request of my Lord Capel's friends, who desired me to explain there what was meant by surrendering to mercy, otherwise I had not gone, being always unsatisfied with those courts."

The above note only proves that the course of events had been forgotten by the old general, and that only a few confused impressions

remained on his mind at the time. He had not referred to any documents to refresh his memory; but if publication had been subsequently decided upon, he would, no doubt, with the aid of Mr. Rushworth, who had a complete knowledge of the ample materials at hand, have given a valuable narrative to posterity. As it is the note is full of errors and confusion. The siege, in the first place, did not last four months, but only two and a half. Secondly, Lord Capel was not tried or sentenced by the Council of War; and Lucas was not a soldier of fortune in the sense of not being "considerable for estates or family." Nor, in speaking of the court into which he went, can Fairfax allude, as the context implies, to the Council of War that condemned the officers, at which he was not present. He alludes to the High Court of Justice which tried Lord Capel long afterwards, and before which he gave evidence as to the terms of surrender. It was with the unconstitutional civil court that he was rightly "unsatisfied."

We may dismiss this unlucky note, for, as regards the terms of surrender, Lord Fairfax's case is impregnable without it. The terms are printed in Rushworth's collections. They were, that all soldiers and officers under the rank of captain should have fair quarter, and that superior officers should surrender to mercy. In reply to an inquiry, it was further explained in writing that surrendering to mercy signified surrendering without any assurance of quarter, the general being free to put some to the sword at once, and to leave others to be dealt with by Parliament. There can, therefore, be no question that the terms of surrender entitled Lord Fairfax to put any officer of the garrison on his trial. This was the only point that was raised at the time, and the only one, therefore, to which the General, in the note written in his old age, referred. There is no shadow of pretence for accusing him of any breach of the terms of surrender.

The second question, whether he was justified in confirming the sentences, is far more important. Fortunately his reasons were stated clearly enough, though very briefly, in his letter to the Speaker of the House of Lords, dated the 28th of August, 1648. They are,—

1. "The satisfaction of military justice.
2. "Avenge for innocent blood they have caused to be spilt, and the trouble, damage, and mischief they have brought upon the town, this country, and the kingdom."

The question immediately arises, what crime had been committed for which military justice demanded satisfaction? The answer is at hand. In the case of Sir Charles Lucas, that officer had broken his parole of honour to the General not again to fight against the Parliament. At the commencement of the siege, Lord Fairfax warned

him that he had "forfeited his parole, his honour, and faith, being a prisoner on parole, and therefore was not capable of command or trust in martial affairs."¹ It was long maintained by the partisans of Lucas, that this statement of Lord Fairfax was untrue. Morant, in his "History of Essex," asks when Lucas was ever a prisoner on parole; and adds that it behoves the admirers of Lord Fairfax to explain his letter to Sir Charles. Lord de Grey, in a Memoir of Lucas, even denies that Lord Fairfax can have made the accusation. He argues that because Sprigg, who was Fairfax's chaplain, spoke of Lucas as a soldier of valour and reputation, in a book published in 1647, therefore he cannot have forfeited that character by breaking his parole in 1648!

But these arguments are now exploded. The letter of Lord Fairfax, telling Lucas that he had broken his word of honour, is still extant, as well as the reply of Lucas, in which he distinctly admits that he had given that parole, although he claims to have been freed from it subsequently, because he had compounded for his estates. He says,—

"You make exceptions concerning me as being a prisoner *still* unto your lordship. Sir, I wonder you should question me of any such engagement, since I purchased my freedom and estate at a high rate by a great sum of money, which I paid into Goldsmiths' Hall, for which, according to the ordinances of the two Houses, I was to enjoy my freedom and estate. When I conceived myself in that condition I sent a letter to your secretary, desiring him to advertise your lordship that I had punctually performed my engagements as they stood in relation to your lordship. Upon which I had notice from him that you accepted of my respects to you."

Lucas thus acknowledges that he had given his parole, but claims that the payment of a composition for his estates had since freed him from it. He also seems to insinuate that he had declared to Lord Fairfax that he was freed from his promise when he paid the fine. He may, as he says, have sent a message to the effect that he had up to that time performed his engagements; but he cannot have announced that he no longer intended to perform them. Had he done so, he would certainly have been arrested at once. His parole was exacted that he might not again take arms against the Parliament. He afterwards got back his estates from the civil power, with freedom to enjoy them, on payment of a fine, and on undertaking to live peaceably under the existing Government. How he could have conceived that his agreement with the civil power could have been intended to free him from his engagement with the General, when he was admitted to both with exactly the same object—namely, to bind him not again to break the peace—it is impossible to imagine. Far from giving him freedom from his engagement with the General, his composition increased the obliga-

(1) Rushworth, vii. p. 1160.

tion by binding him also by another engagement with the civil power. His excuse was obviously absurd ; but the fact of his having given his parole of honour not again to serve is proved by his own admission. This, however, is not needed. The facts are on record elsewhere. After being taken prisoner at Marston Moor, he must have been regularly exchanged, for we find him serving Charles again as Governor of Berkeley Castle. Finally, he was defeated and taken prisoner, with Sir Jacob Astley, at Stow-in-the-Wold, one of the last actions of the war, on the 23rd of March, 1646. He must then have given his parole of honour, with Sir Jacob and the other officers, not to serve again in arms against the Parliament. The parole, as Mr. Bell rightly says, is an inevitable corollary from the fact of having been taken in arms and subsequently liberated. The gallant old veteran, Sir Jacob Astley, remarked to his captors, "Gentlemen, you may now sit down and play, for you have done all your work, if you fall not out among yourselves."

The case of Sir George Lisle was exactly similar. He was Governor of Farringdon, and was included in the articles for the surrender of Oxford, signed on the 24th of June, 1646, which were granted on condition that the officers did not again take arms against the Parliament. He did not adopt Lucas's excuse, that he was freed from his word because he had paid a fine to recover his estates. Probably Lisle had no estates, as he is said to have been of humble origin : so that, according to the view of Sir Charles Lucas, he himself was freed from keeping his word because he had estates to compound for, while his brother officer was still bound by his word because he had no estates. This is the logical deduction, and shows the untenable nature of his excuse.

Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle had broken their paroles of honour given to Lord Fairfax, and that General considered it his duty to confirm the sentence that they should suffer death, in satisfaction of military justice.

The other two condemned officers were Colonel Farre, who was accused of desertion from the army of the Parliament, and an Italian adventurer named Guasconi, who was tried for bearing arms against a Government with which his sovereign was at peace. Lord Fairfax considered it unnecessary to carry the sentences on the two latter officers into execution, and they were consequently remitted.

Although the two officers broke their paroles, an endeavour has been made to sustain the charge of murder against Lord Fairfax by alleging that, nevertheless, they were not executed for that offence. This position rests upon the fact that in the version of the finding of the Council of War as given by Carter, the insurgent quartermaster-general who wrote an account of the siege, the specific charges are not stated. But we have to do with the General's reasons for con-

firming the sentence, not with the sentence itself. The considerations which led the officers who formed the Council of War to record that sentence do not affect his conduct. It is perfectly clear that Lord Fairfax felt it to be his duty to confirm the sentence, because the two officers had broken their paroles of honour. The General's whole course of conduct from the first breaking out of the insurrection proves this beyond doubt. Early in the previous June, when at Canterbury, he proclaimed a complete amnesty except for such as had broken their paroles of honour. On arriving before Colchester one of his first acts was to warn Sir Charles Lucas that, as he had broken his word, he was unworthy of trust in martial affairs. Throughout the siege he showed the same determination, steadily refusing to listen to any terms but surrender to mercy, intending to except those who had placed themselves beyond the pale of military law. After the surrender he immediately selected for trial those, and those only, who had made themselves amenable to martial law. Moreover, the attempts of Lucas and Lisle to escape during the siege, prove that they knew themselves to be in a position different from that of their brother officers.

Another suggestion, with a view to maintaining the charge against Lord Fairfax, is that the executions were not for a breach of faith on the part of the two officers, but to carry into effect an Act of Parliament passed the 20th June, 1648, which declared that all who made war against the Government were traitors, and ordering that they should be proceeded against as such. The above considerations completely refute this theory. The General, of course, had no power to try any one for treason, and he did not. He tried those, and those only, whose offences made them amenable to martial law. All the rest received quarter, and it was left for the civil courts to decide whether or not they had committed the crime of treason.

It is clear, then, that Lord Fairfax was fully justified, by the terms of the surrender, in trying these officers for their lives; and it is also certain that he approved the sentences of the court-martial, because Lucas and Lisle were found in arms after having given him their paroles of honour not again to serve against the Parliament.

But though the justice of Lord Fairfax's decision has been established, it may still be a question whether there was any necessity for exacting the full penalty, and whether this was not a case for a display of generosity on the part of the conqueror.

No general of that age ever showed a greater desire to mitigate the evils of war than Fairfax. Many and many were the families which he saved from ruin by securing for them a reasonable composition. At Bristol, at Exeter, at Oxford, the conditions he granted were exceptionally lenient and generous. They gave occasion for murmuring and complaint among the more zealous partisans of the Parliament. No

man changes the whole tenor of his life of a sudden and without reason. There must, therefore, have been some strong motive for the sterner line of conduct which he adopted at Colchester. In little more than a year, from April 1645 to June 1646, Fairfax had organized and disciplined a new army, had utterly broken the power of the enemy in a great pitched battle, and had by a succession of sieges, rapid marches, and decisive victories, put an end to a disastrous civil war, and restored peace. He had thus performed a great service to his country. He believed that the settlement of the nation might now be proceeded with by negotiation, and that peace would, after a long and disastrous period of commotion, at length bring back prosperity to England.

But the means by which he had secured this end were the promises of the captured officers not to serve again in arms against the Government. If those promises were kept the war could not well be renewed, for an army could not take the field without officers. But if the officers who had given their words of honour not again to take arms, proved faithless, all the horrors of war would again spread devastation over the land. This is what Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle had done; and they did not stand alone. Others, even including Sir Thomas Glemham, the former governor of Oxford, were following their example. If honour would not restrain them, it was absolutely necessary, for the security of peace, that a severe example should be made. The maintenance of the peace, so lately restored, demanded that a heavy penalty should be exacted for breaking a parole of honour.

Painful as it must necessarily have been to a man so exceptionally humane and generous as Lord Fairfax, he was, therefore, bound by considerations of duty to his country to confirm the sentences of death on Lucas and Lisle. The event proved that this decision was as politic as it was just. Others who had risen in arms almost immediately disappeared, or escaped beyond seas. The object was fully attained, and peace was restored to the land.

Yet I would be the last man to speak harshly of the two officers who suffered. We may venerate Washington, while we admire and respect the gallantry of Major André. We may concur in the justice and necessity of Fairfax's decision, while we applaud the chivalry and devotion of the officers he condemned to death. Sir Charles Lucas, although Lord Clarendon describes him as a man of an ill understanding and a rough and proud nature, was a gentleman of property, who had devoted his life to a cause which he believed to be right. Sir George Lisle had done the same. They were gallant soldiers who risked their all without a thought for their own interests. We may fairly believe that they, by some specious reasoning, were persuaded that they had been freed from their

promise to the General, and that they did not consciously forfeit their honour. They died as they had lived, like true-hearted gentlemen. Their friends have dishonoured them by cutting a truculent falsehood on their grave-stone. The venerator of the great Lord Fairfax honours the memory of those unfortunate officers whom it was that General's painful but imperative duty to condemn to death.

An excited orator at Colchester declared that now, as then, if need be, thousands of swords would fly from their scabbards in defence of their Queen. Certainly! but they would be fighting the fight of Fairfax, not that of Lucas. They would be fighting for a Queen whose claim is based on the Act of Settlement and on the love of her people, not for divine right and perfidious despotism. The cause for which Lucas fought is dead and buried. The good old cause for which Fairfax drew his sword has triumphed, and we trust will live while this nation continues to exist. It is worthy of note that our present dynasty descends from that Queen of Bohemia who would have been deserted in her utmost need by her selfish father, had not the people of England indignantly insisted upon help being sent to her. Then Vere and Essex and Fairfax and Sheffield, and many others whose names are known as soldiers of the Parliament, hurried to the Rhine; and William and John Fairfax fell gloriously at Frankenthal, fighting in her defence. Prince Rupert remembered this when he occupied Denton Hall, the seat of the Fairfaxes, on his march to York, and he gave orders that their house should not be injured.

The descendant of that lady for whom the Fairfaxes fought and died is now Queen of England. That civil and religious liberty for which the Fairfaxes drew their swords is now firmly established. The great General died in the dark days of the second Charles, but the words of confident hope that he spoke a little while before his death were prophetic. He said, "I hope that God will one day clear this cause we undertook, so far as concerns his honour and the integrity of such as faithfully served Him; for I cannot believe that such wonderful successes have been given in vain, and, though cunning and deceitful men must take shame to themselves, the purposes and determinations of God shall have a happy effect, to his glory and the comfort of his people."

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

STEPHEN'S DIGEST OF THE LAW OF EVIDENCE.¹

THERE is a growing opinion among persons interested in the formal improvement of English law, that the chief if not the only likelihood of getting anything considerable accomplished in that direction is, for the present, in private enterprise. Parliament cares very little about the matter, and the public for the most part knows so little that it may be practically said to care not at all; nor is any one likely to take it up on public grounds until it has been shown by example, so far as the example of private and unofficial exposition can show it, that the undertaking is desirable and practicable. Such an example is now supplied by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen in his *Digest of the Law of Evidence*, which is an experiment now tried for the first time in the application of the method of the Indian Codes to the matter of English law, such as it exists at home. The Indian Evidence Act (I. of 1872) was the fruit of Mr. Stephen's work as Legal Member of Council. It is in the main founded upon the English law of evidence, and on the whole represents its principles; but it departs from it, for various reasons, in several points, and some of them are important. An Evidence Act for England was projected by the late Government, and a Bill was actually drafted by Mr. Stephen, but never proceeded with. Hence the origin of the present work, whose object, however, is to state the law such as it is now found. The advantages of stating it in a concise and definite form are maintained by Mr. Stephen, as against the advocates of the so-called elasticity of the common law, in an introduction to one or two special points of which we may recur later in this article. Certainly this elasticity is a word of great virtue, and covers a multitude of confusions. "The rottenness gives it elasticity," says the warden of the decaying sea wall in Peacock's admirable tale, with manifest allusion to the British Constitution and the Reform Bill; and the commendation seems to me about as appropriate in the one case as in the other. The business of a civilised system of law is to furnish a standard and measure of legal duties. Do we praise a foot-rule for being elastic? or is a pendulum the better for being sensitive to changes of temperature? But the general question of codification has been excellently treated by Mr. Stephen himself; let us forbear from this, and turn to his present work.

The differences in detail between this *Digest* and the Indian Evidence Act are by the nature of the case considerable. We are

(1) "A Digest of the Law of Evidence." By James Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C. London: Macmillan & Co., 1876.

here dealing with the law of England, and that not as any particular theory of legislation might wish it to be, nor even as a draftsman, armed with a discretion to omit obsolete enactments and decide minor unsettled questions, might desire it, if only for the sake of neatness, to appear, but just as it is upon the existing authorities. There is only one point, however, on which there is any real difference of principle; and this is important enough to call for special discussion.

The second chapter of the Indian Evidence Act is entitled, "Of the Relevancy of Facts." In all but the very simplest cases it is necessary to give evidence of facts which are not themselves the facts in issue. It is equally necessary to have some understood limit set, either by legislation or by tradition and precedent, to the kinds of facts which, not being themselves in issue, may be received as part of the elements for decision. The question thus arising may be shortly put in the form, What facts are relevant? The commoner English usage is to speak of such and such facts being or not being evidence for particular purposes; but this carries with it an ambiguity in the meaning of the word evidence which must obviously be cut off if our language on the subject is to have any reasonable amount of exactness. The Indian Act, then, answers this question in the chapter above mentioned by laying down rules as to the relevancy of facts which stand in various particular relations to facts in issue or other facts known to be relevant. It also propounds a general theory of relevancy in the seventh and eleventh sections, which are as follows:—

"7. Facts which are the occasion, cause, or effect, immediate or otherwise, of relevant facts or facts in issue, or which constitute the state of things under which they happened, or which afforded an opportunity for their occurrence or transaction, are relevant.

11. Facts not otherwise relevant are relevant:—

- (1.) If they are inconsistent with any fact in issue or relevant fact;
- (2.) If by themselves or in connection with other facts they make the existence or non-existence of any fact in issue or relevant fact highly probable or improbable."

The theory on which these sections are founded is set forth by Mr. Stephen in the introduction to his English edition of the Act; and the general principle is stated to be, in effect, that all facts are relevant to one another which appear to be links in the same chain of consequence: "Facts may be regarded as relevant which can be shown to stand either in the relation of cause or in the relation of effect to the fact to which they are said to be relevant." Mr. George Clifford Whitworth, of the Bombay Civil Service, has lately criticized this theory in an ingenious and able pamphlet, and the frank acceptance of his criticism by Mr. Stephen enables us to enjoy the contemplation, as gratifying as it is rare, of a controversy which has

ended in a real advancement of knowledge, and in a manner perfectly satisfying and honourable to both parties. Mr. Whitworth points out that the theory as enunciated omits a collateral relation of facts which may be quite as important as the lineal one. Facts may be relevant to one another not only when they are links in the same chain, but when they are links in two chains having a common link in some other part of their length; that is, when they are effects of the same cause or causes of the same effect. It is not the case, however, that facts are always relevant when they answer this description. For there are many facts of a general kind, such as the known uniformities of nature, whose occurrence in a sequence of events can afford no ground for inference as to whether any other particular fact does or does not occur as another link in the same sequence, or as a link in another sequence branching from it.

"Thus there are four classes of facts which aid in determining a fact in issue:—

- (1.) Any part of the fact alleged, or any fact implied by the fact alleged.
- (2.) Any cause of the fact.
- (3.) Any effect of the fact.
- (4.) Any fact having a common cause with the fact in issue.

And it is not the whole of these facts that are of use. Some facts connected with the fact in issue in one of the four ways mentioned may be of a general nature, existing whether or not the fact in issue happened, and therefore indicating nothing as to whether it happened or not. For example: A. is charged with the murder of B. by pushing him over a precipice. Here the fall of B. to the ground after he was pushed over is as much a cause of his death as the pushing over, and as much an effect of the push as his death is. But gravitation is a general fact and exists all the same whether B. went over the precipice or not, and proof of it is therefore needless."

Again, other facts may be specifically connected with the fact in issue, "but with such a very slight bearing upon it that their probative force is quite insignificant." Hence Mr. Whitworth limits his doctrine by the proviso that "no fact is relevant to another unless it makes the existence of that other more likely." And he states it, as thus limited, in the following series of rules.

"Rule I. No fact is relevant which does not make the existence of a fact in issue more likely or unlikely, and that to such a degree as the judge considers will aid him in deciding the issue.

Rule II. Subject to Rule I., the following facts are relevant:—

- (1.) Facts which are part of, or which are implied by, a fact in issue; or which show the absence of what might be expected as a part of, or would seem to be implied by, a fact in issue.
- (2.) Facts which are a cause, or which show the absence of what might be expected as a cause, of a fact in issue.
- (3.) Facts which are an effect, or which show the absence of what might be expected as an effect, of a fact in issue.
- (4.) Facts which are an effect of a cause, or which show the absence of what might be expected as an effect of a cause, of a fact in issue.

Rule III. Facts which affirm or deny the relevancy of facts alleged to be relevant under Rule II. are relevant.

Rule IV. Facts relevant to relevant facts are relevant."

He then goes through all the illustrations appended to the sections of the Indian Evidence Act which treat of relevancy,¹ and shows that every one of the cases there dealt with falls within his general rules; whereas it is hard to bring some of them within the general definition of the Act, although they are covered by the text of the more specific sections to which they belong. In short, his position is of this kind. The Act seems intended to lay down general propositions giving a complete theory of relevancy, and also to make especial provision for a certain number of the particular forms of relevancy which have been found in judicial experience to be most important. These more specific propositions, whose establishment was, of course, prior in point of time to the treatment of the subject as a whole, and was in fact required in order to make such treatment possible, will nevertheless appear in a complete exposition as applications of the more general principle, chosen to be thus expressed in detail either for greater convenience in use or by way of abundant caution. But in the Act, Mr. Whitworth says, the general principle as stated does not cover the specific provisions, and he states it in a new form which does fulfil this requirement. He likewise observes that, without some such limitation as that given by him in his first rule, the Court may find itself compelled to admit evidence which manifestly has no bearing on the question at issue.

Mr. Stephen, adopting in substance Mr. Whitworth's view, has in the present Digest recast the general statements as to the relevancy of facts, and they stand thus:—

“Art. 2. Evidence may be given in any action of the existence or non-existence of any fact in issue, and of any fact relevant to any fact in issue, and of no others.

The judge may exclude evidence of facts which, though relevant to the issue, appear to him too remote to be material under all the circumstances of the case.

Art. 9. Facts, whether in issue or not, are relevant to each other, when one is, or probably may be, or probably may have been—

the cause of the other ;

the effect of the other ;

an effect of the same cause ;

a cause of the same effect ;

or when the one shows that the other must or cannot have occurred, or probably does or did exist, or not ;

or that any fact does or did exist, or not, which in the common course of events would either have caused or have been caused by the other ; provided that such facts do not fall within the exclusive rules contained in Chapters iii., iv., v., vi., or that they do fall within the exceptions to those rules contained in those chapters.”

The proviso seems designed to meet another objection incidentally

(1) It is to be remembered that these illustrations are a substantive part of the law, and of equal authority with the text.

put forward by Mr. Whitworth, who remarks that, while in the corresponding part of the Indian Act "relevant" means logically relevant, it is afterwards used without warning, in a more limited sense, to denote what is admissible in evidence: many things being *relevant* in the first sense which are not *admissible*.

There can be little doubt, I think, that this is an improvement on the language of the Indian Act; but it appears to me to be still open to criticism on the ground of not carrying out its object in a consistent manner. That object is to give a general and at the same time a definite account of the various marks by which one fact may be known to be relevant to another. The ninth article gives us four such marks, and so far well; but then we have this addition:—

"Or when the one shows that the other must or cannot have occurred, or probably does or did exist, or not."

And surely the effect of these words is nothing else than to relegate us to the unconscious logic of common sense which it was the office of the definition to unravel. Mr. Stephen himself says in his note that the general principle "might no doubt be expressed very shortly by saying that every fact is relevant to every other, if it affects in any definite way the probability of its occurrence. This, however, would throw no light on the question how facts affect the probability of the occurrence of other facts." But now what says the text? It tells us that there are four defined ways in which "facts affect the probability of the occurrence of other facts," and also an undefined number of undefined ways, coinciding to an undefined extent with those already named. In truth, instead of choosing between a scientific analysis and a popular general statement, it gives us both at once; and we are left to guess as best we can how much more, if anything, is meant to be included in the popular form of the proposition than in the exact one. This objection is less applicable to Mr. Whitworth's rules. But his first rule, which limits the definition by showing what is *not* relevant, is a practical abandonment of the scientific form of the others; and in dealing with the illustrations of the Evidence Act he seems to assume once or twice the converse of this rule, namely that a fact *is* relevant which (to the intuitive judgment of common sense, and to an appreciable extent) makes the existence of a fact in issue more likely or unlikely. The grounds on which the judgment of common sense proceeds may perhaps be capable in every case of being exhibited in terms of the more definite rules; but then it should be made clear, even to superfluity, that the definite rules are of themselves sufficient.

Or is it felt that after all it may not be quite safe to trust the logical rule to cover everything without the help of more largely and loosely framed additions? Notwithstanding all that has been

done by Mill and others to elucidate the nature of inductive proof, it is still quite possible to doubt whether the process of inference can be completely and accurately expressed in any formal canons; and it may be wise to leave room for this doubt in an exposition of the logical rules which is intended for men's practical guidance. If such is the intention, however, it would be more clearly shown by some such re-arrangement of Mr. Stephen's ninth article as follows:—

Facts, whether in issue or not, are relevant to each other—

when the one shows that the other must or cannot have occurred, or probably does or did exist, or not;

or that any fact does or did exist, or not, which in the common course of events would either have caused or have been caused by the other; and in particular when one is, or probably may be, or probably may have been—

the cause of the other;

the effect of the other;

an effect of the same cause;

a cause of the same effect;

provided, &c.

But I find myself compelled to go beyond any suggestion of verbal and logical amendments. I think it extremely doubtful whether the logical theory of proof, which is common to all knowledge, should appear as part of the Law of Evidence at all, though I fully agree with Mr. Stephen that one cannot understand the law of evidence without some previous understanding of the nature of proof in general. Legislation affecting the tenure of land is very likely to do more harm than good unless it is guided by sound economic knowledge, nor can its objects and effect be appreciated without such knowledge; but who would think of incorporating the economic definition of rent in an Agricultural Holdings Act? Again, there can be no inheritance without death, and the fact of death must be proved; but the physiological definition of death is certainly no part of the law of succession. It appears to me that a legal text-writer, and still more a legislator, should confine himself as much as possible to the questions proper to his own science, and avoid mixing up the substance of the law with propositions which belong to other branches of knowledge, or are common to all alike. If the Law of Evidence is to embody the canons of inductive logic to the extent of Mr. Whitworth's Rules or Mr. Stephen's ninth article, I do not see why it should stop short of giving a complete exposition of them, and landing us, perhaps, in the thick of a purely metaphysical controversy on the true meaning of Cause.

Mr. Stephen refers to a late case of *Reg. v. Parbhudas*,¹ in the

(1) *Law Journal*, May 27, 1876.

High Court of Bombay, as showing that the eleventh section of the Indian Evidence Act requires to be limited in some such way as he has now followed in the Digest. In that case several prisoners were charged with forgery. There were found in the possession of some of them a number of blank stamp papers, documents purporting to be deeds signed by various persons, and other things of the like sort, all appearing, as matter of ordinary judgment and inference, to be the stock in trade of systematic and habitual forgers. These facts were held not admissible, notwithstanding the general wording of Section 11 of the Act, which was held to be restrained by a presumable intention, to be gathered from other more specific sections, not to go beyond the English law. Section 54, in particular, expressly makes a previous conviction relevant; but nothing is said about facts from which a previous offence may be inferred. The papers and documents in this case were *prima facie* evidence of a great number of other offences of the same kind as that in issue. But the rule remained, it was said, that evidence of crime A. is not admissible in order to prove a cognate but unconnected crime B; and the rule, though severely tried in this case, must be maintained. Mr. Justice West's judgment has thus established a judicial construction of the general terms of the Act which will have to be dealt with whenever the Act is revised. The question presents itself whether a revised definition of relevancy in the form of Mr. Stephen's ninth article would suffice. The court has to decide whether A. forged a particular document; the prosecution offers to show that A. had in his possession, about the time of the alleged offence, a great number of forged documents in various stages of completeness. Is it possible to say that this body of facts is not relevant within the definition as being an "effect of the same cause" as the forgery in issue? Both would be effects, and that in an obvious and direct manner, of A.'s making a trade of forgery. Still less could these facts be excluded as not making the fact in issue more or less likely; for no reasonable man, considering the case for any extrajudicial purpose, could help giving much weight to them. A case of this sort can of course be provided for by an express exception. Mr. Stephen's next article runs thus:

"Art. 10. *Similar but Unconnected Facts.* The occurrence of a fact similar to, but not specifically connected in any of the ways hereinbefore mentioned with, the facts in issue, is not to be regarded as relevant to the existence of such facts, except in the cases specially excepted in this chapter."

The language of this as it stands might possibly be held to cover such a case as *Reg. v. Parbhudas*, and very slight changes in the text, with perhaps one or two additional illustrations, would place it beyond a doubt.

But a real instance of difficulty like this tends, I think, to

strengthen the argument for treating the general definition of relevancy as a matter not for enactment, but for unofficial instruction and discussion. If safeguards are wanted for the rules of evidence as they are now found in practice, they should be specifically provided. And I venture to suggest that it would be an improvement if the definition of relevancy were given in the text only in some such popular form as is supplied by the latter part of Mr. Stephen's ninth article, the specific rules increased in number, if necessary, and the discussion of the theory in its general form confined to a note or appendix, as being a matter not of law but of logic.

It may be said, however, that an Evidence Act has or may have to be administered by people who are new to logic as well as to law, so that a wise legislator will give them both together at the risk of some scientific or artistic imperfection, or even of practical difficulties in a few exceptional cases. As regards India this consideration is obviously entitled to great weight. In England the question might be a nice one, but it would lead us too far to enter upon it in this place.

This matter has been dwelt on at some length, not only as being important in itself, but because it very well illustrates the kind of questions which present themselves when one attempts to express the more general principles of the law in a systematic form. As for the difficulty of applying this process to the more limited rules which are the ordinary instruments of forensic and judicial thought, I agree with Mr. Stephen that it is very much overrated. It is a work, of course, that demands care and skill, and for the most part no small trouble and patience in verifying and comparing the authorities at first hand. But this book shows that it can be effectually done. It is possible for a critical reader to desire, especially from the point of view of an equity lawyer, that some things had been more fully brought out; it is difficult, for example, to see why the peculiar rule which, in cases of a gift made to a person holding a position of authority or influence over the giver, throws on the receiver the burden of proving that the gift was freely made, should not have an article to itself instead of being left to be implied from an illustration; and this rule is in fact expressed in a distinct section (Section 111) of the Indian Evidence Act. Observations of this kind, however, go to the scale and proportions of the undertaking. The actual workmanship is on the whole singularly free from defects. It would be hard to find a severer test of it than in the rule as to estoppel by conduct (Art. 102 of the Digest) which has been gradually constructed by several modern decisions, and may be taken as among the most characteristic specimens of the good side of our case-law. Mr. Stephen gives this rule in two paragraphs which, at all events when taken with the illustrations, are perfectly clear, and which an

examination of the authorities shows to be unimpeachable except in a single phrase.¹

The general effect of the method here adopted from the Indian Act is not only to make the subject as a whole intelligible to laymen who may desire to acquaint themselves with it, but to bring out the leading points with a clearness and certainty in which the professional reader, accustomed to the long-drawn indecision of the text-books, will find exceeding comfort, and the student in search of instruction a far more ready and congenial guide than has hitherto been provided for him. Another important use of systematic arrangement is, as Mr. Stephen points out in his introduction, that if we consider it simply as a method of exposition, it affords the means of estimating at their true worth the real substantial merits of English law. Bentham's destructive criticism has done its work in removing most of the absurdities which formerly disfigured the law of evidence, and if his books are partly forgotten it is because, as Mr. Stephen happily says, they are "like exploded shells, buried under the ruins which they have made." And Bentham's habit of undervaluing what was really good in the system he criticized now survives in very few quarters. There has arisen from quite another side, however, a school or sect of legal study which is prone to do scant justice to the law of England in another way. Much has been and is said, with many degrees of reasonableness and unreasonableness, on the study of Roman law, and not unfrequently it is said or implied that the Roman system, either as we find it in the *Corpus Juris*, or as it is recast in the treatises of modern writers, is in some way superior to our own, and to be taken as a model. On this point Mr. Stephen's warning is so much to the purpose that I feel bound to cite it in his own words:—

"It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of these studies, but their nature and use is liable to be misunderstood. The history of the Roman law no doubt throws great light on the history of our own law; and the comparison of the two great bodies of law, under one or the other of which the laws of the civilised world may be classified, cannot fail to be in every way most instructive, but the history of bygone institutions is valuable mainly because it enables us to understand, and so to improve, existing institutions. It would be a complete mistake to suppose either that the Roman law is in substance wiser than our own, or that in point of arrangement and method the *Institutes* and the *Digest* are anything but warnings. The pseudo-philosophy of the *Institutes* and the confusion of the *Digest* are to my mind infinitely more objectionable than the absence of arrangement and of all general theories, good or bad, which distinguish the law of England."

(1) I am not satisfied with the words "*intentionally causes or permits* another person to believe a thing to be true;" for they do not cover the case of conduct not meant to produce a belief, but which might appear to a reasonable man to be so meant, and is reasonably taken and acted upon in that sense. I think an additional clause or an explanation is wanted. If "permits" were read apart from "intentionally" as the article stands, it would make the rule on the other hand too wide.

The truth is that the Roman law was essentially a body of case-law, formed, indeed, for the most part not by judicial decisions but by extrajudicial opinions, and having a striking resemblance to our own in the main features of its growth. At the time when the very crude and hasty consolidation effected by Justinian's commissioners, who often did not understand the authorities they were handling, produced the Pandects and the Code, the Roman citizen or lawyer was subject to all, and more than all, the disadvantages of the modern Englishman. There was the same formless abundance of material, and there was not the regulating and classifying influence of judicial precedent. As for the Digest, I have no hesitation in affirming that Fisher's Digest is an infinitely better performance both for method and for utility; and if nobody proposes to give that excellent book the force of law, to the exclusion of the Reports on which it is founded, that only proves that our notions of legal science are much in advance of Justinian's.

The reason why the comparative study of the laws of England and of Rome is eminently instructive is not that the Roman system has a different kind of merit from our own, but that it has the same kind of merits and defects. The way of thinking of the great Roman lawyers, after allowing for what may be called differences of local colour, is wonderfully like that of English judges, both when they go right and when they go astray. The fallacy of supposing Roman law to be substantially or scientifically better than our own is due, I believe, partly to limited comparisons in departments where local accidents have had peculiar results, partly to the fact that there are no good elementary books on the civil law of England as a whole, whereas the labour and ingenuity of modern German writers have provided several upon that of Rome.¹

Besides making clear the general merits of the law of England, Mr. Stephen's plan of definite and systematic statement likewise calls attention in the most effective way to the points where it is in need of amendment. The text-books have infinite devices for gliding over anomalies and softening down absurdities; they feed us with introductory phrases and soothing particles, with the largely significant "but," the charitable "perhaps," the modest "it seems," and the still more delicate "it should seem." There is much to be learnt from the bareness of a categorical enunciation. Article 91 of this Digest, for instance, tells us that if the language of a document "applies in part but not with accuracy to surrounding circumstances," the Court may draw inferences from surrounding circumstances as to the

(1) Sundry things I have asserted in the last two paragraphs may be startling at first sight. As it is impossible to give the reasons here, I can only say that the opinions thus expressed are neither new nor unconsidered.

meaning of the document, but may not receive evidence of any statement made by the author of the document as to the intention of the language used. The next paragraph of the same article tells us that "if the language of the document, though plain in itself, applies equally well to more objects than one, evidence may be given both of surrounding circumstances and of statements made by any party to the document as to his intentions in reference to the matter to which the document relates." Such is the rule established by the cases; but can any good reason be given for admitting declarations of intention in the one state of things and excluding them in the other? Mr. Stephen thinks not; and his opinion is borne out by a remark made by Lord Selborne two years ago, in addressing the House of Lords on a very curious and difficult case, in which the exclusive rule was applied. Again, it will startle many persons to learn that the following article represents the settled practice of our Courts:

"When a witness is cross-examined, he may . . . be asked any questions which tend—

(1.) To test his accuracy, veracity, or credibility; or

(2.) To shake his credit, by injuring his character.

He may be compelled to answer any such question, however irrelevant it may be to the facts in issue, and however disgraceful the answer may be to himself, except in the case provided for in Article 120 (namely, where the answer might expose him to a criminal charge or a penalty)."

This is illustrated by an extreme instance, which in fact happened in the course of the late trial of Orton. On this Mr. Stephen observes in his note:

"Suppose, for instance, a medical man were called to prove the fact that a slight wound had been inflicted, and had been attended to by him, would it be lawful, under pretence of testing his credit, to compel him to answer upon oath a series of questions as to his private affairs, extending over many years, and tending to expose transactions of the most delicate and secret kind in which the fortune and character of other persons might be involved? If this is the law, it should be altered."

The Indian Evidence Act gives a discretion to the Court as to allowing questions of this kind; and probably few reasonable persons will be found to maintain that we should not do well to follow the example.

Another point which must not pass without mention is the remarkable improvement in the exposition of the statute law relating to evidence. The Acts affecting various parts of the subject have been sometimes ill-drawn, and almost always ill-arranged or devoid of arrangement. One in particular, 14 & 15 Vict. c. 99, is a real curiosity of confusion. Those parts of it which concern the law of

evidence are distributed through half-a-dozen different articles of Mr. Stephen's book; and at one point four sections, framed on the favourite plan of *exhaustio per enumerationem simplicem*,¹ are condensed with great advantage into a single paragraph. Several other enactments are materially shortened and elucidated, partly by omitting matter which becomes unnecessary when the substance of the law is presented in its appropriate context, partly by direct amendment of the language.

To sum up: this experiment of Mr. Stephen's is likely on all accounts to be a highly valuable one. If the book is found useful and successful in practice, as for my own part I doubt not that it will be, a real step will at once be gained in the cause of the rational and orderly arrangement of our law, for which Mr. Stephen has lifted up his voice, too often in the wilderness, these many years past. In any case it is an example which must be fruitful sooner or later. The immediate uses of the book as an instrument of legal education, and as a store of information for laymen, are likewise considerable, but of less ultimate interest.

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

(1) For example: you may say in one section that it is an offence to strike a man with an oak stick, in another that it is an offence to strike him with an ash stick, and in a third that it is an offence to strike him with any other kind of stick; provided always that a ground ash, bamboo cane, horsewhip, or any other instrument in the nature of a stick, shall be deemed to be a stick within the meaning of this Act. Or you may have, if you please, an interpretation clause to make "stick" mean and include ground ash, cane, &c. Finally you may bethink yourself, after a few years, that striking with or without a stick might as well be made an offence too. Then you enact accordingly, and leave the whole tale of clauses on the statute-book, or still better, you re-enact them all, and call the thing a Consolidation Act; for if you set about really consolidating, who knows but you might incautiously repeal something material? This is hardly an exaggeration of some of the performances to which our Legislature has committed itself even of late years.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE capital defect of the plan of campaign adopted by the Servians has had results that might have been foreseen. Instead of concentrating the forces at their disposal at a single spot where they might have gained an important success, they dispersed them in four different directions, and so found themselves too weak at each point to penetrate Turkish territory. Their offensive campaign rapidly became defensive. The principal army, commanded by Tchernayeff, at first attempted to turn Nish, thus forcing the Turks to fall back on Sofia, on pain of being cut off from their base of operations; but the plan failed. The Turks were not shaken in their position. Tchernayeff no doubt found himself too weak to gain a decisive victory, and after a prolonged inaction on the side of Pirot and Ak Palanka, which he had occupied, he was forced to return into Servia to bar the road against the advance of the Turkish army. He took a position on the Upper Timok, he had even thrown up entrenchments, but after several days' struggle in the neighbourhood of Kujazevatz, his lieutenant, Horvatovitch, was driven back, and the Servian positions carried by Abdul Kerim, who slowly advanced towards the Morava valley.

Towards the Danube, Leschanin had defended Saitschar with the greatest bravery; he had repulsed with admirable firmness the repeated attacks of the enemy, superior as they were in numbers; but the Turks having crossed the Timok after the defeat of Horvatovitch's division, Leschanin was obliged to evacuate Saitschar in order to avoid being cut off, and so the Turks were able to advance without a blow. Tchernayeff, appointed commander-in-chief, with another Russian officer, Becker, as chief of the staff, at length decided to concentrate his forces for the defence of the Morava Valley. He took up a strong position at Alexinat. This has been the scene of an obstinate conflict. Ahmed Eyoob made a vigorous attempt to storm, but was driven back with heavy losses. Horvatovitch, with a body of ten thousand troops, marched down the Morava Valley, and came on the rear of the Turkish right. The Turkish right was thus placed between Horvatovitch and Tchernayeff, and was driven out; a union was effected between the two divisions of the Servian forces. On the 23rd, the Servians made a vigorous sally from Alexinat, drove the Turks back along the whole line, and retook the heights on the left bank of the river. These successes have real importance, both for the influence they will have upon negotiations for peace, and for the memory which they will leave to inspire the Servian people when they next repeat the attack of 1876.

The Montenegrins were more fortunate in the opening of the campaign. Prince Nikita inflicted a complete defeat on the army of Mukhtar near Bilek, and Mukhtar was only saved by the speed of his horse. The Turkish army was blockaded near Trebigne, and seems to be in a critical position. It is not impossible, however, so far as we can judge, that the Montenegrins may even yet find themselves turned by their enemies.

At Belgrade on the eve of the successes at Alexinatz, Prince Milan summoned the foreign consuls and announced a desire for the mediation of the great Powers. Whether the repulse of the Turks will induce the peace party and the Prince to change their minds, and whether the Turks will consent to listen to the voice of mediators before they have decisively shown the Servians the helplessness of any military attempts to throw off the yoke, are questions that for the moment remain unanswered. The air is thick with chaotic rumours; everything is asserted and everything is denied. Meanwhile nothing has happened, and nothing can happen, to alter the broad truths of the situation. The idea of nationality, like a religious faith, is stimulated by adversity. Whatever happens to-day, the future belongs to the Slavs. That is the capital fact of which we must never lose sight. Consider the prodigious progress that the national idea has made within the last twenty years. At the time of the Crimean War it existed as a dream in the writings of poets and philologists. Now it is the dominant element in the situation. It is because they ignored this fact, that the English Government followed a policy at that time, which is now condemned by the very persons who were then its most decided and convinced representatives.

The reverses of the Servians have excited in Russia a profound sentiment of commiseration and sympathy through all classes. It is the nation itself that is stirred this time—a new and important phenomenon. Until now only the government and the diplomatists busied themselves with the Eastern question. To-day it is the whole people from the greatest families downwards. The Russian newspapers are filled with appeals to charity in aid of suffering Servians and Bulgarians. At Moscow alone more than six hundred almsboxes have been opened to receive subscriptions and gifts, and the provincial governors, so far from placing any obstacles in the way of the movement, actually encourage it. The national writer, Aksakoff, well expressed the feelings that are now animating the Russian people, in a speech which has been widely reproduced and universally applauded. The Eastern question, he said, has completely changed its character. “It is become the Slav question, and can only be solved by every Slav’s emancipation.” It is the idea which was lately developed by General Fadeeff, and which seems to us thoroughly just. Formerly when people spoke of the Eastern question they used to picture to themselves the great powers as all eager to dispute the fragments of the Ottoman Empire; Russia coveting Bulgaria and Constantinople; Austria, the Danubian Principalities, Servia and Bosnia; England and France quarrelling for Egypt. This is still the form in which the Eastern question presents itself to the minds of the vulgar, and in fact, these were the dreams of old-fashioned politicians. But since the principle of nationalities has become the essential factor in contemporary events, and at the same time the spirit of conquest has been repudiated by most governments, the Eastern question has completely changed its face. Suppose they were to offer to England, Syria, Egypt, and Crete, of which she could make herself mistress without firing a shot. Very probably she would refuse. She gave up the Ionian Islands, though they made an excellent post for surveying the whole Adriatic, and though she could have remained there for any length of time

by virtue of treaties, and without having any serious opposition to fear. Austria certainly would not wish to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina; for when lately there was a question of it, as a way of putting an end to existing complications, the Germans and Hungarians were unanimous in repelling any such combination.

There remains Russia. We may suspect her of wishing aggrandizement on the side of the Balkan, but the Government and the diplomatists of Russia disclaim any idea of the kind, and we are convinced that they do so in all sincerity. Russia is in no position to occupy Constantinople. So irrational an extension of territory would be for her an irremediable cause of weakness. Militarily the position would be untenable. Neither Austria nor even Germany could tolerate definitely such aggrandizement of the neighbouring Colossus, and a flank movement of the Austrian and German armies on the line of the Danube would be enough to cut in two the Russian Empire, so inconsiderately enlarged in this direction. The only reasonable solution is, therefore, the successive emancipation of the Slav populations, who are now kept in poverty and abasement by the blind and hateful domination of the Turks. Happily, this seems to be the point of view to which the great Powers are now rallying.

The discussion of Eastern affairs in Parliament was as satisfactory as could be expected, even the speech of Lord Derby. In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone, and in the House of Lords Lord Granville, clearly brought out the necessity of collective intervention with a view to putting an end to a situation that has become intolerable. If the Crimean war, Mr. Gladstone observed, took away from the Christian population of Turkey the Protectorate of Russia, it was not to hand them over in a condition of helplessness to the tender mercies of their masters. For the Russian protectorate was substituted the protection of all the powers. Why should England shrink from the obligation she then contracted? Are not the Christians who now groan under the oppressive Ottoman yoke worthy of all our sympathies? The Mahometans are condemned to disappear; they have neither arts nor industry; they appreciate nothing but violent force; each decade sees them receding before the steady advance of the Christians. All the older champions of the Porte, and notably Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, have abandoned the cause, and demand open and energetic intervention on the part of the European powers. While we respect the integrity of Ottoman territory, we must secure for the Christians an independent and autonomous government.

Lord Granville spoke in the same sense as Mr. Gladstone. We are looking on, he said, at a lamentable war which menaces Turkey with ruin, and which intensifies animosities of race and of religion on its soil. Now it is the Ottoman Government which is the principal cause of these misfortunes. That Government has kept not one of the promises made by it in 1856; it has executed not one of the reforms which were then recognised as absolutely indispensable.

Mr. Forsyth indicated clearly enough the grounds why England should favour the emancipation of the Servians. If you constitute them into small autonomous states nominally subjected to the Porte, but self-governing like Roumania and Serbia, then you interpose nine millions of free men between

Russia and Constantinople. This is the very central point of the question. So long as people could believe that Turkey would develop new life and strength under the influence of Western civilisation, the old English policy was intelligible. That consisted in upholding the Ottoman Government at all cost. But the day of these illusions is gone. The Porte is incapable of a vigorous execution of any of the reforms which it is so ready to promise, while Western influences precipitate Mussulman decay. It is a curious but universal phenomenon. The races which, for one reason or another, are unable completely to assimilate our civilisation, disappear on coming into contact with it. In Egypt, for example, the adoption of Western ideas and Western institutions is a cause of ruin. The conscription has enabled the Khedive to carry on successive wars. The idea of introducing manufacturing industry has only ended in the erection of works that are carried on at a loss, and that multiply the inhuman burdens imposed on the unfortunate fellahs. Steam machines are left in the sand. The mania for transforming Cairo into a little Paris is making the city ugly, vulgar, uninhabitable. Mussulmans only throw over the Koran, to embrace drunkenness and debauchery. Railways and foreign loans have brought the Porte to insolvency. The people in Egypt, as in Turkey, are incomparably more remorselessly plundered, worse used, more crushed beneath the exactions of every kind, at the present day than under the old system. The war now going on, and the very successes of the Turks will hasten their fall. We shall see a new application of the principle of *Væ victoribus*. The national sentiment among the Slavs will be exalted by misfortune. The abominations committed in Bulgaria will alienate for ever that industrious population which has hitherto been so peaceful and so submissive. The military expenses, both actual and prospective, the devastations of war, and the excesses of the Bashi-Bazouks, will complete the ruin of Turkey. Misery will heighten the general disorganization, and so the Porte will be more powerless than ever, either to govern its provinces tolerably well, or to defend itself against an ambitious neighbour. European intervention will be more frequent and more necessary, and the independence of Turkey will be virtually at an end. It was so with the temporal power of the Pope; it could not subsist in the atmosphere of the nineteenth century, and only prolonged its existence by the support now of France now of Austria.

If, therefore, England wishes to preserve the territory of Turkey from Muscovite invasion—a thing in no case to be feared for the moment—she ought to sustain, not a phantom which is rapidly disappearing, and a ruin whose walls are crumbling to pieces, but those Christian populations to whom belongs the future. We may believe that this will be henceforth the policy of England. Lord Derby, restrained as he is by ministerial responsibilities, has admitted that, though no doubt there are great difficulties in the way of granting autonomy to populations which are half barbarous, which are half Mahometan and half Christian, which have not either the same ideas or the same interests, still these difficulties are by no means insurmountable. It is hard to feel any confidence in the policy of the government. Anyone who reads the Blue-books tolerably carefully—and we may refer to Mr. Rutson's paper in the present number of this Review for an analysis of the case—must see that the English Foreign Office has

been signally inattentive to the evidence lying under their eyes, both as to the condition of the Turkish provinces, and to the real sources of the insurrection. The government must also, on the same testimony, have been singularly careless, not only of the interests of the Christians, but also of the details of their own policy.

The story of the vile atrocities committed by the Turks in Bulgaria is now completely confirmed. Mr. Disraeli had denied them with ignoble jocularity. He relied upon Sir Henry Elliot, and Sir Henry Elliot relied upon the mendacious affirmations of the Turkish Government. Mr. Bourke had by-and-by the humiliation of having to rise to admit that the reports of the correspondent of the *Daily News* were perfectly well founded, and that the Prime Minister's sarcasms upon newspaper authorities were as ill-founded as they were flippant and unbecoming. The barbarities of the conquering Tartars have been, as the *Times* said, equalled, if not surpassed, in a European country in the very middle of the nineteenth century. We should have to go to Dahomey to find such a spectacle as the Turkish provinces now present. It is in vain that the Turks pretend that these abominations were only reprisals for excesses committed by the Bulgarians. Whoever knows the peaceful and harmless inhabitants of Bulgaria, will be convinced that these statements are utterly false.

It is a distressing thing to say, but said it must be, that England bears a share of responsibility for these horrors. Mr. Disraeli denies, and without doubt correctly, that the English fleet was sent to Besika Bay with any view to uphold the Ottoman Empire. We have told the Porte, he added, that it ought to fulfil its obligations and change its line of conduct, and that our fleet had for its mission to defend English interests, and not to galvanise a power that was falling to pieces in internal decomposition. Nevertheless, the demonstration of England had all the appearance, both to Turkey and the rest of the world, of alliance and succour. The Turks believed that they could count on the support of British guns. Hence redoubled energy on their part, and as is always the case with fanatical barbarians, redoubled energy ended in infamous atrocities. Europe became possessed by the opinion that England is still, as in 1853, the guardian and counsellor of Turkey. To throw off this odious responsibility, which must assuredly lie heavily on the conscience of the English people, something else is necessary beside words, or even the nomination of an English consul at Philippopolis, or the despatch of a military attaché to the Turkish quarters. England will have to take in hand the cause of the Christians, who are thus heavily oppressed by their masters, and especially the unfortunate Bulgarians. It is indispensable that she should make herself the protectress of these unhappy subjects of the Turks; for the Turks, if allowed to regard themselves as really victorious, will know no moderation, except such as is enforced upon them. The worst fault that England could commit would be to let the Christian populations of the East suppose that Russia is their protector and England their enemy. Who in the eyes of Europe is now playing the higher part,—Russia who defends the rights of the victims, or England who seems to range herself on the side of their destroyers? No doubt the English Government may oppose the violent partition of Turkey, of which for that matter there is at present no question; but her duty, if

she does not wish to appear before history as answerable for the massacres in Bulgaria, is undoubtedly to place herself at the head of those who claim the emancipation of the Christian subjects of Turkey. If the Government fails to understand its duty, the English nation will surely compel them to it. It was too much, fifteen years ago, that the English Government, at the time of the war of secession in the United States, should have leaned towards the slaveholders. Let her not now give to the world the moral scandal of defending or seeming to defend the cause of the monsters in Bulgaria.

It is all the more necessary for England to take in hand the cause of humanity—because the Germans and Hungarians in Austria take up a more hostile attitude towards the Servians. They perceived that the massacres committed by the Bashi-Bazouks ended in putting a stop to all resistance in Bulgaria. If the Turks, being victorious in Servia, pursue, as they are said to be doing, a plan of summary executions, all the Slavs of the Balkan peninsula will be as the Hungarians think terrorised and struck down, and the danger of seeing little autonomous Slav States flourishing and strong, will then disappear. The Hungarian and Austrian newspapers cynically avow that such is their desire. It is to be hoped that the Vienna Cabinet will not follow this hateful policy, but that it will join the other Powers in bringing about a serious amelioration of the condition of the Rayahs.

The attitude of the Vatican in these affairs deserves to be pointed out. It shows us once more the Papacy sacrificing the cause of Christianity and civilisation to its own aims of universal domination. It is also a new example of the power that is still preserved by an institution, which people used to suppose must fall to pieces with the loss of its temporalities. The Pope is no longer a sovereign; he has no longer either territory or army; but he commands an innumerable host of the faithful; and so everywhere, not only in Catholic countries, but also in Protestant or schismatical countries, as in America, England, and Russia, he is able at a given moment to exercise a marked influence upon the course of events. The two principal organs of the papal court, the *Voce della Verità*, and the *Osservatore Romano*, have pronounced for Turkey, and they reproach the Liberals for ranging themselves to-day on the side of that very Russia which they attacked so bitterly so short a time ago. Obeying a watchword from Rome, the Catholic Slavs of Herzegovina and Bosnia have abandoned the cause of their nationality and freedom, to range themselves on the side of their Turkish masters, who will treat them no better than the others after their power is restored. We see thus throughout the whole world the Catholics persuaded to place the interests of Rome above the interests of their country. But why does the successor of St. Peter stretch out a hand to the successor of Mahomet? Why does the holy see which once impelled Europe upon Asia, and preached a crusade against the crescent, now aid the Mahometans in keeping the oppressed Christians under the yoke? Simply from ambition. The former Turkish Government had expelled the Bishop Hassoun from the empire. He had caused confusion within the fold of the Armenian community, and the ministers of Abdul Aziz supported the Armenian faction, who refused to recognise the authority of the Pope. A bargain was struck. The

Turkish Government annul the decree of expulsion against Hassoun, and in exchange for this the Pope has given orders to the Bosnian Catholics not to favour the insurrection, and, if need be, to go to the aid of the Turks. This is what they have conscientiously done, and quite recently they protested in loud tones, in a document addressed to the great powers, against all projects of annexation to Servia.

The Session in France has come to an end in a way that satisfies everybody except the Ultramontanes; they are only to be satisfied by the return of Henry the Fifth to the throne, and the restoration to the Pope of provinces which he did not know how to govern. The Senate amended the Act on the Mayors by extending the right of governmental appointment, and the Chamber of Deputies had the good sense for the sake of avoiding a conflict, to accept an alteration which they did not approve. The reconciliation between the Senate and the Ministry was brought about in a striking way. M. Dufaure, the chief of the Cabinet, was elected senator for life by 161 votes against 109 which were given for M. Chesnelong. This time the Centre voted with the Republicans, and the Rights were defeated. Up to the last moment they hoped to win the seat by a coalition of Legitimists, Bonapartists, and Orleanists of the fusion. But M. Chesnelong is the particular friend of the Comte de Chambord and the Pope, and the special representative of Ultramontanism; and many senators who had voted against M. Waddington's University Bill, were still not inclined to give their vote for so pronounced a clerical partisan. After the election the two Chambers adjourned for the recess. The close of the Session was announced by the chief of the Cabinet, without any Presidential message. In fact the President had nothing special to communicate to the nation, and Marshal Macmahon, like President Grant, has the merit of knowing when to be silent in season. He takes republican institutions au sérieux, which is not a very common thing among French Conservatives. The trial of new institutions has succeeded better than even their most eager supporters had ventured to hope. It is worth noticing as a good omen for the good cause, that so far as the recent elections have gone for the Presidents of the Councils-General—which would correspond to our Quarter Sessions, if the Quarter Sessions were what they ought to be, sittings of elective county boards—thirty-nine out of seventy elected are Republican, twenty-one Monarchists, and ten Bonapartists. As we have said so often, all this is due to the moderating influence of M. Gambetta. The impatient group directed by M. Louis Blanc is following a really deplorable policy, by insisting on precipitating the advance.

The speech made at the Sorbonne by M. Waddington, the Minister of Public Instruction, at the distribution of prizes for the Paris schools, was an event of much significance. It was the first time of so public a salutation being paid to the Republic by a cabinet minister. M. Waddington's words were received with transports of enthusiasm by his audience, and have been praised since by the whole liberal press in the country. The great success of M. Waddington is due to the fact that with a firmness unknown to his predecessors, he unfurls the flag of lay science and the emancipation of human intelligence—that great cause which is being fought

in France against an implacable enemy. It was liberal France thus saluting a man who did not shrink from doing battle with the clergy with the only weapon that can ensure their defeat—knowledge and enlightenment. M. Marcère, who holds the most important office in a French administration, that of Minister for Home Affairs, has also made a speech as remarkable as that of his colleague at the Education department, both for its political good sense, and for its clear-toned adherence to the Republic.

Germany is beginning to prepare for the approaching elections. For some time people spoke of a change of attitude in the domestic policy of Prince Bismarck. He was going to break, they said, with the Liberals, and draw closer to his old friends the Conservatives and the Junkers. So far, there is no active evidence in confirmation of this rumour. Only the *Provinzial Correspondenz*, obeying, as is alleged, the inspiration of Count Eulenburg, the Minister of the Interior, started a campaign to detach the National Liberals from the Fortschritt-Partei, endeavouring to rally the first to itself by definitely repudiating the second. The *Provinzial Correspondenz* has not gained its end. All the organs of the National Liberal party repulsed the advance, and distinctly declared that they would never abandon the men of the Fortschritt-Partei, who were pursuing the same ends as themselves, and from whom they are only separated by mere differences of shade. The unity of the Liberal party is thus made clearer than it was before, and this is an excellent sign for the approaching elections. For the Prussian Ministry to change its direction, it will be necessary in the first place to get rid of Dr. Falk, who represents the struggle against Ultramontanism, and is the champion of the ideas of progress. Now Dr. Falk, passing some days ago through Augsburg, was complimented there by a Liberal deputation of the town, who expressed their gratitude for the energy he had shown in resisting Ultramontane pretensions. In replying, the minister said that all the rumours recently set afloat as to a change of system in Prussian policy and as to his own retirement, were pure inventions. On this subject, the correspondent of a German newspaper reports a significant conversation with Prince Bismarck. During his stay at Kissingen he had invited a member of the Diet, Herr Jung, to dine with him. The conversation turned on the new Conservative party said to be in course of formation. The Prince declared that he could not ally himself with such a party, because there would be at its head men whose policy in ecclesiastical affairs would force him to separate from Herr Falk, the representative of the Kulturkampf. Prince Bismarck added that he would never sacrifice the rights of the State to the spirit of domination in the Catholic clergy. The contest seems to be losing its intensity, because the resistance and provocations on the part of the clergy are less violent; but the Chancellor has gone too far in the battle to be able to withdraw.

At Westminster there were rumours towards the end of the session of the rise of some kind of organization among the Liberals who sit below the gangway. If this means the formation of a Third Party, it is at least premature, and it will perhaps never be realised at any future time. What has really

been done is due to the growth of a strong opinion of the advantages of connected action among the group of members who are called the Extreme Left. To apply the classification of French parties to those of our own country is thoroughly misleading, for there is no such division among politicians in England as the gulf that separates Right from Left at Versailles—except possibly the separation between the Irish Home Rule members and the rest of the House. The group of members who have come to an informal understanding to act with a certain concert, have far more points of agreement, than points of difference, with the official Liberals on the front bench. In truth there is, we believe, no question—not even the Disestablishment of the Church itself—on which the dispute between the Whig and the Radical is more than a question of time. The Radical believes that opinion is already ripe for measures which the Whig thinks the country not yet prepared for ; but the Radical asks for nothing which the Whig is not ready to accept, after he has been persuaded that the constituencies wish for it or assent to it. It is therefore the business of the Liberal who has faith in the possibilities of improving government, and who has measures in his mind which he believes likely to promote that improvement, to bring the rest of the party round to his own opinion.

The Opposition contains two chief groups : those who have made up their minds that the programme of great improvements is exhausted for some, perhaps for many, years to come : and, on the other hand, those who reject this complacent repose with all their hearts. The leaders nearly all at present are in the former of these two classes. The exhausting labours of legislation between 1868 and 1873 still weigh on their jaded spirits. They have no appetite even for power, if it is to be won by the laborious application of their minds to new problems and the device and enforcement of new problems. On all the serious questions, again, which are sure to force themselves to the front with the next tide of political interest in the country, the former leaders are divided. Lord Hartington is with us in the matter of education, and is not against us as to Disestablishment, but he is averse to a further extension of the franchise. Mr. Forster is a reactionist and the great buttress of reactionary ideas about national education, but he is a liberal as to the franchise and probably as to the land, while he has never committed himself against Disestablishment. Mr. Lowe, we are sorry to think, is cold to all the subjects we have named, but would work heartily for law reform, and any changes in the direction of more scientific administration—both of them matters of immense importance, and matters on which there is room for the most valuable improvements. Of Mr. Gladstone who can speak ?

This being the state of liberalism among the Olympians of the front bench, it is high time, if there be any political energy and political courage alive in the country, that those members of the House of Commons who agree in their general views of the direction of improved government should endeavour to secure an effective influence over the rest of the party. This can only be done by union for parliamentary purposes ; by putting an end to a discouraging isolation ; by lending to each the support of all. There is nothing to be gained by a breach with the Whigs ; there is everything to

be gained by convincing the Whigs that, if they wish for the support of the Radicals, they must at least listen to what the Radicals have to say, and no longer consider them as an inorganic group of men, each riding a hobby of his own. A measure that is only a hobby when in the hands of one man fighting for his own hand, takes its place in serious politics when it is known to be brought forward in concert with sixty or seventy other members, who are deliberately in the habit of acting together. There is no insult to Whig sincerity in this feeling. The true Whig doctrine is that to carry out what the country wishes, whatever that may be, is the business of the legislature. The Radicals say no more.

One argument of those who urge a more effective union among the active Liberals, is that only on condition of such habitual concert do you surround a man with that bracing and stimulating atmosphere which makes political responsibility more seriously felt and more cheerfully accepted. Close co-operation with others encourages an energetic interest in questions that would otherwise be neglected or only languidly attended to ; it makes the promoter of a measure more confident for one thing, and more in earnest in mastering it, for another. Take, for example, the group of Bills or Resolutions of which notice was given at the end of the session by the members who recognise the value of connected action. They comprise the following subjects :—1. The construction of representative boards for the administration of counties. 2. The revision of the incidence of taxation, with a view to an arrangement more equitable towards the poorer classes. 3. The exercise of the power of summary jurisdiction, and the system of appointing and controlling magistrates. 4. The practices and regulations connected with voting, with a view to making the franchise more real. 5. Tenant right and game laws.

Not all the measures referred to under these headings are of capital importance, but it will be observed that each of them opens up an approach to one of three great fields of legislative improvement—namely, the Land system, Taxation, and the extension and increased efficiency of Popular Representation. Well, the fact that A. and B. are both members of a single group will make each of them more willing to take a deeper and more real interest in the question of the other. A. will take pains to master B.'s subject, in order to be able to support him in debate. One of the great evils of the present condition of the House of Commons is that if a member has "got a question," and follows the party whip, then he has fulfilled the whole duty of a member of Parliament. But anybody who undertakes to work with others will naturally be led to work at other questions besides that in which he is specially interested. One of the chief objects of such a union will be to make sure of having the most efficient debate possible upon the various subjects of the programme. This is only attainable on condition that the union can supply the mover with a sufficient number of competent backers, and obviously the only competent backer is one who has studied the arguments and ideas of the subject in detail.

It is perhaps not too presumptuous for an outside observer to remark three main deficiencies in the daily work of the House of Commons : first, want of political courage ; second, want of vigilance ; third, want of ampler

knowledge more widely diffused. Take such a measure as the Day Industrial-School Clause of the new Education Act. When a child keeps company with rogues or vagabonds or is out of proper control, and the parent satisfies the Court that he cannot make the child go to school, then the child may be sent to a day industrial school. Right or wrong, this is one of the most socialistic things ever done. Yet if you turn to Hansard, you see that the most radically innovating feature in the Act was hardly discussed at all. Well, this shows either want of vigilance or want of knowledge, or else it shows both. If the House of Commons is good for anything at all, it ought not to have passed this without the most careful examination. Now the effect of consent among a body of men—however modest in numbers, yet—thoroughly in earnest, would be to prevent such pretermissions as this. Courage will be increased by the co-operation of men who want something, against men who only want to remain quiet; the probabilities of vigilance will be multiplied with the number of members interested; the diffusion of accurate political knowledge will accompany anything like a collective programme, for which all its supporters will have to be prepared to do battle.

There are a great many things to be said against party government, but evils of a new kind arise, if one of the two parties is so disorganized as hardly to be a party. We have no great faith in the magic virtues of artificial organization, but we have very firm faith indeed in the virtues of a habit of co-operation. No doubt mere co-operation will not serve in the stead of right ideas, or new and original applications of accepted principle; it will not do the work of the political thinker. But there are many improvements worth carrying, which are only waiting for parliamentary force. And the first step to this augmentation of parliamentary force, whether inside the House or outside, is to collect the men who have the most vivid belief in a better form of national life, into a united group. It is possible that the cohesive force of the new alliance may prove too weak, as the programme becomes more far-reaching. Meanwhile, the union is sure to do some good, and we do not see how it can do any mischief, except to those who seek nothing beyond turning out the Ministry, and sitting in their seats with nothing better than their policy.

The most important incident of the closing days of the session, was a strong deputation to Lord Hartington to urge a more vigorous protest against the Education Bill than had yet been made. If, as is believed, this was originated by some of the more active members of the new Liberal union, it is a sign that they really understand the feeling of the party in the country, and that they have behind them the solid strength of the liberal portion of the great constituencies. The deputation was one of the strongest and most widely representative that has gone to any minister since 1870. It was not the Birmingham League, but English liberalism. Official delegates came from the political organizations of every leading town in the provinces, and they were all agreed to press the fundamental principle that underlies our own objections to the educational legislation of the last six years—namely, the indispensableness of only

giving public money to the support of institutions in whose managing body the public is represented. Lord Hartington agreed to move a resolution, which he afterwards made stronger in compliance with the wishes of certain leaders of the deputation, and which laid down in terms the propriety of public representation accompanying the grant of public money. This resolution was supported by a party vote, and those, therefore, who like ourselves have always advocated this principle, can no longer be decently charged with being a mere faction. Our views are those of the party, and it is now Mr. Forster who is the organ of a faction. But even Mr. Forster, after declining to follow his leader and to accompany his party into the lobby against the government Bill, announced with an awkward melancholy, that for the future he should hold himself free to take a new line in the question. What Mr. Forster's line may ultimately prove to be, is now of no great concern. He was quite honest in refusing to vote against Lord Sandon. Lord Sandon had simply followed Mr. Forster's own lines. Lord Sandon's policy is Mr. Forster's policy written in capital letters. When the Liberals return to office, one of their first tasks will be to extinguish the system which Mr. Forster and Lord Sandon between them have consolidated. That system means two things: (1) the maintenance out of public funds of privately managed schools; (2) the compulsion on a parent to send his children to schools in whose management he neither has, nor can have, a direct or indirect voice. Both these conditions are inconsistent with the right position of national instruction, as a function in which every good citizen should be expected to take an interest. This political view of national education—as a part of civil duty and public interest and obligation—is that on which Liberals will learn to insist. Not that it will efface the objection to the system of Lord Sandon and Mr. Forster from the point of view of the Dissenter's conscience. It shows a very shallow knowledge of English character to suppose that the Dissenter will patiently see his child driven by law into a school paid for by public money, but managed exclusively by the man who denounces the Dissenter's religion every other Sunday from the parish pulpit. But this is only one aspect of the system of educating our people through the sects. However weakened the Dissenters may be electorally, their very just grievance happens to fit in with a view of national life, and of the share of education in it, which is now one of the tests between Liberalism and Obscurantism.

We may make a remark on what the sectarian party think a very acute stroke of policy. The old Twenty-fifth Section enabled School Boards to pay the fees of indigent children in sectarian schools. The corresponding section of Lord Sandon's new Act compels Boards of Guardians to pay such fees where the parent chooses a sectarian school. Now take the case of an indigent Catholic parent, whose priest persuades him to ask for his child's pence for the Catholic school. He goes to the School Board. They say: "We cannot pay your fees in the school of St. Januarius: if you like to send your child to a Board School, we can remit under Section 17 of Act of 1870. If you insist on St. Januarius, you must go to the Guardians; they can give you the money; we cannot." That is to say, the parent who seeks money for the sake of sending his child to a sectarian school, will

have to go before the body whom he thoroughly dislikes, from whom he will have neither sectarian nor educational sympathy, and whose inquisition into his circumstances will be much stiffer than has been customary among School Boards. He will, therefore, be very likely to be content to have the fees remitted for his child in the Board School, instead of taking the trouble to persuade the guardians to pay the fees for a sectarian school. In that case, the amendment which was pressed upon the government by the Catholics and by the hotter of their own clericalists, will have the directly opposite effect to that which was anticipated.

It cannot continue to be endured for ever, nor for very long, that schools which have no voluntary support and are entirely maintained by the children's pence and the government grants, shall be exclusively in the hands of private and irresponsible managers. On the other hand it may seem too harsh a thing—however strong the Liberal feeling may by-and-by grow to be in the country—to withdraw the grants from all the sectarian schools, though there would be nothing really inequitable in such a measure. The final solution of the question will probably take some such shape as the withdrawal of all government aid or recognition from schools whose managing bodies do not contain an element of public representation. This change will be the result of the spontaneous agitation that is sure to grow up in the course of the administration of the new Act.

One other observation ought to be made upon Lord Sandon's Act. If you are going to throw public duties of an entirely new kind upon Boards of Guardians, then you ought to reconstruct the system under which Boards of Guardians are elected. That is the next thing to be done. At present, the elective power for such Boards and the number of *ex officio* members upon them, combine to make them merely the representatives of property. But if they are to mix in the most intimate affairs of the poor (not paupers, mark, under the Education Act), they must be made to represent the poor as well as the rich.

The removal of our great parliamentary mime from the Lower to the Upper House is the best thing that has happened to the House of Commons for some years. Life may be less entertaining in that costly Club, but it will be more edifying for those who do not take the Club view. The change will do more than anything else could have done to clear the moral air of the House. The very presence in a serious body of a solemn farçeur, if he be a farçeur of genius and authority, is demoralising. To see the very genius and incarnation of Irony in the highest political seat, withers the political conscience. Mephistopheles has a deadly fascination. His wit, his swift, ghastly glimpses into the hollowness of things, his subtle art in varnishing his own motives and tarnishing the motives of other people, his superb contempts, are awful gifts in the eyes of the country squire and the cotton-spinner. They set a bad fashion, and they make a mischievous example. Even on the front Opposition bench, Mr. Disraeli is said to have inspired able rhetoricians with the singular ambition of being that curious character, the mimic of a mime. Certainly the success has been so striking, that it is not surprising if it excites emulation. It is true that English Tories have been

led before now by such a man as Bolingbroke ; but then Bolingbroke, after all, though a freethinker and a political charlatan, was still of good English family. We are inclined to envy the next generation, for they will be able to see it in all its wonder. We are too near. Under the robes of the ennobled party chief of 1876, we cannot help seeing the humble party bravo of 1846.

By an astonishing stroke, the Prime Minister has chosen for his title the very title of all others that is best fitted to shrivel up his pretensions, if the English world only knew what it ought to know of its greatest men. The last commoner who was made an earl as head of an administration was Chatham. Beaconsfield was the residence of Edmund Burke, and the patent was actually in course of preparation, raising him to the peerage as Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Disraeli is hardly one of those sublime mockers who carry their spirit so far as to mock themselves. Yet can he be serious in daring to associate his career with the name of that great man ? It is true that his race has had, with all its gifts, little sense of taste in decoration, from Solomon in all his glory downwards. The most insignificant of that race thinks no clothing and no jewellery too gorgeous to be becoming. Yet it is rather more than one can bear, that the man who entered life as the bravo of the Protectionists, should trick himself out as a successor to the title of the author of the *Thoughts on Scarcity*. It is in the law of things that the wicked shall flourish as the green bay-tree ; but why should the man whose last words in the House of Commons were a plea for the authors of massacre and oppression in Turkey, try to associate his name with the memory of the man who gave fourteen of the best years of his life to punish the oppressor of the natives of India ? It is excellent, no doubt, to be a wit, to be an epigrammatist, to have the secret of pithy phrase, but what has the artificer of these flashy things to do with the man whose lofty spirit, whose weighty judgment, whose magnanimous aims, whose imperial understanding, gave him such majestic authority over our English speech ? How laughable it is ! The man, however, who is Lord Beaconsfield has knowledge and arts, that were not possessed by the man who only was to have been Lord Beaconsfield. He knows men, and he despises them. And nobody living has much better reason, if we contrast the contempt and abuse showered upon Mr. Disraeli with the blind adulation that is now offered up by the very same journals to the same man and the same character under his more exalted name.

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PRESENT ASPECTS OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

YEARS instead of months seem to have passed since, in last December, I wrote in this Review under the heading "The True Eastern Question." A revolt against Turkish oppression was then going on in Bosnia and Herzegovina, a revolt which shewed to all who kept their eyes open that the long-oppressed Slavonic subjects of the Turk had fully made up their minds to throw off his yoke once and for ever. To those who had eyes to see, the insurrection which began last summer marked the beginning of an æra in the history of the world. It marked that the wicked power of the Turk was doomed. From the stern determination with which the insurgents drew the sword, from the deep and universal sympathy with their cause among their free neighbours of the same blood and speech, it was plain that this revolt was no mere local or casual disturbance, but the beginning of a great uprising of a mighty people. It was plain that a ball had been sent rolling which would grow as it rolled; it was plain that a storm had burst which must in the end sweep away before it the foul fabric of oppression which European diplomatists had been so long vainly and wickedly striving to prop up. When I wrote in December last, as when I wrote on these matters twenty years back, I wrote as one of a small band, maintaining an unpopular view. We looked for no general approval; we were rejoiced if we could find so much as a stray listener here and there. The cause which I had then in hand was one which Governments pooh-poohed and about which the world in general was careless. I then set forth, as I had often set forth before, as I do not doubt that I shall often have to set forth again, the true nature of Ottoman rule, the causes which make it hopeless to look for any reform in Ottoman rule, the one remedy by which only the evils of Ottoman rule can be got rid of—by getting rid of the Ottoman rule itself. In that article, I pleaded for the oppressed Christian; but I also bore in mind the danger lest, in delivering the

oppressed Christian, a way might be opened for the oppression of the Mussulman. I said then that the direct rule of the Turk must cease in every land whose inhabitants had risen against his rule. I said that, as Bosnia and Herzegovina had risen, his rule must at once cease in Bosnia and Herzegovina; that when Albania and Bulgaria should rise, his rule must cease in Albania and Bulgaria also. I said that the least that could be accepted was the practical setting free of the revolted lands by making them tributary states like Servia and Roumania. But I also proposed, in the special interest of the large Mahometan minority in Bosnia, that that particular province should be annexed to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, as a power strong enough to hinder the professors of either religion from doing any wrong to the professors of the other. When I said this, there was still only a local warfare in two provinces, a warfare waged by the people of those provinces, goaded to revolt by intolerable wrongs, and strengthened only by private volunteers from the lands immediately around them. It was not till several months later that there was any Bulgarian insurrection, any national war on the part of Servia and Montenegro. Meanwhile the Turk was engaged in his usual work of putting forth lying promises, promises in which the men who had risen against him were far too wise to put trust for a moment. Meanwhile diplomatists were engaged in their usual work of pooh-poohing the great events whose greatness they could not understand. They were busy with their usual nostrums, their petty palliatives, their Andrassy Notes and their Berlin Memorandums. Feeble attempts indeed to stop the torrent were their proposals for this and that reform, for this and that guaranty. Such were the sops which they thought might be swallowed either by the tyrant whose one object was to get back his victims into his clutches, or by the men who had sworn to die rather than again bow their necks under his yoke. While diplomatists were wondering and pottering, men were acting. Servia and Montenegro at last came openly to the help of their brethren, and helpless ambassadors and foreign secretaries found themselves face to face with a national war and no longer with a local insurrection. And meanwhile, if men had been acting, fiends had been acting also. Bulgaria rose; how its rising was put down the world knows, in spite of the self-made Earl of Beaconsfield. And, when the world knew, the world shuddered and the world spoke. It had been hard to call public attention to what seemed to many merely a petty strife in lands whose names they had hardly heard. The old traditions also had to be struggled with. Englishmen had to be taught what their dear ally the Turk was, what he had ever been, what he ever must be. The "Russian hobgoblin" had to be laid, and with many

minds it was hard work to lay it. For months and months the few who had their eyes open were still preaching in the wilderness. At last the Turk did our work for us. He told a shuddering world what he really was in words stronger than any that we could put together. He painted his own picture on the bloody fields of Bulgaria in clearer colours than we could ever have painted it. The common heart of mankind was stirred. We who had before been preaching in the wilderness found a hearing in market-places and in council-chambers. What we had whispered in the ear in closets was now preached on the house-tops by a mighty company of preachers. Great statesmen put forth with voice and pen the same facts, the same arguments, for which, nine months before, it was hard to get a hearing. All England spoke with one voice, a voice which spoke in the same tones in every corner of the land save two. It was only from the beer-shops of Oxford and the Foreign Office at Westminster that discordant notes came up. While the rest of England was speaking the words of truth and righteousness, Lord Derby was still putting forth fallacies, while his Oxford admirers raised an inarticulate howl which was not more unreasonable than the fallacies of their chief. Those who, in season and out of season, have fought this battle for twenty years and more, may perhaps be indulged in a little feeling of triumph when they see that the world has at last come round to their side. England, so long the abettor of the Turk, has at last found out what the Turk is. The nation has awakened from its slumber; it has cast away its fetters; it has dared to open its eyes and to use its reason; it has declared as one man that England will no longer have a share in maintaining that foul fabric of wrong, that Englishmen will put up with nothing short of the deliverance of the brethren against whom they have, as a nation, so deeply sinned.

The people of England have spoken; but it is not enough that the people should speak. Their rulers must be made to act; and just now we have rulers whom it is very hard to goad to action—at all events to action on behalf of right. The *Times* says that Lord Derby must be “educated,” and it even implies that the work of his “education” has already begun. The process seems likely to be a slow one. When the proposal was laid before him that the revolted lands should be set free from the rule of the Turk, he said that he had no objection to such an arrangement, but that there were “difficulties.” Of course there are difficulties in the way of so doing, as in the way of everything else. The world is full of difficulties. Human life chiefly consists in meeting with difficulties, and in yielding to them or overcoming them as the case may happen. Only with men the existence of difficulties is something which stirs them up to grapple with the difficulties and to overcome them; with diplomatists

the existence of difficulties is thought reason enough for drawing back and doing nothing. And there is one difficulty above all difficulties in the way of vigorous and righteous action on the part of England in this matter. That difficulty is the existence of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby. Lord Beaconsfield we all know; Lord Derby most of us are beginning to know. A few zealous county members still express their confidence in him: but they express it in that peculiar tone which men put on when they are trying to persuade themselves that they still put confidence in something in which they have really ceased to put confidence. But with the world in general the strange superstition that Lord Derby is a great and wise statesman is swiftly and openly crumbling away. It is wonderful indeed to see the change of public opinion on this head. Two or three months back it was the acknowledged creed of Liberals as well as of Conservatives that Lord Derby was to be treated with a degree of respect with which there was no need to treat any of his colleagues. Things are indeed changed now that the *Times* talks of "educating" him, now that the comic papers jeer at him, now that his name is spoken of, certainly not with any great respect, in writing and in speech throughout the whole land. The sagacious minister, respected on both sides, trusted on both sides, is no longer spoken of with the bated breath which was held to be the right thing even when the present year was a good deal advanced. When the English people are driven really to look into any matter, their sight is sharp enough, and they can see that a man whose one object is to do nothing is not the right man to be at the helm when there is a great work to be done. For my own part, if my own opinion of Lord Derby has changed, it has rather changed for the better. I am beginning to think that a man whom I had for ten years looked on as wicked may perhaps after all have been only stupid. It is a fact, and a very ugly fact, that we have to look to the betrayer of Crete for the redress of the wrongs of Bulgaria. A good deal of education will certainly be needed before we can make such an instrument serve our purpose. But, as regards the man himself, his treatment of the whole matter since the summer of last year suggests the thought that, even in the Cretan business, Lord Derby may have been simply frightened and puzzled, and may not have meant any active mischief. But the mischief was done all the same; it may have been only in fright and puzzlement that he gave the order; but the order was given none the less; the women and children of Crete were none the less left, and left by his bidding, to the mercy of their Turkish destroyers. Lord Derby, in the face of one of the great epochs of the world's history, reminds one of nothing so much as the Lord Mayor before whom Jeffreys was brought after the flight of James the Second. "The Mayor," says Lord Macaulay, "was a

simple man who had spent his whole life in obscurity, and was bewildered by finding himself an important actor in a mighty revolution." Lord Derby had not passed his whole life in obscurity; but he seemed just as much bewildered at finding that he had to play a part in a great European crisis as ever the simple Mayor could have been. The result in the two cases is indeed different. The Lord Mayor, being doubtless an impulsive man, "fell into fits and was carried to his bed, whence he never rose." Lord Derby is not impulsive; so he bore up, and made speeches for Mr. Gladstone to tear into shreds.

From the first to the last utterance of Lord Derby on these matters, from his dispatch of August 12, 1875, to his speech of September 11, 1876, the same characteristic reigns throughout. That characteristic is blindness. In the first dispatch and in the last speech there is the same incapacity to understand what it is that is going on. On August 12, 1875, the insurrection had been at work for more than a month, and Consul Holms and Sir Henry Elliot had been sending home accounts, not of course of what really had happened, but of what this and that Turk told them had happened. The Turks were of course busy lying, and Safvet Pasha was lying with greater vigour than all the rest; for he was saying that some Turk—who was sent for the purpose of bamboozling men who would not be bamboozled—would "redress well-founded complaints." But this Turk had clearer notions of what was going on than Lord Derby had. He writes to say that the insurrection is daily assuming more serious proportions, that Dalmatia sympathizes and helps, that Dalmatians and Montenegrins join the patriot ranks, that the position of the Servian army looks awkward, that neither Austria nor Montenegro is acting exactly as the interests of Turkish tyranny would have them act. That is to say, the die had been cast; Eastern Europe had risen; warning had been given to the foul despot at the New Rome that the hour of vengeance was come. The Turk saw and trembled; Lord Derby shut his eyes and pottered. All that he could see was a local disturbance in Herzegovina. So when the first little band of the followers of Mahomet drew the sword, the ruler of Rome and Persia saw nothing but disturbances in a distant corner of Arabia. In Lord Derby's eyes all that was to be done was to stop disturbances, to hinder Servians, Montenegrins, and Dalmatians from joining in the disturbances. Then come the memorable words,—

"Her Majesty's Government are of opinion that the Turkish Government should rely on their own resources to suppress the insurrection, and should deal with it as a local outbreak of disorder, rather than give international importance to it by appealing for support to other powers."

Poor blind diplomatist! So Leo the Tenth looked calmly on the

theological disorder which began with the teaching of a despised monk called Martin Luther. So Antiochos of Syria and Philip of Spain thought for a moment that not much could come of the local disorders which were stirred up by the Maccabees and the Silent Prince. In Lord Derby's eyes the glorious uprising of oppressed nations was simply a thing to be "suppressed." He wished it to be suppressed; he thought that it could be suppressed, he would fain have seen the tyrant again press his yoke upon his victims, without seeking the support of other powers. The very phrase shewed that Lord Derby did not shrink from the possibility that the tyrant might be aided by other powers in his work of evil. What is meant by a Turkish government "suppressing a revolt by its own resources" we know full well now. Lord Derby himself, in spite of manful efforts to remain in ignorance, must himself know by this time. I will not believe that Lord Derby really wished Herzegovina to be dealt with then as Bulgaria has been dealt with since. But that is the literal meaning of his words, when he hopes that the revolt may be put down by the resources of the Turkish Government. Lord Derby could not tell then what was to happen in Bulgaria months afterwards; but, if he ever turned a page of modern history, if the man who talks thus calmly of Turkish suppression of insurrections had read the annals of the Turk even in our own century, he might have known what Turks have done in suppressing insurrections, and even in dealing with lands where there had been no insurrections. He had the same chance as other men of reading the bloody annals of Chios and Cyprus and Kassandra. Whether Lord Derby knew it or not, it was to the doom which had fallen on Chios and Cyprus and Kassandra, to the doom which was to fall on Bulgaria, that Lord Derby calmly sentenced the patriots of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Let the insurrection be suppressed—that is, in plain words, let every foul deed of malignant fiends be wrought through the length and breadth of the revolted lands;—then there would be no difficulties, no complications, no openings of the Eastern Question; the Turk would have his way; the Foreign Office need not be troubled, and the Foreign Secretary of England might safely slumber at his post.

But so it was not to be. The hopes of Lord Derby were doomed to be disappointed. To suppress the insurrection was not quite so easy a matter as he had deemed and hoped. The mighty outburst of freedom was soon to put on "international importance," even in the eyes of diplomatists. The resources of the Turkish Government failed to put out the fire which had been kindled. The men who had drawn the sword for right and freedom were not to be overthrown in a moment, even though their overthrow was needed to save the English Foreign Office from difficulties and complications. Deeper and deeper grew the resolve of the champions of right to listen to none of the lying promises of their tyrant,

to listen to none of the feeble suggestions of diplomatists, but to fight on in the face of Heaven and Earth, in the cause of Heaven and Earth. They have fought on; even before their independent brethren came to their help, they had beaten back every assault of the barbarian invader. For months and months the boasted resources of the Turkish Government were unable to suppress the insurrection, unable to overcome the resistance of that little band of warriors, warriors worthy to rank with the men who gathered round Alfred at Athelney, or round Hereward at Ely. Down to this moment the insurrection has not been suppressed; Herzegovina has not been won back by the barbarian. The native heroes of the land, strengthened by their brethren from the Black Mountain, still stand victorious on the soil which they have won from the barbarian, and which the barbarian has failed to win back from them. The suppression of the insurrection which Lord Derby wished for is still, in September, 1876, as it was in August, 1875, a thing which diplomatists may long for, but which freedom has but little reason to fear.

But meanwhile another insurrection has been suppressed; and now the world knows what Turkish suppression of insurrections means. The tale of Bulgarian wrongs need not be told again. Lord Beaconsfield himself perhaps knows by this time how "an oriental people" have done what all the world, except Lord Beaconsfield, knows to be the manner of "an oriental people." They have done as the barbarians of the East have ever done, since the Hebrew put his Ammonite captives under saws and under axes of iron, and made them to pass through the brick-kiln. The Turk has done after his kind; and the voice of England, the voice of mankind, has pronounced sentence on him and his abettors. Servia, which for a moment seemed to have been overthrown in her glorious struggle, still holds her own, and every moment that she holds her own makes it more certain that she will not long be left without a helper. The mightiest people of her race will soon be on the march for her deliverance. Lord Derby, who, thirteen months back, was thinking of suppressing insurrections, will soon have to think what he will do when the myriads of Russia come to the help of their brethren in blood and faith. They have come already; despotism itself has its bounds, and the peace-loving Czar either cannot or will not keep back his people from what in their eyes is the holiest of crusades. It has come to this, that Englishmen are prepared to see Russia step in and do the work that England should have done. If the Russians ever occupy Constantinople, it will be Lord Derby who has placed them there.

It is hardly worth while to go again through the whole tale of ministerial incapacity, to use the mildest words. Lord Beaconsfield is true to his creed of Asian mysteries. He seeks his models among

the ancient worthies of his own people. Truly he looks to Abraham his father and unto Sarah that bare him. Like his great ancestress, he takes such pains to assure us that he did not laugh as to provoke the retort, "Nay, but thou didst laugh." He recalls too at least one exploit of his great ancestor in the zeal with which he flies to the help of the rulers of Sodom and Gomorrah. It is hardly needful again to refute the base slanders of the tongue which spoke of the doings of the tyrant and of the patriot as equal in guilt, and which affected to see nothing but hankering after "provinces" in the high resolve of the Servian people to do or die for right. Over and over again has Lord Derby told us that he did not, and could not, have directly instigated the Turkish doings in Bulgaria. Over and over again has it been explained to him that nobody ever thought that he had directly instigated them, that he is the last man whom anybody would suspect of directly instigating anything. But over and over again has it also been explained to him that he has none the less made himself an abettor and an accomplice after the fact, by keeping the English fleet in a position which all mankind but himself believed to be meant as a demonstration in favour of the evil cause. There is no need again to answer such fallacies as the memorable argument that, because Christians, Mahometans, and Hindoos could live peaceably together under the English government of India, therefore Christians and Mahometans can peacefully live together under the Turkish government of South-Eastern Europe. Lord Derby's earlier talk has become a thing of the past. In the process of his education he may already have got beyond it; he may be educating himself backward to the days when his words on Turkish matters were somewhat different from his recent acts. But Lord Derby himself is unhappily a thing of the present, and some of his later sayings are still matters of practical importance. At the moment when I write, Servian and Turk are resting on their arms. An effort is being made to bring about peace between them, a peace in the negotiation of which a representative of England cannot fail to take a leading part. It is a matter for anxious and painful thought that the representative of England at such a moment should be a man who, with whatever motives, through whatever causes, whether through sheer indifference or sheer incapacity, has, as a matter of fact, made himself guilty of the blood of Crete and Bulgaria.

First of all, there was something very ominous, though perhaps from one side a little reasoning, in one of the latest sayings of Lord Derby. He told his hearers that one of the great principles on which he acted was "strict neutrality while the war lasts." Taken in itself, this last saying of Lord Derby's is of a piece with his first saying about the suppression of the insurrection. According to Lord Derby, England, which, in common with the other great powers, is bound to be the protector of the Christian subjects of the Turk,

England, which is morally bound above all the other great powers to undo the wrongs which she has herself done to them, is to be strictly neutral while the war lasts—that is, under no circumstances is she to go beyond remonstrance, be the doings of the barbarians towards their victims what they may. On no account, in no state of things, is the arm of England to be stretched out to give real help to the oppressed. Come what may, let victorious savages change the whole of South-Eastern Europe into a howling wilderness, England must not lift a weapon to hinder them. Come what may, we must never do again the good work which we ourselves did at Algiers, which France did in Peloponnesos, which England, France, and Russia joined to do on the great day of Navarino. While Lord Derby has his way, England is never again to strike another blow for right. Such is the frame of mind in which the representative of England approaches the negotiations for peace. Still there is another side, even to his blank and chilling words. Who does not remember how Lord Derby, not so very long ago, comforted himself and others by saying the war was not likely to spread? Perhaps the world has by this time learned that Lord Derby's auguries as to probability and improbability in such matters are not quite worth so much as they were once thought to be. In defiance of his infallible powers of divination, the war has spread, the war is spreading, and he that has eyes to see must see that, if it be not stopped by a real and not a sham peace, it will soon spread further still. The last reserve of Servia, as the *Times* called it not long back, will soon be drawn out. Russia will have come to her deliverance. We wish for no such thing—at least it is only Lord Derby who has driven us to wish for it. We had rather see the South-Eastern lands free themselves, or be freed by English help, than see them either the subjects, the dependents, or even the grateful clients, of a power which has hitherto promised them so much and done for them so little. But unless Western diplomacy, Western arms, Western something, is quicker than it has been hitherto, that will be the upshot of all. And here we can draw some comfort even from Lord Derby's talk about neutrality. Strict neutrality while the war lasts must, in the common use of language, imply strict neutrality when the war, which was once confined to Herzegovina, which has spread from Herzegovina to Servia, shall have spread from Servia to Russia. Lord Derby has at least promised us that there shall not be another Russian war. If he has bound himself to do nothing for the oppressed, he has equally bound himself to do nothing against their avengers.

From Lord Derby indeed this is something. Still this elaborate ostentation of neutrality is not exactly the frame of mind in which we should wish to see our representative going forth to the negotiations by which it is hoped that the peace of South-Western Europe

may be secured. But Lord Derby, we are told, is capable of education; he has himself talked of listening to the will of his "employers." Now his employers have told him one thing very plainly. They have told him that they will not put up with any sham peace, that they will not put up with any patched-up peace, designed simply to stave off any serious settlement, and to let the diplomatists slumber for a few years longer. His employers, his teachers, have broken with the rotten traditions of the last two or three generations; and, if he wishes to be looked on as their servant or their pupil, he must break with them too. The people of England sees, whether Lord Derby sees it or not, that negotiations on the basis of the *status quo*, negotiations on the basis of merely communal freedom for the revolted lands, negotiations on any terms which imply the direct rule of the Turk, are not only wicked, but foolish. Negotiation on any of these terms is a crime, because it is an attempt to prolong a state of things which is contrary to the first principles of right. But it is more than a crime; it is a blunder; because it is an attempt to prolong a state of things which cannot be prolonged. To prolong the *status quo*, to grant a merely communal freedom, means to prolong the domination of the Turk. The domination of the Turk means that the nations of south-eastern Europe are to remain bondmen in their own land, denied, not merely the political rights of freemen, but the common rights of human beings. It means that the vast mass of the people of the land shall remain in a condition of permanent subjection to a handful of barbarian invaders; it means that at any moment the caprice of these invaders may turn that permanent subjection into a reign of terror, a reign of every excess of insult and outrage and fortune that the perverse wit of an "oriental people" can devise. This state of things Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby, if left to themselves, will prolong. If they are left to settle matters in their own way, the owls of Bulgaria and Herzegovina will never complain of a lack of ruined villages. Mark that the best thing that Lord Derby has ever said, his nearest approach that he has made to an acknowledgement of the existence of such things as justice and freedom, is when he said that he had "no objection" to exchange this state of things for a better. He has no objection to the change; but he clearly will not do anything actively to bring it about. But Lord Derby's employers and educators are of a different mind; they not only have no objection to a change, but they have the strongest objection to the continuance of the *status quo*. Sir Stafford Northcote lately took on himself to say that the people do not understand questions of foreign policy. They have shown that they understand them a great deal better than Sir Stafford Northcote or Lord Derby. They see that, if the *status quo* be maintained, if anything short of practical independence be given to the revolted lands, the whole tragedy will soon be

played over again. There will be more insurrections, more wars, more massacres, and, more awful still, more diplomatic "difficulties" and "complications." The people of England demand that, now that the Eastern question is "opened," it shall be settled; they know that settlements of this kind are no settlements at all, but simply wretched shifts to stave off a settlement. The people of England have, with one voice, declared that, however much Mr. Baring may satisfy Sir Henry Elliot, however much Sir Henry Elliot may satisfy Lord Beaconsfield, none of them will satisfy the common employers of all, if they attempt to make a settlement on any terms short of the practical independence of the revolted lands. Those lands must be separated from the direct rule of the Turk. Last December I pleaded for the separation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; to this demand the universal voice of England has added the separation of Bulgaria, while not a few voices have added the separation of Crete. If Lord Derby enters on any legislation with the faintest purpose of accepting any terms short of these, he will show that his education has not yet been carried at all near to the point at which his progress will satisfy his employers.

At this time of day it is perhaps hardly needful to answer objections about forsaking the traditional policy of England, or to reason against stupid fear of the Russian bugbear. To the former objection the simple answer is that the policy of England has for a long time been a wrong policy, and that England has made up her mind to exchange it for a right policy. England will no more acknowledge, if it ever did acknowledge, the base doctrine of Lord Derby that we are never to interfere in any matter but where our interest demands it. The people, generous in its sentiments, even when it is mistaken as to facts, will never stoop to such teaching at this. The people approved the Russian war, because they were taught to believe that the Russian war was undertaken in a generous cause. We must repeat again for the thousandth time that the duty of England comes before her interest. We must, at any risk, undo the wrong that we have done. If to undo that wrong should bring the Russians to Constantinople, if it should weaken our empire in India, let the Russians come to Constantinople, let our empire in India be weakened. Lord Beaconsfield said that the fleet was sent to Besika Bay in pursuit of honour and glory. The kind of honour and glory of which he spoke may perhaps demand that the nations of south-eastern Europe be again pressed down under the yoke. But the people of England have had enough of that kind of honour and glory. They have learned that true honour and glory can be won only by doing right at all hazards.

As for the Russian hobgoblin, no friend of South-Eastern Europe wishes to see Constantinople Russian. All that we say is that, if we are driven to choose between Turk and Russian, we will take the -

Russian. But we say this, not in the interest of England, but in the interest of South-Eastern Europe. We wish to see the now enslaved nations grow up for themselves, developing their own energies, striking out paths of freedom and progress for themselves. Therefore we do not wish to see them subjects of Russia. But, if this cannot be, if the only choice lies between a civilized and a barbarous despotism, between a despotism which at least secures to its subjects the common rights of human beings and a despotism which makes no attempt to secure them, we have no doubt as to which despotism we ought to choose. And we feel that, if things come to such a choice, the fault will not be ours, but the fault of those who have allowed Russia to take the championship of right out of the hands of England. Even if it could be shown that the interest of England lay on the side of the worse choice, we should still again say, Let the interest of England give way to her duty. But the notion that England has any interest in the matter is simply a worn-out superstition. I saw the other day an argument that it was not for the interest of England to allow any strong power to hold the Bosphoros. Here is the wicked old doctrine that the strength of one nation must be the weakness of another. The stronger the power that holds the Bosphoros the better, provided it be a native power. But if the folly and weakness of our diplomatists have decreed that it should be held, not by a native but by a Russian power, we shall lament the result, but we shall fail to see how the interest of England is involved. The only ground on which it has ever been pretended that our interest is touched in the matter, has been because it is said that the presence of Russia on the Bosphoros would block our path to India. But our path to India does not lie by the Bosphoros, but by Suez; and if Egypt could be transferred from its present merciless tyrant to the rule of England or of any other civilized power, it would be the greatest of boons for all the inhabitants, Mahometan and Christian, of that unhappy land.

When I am asked what is to be done, I say again what I said in December, with such changes as have been made needful by the events of the last nine months. Bosnia, Turkish Croatia, Herzegovina, Bulgaria, and Crete must be delivered from the immediate rule of the Sultan. This is the least that outraged Europe can accept. This is the commission which Lord Derby has received in the plainest terms from his employers and educators. And the word Bulgaria must not be limited to the land north of Hæmus, which alone bears that name in our maps. The Bulgarian folk and speech, the remains of the kingdom of Samuel, reach far to the south of the mountains, and a large part of the worst deeds of the Turk have been done south of the mountains. This is the *minimum*, the least which can be demanded in the name of outraged humanity. All those lands must be put in a position not worse than the position of Roumania now, not worse than the

position of Servia before the war. It is in no way hampering or embarrassing the Government, to quote a favourite party cry of the moment, to give them, in answer to Lord Derby's own request, these plain instructions. The exact boundaries of the new states to be formed, the exact form of government to be set up in each, the princes, if they are to have princes, who are to be chosen for each, these are points of detail which we leave to the assembled wisdom of Europe. We may criticize any definite proposal when it is made; it is not our business to make definite proposals beforehand. Let Turkish rule cease, and, though one change may be better than another, any change will be better than Turkish rule. As for Servia, no one will stop to discuss the insolent paper which was put forth by the baffled barbarian who tries to win by fraud what he has found that he cannot win by arms. The Turk has wrought his evil deeds in Servia, but he has not conquered Servia; the impudent demands which go on the assumption that he has conquered Servia must be thrust down his own barbarian throat. Let Servia be not worse off than she was before the war; let the revolted lands be not worse off than Servia; this is the programme of the people of England. Details they leave to those whose business it is to settle them; but their minds are made up as to the root of the matter. Less than I have just said they will not have.

Events do indeed pass quickly. Between the writing of the last paragraph and its revision, the insolence of the barbarian himself has been outshone. The lowest bellow in the Oxford mob could not depart farther from truth, farther from reason, farther from decency, than Lord Beaconsfield did in his notorious speech at Aylesbury. When the new Earl told the world that to speak the truth about Turkish "atrocities" was a greater "atrocitv" than to do them, it was hard not to remember that there is but one living statesman of whom it has been said that he says the first thing that comes into his head, and takes his chance of its being true. When we go on and read the monstrous misstatements which Lord Beaconsfield was not ashamed to make with regard to the affairs of Servia, it is hard not to reflect on that curious rule of conventional good breeding by which to call such misstatements by their plain English name is deemed a greater offence than to make them. But the Psalmist's phrase of "them that speak leasing," Gulliver's phrase about saying "the thing that is not," may perhaps be allowed even in those serene regions where the new Earl tells us that he walks. And truly Lord Beaconsfield's babble about Servia—not "coffee-house babble," but babble doubtless over some stronger liquor—was, if any human utterance ever was, "the thing that is not." Lord Beaconsfield, by his own account, should have talked about barley; he perhaps meant, instead of talking about barley, to sow the wild oats of his new state of being. The one thing of importance

in this strange harangue is Lord Beaconsfield's distinct assertion that the revolted lands shall not be free. The people of England have distinctly said that they shall be free. Whose voice is to be followed? To which of the two will Lord Derby listen as his educator? To which of the two will he yield obedience as his employer?

After Lord Beaconsfield's display at Aylesbury all earlier displays, as we come back to them, seem tame. There is, for instance, the paltry cavil, the last straw at which the despairing advocates of evil clutch, the slander that the revolted lands are unworthy, incapable of freedom. Will they become more worthy, more capable, by remaining in bondage? In diplomatic circles it would seem that men learn the art of swimming without ever going into the water, that they learn the art of riding without ever mounting a horse. The lesson of freedom can be learned only in the practice of freedom. There may be risks, there may be difficulties; some men have been drowned in learning the art of swimming; still, that art cannot be learned on dry land. We appeal to reason; we appeal to experience; diplomatic cavillers shut their eyes to both. Go to Servia; go to Montenegro; see what free Servia, what freer Montenegro, has done, and be sure that free Bulgaria will do as much.

Last of all, the programme which I have just sketched, the programme which the people of England have accepted, the programme which Lord Beaconsfield scoffs at, is only a *minimum*. It is the least that can be taken; if more can be had, so much the better. Such a programme is in its own nature temporary; any programme must be temporary which endures the rule of the Turk in any corner of Europe. But such a programme is not temporary in the sense in which the makeshifts of diplomatists, the maintenance of the *status quo* and the like, are temporary. Restore the *status quo*, grant anything short of practical independence, and all that has been done, all that has been suffered, during the last year will have to be done and suffered over again. If we free the revolted lands, even if we leave the lands which are not revolted still in bondage, we leave nothing to be done over again; we only leave something in front of us still to be done. We make a vast step in advance; we enlarge the area of freedom, even if we do not wholly wipe out the area of bondage. To maintain, or rather to restore, the *status quo* is to make the greatest of all steps backwards; it is to enlarge the area of bondage at the expense of the area of freedom. The programme of the *status quo*, the programme of Lord Beaconsfield, points nowhere; the programme of the people of England points distinctly in front. We will have New Rome some day; if Mr. Grant Duff can give it us at once, so much the better. The conversion of Mr. Grant Duff—for a conversion it may surely be called—is one of the most remarkable phases of the whole business. Mr. Grant Duff has never been held to

be rash or sentimental ; he has never been thought likely to say or do anything windy or gusty or frothy, to quote some of the epithets to which those who set facts, past and present, before the traditions of diplomatists have got pretty well seasoned. Only a few weeks ago, some of us were tempted to look on Mr. Grant Duff as almost as cold-blooded as Lord Derby himself. All is now changed. Mr. Grant Duff undertakes to lead us to the walls of Constantinople ; and, where he undertakes to lead, no one can be called fool-hardy for following. There is no need even to dispute about such a detail as the particular ruler whom Mr. Grant Duff has chosen to place on the throne of the Leos and the Basils. Mr. Grant Duff has perhaps had better opportunities than most of us for judging of the Duke of Edinburgh's qualifications for government. At any rate we may be certain of one thing ; his rule would be better than the rule of any Sultan. The examples of Servia and Montenegro, the example of Sweden—even the example of France—might, one would have thought, done something to get rid of the queer superstition that none can reign whose fathers have not reigned before them. A man who had had some practice in ruling, an experienced colonial governor for instance, might perhaps seem better fitted for the post than one who is a prince, and, as far as we know, only a prince. But here again it would be foolish to dispute about details. Any civilized ruler would be better than any barbarian. And Mr. Grant Duff's proposal for the employment of Indian officials is at all events wise and practical. Our platform then is simple. The more impetuous fervour of Mr. Gladstone leads us to a certain point, which is the least with which we can put up. The colder reason of Mr. Grant Duff leads us to a further point, to which we shall be delighted to follow him thither if we can, and, if he assures us that we can, no one can have any reason to doubt his assurance. Lord Derby then has his lesson ; he has his commission. His teachers, his employers, have spoken their mind. The least we ask is the freedom of the revolted lands ; but we take this only as a step to the day when the New Rome shall be cleansed from barbarian rule. There may be risks, there may be difficulties ; but the Turk would hardly be so mad as to stand up against six great powers. Three such powers have in past times been enough to bring him to reason. If the trembling despot dares to dispute the will of his masters, he must again be taught a yet more vigorous form of the same lesson which was taught him when France cleansed Peloponnesus of the destroying Egyptian, when England, France, and Russia joined to crush the power of the Turk in the harbour of Pylos. The blinded ministers of that day could see in the good work nothing but an "untoward event." England now is wiser. Her people will have quite another name in their mouths, if the obstinacy of the barbarian should again draw upon him such another stroke of righteous vengeance.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN,

ENGLISH INFLUENCE IN JAPAN.¹

Who are the men who made the Japanese revolution, and who now maintain and defend its principles?

What are the chances of the popularity of the Japanese revolution continuing?

What, then, will be the duration of the present settled order of things; and, will English ideas continue for an indefinite period to gain ground in the country of the Rising Sun?

These are questions much oftener asked than answered, although the actual history of the Japanese Revolution is to be found recorded in a great number of books.

The first question—like many questions about Japan—can be more easily answered negatively than positively. The revolution was not made by any one man, nor by any very small group of men. The Emperor, formerly known as the Mikado, in whose name it was made, and by the influence of the authority of whose name its principles are still protected, had no share whatever in its conception or execution. That which was nominally a revolution of the Daimios, was in fact a revolution of their councillors. Each Daimio was assisted—or, rather, controlled, in the government of his feudal province by a small council chosen from among his retainers. The members of these councils were, as a rule, selected for ability by the council itself. They drew but little pay, and in their manner of life were not to be distinguished from the other retainers of the feudal prince. It is but little known that Daimios and their councillors alike hated the Tycoons. I will assume that my readers understand the position which had been held for five hundred years by these mayors of the palace, who supported the Mikado, in whose name they ruled, by a dole of twenty thousand pounds a year for the maintenance of the court at the ancient capital. The revolution had, of course, to be made in the Mikado's name; but it was not to be expected that a god-king, who had never been outside his palace, and who had never, according to many, set foot to earth even within his palace walls, would have the energy or develop the power to take a leading part in the revolutionary movement. During the revolution the Mikado, gifted as he is with a gentle and fair disposition, acted as he has acted since, namely by approving without hesitation, although with actual knowledge, of everything done in his name. His present position as Emperor was expressed to me by a Japanese gentleman in these words—"He never says 'No,' only

(1) An additional chapter for "Great Britain."

'Yes'—a sentence which would doubtless gratify the heart of Earl Russell. Made in this man's name, the revolution was carried through by the councillors of the Daimios, with the approval of their patrons. The Tycoon's government had never been popular with the Daimios. All Japanese history is a record of their partial rebellions. Since Commodore Perry's landing on the coast of Japan, the Tycoons had happened to be haughty men, who had given more than usual offence to the feudal princes, while the presence of the foreigner had caused the war exactions to press more heavily upon them, and at the same time had excited the agricultural population. All these facts told one way, and behind the Daimios were the ablest of their councillors, who saw in revolution not only a great career for themselves, but also a chance of a brilliant future for that country which almost every Japanese loves more than he loves life. The Satsuma and Choshu clans were the strongest that took part in the revolution; but that it was the councillors, and not the princes, who really led, is clear when we remember that the reigning prince of Satsuma was a child, and the reigning prince of Choshu a fool.

The revolution is sometimes said to have been directed against foreign influence. Foreign influence was a pretext. Some of the murders of foreigners by armed retainers of the feudal nobles were caused by a breach of Japanese etiquette by the victims, but most of the attacks are now known to have been made out of a fixed purpose of embroiling the Tycoon with his foreign friends. The revolutionary leaders knew, as well as the Tycoon knew, that the foreign influence was certain to endure; and on the other hand, in spite of the Queen's presents to the Tycoon, Sir Harry Parkes was more friendly to the revolution than he was to the government at the capital. Okubo, the present prime minister, and his leading colleagues were councillors of Daimios. Contrary to the prevailing English belief, there has been no change of government in Japan since the revolution, although there has been a certain shifting of persons. The men who made the armed revolution still direct that strange, peaceful, revolutionary government, which quietly rules Japan on revolutionary principles through despotic forms, and in the name of a heaven-descended Mikado encircled by a halo of all but actual divinity.

"But Iwakura," say some, who have heard or read a little of Japanese politics, "Iwakura, the foreign minister, who for a time was here, and Shimadzu Saburo, the great conservative chief—have not they held power, or rather fallen from it?" No. Iwakura was a courtier. A "courtier" in Japan meant one of the poetic, highly cultured, but un-energetic men, who surrounded the Mikado in his seclusion in the ancient capital. He was the ablest of the courtiers, and was valuable to the revolution through his station; but the

courtiers, so far as they have been used, have been the instruments of those able, pushing democrats, the former councillors of the feudal barons. What energy can be hoped for in men, however talented and however learned, who were the courtiers of a god-king, immured in that cathedral city of the East, the ancient capital, formerly Miako, and now Kiyoto—for even capitals change their names every few years in the revolutionary land of Japan? As for Shimadzu Saburo, on the other hand, he is the uncle of the young prince of Satsuma, who is at the head of the most powerful of the clans. That is to say, he is the foremost man among the Scotchmen of Japan. It happens that he is a Scotch Tory, while most of his clan are Radicals—still, he is the first man of that people who fill every office, military or civil, for which they have a candidate ready. There are not very many of them, but their numbers seem to be the only limit to the places which they hold. Shimadzu's brother, the late prince of Satsuma, who died, I think, just before the revolution, was a man so able that, had he lived, he would perhaps have changed the whole future of his country. Living as he did in pre-revolutionary days, he had to confine himself to manufacturing Bohemian glass, building steamboats without foreign aid, and setting up a telegraph line in his own county. But even as singular an event as the rule of an ex-Daimio may come to pass in Japan. Since his fall the ex-Tycoon—a very able man—has spent his time in shooting and sketching after the manner of his ancestors; but it is now beginning to be rumoured that it is far from improbable that the ex-Tycoon, who ten years ago was called by us the Emperor of Japan, may one of these days accept office in the revolutionary government carried on in the name of the Mikado. Shimadzu Saburo is so violent a Tory that he is exposed to much ridicule in Japan. In 1874 his time was taken up with writing a book called "Bemmo," an elaborate attack on Christianity, which has been translated into English, but of which I saw the Japanese edition, with cuts of all the Christian miracles. In 1875 he again turned his attention to politics. The edict against officials having their heads shaved had no fiercer opponent. He was a member of the council of state, and the day after the first intimation of the desire of the Government that officials should wear European dress appeared, he came down to the council with the hair of the sides of the scalp more firmly gummed up over the shaven part than ever, with one coolie to carry a mat for him to sit on among his colleagues (who of course were all seated in high velvet chairs,) another coolie to carry his pipe, and a third coolie to pull out over his feet the brocaded trousers, which train behind a Japanese gentleman of the old school. He became in the course of the year exceedingly dissatisfied with the Government. While I was in Japan, in the

autumn, he made a great speech at the council in favour of war with the Corea, which he advocated chiefly for the purpose, he said, of giving employment to the late Samurai, or two-sworded followers of the Daimios. Of this dangerous class he is the accepted representative. When the Government decided to try and settle the Corean difficulty by peaceful means, Shimadzu resigned his membership of the council. Eight general officers in the army, all belonging to the Satsuma clan, resigned on the same night, and the Government expected a rising in the southern provinces. None took place, but it would not have been unwelcome to the men in power at the capital. They believe that the army can be trusted, and that any Conservative rising can be put down, while the opportunity would be taken to carry out some rather dangerous reforms. At the same time, as most of the superior officers in the army, from the commander-in-chief downwards, are Satsuma men, the confidence of the Government in the forces of the Mikado shows that Japanese patriotism must be stronger than any local feeling in the minds of the most distinguished of Shimadzu's fellow clansmen.

Such is the Radicalism of the Mikado's government, that any Englishman, whatever may be his politics, cannot fail to feel much sympathy with the Japanese Conservatives. The students trained in England and America must be personally offensive to them in the highest degree, and many of the acts of the Government which are, I am bound to say, regarded with indifference by the people, display a want of reverence for the past which can only be described as shameless. The selling for old metal of some of the most important monumental bronzes in the world, was nominally, in many cases, the act of the priests. In some cases it was undoubtedly the act of the Government itself, and the Government could at once have put a stop to the practice, had it chosen to do so. I have it, upon very high authority, that the Government proposed to sell Dai-Butz, a bronze and silver Buddha, sixty feet high, which is unequalled in Eastern religious art, and that this act of Vandalism was prevented only by the interference of some of the foreign ministers. I may add, that the "guardian figures" at the gates of the Temple at Kamakura, where the great Buddha stands, were destroyed by fire, and such has been the decline of religious sentiment among the people, that they could only be restored by a subscription among the European residents at Yokohama! The Japanese government are suspected of a strong wish to destroy the tombs of the Tycoons at Tokio (formerly Yeddo), where there is another magnificent relic of the past, the Loo Choo gates, bronze doors set up out of moneys paid as tribute by Loo Choo to Japan in the Middle Ages. All these monuments of which I have spoken are Buddhist, and Buddhism is the religion of two-thirds of the inhabitants of Japan; but it is not

the established creed, which is the mysterious pure Shintoo. The greatest temple in the capital was burnt down some years ago, and the incendiaries were hanged in 1875, while I was in Japan. They were Buddhist priests, and had destroyed their temple because it had been "purified" by order of the Government—i.e., converted into a Shintoo temple. The Government state that they have not confiscated Buddhist temples, but have only "purified" those which had been Shintoo, and which, under the influence of the Tycoons, had become Buddhist—for the Tycoons belonged to the faith of the majority, and not to the faith of the Mikado.

To show how radical is the Government of Japan, and how utterly disregardful of vested rights where public interests are at stake, I will refer to a matter in which a change is about to be made, which would hardly be approved, except under the pressure of desperate necessity, by western Radicals. The retainers, now strong and poor, while their ex-masters are weak and rich, are going to plunder them for the benefit of the fatherland. At the time when the revolution was made, the great sagacity of the leading men led them to patch up everything for a time. To the ex-Tycoon was given a province, which has since been taken from him. To the Daimios was given one-tenth of their former incomes, free of every kind of charge, so that Satsuma, for instance, who had had an army and a fleet to keep up, and a province to rule, out of eight hundred thousand pounds a year, has received eighty thousand pounds a year to play with, ever since the revolution. The retainers got nothing, except some posts, and those who were not sufficiently clever or instructed to become officers, civil or military, have had to earn their living by dragging miniature hansoms about the streets, and in some cases have begged their bread. Taxation now begins to press; the Government is poor in proportion to its wants, and the result is that, although they were only fixed six or seven years ago, the pensions of the Daimios are to be reduced. It is perfectly safe to take this step, and the European-trained Japanese regard with astonishment a stranger who asks any other question in relation to the proposed change. If you hint that it is not, perhaps, quite just, the answer at once is, "These persons do nothing whatever for the money they receive." At the same time, such is the astonishing strength of patriotism in Japan, that it is very possible that when the ex-Daimios are told that they must pay for the perfecting of the revolution, they will cheerfully and willingly submit.

An inspection of the Japanese "new Doomsday-Book" shows that some, at all events, of the Daimios are not "doing nothing" in all senses, for some of the names may be recognised as those of men who are working hard to enable themselves to take a place among those of their countrymen who are masters of the foreign learning.

The gentleman who, but for the revolution, would have been Prince of Awa, is an undergraduate at Oxford. His income is returned at £25,000 a year. The ex-Prince of Hizan, whose income is returned at £35,000 a year, is living in London with his family. His territorial title, and that of Satsuma, are not the only ones on the list which are dear to lovers of oriental ware. "Kanga," with his £90,000 a year, is suggestive of red and gold. There are about thirty ex-Daimios, who have, at present, incomes of over £20,000 a year a-piece, but all are now pensioners of the State. Their names appear in a pension list, and the total amount voted under the head of pensions is £2,800,000 a year. This is a large item in the accounts of Japan. The revenue and the expenditure of the country each stands at £9,000,000 and odd. The pensions are half as much again as the military expenditure, five times the cost of the navy, and five times the interest on the debt. The country is democratically organized, although under despotic forms. Money is wanted on all sides for the splendidly efficient services which have been set on foot. In army, navy, education, post-office, lighthouses, railroads, statistics, Japan wants to be on a level with the European world. Money must be found. On the other hand, trade is rather decreasing than increasing; tea and silk are the chief exports, and Japanese tea is peculiar, and does not easily find new markets, while the growth of the silk trade in Italy is doing serious damage to Japan. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that there should be an outcry for the reduction of the pensions. There would be such an outcry in all countries, but in Europe it would be without result. In Japan the reduction of the Daimios' pensions will probably take place. Okuma, the finance minister, is a clever man, but what can he do? Public opinion bids him fall upon the nobles. Their pensions, it must be observed, are already liable to taxation, and they have been reached by the heavy income tax, which took about a tenth of their incomes last year.

There is but one new commercial prospect that seems opening for Japan. The Government is at present engaged on a praiseworthy attempt to introduce sheep, with the view of converting the hills into pasture land. If this can ever be done, the population and the wealth of Japan may be enormously increased. The hills cover two-thirds of the country; the forests that once stood on them have all been cut, not a stick of timber has been planted, and no use whatever is made of the mountain tracts.

There are two points arising out of the matters I have just mentioned, in which Japan stands before the average of European powers; and one in which she stands at least before some—her finance accounts may be taken without suspicion. The services in which Japan stands so well are lighthouses and post-offices. I have

before me as I write the annual report of the Postmaster-General for 1875. The foreign post-office service was first introduced into Japan for trial on one road only in 1871. In four years Japan has beaten Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Turkey, and Greece. Three thousand five hundred post offices have been already opened, and the increase of letters posted is at the rate of fifty per cent. a year. As the Postmaster-General says in his report, "The enormous increase of fifty-six per cent. on the revenue of the preceding year is due . . . to the rapid progress of civilisation." He may well call the progress extraordinary, and the chief factor in producing the result has been the personal cleverness of the Japanese people. Let any one sit down with books alone to make a steam engine, and he will have some idea of the quickness to learn foreign arts which the Japanese display. The present minister for foreign affairs, as well as the late Prince of Satsuma, constructed engines in this manner. Every element of foreign civilisation has been introduced into Japan with the latest improvements which it has received. The Japanese, very properly, will have everything of the best, and their lighthouse system may be taken as an example. They already have thirty-three lighthouses at work, which are models to any country in the world.

All these services cost money, and there still may come a conservative reaction to the cry of "keeping down the rates." To hang the whole of the students who have been educated abroad, to restore their swords to the Samurai, and to strip the guards of their tunics and kepis, and give them back their armour of ten years ago, is a policy which may commend itself to Shimadzu Saburo, but is not within the bounds of possibility. The land-tax has increased, but the people are still on the whole contented, and their rulers are sufficiently clever to watch the signs of the times, and to be guided by public opinion. There are some Europeans living in Japan who hold the opposite view. Groaning under the somewhat ignorant Radicalism of the newly appointed local officials, they will tell you that the country has become a "prig's paradise," and that the reform movement will be at least checked, if not wholly suspended, by a return to power of the old feudal chiefs. They point out that in the powerful southern province, or as it might rather be called, the feudal and tributary kingdom of Satsuma, the Mikado's officers possess but little power, and they believe that the attitude of the Prince of Satsuma towards the Mikado may at any moment become that of the Dukes of Burgundy towards the Kings of France. The "Pakeha-Maories" of this part of the world, the English Japanese, who, having lived ten years at Yokohama, think that they can tell "modern Kiyoto" from "old Satsuma," will assure you that the reform movement fails to perform that which it has promised, and that it

cannot give efficient government because of the state of the finances. All that I can say upon the point is that everywhere in Japan the traveller sees all the outward signs of good government, the only exception—the state of the bridges—not being important in a country where there are hardly any horses, and hardly any heavy vehicles. When war with Corea was threatened in the autumn of last year, the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun*, one of the native newspapers of the capital, spoke of the Government as likely to go into a foreign war in order to stifle discontent at home, and called this “the fatal policy of Napoleon III.” The answer is that the Government did not go to war, but, on the contrary, successfully resisted the strong pressure which was put upon it by the war party: and those among the foreign ministers who know the country best believe that there is little reason to fear for the future of Japan.

My mention just now of the post-office reminds me of one of the grievances of the Japanese against this country, the existence of which is a slight bar to our influence becoming even greater than it is at present. Why should England refuse to follow the United States into a postal convention with Japan, and to accord her a position which we give to a backward country like Greece? Under so honest and careful a government as the Japanese, the retention of our separate post-office at Yokohama is a blunder almost fit to rank with the want of courtesy shown in connection with the monstrous claim of sporting rights in Japan set up by British subjects and backed by British power. I should go so far as to believe that extra-territoriality itself might with safety be given up in Japan. The Japanese would then allow foreigners to reside anywhere in the country, the splendid mines would then be worked with foreign capital and under foreign direction, to the benefit both of Japan and Great Britain. As I have named the mineral wealth of the country, in which lies her future chance of an extended trade, let me explain that there is scarcely a part of the empire which does not contain minerals. Coal is plentiful in the north; gold, copper, tin, lead, iron, iron sand, plumbago, antimony, copperas, cobalt, and sulphur are abundant; there is much marble, rock-salt, amber, fire-clay, porcelain-clay, petroleum, alum, rock-crystal, and some silver. With the exception of coal, these minerals are scattered all over the southern islands. Without going so far, however, as at present to give up extra-territoriality, there is much that could be done in the removal of small causes of irritation. Fuss, fidget, and bluster are not the best means of making friends with a young power, whose help in the North Pacific we may one day need. As an example of our less pleasant dealings with the Japanese, let me quote the heads of the shooting question. Englishmen, in the pursuit of their favourite amusement of shooting all over the country, have at times killed

poultry, and slightly wounded inhabitants. The Japanese Government, rightly careful of the lives and property of its subjects, not unnaturally objected, and proposed a system of shooting regulations combined with game laws, which was acknowledged to be reasonable. The Government offered to do the police work necessary for the enforcement of the game laws to protect English sport, and they consented that offences under them should be heard by the foreign consular courts, but they asked that a table of fines should be agreed on before hand, so as to secure uniform treatment for all foreigners, and that these fines should go to the Government to recognise its right, and to compensate the informers. In the only other similar case of penalties inflicted on foreigners—namely, fines under customs regulations—the fines are specially fixed for all foreigners, and go to the Japanese Government. The Japanese only ask that this precedent should be followed. All the powers, except England, offered to concede the point, but Sir Harry Parkes expects that the Japanese shall find shooting for England and protect it by game laws, and that the paltry fines shall go to England, who is thus to benefit by the acts of her own criminals.

I named just now, as one reason for our trying to extend our already great influence in Japan, the possibility that a time will come when Japan might be a useful ally to us in the North Pacific. Such is the efficiency of the Japanese forces that a mere statement of their number should be accompanied with a reminder of their serious value. Their navy employs 4,214 men, all drilled under English instructors. All Japanese are liable to military service in the army, but the actual regular force—the whole of which would have been landed on the coast of China from seven to ten days after the declaration of war, had not war been prevented by the action of Sir T. F. Wade, two years ago—consists, on a war footing, of 49,930 men. On a peace footing, the army consists of 35,320 men, of whom 2,460 are artillery, 1,230 engineers, 440 military train, 720 garrison troops, and 30,080 infantry, including the imperial guard. There is only one regiment of cavalry. The effectiveness of the Japanese army is immensely increased by the fact that the great steam navigation company which owns some of the finest steamers in the world, is only the Japanese Government under another name, and the whole of the ships running to Shanghai are liable at a moment's notice to be used for the conveyance of troops. There can be little doubt that, had war broken out between China and Japan two years ago, the Japanese would have taken Peking; although, looking to the fact that the population of Japan is but little over 33,000,000, it is possible that Peking would have proved a Moscow.

There is one future suggested by the military statistics I have just

given, which would be even brighter than that of having Japan for our firm friend in the Pacific. Shall I be accused of dreaming dreams if I ask whether it would not be a happy thing that the Pacific should be neutralised? The states at present bordering upon that ocean, or wholly situated within its limits, have not yet followed those of Europe into reckless military expenditure. Japan is entering upon that course; and can we blame her when we remember the perpetual presence of a Russian squadron upon her coasts? Australia has no army, America desires no triumph of the sword, and Russia alone of all the Pacific powers is suspected of ambitious designs. Would it not be possible to induce the European Powers to agree to support the *status quo* in the Pacific, and to recommend the island Powers of that ocean to put down their armies, and apply their revenues to public works and purposes of trade, of art, and of civilisation?

I have answered, as well as I can, the questions with which I set out, but it is impossible to satisfy even one's self as to the accuracy of statements which concern so strange a country as Japan. What can be, or ever has been, in the history of the world, more singular than the combination of the extreme democracy of the spirit of its government with the blind tradition that is personified in the Mikado? I said above that the Mikado had taken but little part in public affairs. The marvellous fact is that, in so revolutionary a country, he should be there at all. His ancestors have reigned for 2,536 years at least, and his style, with magnificent simplicity, runs "Mutsuhito, by the grace of Heaven, Emperor of Japan, seated on a throne occupied by one dynasty from time immemorial."

I ought to explain what I mean by the phrase, "English influence in Japan." The diplomatic power of the English Government is perhaps greater than that of any other single foreign country at the court of Tokio, but it is not overwhelming; and were I thinking of it alone I should not speak of the English influence in Japan in the very strong terms that I have used. Japan plays off America against the European Powers, and by the spread of Russian dominion in Saghalien and towards the Corea, Japan is brought into close relations with a state the diplomacy of which has always been superior to that of England, and which is represented at Tokio by Mr. Struve, the once-dreaded secretary of the Government of Turkestan, who has never shown his great talent more clearly than in persuading the English community in Yokohama, and his colleagues at the capital, that garden parties are his only thought. Thus the English diplomatic influence, although the greatest, does not stand alone. In the organization of the services of Japan, the English do not take even the first place, for the French have the law and the army (though a change is being made), while the

English have to themselves only the navy and the mint; but the services are passing rapidly into the hands of the Japanese themselves.

The Japanese Government now employs only about a third as many Europeans altogether as were employed four years ago. The day is near at hand when a few French lawyers, acting as interpreters of the *Code Civil*, will be the only foreign servants in the pay of the Japanese. But it must not be supposed from these facts that the English influence will decrease when Englishmen have ceased to serve the Government of Japan. The external trade of Japan is, and seems likely to continue to be, in English hands. Yokohama and Hiogo are English towns. The Chinese are gaining ground in the treaty ports, but the Chinese influence in these days is the influence of England in another shape. In spite of the use of the Chinese character by the cultivated Japanese, the language of trade, as between the Chinese and Japanese in the treaty ports, is the English tongue. Many of the Chinese merchants are English subjects, coming as they do from Hong Kong. Moreover, and above all, the political influences of England and of America combine to lead the Japanese to the use of English as the official language. This policy is backed by all considerations of convenience in the case of an island power situated in the Pacific, the language of which is English, and trading but little with any country except America, England, the English Colonies and the thoroughly English treaty ports of China. The defeat of France by Germany, in the war of 1870, has operated in the same direction. The military, legal and financial prestige of French administration had caused the Japanese statesmen to copy the general governmental organization of France. Since the war Americans have stepped into many of the posts which Frenchmen used to fill, and the training of a few Japanese military students at Berlin has not affected the general result.

The rise of European influence in Japan has been accompanied by a patriotic revulsion against that which was formerly the chief foreign influence—namely, the Chinese. We may compare the patriotic rage against Germany, and the destruction of German influence which has accompanied the opening of Russia to western thought. Chinese influence was once as dominant in Japan as was German influence at St. Petersburg; but there is no reason to fear that the foreign influence of the present day will die out in Japan as the Chinese influence has died out. The Chinese civilisation was adopted by the Japanese because it was altogether superior to their own, and it was abandoned when found to be inferior to that of the western nations. Much has been written with regard to the rapidity with which the change has occurred, and it is indeed impossible not to forget that only fifteen years ago no European could set foot in

Japan except a Dutchman, and he only in one town. About ten years ago Japanese soldiers wore hideous iron masks, and carried bows, and foreign ministers could not traverse the streets of the capital itself without a strong guard. Now, although in the interior of the country you see no direct evidence of the foreign influence, you can, if provided with a passport, travel alone with perfect safety, and indeed receiving more courtesy from the people than is the case in any other country with which I am acquainted. In the towns, of course, direct foreign influence is noticeable at every turn. The officials are dressed in European dress, the police are European in appearance, the French light infantry bugle marches are heard in the neighbourhood of all the barracks. From the French having drilled the army and the English the marines, the latter have all the British stolidity of their teachers, while the sentries of the guards at the gate of the Mikado's gardens strut up and down cuddling their rifles, or stand with their feet astraddle, in exactly the way in which, under the Empire, the Zouaves used to stand at the Tuileries gates. The bugles of the guards make day as horrible in the neighbourhood of the castle, as do the drums and fifes of the marines in the neighbourhood of the port.

English influence, of course, draws certain evils in its train. Birmingham metal work, cut-glass decanters, gingham umbrellas, and hideous boots and felt hats are spreading in the towns, and it has been my unfortunate fate to see an ex-Daimio dressed in a ready-made coat, driving a gig, and to behold the detestable suburban villa, near Tokio, in which another lives. At the same time, Japanese art has not yet been killed by English "taste." The show-rooms of the former palace of the Mikado at Kioto, even the tiger room in which the Mikado used to sleep, are surpassed by the marvellously lovely wall pictures of the rooms in the priest's house, at the temple on the Tokaido, near where the Enoshima path turns off, at Fujisawa. These are, I believe, but a few years old, and they certainly show no falling off from the work of the best period. There is one room of birds in a snow-storm, one of processions on a gold ground, one of egrets, and one—this last being the most beautiful—of flights of kittiwake gulls settling on or rising off the sea, while hundreds light and run along the sands. Many of the new screens in black, brown, and white, with no colour introduced except in the plumage of birds, much of the work in mixed metals applied to belts and other articles manufactured for the European market, the application of enamel to objects also produced for Europe, and such books as the new Nautical Almanac (in which even tables of logarithms are made artistic by the exquisite copper-plate engraving of the Japanese characters), on delicate mulberry-leaf paper, compare favourably with the productions of the best days of Japanese art.

Old Japan, as far as costume and social observances are concerned, may be compared with revolutionary Japan at the theatres, where are played interminable historic dramas, wholly based on the old state of things. Nothing has been changed in the Japanese theatre except, here and there, the hours; most of the theatres at the capital, and all those in the interior, play from 9 A.M. until dark. The theatres of the treaty ports now play from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M., so that at Tokio one is able to attend the theatre at most hours of the day and night. There the two-sworded Samurai still walk the stage, and Tycoon's soldiers still wear their hideous masks, and Daimios in magnificent trousers, preceded and followed by their banners and processions of retainers, still force the people to prostrate themselves in the dust.

In contrast to the conservatism of the theatres, the critical modern spirit is shown in the tea-houses which stand near them. There a common caricature sheet upon the walls, which dates from just before the revolution, represents a Daimio's procession of insects. The praying mantis, the locust, the grasshopper and the wasp are brought into requisition, given two swords a piece, and made to bear heraldic banners of cornflower, poppy and convolvulus. They imitate the swaggering walk and arms akimbo of the Samurai, and escort a feeble cricket carried in a cage. This is the Daimio, before whom a humble cockroach, who figures the people of Japan, reverently hammers his head upon the ground as he beholds him pass. Those Japanese who best knew their countrymen before the revolution, will tell you that there has always been a want of respect, other than enforced respect, among the people. Their attitude towards the Mikado seems to be the only exception to their general want of veneration, which is accompanied by a total absence of religious fanaticism, and, I think must be added, of religious reverence. The only temple in Japan inside which I ever saw a crowd, unless there was a wrestling performance going on within the walls, was that of Asaksa, in the capital. This temple is the centre of a sort of fair, or, as the whole of Tokio resembles the fair of St. Cloud more than it does anything else in Europe, the centre of a fair within a fair—the wax-work show and big drum portion of the fair. The temple of Asaksa is entirely surrounded by peep-shows and shooting-galleries, and is always crowded, but more I think by sight-seeing country people out of curiosity, than by the people of the capital from religious motives. The Loo Choo envoys were there at the time of my visit—tall, bearded, solemn men, who seemed much struck by finding the place of honour in the temple occupied by a gigantic looking-glass. The mirror may properly find a place in either Buddhist or Shintoo temple. The doctrine of Pure Shintoo informs us that the Sun Goddess was enticed out of her dark cave by a looking-glass; but in Buddhism the looking-glass symbolises the mirror of the soul, and

the worshippers are supposed to repair to it as to a confessional. The young ladies with painted lips, and light blue or crimson satin obis, who eye themselves approvingly in the great mirror at Asaksa, perhaps think that it has other objects—at all events, there is nothing in the temple that “draws” so well. In a ghastly representation of the Buddhist hell, which is moved by clockwork and forms one of the most popular peep-shows outside the temple, the mirror also figures, and on it their crimes are shown to the dead as they enter hell. As I have named this show I may add that, if it was regarded seriously by the people, it would be evidence of the existence of a degrading superstition. It represents green devils with red tongues, and red devils with green tongues, pounding people in mortars, boiling them in oil and frying them upon gridirons. In one corner an assistant devil is engaged in tying the legs and arms of men together, and another, who stands by with a plumb-line and crayon, marks a black line down the middle of their backs for the guidance of a third, who saws them deliberately in half. As is seen, however, by the attitude of the spectators, the representation is regarded by the Japanese as a mere joke.

The religious indifference of the Japanese leads to singular results. I saw one day, in the commercial summary of a trade journal, this paragraph:—“Bronze.—The export of this metal has greatly increased, as, owing to the religious reforms of the Japanese Government, old idols and temple bells are being very largely sold.” The “old idols” of course mean Buddhas. The Government could never have acted as it has done, had the hearts of the people really been in their Buddhist faith. At the same time, I have a doubt as to whether the Japanese ruling classes, although they seek to establish Shintooism as the religion of the people, are themselves Shintooists any more than they are Buddhists. I have a strong impression that a fact remarked by me in the Mikado’s palace at Kiyoto, that the sole decoration of the grand hall of state consists of portraits of the Chinese philosophers, means that the Mikados themselves, spiritual heads of the Shintoo church—I had almost said divine heads—though they were, held Confucian tenets.

It is not only in religion that the Japanese show much pliancy. The questions at issue between the government of the Tycoon and that of the Mikado during the civil war were more than personal questions, and ran through religion, principles of government, and modes of thought, yet the leading men of the Tycoon’s government have been very generally employed by the government which succeeded to the imperial power.

One short story of the war will illustrate several statements that I have made.

In 1874 an American officer gave a dinner party in Japan. His

guests were a Mr. C——, a Southerner, Enomoto, now Japanese ambassador at St. Petersburg, and Kurota. Enomoto had commanded the last force of the Tycoon, eight years ago, and had afterwards been the chief man in the short-lived Japanese republic proclaimed at the northern island by the Tycoon's troops, after their master's fall. So sudden had been the change in a single year, that Enomoto had had under his command French officers who had entered the service of the then all-powerful "Emperor," and who almost immediately had found that they were serving in a rebel army. Enomoto had had under his orders the steam yacht *Emperor*, presented to the Tycoon by the Queen of England, and thus suddenly become a rebel ship. Kurota had been the general commanding the Mikado's forces at the siege of the last town which Enomoto held. In the last days of the siege Kurota had sent delicacies to the table of the rival general, and Enomoto had returned the compliment by sending a great work on military engineering to the general—as some say that he might be at no disadvantage in his siege operations, but, as others explain, in order that the very valuable work, of which there was no other copy, should not be lost to the common country in the fires which might attend the storm of the town. The dinner of 1874 took place at Hakodadi, which was the town in question.

Kurota, in the course of conversation, turning to Colonel W., said, "Why, only ten years ago you and Mr. C. were fighting against each other in Texas!"

Colonel W. at once replied, "Why, only six years ago you and Enomoto were fighting against each other at this very place!"

"Ah, yes," said Kurota, "but in Japan it's different."

Thorough as, to European ideas, has been the forgive-and-forget in America, it has been even more complete in Japan.

The courtesy in war, which is noticeable in the story I have just told, is characteristic of the Japanese. Those who would know that people should read the official narrative of the military expedition to Formosa in 1874. It is a romantic history, which cannot but awake a desire to make acquaintance with the dashing soldiers who bore so cheerfully the hardships of that rough campaign, and with the ministers—Soyesima, Okuma, and Okubo—who gained a diplomatic triumph over no less acute a master of statecraft than Prince Kung himself. If I had not known the utter fearlessness of the Japanese, I should have been tempted to believe, from the first part of the narrative, that they were afraid of entering on the active operations of the war. It was only their politeness. After landing twenty thousand men to avenge the cutting off the heads of some Japanese sailors, they sent embassy after embassy to the Formosan chiefs to get them to explain the exact reason why the men's heads

had been cut off, and it was only when the Formosans, growing impatient, cut off the heads of some of these envoys, that the Japanese proceeded to punish them by the destruction of their forts and towns.

Not only the proceedings of the Formosan, but those in the matter of the threatened Korean Expedition, are of interest, as revealing the real opinions of the Japanese upon foreign affairs. The leaders in the native newspapers, at the time when war with Korea seemed likely, give the most pleasing view of the enlightenment, and of the courage and spirit of the Japanese. The *Hochi Shimbun*, which opposed the war, wrote as follows:—

“Were we still in a state of barbarism all the money of the nation would be spent for war purposes. But in an advanced condition of civilisation the strength of the nation must depend on the progress of knowledge. If our statesmen were now to urge that increased provision for war should rank as of greater moment than the improvement of our judicial system, or the education of our people, they would exhaust the treasury and after all we should not be able to resist a power like that of England. What is necessary for our country is power in the people, which must come from the spread of that knowledge, which is really power, rather than from the making of provision against war.”

In another article the *Hochi Shimbun* said,—

“Some writers argue that the sending of an army against Korea is to gain renown for Japan abroad, and that even the enlightened countries of Europe extend their prestige by force of arms. But is it not a shallow notion of these critics to imagine that Japan will gain renown abroad from an expedition against Korea? If we insist on raising our prestige by arms, let us first of all chastise the encroachments of Russia. The truth, however, is that the prestige of Japan is not at present to be raised by arms. We are still unable to freely exercise our jurisdiction. On this account our Japanese brethren are constantly exposed to wrongs to which they ought not to be exposed, and foreigners escape punishment which they ought not to escape. We believe that the day which gives back to Japan her rights in these respects will be the day that will raise our national prestige.”

On the other hand the *Akebono Shimbun* wrote in the following terms:—

“Our army and navy are small, and the treasury is not full. But an independent country must, when forced to do so, protect its rights, and, if the worst comes to the worst, be prepared to fight even such countries as England and France.”

As I have said much in praise of the Japanese Government, I must, on the other hand, state that I am reminded by this mention of the native newspapers, that the new men who rule the country show a great impatience of the criticism of the Press. They have established an unwise and severe press-gagging law, and they have induced Sir Harry Parkes to issue an order of doubtful legality, making the publication of Japanese newspapers by British

subjects in treaty ports an offence punishable by imprisonment. This order confiscated a property already established, encouraged the Japanese in a foolish course, and made that a crime for Englishmen at Yokohama which is no crime for Englishmen at Shanghai and Canton. The authorities at Tokio would certainly like to reach Mr. Wirgman, the gifted correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, who in his *Yokohama Punch*, published, fortunately for him, in English, represented, during my stay at Tokio, the Japanese home minister toasting editors upon a gridiron in presence of grim legions of spectacled Japanese police.

I cannot trust myself to write at length of what I saw in the interior, for I should, in the enthusiasm which seizes all who travel in Japan, be tempted to re-describe manners and scenes which have been described already. My most interesting trip was the last I made—one with a charming companion, a bank manager from Hiogo, to the feudal castle of Akashi. This was a trip not only full of pleasure, but full of interest, from its bearing on the changes which so suddenly have fallen on the country of the Rising Sun. Leaving Hiogo-Kobé by the Tokaido, or great high road of the Eastern Sea, of which I had already seen long stretches, between Osaka and Kiyoto, between Kiyoto and Lake Biwa, and nearer to the capital, the first spot of interest to which we came was an ancient battle-field, in scenery resembling that of Cannes. A grove of giant pine-trees stands on the sea shore, at the entrance to the inland sea by the lovely Akashi Straits. Here the northern and southern barons met in battle seven hundred years ago, and to this day the population of the neighbouring villages, wholly unrelated to the men who fell, pile little heaps of stones upon each grave. Passing the new fortifications of the Straits, and a fine ancient Buddha seated gravely in their rear, we soon came to our feudal town. The Tokaido separated the town proper from the houses of the Samurai, retainers of the family of Akashi. The houses looking towards the Samurai dwellings, and consequently towards the castle, had their windows screened with boards to prevent the prying of any Peeping Tom. The good old Tories who inhabit them have not been tempted even by the revolution to take down these inconvenient and ugly screens. The Samurai town is not unlike a strong Maori pah. From the outside, the houses cannot be seen. Each opening in a long mud wall is covered by another wall, from which defenders could fire upon an advancing foe. At the back of each house is a large garden in which rice could be grown during a blockade. Here once lived the swaggering swash-bucklers who, with arms akimbo and with two swords apiece stuck horizontally across their chests, used to march to Yeddo yearly with their lord when he went to the Tycoon's capital for his "enforced residence," and fight the retainers of the other princes in the streets.

Wide roads start from the Tokaido here and there as though to lead to Akashi Castle, but they lead but to a maze inside a hornet's nest ; and conduct the stormers only to a loop-holed wall or to a moat. The real entrances to the castle are at the side and rear, and there four lines of fortifications lurk among the trees, with gates that are very Gibaltars of stone, while the keep surmounts a lofty rock. Behind the castle is a lovely park run wild, in which are glissanies with stems as large as one's thigh, growing from tree to tree, and lacing round the giant camelias and the tall bamboos. Tree-ducks fly from every old pine stem about the hawking-pond, across which flit kingfishers innumerable, their bright plumage showing even in the dense green shade. Near the fortress is a shrine containing a little Buddha ; shrine and priest's house both deserted for five years, and the very mats, fine and valuable though they are, left upon the floors unstolen, as are the pictures on the walls. No Japanese are ever seen within the grounds : either they think them haunted, or their respect for the fallen Daimio is too great, for Japanese are not like other dwellers in picturesque places, unaware of the beauties that surround them. They love the picturesque ; they are the only people who plant in their fields double fruit trees for the beauty of their bloom ; and it is only their new government that has the vandalism to cut great trees. A fortified solitude is the best name for Akashi as it stands. Is the revolution popular in such a feudal town as this ? It was the Mikado's birthday when I was there, and the national flag of the just-risen sun was hoisted upon every house. That this, however, was the result of a police decree, and not spontaneous, was clear from the fact that in the smaller villages of the neighbourhood, where there are no police, not a flag was up. The feudal princes spent, of course, much money in their chief towns. The ex-Daimio of Akashi, before whom eight years ago the people used to crawl, and who had power of life and death, is now living at Tokio in European style, while his retainers have been drafted into the foot guards.

In every journey in the interior it is of interest to note how far foreign influence is seen. Indirectly it is there, because the revolution was European, and the revolution is there. You no longer meet two-sworded warriors ; you no longer see the people bowing to the earth before their princes ;—that is all. Even the hats and boots and umbrellas of the treaty-ports have not yet appeared, and clogs or sandals, picturesque top-knots, and cotton head-rags, and pretty paper sunshades are still the order of the day. You sometimes see the telegraph ; and in villages big enough to possess a book-shop you will find Japanese books on foreign countries in great abundance, with cuts of the Capitol at Washington, Wentworth-Wodehouse, the Tower of London, Chatsworth, George Washington, Louis Napoleon,

Madame Patti, and President Grant. The traveller finds evidence of a desire to learn English existing on all sides, and the Japanese already know more English than do our Indian subjects. Still, this wish to learn a foreign tongue is nothing new in Japan. Chinese has been worked at for ages in an aimless way. Chinese characters are used out of pedantry in books, although the easier Japanese characters have to be printed at the side. At a peep-show in the capital I found all the explanations, out of politeness, in the Chinese character alone, which few of the visitors understood. The intellectual and social debt of Japan to China is a subject of some interest in itself. Japan bears to China in civilisation the relation that Sweden bears to Germany. In the Middle Ages, Japan borrowed from China, as Sweden borrowed from Germany, many of the externals of her civilisation, but she kept, as Sweden kept, a national life alive beneath. To return to the language question, at all the temples receiving State aid are English and French inscriptions warning visitors not to fish in the ponds, and not to shoot birds in the trees, even where the temples are situated in parts of the interior seldom visited by foreigners, and never by any who cannot understand Japanese. The English of Japan is not at present very good. There are two guide-books to the ancient capital, Kiyoto, written in English by Japanese. The one calls Buddhas "idles," and the other calls them "idoles." Among the statements in these books are the following:—"It had been burnt to the ground by thunderlight twenty-nine years ago." "Biyodoin:—it was in this temple that a most brave general named Yorimasa suicided there 694 years ago." "Mumenomiya was built for honour of a virtuous person—at ancient, one thousand and twenty-six years ago." "Narabigaoka is named so because the hills stand very peticularly after one another."

Whatever may be our doubts as to the extent of the foreign influence, we can have none as to the loveliness of Japan, and the delight of travelling in the interior. When I left the country I had seen seven out of the eight largest towns; but it is not the weeks in the cities that live in my recollection, but the few days spent in the country districts. Japan is the traveller's paradise. Through a strange medley of pines and palms, of rice and buckwheat, of bamboos and elms, of tea and cotton; through azalea thickets and camelia groves, across tobacco fields and past rocks covered with evergreen ferns of a hundred kinds, and crowned with grotesque remains; through tussac grass and forests of scarlet maple, and over mountains clad in rich greenery, you may journey in perfect peace, safe from robbery, safe from violence, safe even from beggars, never troubled, never asked for anything, except by a civil policeman for your passport, and that with the lowest of low bows. The maidens say "Ohio" sweetly to you in the villages as you pass, where eight years ago you

might have been sliced up by the sharp swords of the Samurai. "Ohio," too, call the labourers in the fields, leaving their work to come and bow at the roadside; not as the Javanese bow to the Dutch, but with the bow of equal to equal, the bow of infinite politeness. Without servant or interpreter, a European can travel in safety throughout the land.

The people and their houses have been described too often. One cannot but love their fun, their cleanliness, their inborn sense of art. It is impossible to realise that the Japanese are real men and women. What with the smallness of the people, their incessant laughing chatter, and their funny gestures, one feels one's self in elf-land. On a fine day, the men appear as grinning demons in black tights, streaked all over with blue heraldry. On wet days, the long rush coats and long-sided straw hats equally remove all vestige of humanity. When we turn over Japanese pictures in our English homes we fancy that both the faces and the dress must be unlike real life. On the contrary, they are very like the old fashions of the wealthy class, with whom faces are as much made up, and are as much a matter of fashion as are clothes. It is the country people of Japan who are my elves—the tiny, jovial, copper-coloured poor. Were I describing rural Japan at length, I would try to show that it may be looked at from a point of view from which it has not as yet been much considered. Japan is the last refuge of the Joyous Life. See the Thames on a fine Saturday in July, or the fair of St. Cloud on the last Sunday evening of its reign, and you may for a moment believe that even in Europe the Joyous Life is not extinct; but the fun of the Thames is vulgar, and the loose morals of St. Cloud are venal. The Joyous Life of the Middle Ages may have been bad or good—in Europe it is gone, and let us speak well of the dead—but it was neither venal nor vulgar; that life lives still in Japan, where no paganism of antique grandeur dwells, but rollicking, unthinking fun. All who love children must love the Japanese, the most gracious, the most courteous, and the most smiling of all peoples, whose rural districts form, with Through-the-Looking-Glass-Country and Wonderland, the three kingdoms of merry dreams.

CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE.

WILLIAM GODWIN.

ONE of Hazlitt's best essays reports a discussion as taking place at Lamb's supper-table, upon the men whom one would most like to have met. If the selection were to be confined to the literary constellations which have shone and been extinguished in England, there are few sets to which one would rather have had an admission than that of which Lamb was himself the centre. No sufficient Boswell has reported its wit combats, and we must reconstruct from our imaginations as best we may the superabundant pomp of Coleridge's monologues, and Wordsworth's sententious prosings, and Hazlitt's keen sarcasms, and Lamb's quaint by-play of humour relieved by outrageous puns. Of each of these, indeed, and of some lesser lights, we can form a tolerable picture from independent sources, but there is one figure who has always hitherto appeared under a veil.

It is hard to attribute any distinct personality to Godwin. Talfourd describes him as a man with the massive head of a giant set upon a low frame, and discoursing in a small voice, and with an almost finical manner, upon trivial topics. The presence of the most interesting companions could not prevent him from falling into a profound after-dinner sleep. Strangers who came to see the most daring of political speculators, and the author of what would now be called the most sensational of novels, were taken aback by this contrast to their preconceived notions. The bodily presence was mild, if not contemptible. They came out to see a prophet, and found but a reed shaken by the wind. Godwin's oddly divided career, indeed, might prepare us for some such peculiarities. Its end holds no proportion with its beginning. The man who began by publishing, in the heat of the French revolution, treatises which expressed the extreme form of revolutionary principles, eked out a livelihood in later years by publishing good little books for children, and ended life as yeoman usher of the Exchequer. It was a strange fate for the pupil of Rousseau, Helvétius, and Holbach and the rival of Condorcet, to owe his last gleam of comfort to the Duke of Wellington and Lord Melbourne. A similar contrast appears in his domestic relations. Godwin is probably remembered at the present day chiefly as the husband of Mary Wollstonecraft, and the father-in-law of Shelley. Their fiery natures influenced, but scarcely disturbed the placid tenor of his existence; and Godwin had to wear out near forty years after parting from the passionate affection of his wife, and near fourteen after losing his son-in-law, before he too made an exit almost

unnoticed by the noisy world. He had, one may say, outlived himself, and would have perhaps left a deeper impression if his days had been shortened by half. Had he died with his wife, we should have speculated on what he might have been. As it is, his later years cast a partial shadow of oblivion over his earlier activity.

Godwin left behind him voluminous papers; for he appears to have cherished the superstition, only too popular, which forbids the destruction of written documents. Some people seem to fear, rather superfluously, that the Dryasdusts of the future will not have work enough upon their hands. The correspondence and the journals have been used by Mr. Paul for the construction of a biography.¹ Mr. Paul has used them with great judgment, and has erred, if he has erred at all, upon the right side. Nearly all that he has published is interesting, though possibly the interest might have been increased by a little more use of independent materials. That defect, however, if it be a defect, can be supplied by the reader. We know, in general terms, what impression Godwin made upon his contemporaries; and now that we have a full selection from his letters, he ought to start out into stereoscopic distinctness of relief. And yet, it must be said that he still seems half to elude our notice. There are many interesting documents in these volumes: there are some admirable letters from Coleridge; a few characteristic notes from Lamb; and an account of Mary Wollstonecraft and her family which may serve as a complete portrait of one of the most interesting figures in the Godwin circle. It is enough to say here, that Mr. Paul has a warm admiration for this lady, and vindicates her triumphantly from the charge of having rebelled against established conventions simply because those conventions were trammels to vice. She was plainly a woman of much noble feeling and high aspirations: if her conduct was not irreproachable, and a vein of shrill declamation—too often associated with her favourite cause—mingles disagreeably with her eloquence, we must forgive much to a woman thrown from an early age upon her own resources; yet fighting the hard battle of life with high courage and generously helping her fellow-sufferers. And yet, I must confess that I am more attracted by Godwin's old Calvinistic mother, who sticks by her son for fifty years in spite of his freethinking, and writes queer letters from her country retirement, full of bad spelling, sound sense, scripture texts, praises of her favourite minister, and lists of market prices, the whole sometimes "enclosed in a goose." Her genuine human nature contrasts pleasantly with the philosophical sentimentalism of her son's circle. When Godwin recommends a hypochondriacal youth at Cambridge to study "Seneca the philosopher," and old Mrs. Godwin says of a good-

(1) William Godwin: his Friends and Contemporaries. By C. Kegan Paul. King and Co.

for-nothing son of hers, "Seneca's morals he bastes off is not sufficient," I somehow fancy that the old lady is most nearly in the right.

If the figures in the background persist in being more distinct than the principal character, the fault is not with Mr. Paul. He has done what can be done to bring his principal figure into relief: but Godwin, though we gradually gain some acquaintance with him, was wanting in the force and richness of character which keeps the dead alive. In many men diffidence is merely a veil, behind which lies the most genuine vigour; Godwin's diffidence lies at the root of his character. He was not merely shy in company, but shy when he was alone. The power was defective, as well as the disposition to exert his powers. Mr. Paul, who is not infected by the ordinary biographer's mania, says of him that, except in his one great love, "friendship stood to him in the place of passion, as morality was to him in the room of devotion." He was a man, in short, of tepid affections, who could be amiable, but not devoted. This, it may be said, is what we might expect from a man in whom, as Talfourd says, "the faculty of abstract reasoning so predominated over all others as practically to extinguish them. . . . He had no imagination, no fancy, no wit, no humour." He was, that is, philosophy incarnate. And yet this seems to be unjust on one side to philosophers, and on another to Godwin. The philosopher should not really be a man without passions, but a man in whom the calmer and more voluminous passions are developed at the expense of the narrow and violent. He should be deeply sympathetic to the great currents of human thought and feeling, though not easily disturbed by comparatively superficial perturbations. Nor does it seem fair to say of Godwin that he was entirely without imagination, when we remember that he was the author of a novel, almost unique in its kind; a novel which, if it is devoid of many more common charms, can never, as Hazlitt says, be begun without being finished, nor finished without stamping itself upon the memory of the reader. Godwin, we shall find on examination, has a distinctive, though not a highly-coloured character.

Godwin's life (1756—1836) divides with the century; or we may say that he lived in the eighteenth, and only survived in the nineteenth century. The first part of his history culminates with the marriage to Mary Wollstonecraft (1797); the second opens with his marriage to Mrs. Clairmont (1801). If the first marriage was the appropriate reward of a career of intellectual rebellion, the second tended materially to clip his wings, and confine him to the regions of the commonplace. In his earlier history Godwin represents a typical process in English political history. He began as a Dissenter to end as a full-blown radical in religion and politics. In his boyhood he was a Calvinist, with a leaning towards the special-Calvinism of Sandeman. The influence of the most eminent of the dissenters,

Priestley, led him to Socinianism. An acquaintance with writers of the French school developed his Socinianism to complete infidelity, if not to dogmatic atheism. When the French revolution broke out a year or two later, Godwin, who had long given up preaching for literature, was fully qualified to expound the political creed of which Priestley, Price, and Paine, all of them dissenters by birth, were the most conspicuous English advocates. The *Political Justice*, which appeared in 1793, is the most thoroughgoing English version of the gospel according to Rousseau, and indeed goes beyond his teachers. Caleb Williams, intended by its author to be an attack upon the existing social order, followed in the next year. When the English Government made its ill-advised attempt to suppress freethinking in politics by the prosecution of Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Thelwall, Godwin took an active part in defending them by his pen and by his personal appearance. Had the trial resulted differently, the author of *Political Justice* would certainly have been in a dangerous position. Godwin's reputation and character won favour in the eyes of Mary Wollstonecraft, herself already known by the *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*. Even in his relations to his first wife, there appears something of Godwin's characteristic preference of reason to passion. He kept a separate establishment on principle, and in one of her last letters to him there is a complaint of the "icy philosophy" which had caused a momentary chill. But their love seems to have been strong and genuine. Godwin's description of their brief happiness is touching and manly. We feel that his philosophizing is for once but a thin veil over deep emotion. We pardon an affectation which is but the ostensible apology made by his heart to his intellect. Mary Godwin, however, died in giving birth to their only child, and the romance of Godwin's life disappears along with her.

His grief was for a time overwhelming, but within a few months we find him addressing another lady in love letters which Mr. Paul justifiably pronounces to be unique. He occupies many pages in arguing most lucidly against Miss Lee's religious prejudices. He shows to his own complete satisfaction that a Christian can have no logical ground for refusing to marry an infidel. He proves to demonstration that a lady should inquire into her lover's morals, but not into his creed. Miss Lee to his surprise refused to yield to demonstration. Next year we find Godwin employing his logic with equal fervour and equal want of success against a lady who thought that she ought not to accept him within a month of her husband's death. A year or two later Godwin had to learn that the weapon on which he prided himself was not more trustworthy in defensive than in offensive operations. One evening a lady exclaimed to him from her own window as he sat in his balcony, "Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin?" Godwin's logic was defence-

less against flattery, and within a few months he fell a victim to this enterprising widow, who became a "querulous though always admiring wife," but "a harsh and unsympathetic stepmother." Pecuniary troubles followed. Godwin had always lived by his pen. He had counted on the success of a tragedy, which failed ignominiously just before his marriage. To meet the expenses of his family he had to descend to mere bookmaking, and he failed to retrieve matters by becoming also a publisher. Difficulties thickened as the years went by, and Godwin became a greater proficient in the demoralising trade of respectable begging. It was, indeed, one of his theories that rich men ought to support poor men of genius, and he regarded subscriptions rather as proper tributes from his intellectual subjects than as implying a relation of dependence on his side. He took the money much as Comte in later years took the subscriptions of the faithful, but he had not, like Comte, any new revelations to promise. His later essays soften, if they do not retract, the opinions of his earlier writings, and were not of a kind to make much impression upon a world which had changed more rapidly than himself.

Begging, even on the loftiest principles, is not an elevating occupation; and there are some symptoms of deterioration in Godwin's character. He is rather querulous for a philosopher. That, indeed, is not very surprising. A moderate experience in the critic's trade will convince any one that nobody is so irritable as your thoroughly candid man. He is so plainly in the right that one who finds fault with him must be monstrously unreasonable. Godwin was therefore sensitive to criticism from early years; and it is no wonder if, in later life, with an uneasy family, and under continual difficulties, he should have become peevish and fretful. The habit of covering his irritability under a cloak of candour comes out oddly in many of Godwin's letters. After describing Hayley very unfavourably in one of them, he adds, "Damn him. I say this in the sobriety of my judgment, and without a spice of resentment."¹ Godwin damns a good many people pretty heartily on these terms. He quarrelled more or less persistently with most of his friends—with Mackintosh, Parr, Holcroft, and even for a time with Lamb. His unreasonable love of reasoning must have been as amusing in his literary relations as in his love affairs. Some letters which passed between him and Kemble, on the occasion of his unfortunate theatrical ventures, exhibit him as one of that inconvenient race—the authors who invite criticism, but think that criticism, if hinted, is an impertinence, and, if detailed, an insult. A very curious bit of self-analysis² shows that he was even morbidly alive to the faults of character in which these weaknesses were rooted. He describes

(1) Vol. ii., p. 189.

(2) Vol. i., p. 358.

even too strongly his strange diffidence, his want of tact and sympathy, his coldness of temperament, and the awkward contrast between his daring as a thinker and his weakness in active life. The confession explains sufficiently the difficulty of personal dealings with a man whose emotions were so oddly masked by his reason or concealed under diffidence. And yet he was fundamentally amiable, as appears most prominently in his relations to women and youths. In early life he asked his sister to choose a wife for him, and discussed the lady whom she suggested with the deliberation of a diplomatist of the old school. I have already noticed the queer mixture of passion and argument, or rather the substitution of argument for passion, in his later love-letters; yet we are told that when his first marriage was announced two ladies shed tears. The singular letters written by one of these ladies, Mrs. Inchbald, seem to imply that her love was changed by the disappointment into something very like spite. Even on the occasion of Godwin's great loss, she replies to his appeal for sympathy by insulting remarks about the woman he had lost, and proposes to break off their acquaintance for ever. He sent her his play a year or two later, and she congratulated him on attaining a place "among the honoured few who, during the last century, have entirely failed in writing for the stage."¹ A partial reconciliation seems to have taken place afterwards; but Mrs. Inchbald's persistent bitterness is perhaps as strong a proof as others of a less disagreeable kind, that Godwin could be very charming to some women. Perhaps they recognised the general kindness and loftiness of feeling which lay beneath his external foibles; female society might thaw his habitual diffidence. Perhaps, too, it is true that women generally like priggishness and conceit.

Another peculiarity of Godwin's is more conspicuous. One marked peculiarity of his whole life was the influence which he exerted over young men. Shelley is only one, though by far the most celebrated, of the ingenuous admirers who found in him a temperate and kindly adviser, and believed in him with the hero-worship of youth. The influence was perhaps owing in part to Godwin's amazing confidence in the power of reasoning. When we have grown up, we begin to resent argument. We have made up our minds and don't want to be assailed by a battery of syllogisms directed against our most cherished principles. But a young man is naturally sensitive to the implied compliment, when a reputed philosopher deals with him as a reasonable being. Godwin really acts up to his principles and tries to convince his young friends, instead of overawing them by authority. When Shelley, still a lad without fame, went off to Ireland and proposed to reform mankind out of hand, most men would have set

(1) Vol. ii., p. 77.

him down as a crackbrained enthusiast. Godwin reasons with him gravely and sensibly. "You say," he writes, "what has been done within the last twenty years? O that I could place you upon the pinnacle of ages from which these twenty years would shrink to an invisible point! It is not after this fashion that moral causes work in the eye of him who looks profoundly through the vast and—allow me to add—venerable machine of human society." Such advice might come with a good grace from one of the few men who had never justified the revolutionary violence with which his principles were associated, nor been frightened by the violence into disavowing the principles. He might fairly represent to the youthful imagination the ideal philosopher, fixed in his opinions, mild in applying them, and anxious to conquer by the fairest of weapons.

Moreover, all Godwin's writings are really marked by elevation of tone and generosity of feeling. When he blunders, he blunders in great measure from taking too high an estimate of the fundamental goodness and intelligence of the species. His doctrine is lofty in substance, and is to be propagated by worthy means. Coleridge, a thinker of a very different school, speaks of him in 1811 (in a letter, it is true, addressed to Godwin himself) as "the philosopher who gave us the first system in England that ever dared reveal in full that most important of all important truths, that morality might be built up on its own foundation, like a castle built from the rock and on the rock, with religion for the ornaments and completion of its roof and upper stories." The morality thus founded on pure reason was to win adherents by reason alone. When Godwin's personal merits came in question, his literary vanity was easily aroused and the philosopher became irritable. But in speculative discussions he is true to his principles. His belief in the power of reason is genuine to the last. No rationalist is freer from a too common inconsistency. Reason is so plainly on his side that he asks for nothing but fair play for his arguments, instead of asking, as too many of us ask, that his opponents should be treated as incapable of argument. He pushes his hatred of tyranny into an extravagant hatred of all government; but his hatred is steady, consistent, and uncompromising, though never flaming into passion. The calmness of his temperament enables him to cultivate that rarest of all virtues, a tolerance not founded upon indifference. Such philosophy might well impose upon a generous and imaginative youth; and Queen Mab and the Revolt of Islam may best be described as Godwinism sublimated into poetry. To many people, perhaps, it is hardly made more readable by the change; for I suspect that most readers are soon wearied by Shelley's phantasmagoric unrealities. His fame, however, though founded on infinitely better claims than his reproduction of Godwinism, may reflect some interest upon the Political Justice.

Godwin's treatise in its general design reminds us rather of French than of English models. He is what so few Englishmen are—a thorough-going “ergotist.” His treatise embodies what is called inexorable logic. In other words it represents the really illogical frame of mind which refuses to be shocked by a *reductio ad absurdum*. One principle is ridden to death. That principle is the supremacy and all-sufficiency of reason. As a true prophet of the era, Godwin makes a clean sweep of all tradition. He rejects all that implicit reason which has embodied the past experience of the race in dumb, instinctive prejudices, without becoming articulate in logical demonstrations. So far his affinities are distinctly French, and, like Tom Paine, he represents the English reaction of the French movement. But it is plain that he has sat at the feet of other teachers. He ranks Hume with “the most illustrious and venerable of men”¹ for his logical profoundness; and it is chiefly from Hume that he borrows his philosophical armoury. The influence of the great sceptic is evident throughout the book. Following Hume, he rejects the social contract and the *a priori* doctrine of the rights of man, popular with the school of Rousseau. He borrows Hume's arguments against freewill, though perhaps not thoroughly understanding them, and accepts Hume's utilitarianism and his admission of the unselfish impulses. Godwin's philosophy, in short, is derived from Berkeley and Hume; his sentiment from the revolutionary doctrines then triumphant in France; but he gives a turn of his own to the adopted materials. The main outlines of his curious system may be briefly indicated.

All the revolutionary theories, and Godwin's among them, start from the assumption of human equality. Man, in their dialects, means the colourless unit which remains when abstraction has been made of all the peculiarities of race, government, and religion that cause one man to differ from another. This metaphysical entity, admirably fitted to be the subject-matter of beautiful mathematical demonstrations, is then identified with the concrete animal; and it is assumed that because man, stripped of all specific qualities, must be everywhere the same, therefore men, as clothed with all those qualities, must be the same. Thus all appeals to history and experience may be summarily set aside as irrelevant, because referring to the accidents instead of the essence. But how are we to determine the qualities of human nature in the abstract? for some primitive quality must be left to afford a point of adhesion for our logic. Godwin's answer is again modelled upon Hume. Man is not only devoid of innate ideas, but almost, it would seem, of innate capacities. The mind, if there be a mind, is nothing but a series of thoughts and sensations, which may or may not inhere in some hypothetical substratum.² Hence the person is entirely built

(1) “Political Justice,” vol. ii. p. 491. (Third edition.)

(2) *Ib.*, i. 25.

up of the various ideas which have somehow cohered in what may or may not be a mind. We begin life without innate principles or instincts, and though some differences of animal structure must be admitted, they are comparatively trifling. "It is the impression that makes the man, and compared with the empire of impression the mere differences of animal structure are inexpressibly unimportant and powerless."¹ Large brains are made by many thoughts, not thoughts by the brain. It is needless to ask whether this doctrine be legitimately derived from Hume, or should not lead to a self-destructive scepticism. Godwin infers from it the indefinite modifiability of every human being. The embryo man is so nearly a zero that everything which makes the complete adult is due to the accumulation of ideas poured in since his birth. When the process takes place legitimately it is called reason. When illegitimately, we have the various forms of error which produce vice in morality, tyranny in politics, and inequality in society. We must naturally conquer error. The will is entirely determined by opinion, if the will be anything but opinion; and therefore truth is omnipotent. You have nothing to do but to exhibit to a man adequately the reasons for right conduct, and he will inevitably adopt it. The passions, even those which have been regarded as strongest, may be easily conquered, if only their nature is clearly exhibited. Man, therefore, is "perfectible, or, in other words, susceptible of perpetual improvement."²

The morality founded upon this doctrine is utilitarian; but not in the ordinary sense. The weak side of the old utilitarianism was the necessary imperfection of its appeal to experience. In framing a calculus of human happiness it started from the individual, instead of the social, point of view. It tried, that is, to reckon the consequences of an action, without taking into account the history of the social organism which can alone explain its moral development. Godwin shares this weakness. But most utilitarians started also with the first principle that a man's own happiness could be the only end of his actions. Their doctrine was, therefore, identified with the doctrine of pure selfishness, whether backed or not by some reference to supernatural sanctions. The opposite school, which sought to discover the moral law in pure reason, endeavoured to dispense with any empirical test. Morality must have no reference to happiness, to save it from degenerating into mere prudence. Godwin borrows from both sides. He is an intellectual utilitarian. Morality, as he reiterates, is nothing but a calculation of consequences. It is a kind of moral arithmetic.³ That action is best which produces the greatest sum of happiness. Vice is a wrong calculation, and virtue a right calculation of consequences. Everard Digby thought it his duty to blow up King James and his parliament.⁴ His motives

(1) *Ib.*, i. 40.(2) *Ib.*, i. 86.(3) *Ib.*, i. 173.(4) *Ib.*, i. 157.

might include the most admirable philanthropy ; but the action was wrong, because a right calculation would have shown him to be mistaken in the estimate of its consequences. Moreover, in calculating consequences, we are bound to pay no more regard to our personal interests than to those of any one else. If I had to choose between saving the life of Fénelon, when employed upon his "immortal Telemachus," and saving the life of his valet, I should clearly have done most good by saving Fénelon ; that is, I ought to have saved him. If I had been the valet, I ought, by the very same showing, to have preferred my master's life to my own. Further, if the valet had been my brother, my father, or my benefactor, the case would not have been altered.¹ "Gratitude, therefore," so far as it implies personal considerations, "is no part either of justice or virtue." The fact that a man is my father does not make his happiness intrinsically more valuable. It should not therefore influence my conduct as a reasonable being. This part of Godwin's theory startled his contemporaries, and was abandoned at a later period by himself. Yet it is but the logical corollary from his principles, and Godwin scarcely saw that to abandon it was to make an admission fatal to his system.

Thus interpreted, utilitarianism seems to be fairly obnoxious to one of the alternative accusations generally levelled against it. It does not sanction selfishness, but it prescribes an impossible standard of heroism. I am to act as an angelic spectator,² freed from all the ties and prejudices of my condition and animated only by an impartial desire for the happiness of all men, would wish me to act. Every man "is bound to consider himself a debtor in all his faculties, his opportunities, and his industry to the general welfare. This is a debt which must always be paying, never discharged." The least deviation from the path which leads to the greatest happiness of the species is a crime. Every man "should feel himself obliged to scruple" (qy. not to scruple?) "the laying out his entire strength and forfeiting his life upon any single instance of public exertion." This is in fact the creditor and debtor theory of Calvinism, translated into philosophy. When we have done all, we are unprofitable servants.

Man, then, is not merely a reasonable being, but is, so to speak, created by reason. He is hardly even the sheet of white paper, on which experience is to write its arguments. His very tissue is itself woven out of argument. Since good arguments naturally prevail over bad ones, man, could a hearing for the truth be secured, might be actually constructed of right reason. Reason should be the sole judge of truth ; the sufficient sanction of morality ; the sole agent in regenerating society. For somehow things have gone terribly wrong, and though man as he might be has indefinite capacities for

(1) *Ib.*, i. 129.(2) *Ib.*, i. 133.

wisdom and virtue, man as he is has been most accurately painted by Swift.¹ He is a Yahoo, and is to be made into an angel. It has come to pass, as a matter of fact, that society is bound together by instincts, rather than by reasoned convictions. A modern utilitarian might appeal to experience as showing the paramount importance of those instincts. But with Godwin, who reasons from the nature of man considered as a colourless unit, provided only with a capacity for reason and for happiness, such an appeal is impossible. An instinct is not reason, and therefore must lead to superstition instead of science. Loyalty implies obedience not founded on reason, and such obedience is but another name for slavery. A man who has resigned his reason into the hands of another may be indefinitely misled. Reason, which starts from assuming the equality of mankind, must condemn monarchy and aristocracy, which imply some natural inequality. Therefore, as Godwin says, "it must be laid down as a first principle that monarchy is an imposture."² But this is a trifle. "Government is nothing but regulated force;"³ but force is not argument, therefore all government is wrong. "That any man or body of men should impose their sense upon persons of a different opinion, is, absolutely speaking, wrong, and in all cases deeply to be regretted;" though in some cases the evil, essential to government, must be endured.⁴ The cases, however, on Godwin's showing, would be few. Association of any kind is bad, for even voluntary associations tend to suppress the free play of individual sentiment.⁵

This simple logic makes a clean sweep of all political institutions. In an ideal country the constitution would consist of two articles; the first dividing it into equal electoral districts; the second prescribing means of electing a national assembly, "not to say that the latter of these articles may very probably be dispensed with."⁶ Hence, he thinks, would speedily follow the breaking up of the empire into a confederacy of small republics, and another "sufficiently memorable" consequence—"the gradual extinction of law." Even criminal law, as he argues at length, is a blunder. The gallows is most illogical. It appeals to fear instead of reason. "What would not man have been long before this, if the proudest of us had no hopes but in argument?"⁷ When a man has a knife at our throats there is some excuse for coercion. Yet even here there are doubts. "The powers of reason and truth are yet unfathomed." Marius repelled the assassin by the grandeur of his appeal. Why should not we? "It would be well for the human race if they were all in this respect like Marius, all accustomed to place an intrepid confidence in the single energy of

(1) Godwin frequently refers to Swift as a great political teacher. See *e.g.* ii. 209.

(2) *Ib.*, ii. 48. (3) *Ib.*, i. 230. (4) *Ib.*, i. 258. (5) *Ib.* Book iv. chap. iii.

(6) *Ib.*, ii. 292.

(7) *Ib.*, ii. p. 334.

intellect.”¹ But we don’t punish a man till his violence is over. That is more illogical still. To punish with a view to future restraint is “abhorrent to reason.” To punish for reformation is absurd, for reason has nothing in common with coercion. “Reason is omnipotent; if my conduct be wrong, a very simple statement, flowing from a clear and comprehensive view, will make it appear to be such; nor is it probable that there is any perverseness that would persist in vice, in the face of all the recommendations with which virtue might be invested, and all the beauty in which it might be displayed.”²

The good simple Godwin! After this it is a trifle to observe that he abolishes monarchy, aristocracy, churches, armies, laws, associations, inequality of property, and marriage. All promises are, in some degree, evil; for to promise is to limit in some degree the future exercise of my reason.³ The unalterable promise made in marriage is specially objectionable; and Godwin observes with his usual calmness that “the abolition of the present system of marriage appears to involve no evil.”⁴ It is, he says, an important question whether in a reasonable state of society, the rule would be promiscuous intercourse, or an adherence of particular pairs, so long as they mutually agreed. He thinks the latter alternative the most probable, because “it is the nature of the human mind to persist for a certain length of time in its opinion or choice.”⁵ Thus society is finally pulverized and reduced to a mere agglomeration of independent atoms combining and separating according to chance or the dictates of pure reason. This result itself is happily to be brought about, not by violence, but by the diffusion of sound reason. Modern worshippers of Individualism may seem to be feeble plagiarists from Godwin.

The result of applying Godwin’s principles is of course to be the advent of the millennium. Everybody is to be good and happy. The labours of every man for half-an-hour a day will supply the wants of all men.⁶ The abolition of law will lead to the disappearance of crime. If man does not become, strictly speaking, immortal, his life may be prolonged beyond any assignable limits,⁷ and we shall realise the vision of Franklin, who expected that one day mind would “become omnipotent over matter.”⁸ Another consequence would follow which excited particular attention. According to Godwin, the population was kept down because some people acquired more than their fair share of wealth. “The established administration of property,” as he put it, “may be considered as strangling a considerable proportion of our children in their cradles.”⁹ Wallace had suggested in a rather paradoxical pamphlet (1761), that a community of property, otherwise desirable, would lead to an intolerable

(1) *Ib.*, ii. 338. (2) *Ib.*, ii. 341. (3) *Ib.*, i. 196. (4) *Ib.*, ii. 508. (5) *Ib.*, ii. 509.

(6) *Ib.*, ii. 484. (7) *Ib.*, ii. 527. (8) *Ib.*, ii. 503. (9) *Ib.*, ii. 467.

multiplication of our numbers. Godwin replied that the fear was altogether premature. Three-fourths of the earth are uncultivated, and the cultivation is at present very imperfect. "Myriads of centuries of increasing population may pass away, and the world be yet found sufficient for the support of its inhabitants."¹ The anticipated evil may be left to the consideration of our wise, virtuous, and immortal descendants, who will perhaps by that time be omnipotent over matter.

Mr. Paul speaks of Godwin as in some sense the originator of "philosophic radicalism." The school, however, which was more specifically known by that name, has a different genealogy, and was bitterly opposed to Godwin upon this very issue. Bentham (Godwin's senior by some years), and his disciple, James Mill, were the leaders of that school of thought; and to them Godwin's whole method was utterly abhorrent. The question was first brought to the surface by the essay of Malthus. After the true English fashion, Malthus met his semi-Gallican antagonist, not by opposing to him a different generalisation, but by fixing upon a particular point. The force of Malthus's reasoning has gained for him an established position in political economy; and his theory is recognised as a particular case of Mr. Darwin's struggle for existence. Godwin's full reply to Malthus was delayed till 1820. It failed, says Mr. Paul, to excite much attention, because the interest in Malthus had already died out. That is doubtless true in part; controversy had ceased; but it is also true that Godwin's treatise is the weakest and most ill-tempered of all his philosophical writings. He seems to be quite incapable of understanding his antagonist's position, and sometimes argues for him when he fancies that he is arguing against him. Godwin's ideas seem to have ossified in some respects, and he attacks Malthus with a complete want of discrimination. One characteristic, however, is curious. There is an apparent inversion of positions. The opponent of all government thinks that the ancient Peruvians must have been a prosperous people, *because* all their wealth was divided 'into three equal parts, of which one went to the priests, and one to a paternal government.'² The so-called atheist attacks the Christian—Cobbett's "Parson Malthus"—on the principles of the gospel. "Nature," he tells us, "takes more care of her works than such irreverent authors as Mr. Malthus are apt to suppose."³ And the retort, whether consistent or not, was in this case tolerably relevant.

It must be remembered, in fact, that in Malthus's first edition the moral check was omitted, and even in later editions was pronounced to have been historically of little importance. The argument, therefore, whatever its true import, might naturally appear to Godwin and his supporters to be equivalent to the assertion that vice and misery were providentially ordained features in human

(1) *Ib.*, ii. 518.

(2) "On Population," p. 62.

(3) *Ib.*, 219.

society. Malthus, in his later form, argues with irresistible force that want of prudence must generate vice and misery. In his first shape he seemed to deny that, as a matter of fact, men were governed by prudence at all. So far from being the reasoning beings of Godwin's fancy, they were under the absolute dominion of a blind impulse. They multiplied as the beasts multiply, and were restrained, as the beasts are restrained, by famine, or its fore-runners. Malthus, in fact, starts with the explicit assertion of the principle made familiar by Mr. Darwin's use of it and already stated by Franklin. If it were not for the competition of other species, said Franklin, the earth might be entirely overspread with fennel; and, on the same principle, by the descendants of a single nation. When men are brought under the same rule as other animals, the implicit statement seems to be that men are brutes. Malthusianism is thus the converse of Godwinism. Godwin asserts the potential supremacy of reason; Malthus its actual nullity. And Malthus, in an excellent letter addressed to Godwin in these volumes,¹ indicates the application of his theories to Godwin's whole doctrine. The inequality of wealth, against which Godwin protests, is necessary, according to Malthus, in order to stimulate prudence. The competition of political economists is the struggle for existence of naturalists. It is a necessary form of progress so long as men partake of the animal nature, and are tempted to gratify their passions in defiance of reason. The strongest and wisest find in it a sufficient motive for energy, and are enabled to hold their heads above the mere scramble for a livelihood of the less civilised masses. The controversy between Godwin and Malthus is thus the indication of a deeper discord. It is the first action in the long warfare between the political economists and the various prophets of Utopia; between those who, appealing to facts as they are, are tempted to regard the present order as final; and those who, looking forward to a reign of justice and happiness, are tempted to fancy that it may be summarily introduced in defiance of existing facts. Malthus had clearly the best of the argument on the particular issue selected; but the world cannot afford to dispense with the dreamers, who, if their speculations be futile, help at least to keep alive the enthusiasm of humanity. That was the service which Godwin rendered in his generation; and the singular futility of his proposed abolition of all social bonds should not blind us to the generous sentiment which underlies them.

Godwin's later essays, the *Enquirer* (1797) and the *Thoughts on Man* (not published till 1830, though written at an earlier period), qualify his views materially. It is one of his doctrines that a man should always be ready to revise his opinions, for how else can he be devoted to reason? and he availed himself liberally of the

(1) *Life*, i. 321.

privilege. In 1798 he notes in a private memorandum¹ that he wishes to modify the Political Justice. He has not yielded "a proper attention to the empire of feeling," nor, by consequence, to the value of private relations; and he wishes to admit that men have most important differences at their birth. A happy marriage, the best of all educations, had doubtless brought him truer views of the value of domestic affections; but these concessions, fairly worked out, would have cut very deeply into his whole political system. Unluckily he had never time or inclination to reconstruct his theories. Both volumes, however, contain much interesting writing. They have Godwin's characteristic merits. The style is rather too smooth, and Godwin is given to terribly trite classical illustrations after the old-fashioned model; but the style, if over smooth, is lucid, and the appropriate exponent of a mind always calm, candid, and in earnest. He argues fairly and thoughtfully; and even when he indulges in commonplaces, as, to say the truth, he indulges pretty freely, his evident conviction of their importance redeems them from contempt. The most pleasing part, to my taste at least, is that which deals with education. Godwin's sympathy with youth is always amiable, and in education we are still most in need of his favourite doctrine. The old brutal theories, which treat the infant mind as a mere receptacle into which ideas are to be crammed by main stress of birch and discipline, whether it be or be not capable of assimilating them, is not so rampant now as then; but it has left behind it some awkward legacies in various forms of scholastic pedantry. Godwin urges very forcibly that the teacher should aim at stimulating the desire for knowledge instead of injecting knowledge ready made; and should try to turn out youths of five-and-twenty with teachable minds, not with minds ready to teach the universe.² A hint or two of this kind might be useful at our universities. It can hardly be said, however, that Godwin's essays have much permanent literary value. They have almost as little of Hazlitt's vigour as of Lamb's humour. An anecdote related by Hazlitt may illustrate the degree in which Godwin possessed this last quality. When Godwin was writing the *Life of Chatham*, his friend Fawcett repeated to him one of the statesman's eloquent perorations on the familiar text about an Englishman's house. "The rains," said the orator, "might enter it, and the winds might enter it, but the king might not." In Godwin's version this became, "The winds of heaven may whistle round it, but the king may not"—a statement revealing quite a new constitutional check.

Godwin's two successful novels, *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon*, are of more interest than the *Essays*. They seem both to be connected with the speculations of the *Political Justice*.

(1) *Life*, i. 294.

(2) "The Enquirer," p. 78.

Caleb Williams was intended, as the original preface declared, to give a "general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism by which man becomes the destroyer of man." Godwin had himself explained sensibly enough, though with some queer illustrations, the obvious objection to the hybrid genus of pamphlet novels. Homer, he thinks, meant the *Iliad* as an "example of the fatal consequences of discord among political allies." In practice it has enhanced "the false lustre of military achievements."¹ Whatever Homer meant, the efficient moral of a story is apt to differ from that intended by the author. In fact, the logical objection is as strong as the artistic. A novel can show at most what would happen if the novelist were in the place of Providence. From Caleb Williams it would be difficult to draw any decided inference. Falkland, the refined hero, is supposed to be a victim to the absurd superstitions of honour. This induces him, first, to murder a ruffian who has grossly insulted him; then to allow two innocent men to be hanged for the crime; and finally to carry out, for many years, a relentless persecution of poor Caleb Williams, who has divined his secret. The most obvious moral is that you ought not to have half a conscience. If Falkland had been thoroughly virtuous, he would not have committed murder; if thoroughly vicious, he would not have been tortured to death by remorse. But fortunately this childish design of enforcing a political theory did not spoil Godwin's story. The situation is impressive, and, in spite of many clumsy details, is impressively represented. The spectacle of a man of delicate sense of honour writhing under the dread of detection, and opposed by an incarnation of vulgar curiosity, moves us to forget the superfluous moral.

A similar conception has been worked out in two well-known modern novels, Paul Ferroll, and Eugene Aram. Godwin appears, from a paper described by Mr. Paul, to have thought of treating the last subject himself; and possibly suggested it to the late Lord Lytton, who was one of his latest youthful admirers. The contrast between Eugene Aram and Caleb Williams is curious. The later novelist has altogether the advantage in the construction of the plot and the attention to artistic proprieties. There is a correct love affair interwoven with thorough literary skill; the chief figures are dexterously balanced; there is a proper comic man in the background; a sentimental conclusion to a secondary story to contrast with the tragic conclusion of the main plot; and except that Aram himself is an intolerable stick, and discourses about the True and Beautiful, no judicious critic could find fault with the design or execution. Godwin has no such mechanical skill, and little of what we should

(1) *Ib.*, 133.

call poetical imagination. His characters do not live, and are not dexterously picked out. A love story which is intruded is commonplace and rather coarse. A rambling account of a den of thieves suggests recollections of *Gil Blas*. It is meant to be politically instructive, and is tiresome and irrelevant; and yet the story lays hold of us. The main reason is obvious. The author may not have mastered the story, but the story has mastered him. He is possessed and dominated by his characters. Though he is neither a Fielding nor a Scott, he interests us as he would have interested us by describing a real set of adventures of similar character. In the hands of a more powerful writer, Falkland and his victim might have been more alive; but few writers could have communicated to us more vividly the strong fascination by which Godwin watches the creatures of his fancy. His straightforward sincerity and the genuine interest of a moralist in the working out of an ethical problem are at the bottom of Godwin's success.

St. Leon is an inferior work. Here, too, indeed, there is a striking situation, possibly suggested by Godwin's speculations on human immortality. A ruined noble has retired to a quiet retreat to enjoy domestic happiness. He hospitably receives an old man, persecuted, broken down, and anxious to die, who slowly intimates that he is the possessor of the secret of immortality and of the philosopher's stone. *St. Leon* may only have it on condition of revealing it to no one. It has been a curse to its proprietor, who has learnt the folly of trying to "vary from the kindly ways of man." *St. Leon's* temptation, his unwillingness to possess a secret which will separate him from his family gradually yielding to the desire of boundless wealth and life, is strikingly set forth. Here Godwin has to deal with a problem to his taste; and he writes with a power reminding us of *Caleb Williams*. Enough is done to suggest that the story might be impressive in other hands. An immortal man is surely a theme for a great artist. The *Wandering Jew* seems to be a legend as appropriate for poetical treatment as *Faust*, though it has not been fortunate enough to find a higher sponsor than *Eugène Sue*. *Hawthorne*, in his unfinished novel, seems to have been thinking of a similar motive; and we may wonder what he would have made of the strange psychological problems suggested by a man overwhelmed by the too complete fruition of his desires, cut off from human sympathy by immunity from human suffering, and at last anxious only to resign the gift for which we should all at first sight profess to be anxious. But Godwin makes the interest turn almost exclusively upon the difficulty felt by *St. Leon* in accounting for his sudden wealth. That is a difficulty which might surely have been surmounted by a man of talent with a possible eternity in front of him. The story becomes a rather commonplace romance, devoted

in great part to an attack upon the Inquisition, and now barely readable.

It is needless to speak of Godwin's labours as an antiquarian and a manufacturer of children's books. It was not by such work that he made a mark on the world. They were written to gain bread, not influence. If he expected more from the essays, long afterwards published, upon the Christian religion, his calculations were mistaken. He said nothing that can now be startling, or that was novel even at the time of writing. But his creed deserves a word of notice, if only as greatly influencing and probably identical with the creed of Shelley. Godwin was called an Atheist, and, in a sense, may have deserved the name. We find his nephew, Charles Clairmont, lamenting pathetically that "the idea of God and a future state is so deeply rooted" in him that he fears that he will "never be able to get over it."¹ Conscientious perseverance may do much in such matters. When, however, another disciple of Godwin boasts of having made a convert to Atheism, Godwin rebukes him, and calls his "zeal of proselytism" in such a cause unnatural.² Godwin explains that he does not believe in an "intellectual God, a God made after the image of man," but that he thinks a man wrong who is without a sense of religion. From other passages it seems that Godwin was in a state of mind common enough, though not so commonly avowed. He distinctly disbelieves in the God of Christianity, and regards him as not only a fiction, but an immoral fiction. He does not "believe in God" as those words would be understood by a Deist, or even by a Pantheist. His belief, if it is to be called a belief, is too vague to be fixed in a formula. It vanishes when looked at directly. But he feels deeply the importance of those vague emotions of awful reverence which are prompted by a calm contemplation of the mysteries and infinities of the surrounding universe, and is anxious to preserve without attempting to explain or justify them. In later years he seems to have become more tolerant to the established order, and less anxious to upset existing beliefs. Yet the legacy of essays called by him *Christianity Unveiled*, after the familiar title of Holbach's essay, was meant as a destructive attack upon the popular creed, and it is significant of the change of feeling that a man so genuinely convinced of the supreme importance of a candid utterance of all opinions, did not think it a duty to fire the mine in his lifetime. Mr. Mill tells us in his *Autobiography* that reticence upon such points was considered to be a duty in his youth, and the bankrupt bookseller may be excused for not openly expressing the scepticism which men of more independent position desired to retain in a smouldering condition.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

(1) *Life*, ii. 187.

(2) *Id.*, ii. 263.

MORMONISM FROM A MORMON POINT OF VIEW.

DURING a recent visit to Salt Lake City I happened to ask one of the leading Mormons what works, in addition to the Book of Mormon, would give me a fair idea of the religious doctrines professed by the Latter-day Saints and of their history, as they themselves desire to have it told. The gentleman addressed most kindly offered for my acceptance several books, among which were Pamphlets by Orson Pratt, one of the twelve Apostles of the Church, the Key to the Science of Theology by Parley P. Pratt, and the Rise, Progress, and Travels of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by President George A. Smith.

So far as religious tenets are concerned, the authority of the works mentioned may doubtless be accepted as final. With regard to the historical portion of the subject it is different, and here a certain allowance must be made for the bias of a religious partisan ; but it is not the less interesting to read this brief, but stirring history, as it is told by those who played a prominent part in its events. Having studied these books, I shall endeavour to give a short account of Mormonism, as it is described by the Mormons themselves, and as it appears to myself, being personally little predisposed to regard it favourably, but convinced that its case has seldom been fairly stated to the public.

A certain practical importance attaches at present to the subject, for the future position of Mormonism in the Union is among the many difficult political problems now offering themselves for solution in the United States of America. It presents indeed, upon a small scale, a similar difficulty to that caused by the existence of slavery in the Southern States : as to how far it is possible to maintain political federation between communities differing essentially in their social institutions. The American Constitution is wonderfully elastic, but it has proved impossible to retain slaveholding States permanently within its limits. Is its elasticity sufficient to admit into the Union a State which would legalise polygamy ? Hitherto a negative answer has been given by Congress to this question, and the claims of Utah Territory to become a State have been urged in vain ; but the steady increase of population and wealth is constantly strengthening those claims, and they cannot much longer be ignored. The fourth unsuccessful attempt to obtain admission as a State of the Union was made in 1872, when the population of Utah already exceeded that of Nevada and Nebraska combined (at the date of their admission), being upwards of 105,000 ; and a memorial to

Congress was adopted, praying for admission into the Union as a Sovereign State. The constitution then proposed for the State, which was to bear the name of Deseret, was approved by the people of the Territory, with only 368 dissentient votes; it provided for women's suffrage, and minority representation.

The admission of Nevada, Nebraska, and Colorado, all of them neighbouring territories with inferior population to Utah, appears to justify the assertion of the Mormons that the unpopularity of their religion was the sole cause of their exclusion. Had Deseret been created a Sovereign State in 1872, the controversy as to polygamy might have entered upon a new and critical phase, as the State Legislature would doubtless have claimed the right to legalise plurality of wives within its own jurisdiction. No such right can be claimed by the existing legislature of Utah, whose powers are restricted by the provisions of the Act of 1850, to which the Territory owes its political existence. All laws of the Territorial legislature must have the sanction of the Governor (who is appointed by the President of the United States), and are passed subject to the approval of Congress. The Judges of the Territorial Supreme Court are also appointed by the President, so that the control of the Federal authorities is complete over all departments in the Territory, and it is natural that the Mormon community should aspire to a more independent position. It is questionable, however, whether independence would not prove a disadvantage to the Mormons, as tending to bring them into direct collision with popular feeling, which has always been more or less hostile to them throughout the Union, while the Federal authorities have acted a friendly part. During seventeen sessions of the Utah Legislative Assembly, the power of disapproval has only once been exercised by Congress, and then (as might have been expected) in relation to the law of marriage. The Washington Government has afforded protection to the Mormons against local officers and judges, President Grant, in particular, having recently braved considerable unpopularity by removing the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah for "arbitrary and illegal conduct" in his dealings with the Latter-day Saints. Again, a few years ago the United States officials in Utah set at naught the Territorial law under which jurors were selected and summoned, rejecting those who professed their belief in Mormon doctrines. Where the value at issue exceeds \$1,000, an appeal lies to the Supreme Court of the United States, and a case tried by a packed jury, and given against the municipal officers of Salt Lake City, was accordingly appealed. The unanimous decision of the Supreme Court at Washington was, that the jury had not been legally impanelled, and the judgment of the Utah court was reversed. Great rejoicing was caused at Salt Lake City by this decision in the

Engelbrecht case, as proving that the inhabitants of territories had rights in common with their countrymen, and that there was justice in the United States even for the professors of a very unpopular religion.

It may appear strange that in the freest of lands, and in the latter half of the nineteenth century, a legal doubt should have existed as to whether civil disabilities were attached to any form of religious opinion ; but it must be remembered that the evidence of an atheist was very recently rejected in English courts of justice, and the Legislature of North Carolina expelled last year a member, because he conscientiously declared his disbelief in the existence of a God. The fact is that, even in Protestant countries, complete religious toleration is limited to certain recognised persuasions, so that feeble and unpopular sects have still to unite in claiming for themselves the same liberty of conscience which has been conceded to all numerous and powerful dissenting bodies. Science now demands from theology absolute and unconditional freedom, and the day can hardly be far distant when theological heterodoxy will cease to involve any civil penalties in a free country. At present the Mormon refugees of the Rocky Mountains demand only that amount of civil and religious liberty which the Constitution professes to guarantee to every American citizen, and which the Pilgrim Fathers found for themselves "on the wild New England shore." They complain that their enemies have told their story, that their own statements have been ignored, and that no credit has been given to them for an honest attempt, in these latter days, to put in practice the doctrines of the early Christian Church. Even their enemies will hardly deny that they displayed faith, courage, and endurance, when they resolved, after being expelled from one settlement after another, to plunge into the unknown wilderness, and to found a new Zion beyond the existing limits of the United States. These qualities have triumphed over great physical difficulties, and a stranger is astonished at the prosperity which Mormon industry has produced. A carefully organised system of irrigation has converted a barren desert into a productive garden, and has had the remarkable effect of raising the permanent level of the lake ten feet higher than it was in 1850. Every requirement of the religious community is abundantly supplied by contributions, assessed and collected upon voluntary principles. Besides the immense new tabernacle, a temple is now in course of construction, almost Egyptian in its massive grandeur, towards which all the faithful contribute, those who cannot afford money giving their labour. The Indians in Utah have been conciliated by the humane policy of feeding, clothing, and teaching, instead of fighting them. The old accusations of violence and cruelty towards Gentile emigrants, or Mormon deserters, if not altogether disproved, have at least been

lived down in recent times, and the existence of a military camp near Salt Lake City is now, probably, more unnecessary than it would be at any other town west of the Rocky Mountains. In order to appreciate the tranquillity, sobriety, and steady industry of Deseret (as the Mormons prefer to name their country), it may be contrasted with Nevada, an adjoining State almost identical with Deseret as to soil, climate, and mineral products. The so-called Silver State stands now pre-eminent in the Union for its turbulent manners, for the number of its liquor-shops, and as being the only State which legalises public gambling. Of course Nevada is merely passing through a certain rude stage of her existence, just as California has done before her, and she, too, will one day set her house in order; the remarkable point is that Utah should, alone among the young communities of the far west, have altogether escaped such a condition of things. To many persons this will appear to be sufficiently explained by the fact that the Mormons both preach and practise habits of extreme temperance, almost amounting to total abstinence from every sort of stimulant.

Considerable hostility undoubtedly exists between the Mormons and some of their Gentile fellow-residents; this is greatly due to the bitter attacks of certain local newspapers upon the Latter-day Saints, and upon those who show them any favour. When I was in Salt Lake City the Governor of Utah Territory was very severely assailed for his alleged partiality towards the Mormons, and a grim hope was at the same time expressed that Mr. Brigham Young might shortly take the place merited by him "at the only fireside, which we know of, large enough to accommodate him and the whole of his family." That such expressions are publicly used in speaking of a man whom the great bulk of the community regard as an inspired prophet, is a sufficient proof that no terrorism is now exercised against dissenters from the dominant church of Utah. To a stranger like myself, desirous of understanding as far as possible the tenets of their faith, a frank and friendly reception was accorded by such of the Mormon leaders as I had an opportunity of visiting. Every explanation asked for was at once afforded, but I do not feel justified in mentioning names, or in repeating any private conversation, although it was probably not intended to be confidential. A passing stranger can only see the external surface of society, and in this respect there is nothing very remarkable in Salt Lake City. The parlour of a flourishing Mormon householder does not differ much in appearance from that of an Englishman, who happens to have a numerous family, with a large proportion of sisters or daughters. A new and somewhat startling sensation is, however, experienced during the ceremony of introduction on first hearing the words: "Now, Sir, let me introduce you to another of my wives." The

strangeness of these words mainly consists in the very fact that they are uttered, not by a dark-skinned barbarian, but by a gentleman answering to the description of the English soldiers given by Le Conscrit de 1813: "blancs, bien rasés, comme de bons bourgeois,"—and in a room with all the familiar surroundings of civilised domestic life. The public worship of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, as the Mormons invariably designate their own sect, is conducted with great simplicity, very much as it is in an English dissenting chapel, and the preponderance of ladies is by no means greater than that to which we are accustomed in places of worship generally. The only marked peculiarity is the administration of the Lord's Supper in water instead of wine, and of this sacrament it appears to be customary for all the faithful present to partake, old and young alike. The hymns are sung by a mixed choir of young men and women, and addresses are delivered by eminent Mormon elders. When I was present the speakers were Mr. Daniel H. Wells, mayor of Salt Lake City, and Mr. Cannon, brother of the delegate from Utah Territory to Congress. All religious argument was based upon the authority of the Bible, to which the Mormon revelations claim to be *additional*, but in no sense *contrary*. Various Mormon doctrines were touched upon, and special allusions were made to the persecutions undergone by the Saints in past times, and to those which appeared to menace them in the future. Although not yet half a century old, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has passed through a baptism of fire, and living men can speak with mingled pride and sorrow of personal friends who died as martyrs to their religious faith. Thirty years ago Nauvoo in Illinois was a Mormon settlement, almost equal in population and prosperity to Salt Lake City at the present day; those who witnessed its total destruction can hardly be considered idle alarmists, when they allude to the possibility of trials yet to come. The tone of the speakers was thoroughly practical, exhorting to industry and sobriety, to abstention from all stimulants, including tobacco, coffee, and tea, and to the cultivation of all the useful arts, "even those of war, if necessary to the safety of our community." These exhortations were mainly addressed to the juniors present, a saving clause being inserted for those seniors who had borne the burden and heat of the evil days, and who, having now established this mountain refuge for the Saints, might require to "solace decaying nature" with an occasional narcotic. The addresses breathed a tolerant and rational spirit, the doctrines inculcated were simply those of a charitable form of Christianity, and there was no mention of that peculiar domestic institution which sums up in the minds of so many all notions connected with Mormonism.

After all it is upon "plural marriages" that the interest as well

as the hostility of the outer world has always been concentrated; a Mormon is simply regarded as a man with a number of wives, and beyond this most people know little, and care less, as to the doctrines or customs of the Latter-day Saints. Were it not for their polygamy, it seems probable that the Mormons might now enjoy the same perfect toleration which is extended in America to other forms of religious eccentricity, and that Deseret would long ere this have taken her place among the States of the Union. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that polygamy is a comparatively recent innovation, condemned by the Book of Mormon in the strongest possible terms:—

“The word of God burthens me because of your grosser crimes. For behold, thus saith the Lord, this people (the Nephites) begin to wax in iniquity; they understand not the scriptures; for they seek to excuse themselves because of the things which were written concerning David and Solomon his son. Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord; wherefore, thus saith the Lord, I have led this people forth out of the land of Jerusalem, by the power of mine arm, that I might raise up unto me a righteous branch from the fruit of the loins of Joseph. Wherefore I, the Lord God, will not suffer that this people shall do like unto them of old. Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken to the word of the Lord; for there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none; for I, the Lord God, delighteth (sic) in the chastity of women.”

These are the words of “Jacob, the brother of Nephi,” and words could hardly be more distinct or emphatic; but theologians can generally manage to explain away inconvenient texts and hard sayings, while in this case it may be held by the Saints that the above injunctions were repealed by the subsequent Revelation on Celestial Marriage. This tardy revelation, vouchsafed to Joseph Smith shortly before the close of his career, is the sole warrant for plurality of wives—a practice which is general among the Mormon leaders, but not throughout the community at large. With them, as with Mahometans or Hindoos, polygamy is doubtless very much a question of expense, and I was informed on good authority that probably about one in four of the Saints is the husband of more than one wife. The majority, therefore, adheres in practice to the “Doctrine and Covenants,” which book is a recognised authority upon articles of Mormon faith, and declares “that one man should have one wife, and one woman but one husband, except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again.” The number of wives ascribed to eminent individuals is usually exaggerated, sixteen being the largest number admittedly married to one man, and six constituting the household of a wealthy and influential elder.

The Mormons compare themselves to the Jews, as well as to the early Christians; they have been a persecuted people, driven forth to wander through trackless deserts, and are now living apart from

their neighbours in a theocratic commonwealth of their own. Their precedents on behalf of polygamy are mainly drawn from the Hebrew Scriptures; but they also assert that they have in their favour the example of the primitive Christian Church. Without going into their arguments, it may be at once conceded that polygamy was sanctioned by the ancient Hebrew law; but it is not the less out of date in the new world of America, and is a standing peril to the Church of Latter-day Saints. By an act of the Utah Legislature the right of suffrage has been conferred on "all American women, native or naturalised," and it hardly seems possible that polygamy can long survive such legislation. At present the extension of the franchise among persons, few of whom are "native" Americans, and many of whom are very imperfectly educated, probably strengthens the hands of the Mormon leaders by swamping entirely the Gentile element. But such an effect is not likely to be permanent, for the rising generation will be educated; in 1871, just after the passing of the act above referred to, sixty per cent. of the girls between four and sixteen years of age were enrolled as scholars throughout Utah Territory, being slightly in excess of the percentage among boys of the same age. Equality between the sexes in education and in electoral privileges must tend to bring about social and religious equality also, and the example of their independent sisters in Wyoming Territory, where women enjoy complete civil rights, will not be thrown away upon the ladies of Salt Lake City. The tone of public feeling throughout the neighbouring states and territories is more favourable towards "woman's rights" than it is in any other part of the world; and even if this be partly due to a reaction produced by Mormonism, it cannot fail in time to influence the female electors of Utah. Thus it is possible that a peaceable solution of the difficulty may be found, and polygamy may be abolished, not by external force, but by constitutional action within the Mormon community itself.

Meanwhile, this church of the nineteenth century possesses amazing vitality, and seems to carry us back to a bygone era of belief, exhibiting as it does the phenomenon of a religious sect heartily convinced of its future mission and claiming the present for its own. While other churches look to the past for all that is best and truest in religion, the Latter-day Saints regard the present also as a period of miracle and revelation. They expect, in the immediate future, the conversion of all who inhabit their vast continent with as serene a confidence as that with which the early Christians seem to have anticipated the evangelisation of the Roman Empire. It may be said of them that in theology they maintain the modern doctrine of continuity, rather than ancient theories of convulsion and catastrophe. Accepting, in a literal sense, the Jewish and

Christian Scriptures, they apparently entertain no fear lest scientific research should undermine their faith, as they look for a continuous course of revelation, which shall harmonise theology with the general advance in human knowledge.

The title of Parley P. Pratt's recent work, *Key to the Science of Theology*, 1874, may seem almost to involve a contradiction in terms; but it indicates the desire of a distinguished Mormon theologian to keep abreast, if possible, of the scientific spirit of the age. Whether the attempt to do this may have proved successful or not, his policy is surely wiser than that which has frequently placed science and theology in opposition so direct, that every conquest of knowledge over ignorance has appeared to be also a victory over religion. Indeed, Mr. Parley Pratt is entitled to a welcome from the lovers of free thought, considering how rarely theologians seek to identify the progress of their own tenets with that of humanity in every department of science and art, and how seldom it is that they do not

"Grow pale

Lest their own judgments should become too bright,

And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light."

To quote his own words:—

"The creeds of the Fathers seem to have been cast in the mould of other ages, to be adapted to a more narrow sphere of intellectual development, and to be composed of material too much resembling cast-iron; or, at least not sufficiently elastic to expand with the expansion of mind, to grow with the growth, and advance with the progressive principles of the age. For these reasons, perhaps more than any other, the master spirits of the age are breaking loose from the old moorings, and withdrawing from established and venerated systems."

Holding these views, Mr. Parley Pratt has aimed at embodying, in his introductory key, a general view of what he calls the Science of Theology, "in a concise and somewhat original manner and style, as gathered from revelation, history, prophecy, reason, and analogy." The revelation and prophecy referred to and founded upon are: partly those accepted by all orthodox Christians, partly those of recent date (such as the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants) peculiar to the followers of Joseph Smith. It is hard to reconcile polygamy with "the progressive principles of the age," and with modern ideas as to the social position and dignity of woman; but Mr. Parley Pratt is not without a scientific plea on behalf of his theological dogma. He maintains that—

"The principal object contemplated by this law is the multiplication of the children of good and worthy fathers, who will teach them the truth, and this is far preferable to sending them into the world in the lineage of an unworthy or ignorant parentage."—"A wise legislation, or the law of God, would punish with just severity the crimes of adultery or fornication, and would not suffer the idiot, the confirmed, irreclaimable drunkard, the man of hereditary disease,

or of vicious habits, to possess or retain a wife ; while at the same time it would provide for a good and capable man to honorably receive and entertain more wives than one.”—“The restoration of pure laws and practices has already commenced to improve or regenerate a race. A holy and temperate life ; pure morals and manners ; faith, hope, charity ; cheerfulness, gentleness, integrity ; intellectual development, pure truth, and knowledge will produce a race more beautiful in form and features, stronger and more vigorous in constitution, happier in temperament and disposition, more intellectual, less vicious, and better prepared for long life and good days in their mortal sojourn. Each generation governed by the same laws will still improve.”

This sounds plausible enough in theory, and perhaps the result of polygamy as practised in Utah is, that a large proportion of offspring is born to the most energetic, intelligent, and industrious citizens. In an age when there is reason to fear an increasing tendency to “non-survival of the fittest,” such a result may be admitted as tending to counterbalance some of the disadvantages attending plurality of wives.

The highest types of domestic animals have been developed under a system of breeding and selection, very similar to that which is advocated in the above quotations, and the burden of proof seems to rest upon those who maintain that a high type of humanity cannot be developed after a similar fashion. Should the Mormons succeed in carrying out practically, for a few generations, any such ideas as are above alleged to be the main objects contemplated in their law of polygamy, they would have fair grounds for the belief that they are destined to inherit the whole earth.

A race of human beings developed (if such a thing were feasible) by strictly scientific selection and culture could not fail to gain the upper hand in the general struggle for dominion, but it remains to be seen whether any success in this direction will attend the system of the Mormons.

“Our physical organisation, health, vigour, strength of body, intellectual faculties, inclinations, &c., are influenced very much by parentage. Hereditary disease, idiocy, weakness of mind, or of constitution, deformity, tendency to violent and ungovernable passions, vicious appetites and desires, are engendered by parents ; and are bequeathed as a heritage from generation to generation.”

These are the words of a leading apologist of polygamy, who founds an argument in his own favour upon this truth, now generally admitted, but almost as generally ignored. It is impossible here to discuss so wide and so difficult a question, and I must limit myself to these few brief quotations from the *Key to the Science of Theology*, leaving the reader to judge of their worth.

The series of pamphlets by Orson Pratt contains discussions on a great variety of questions connected with Mormonism. In particular the “Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon” is considered at great length, as well as the question : “Was Joseph Smith sent of God ?”

Mr. Orson Pratt endeavours to show, in the first place, that to expect more revelation is not *unscriptural*; secondly, that it is not *unreasonable*; and thirdly, that it is *indispensably necessary*. He then goes on to compare the evidences of the Book of Mormon and of the Bible, alleging that both alike have been confirmed by miracles, and that the prophecies of the Bible, especially those of Isaiah, have been fulfilled in the Book of Mormon and in the history of Mormonism. Throughout his elaborate arguments he assumes the genuineness and authenticity of the Bible, an assumption which he is of course entitled to make in arguing with orthodox Christians. His position is: The truth of the Bible rests upon sufficient evidence, and this evidence is in every way weaker than that which can be adduced for the Book of Mormon—therefore, *a fortiori*, the Book of Mormon is true. Whatever may be the flaw in this syllogism, those whom Archdeacon Paley satisfies cannot fail to have some trouble in disposing of Mr. Orson Pratt. Towards other Christian sects, whose creeds “are an abomination unto the Lord,” the Mormon apostle displays but little brotherly feeling. Upon Papist and Protestant alike he pours out the vial of his wrath and contempt in language almost too forcible for quotation, but he seeks to base every reproach directed against them upon texts from the orthodox Scriptures. The pamphlet, entitled: “The Bible and tradition, without further revelation, an insufficient guide,” is, in fact, a powerful onslaught upon modern Christendom, perhaps as damaging as any that a professed unbeliever could have made, although in this case the assailant accepts with reverence the Christian Scriptures, seeking to found thereon a revelation newer and more complete.

It is somewhat disappointing, if the Book of Mormon is to be accepted as the new revelation, to find it so very inferior, alike in matter and in style, to its great predecessors. Nearly equal in bulk to the Old Testament, it lacks altogether the poetic grandeur and the graphic force of the Hebrew Scriptures, although the biblical phraseology has been laboriously imitated throughout. It is styled: “An Account written by the Hand of Mormon upon Plates taken from the Plates of Nephi. Translated by Joseph Smith, Jun.”

“Wherefore it is an abridgment of the record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites; written to the Lamanites, who are a remnant of the House of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile: written by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of prophecy and of revelation. Written and sealed up, and hid up unto the Lord, that they might not be destroyed; to come forth by the gift and power of God unto the interpretation thereof: sealed by the hand of Moroni, and hid up unto the Lord, to come forth in due time by the hand of Gentile; the interpretation thereof by the gift of God.”

“An abridgment taken from the Book of Ether also; which is a record of the people of Jared; who were scattered at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people when they were building a tower to get to Heaven; which is to show unto the remnant of the House of Israel what great things the Lord hath done for their fathers; and that they may know the covenants of the

Lord, that they are not cast off for ever; and also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile, that JESUS is the CHRIST, the ETERNAL GOD, manifesting himself unto all nations. And now if there are faults, they are the mistakes of men; wherefore condemn not the things of God, that ye may be found spotless at the judgment seat of Christ."

The sacred volume is divided into thirteen books, bearing the names of various prophets, one of whom is Mormon. The last book is that of Moroni, who says:—

"Behold I, Moroni, do finish the record of my Father, Mormon. Behold, I have but few things to write, which things I have been commanded by my Father. And now it came to pass that after the great and tremendous battle at Cumorah, behold, the Nephites who had escaped into the country southward, were hunted by the Lamanites, until they were all destroyed; and my father also was killed by them, and I, even remain alone to write the sad tale of the destruction of my people. But behold, they are gone, and I fulfil the commandment of my father. And whether they will slay me, I know not; therefore I will write and hide up the records in the earth, and whither I go it mattereth not. Behold my Father hath made this record, and he hath written the intent thereof. And behold, I would write it also, if I had room upon the plates; but I have not; and ore I have none, for I am alone; my father hath been slain in battle, and all my kinsfolks, and I have not friends, nor whither to go; and how long the Lord will suffer that I may live, I know not. Behold, four hundred years have passed away since the coming of our Lord and Saviour."

"And now behold, we have written this record according to our knowledge in the characters, which are called among us the reformed Egyptian, being handed down and altered by us, according to our manner of speech. And if our plates had been sufficiently large, we should have written in Hebrew; but the Hebrew hath been altered by us also; and if we could have written in Hebrew, behold, ye would have had no imperfection in our record. But the Lord knoweth the things which we have written, and also that none other people knoweth our language, therefore he hath prepared means for the interpretation thereof. And these things are written, that we may rid our garments of the blood of our brethren who have dwindled in unbelief. And behold, these things which we have desired concerning our brethren, yea, even their restoration to the knowledge of Christ, is according to the prayers of all the saints who have dwelt in the land. And may the Lord Jesus Christ grant that their prayers may be answered according to their faith; and may God the Father remember the covenant which he hath made with the house of Israel; and may he bless them for ever, through faith on the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

The record in question professes to contain a history of the American continent from the date of its first colonisation by Jared and his brother at the time of the dispersion from Babel down to the year A.D. 420, when Moroni, the last of the Nephite prophets, buried his plates in the hill of Cumorah. This account of pre-historic America is but a tedious composition, full of battles and slaughter, full of proper names, of reiterations, and of unnecessary phrases. We are told how the Jaredites, emigrants from the valley of Nimrod, who "did carry with them Deseret, which by interpretation is a honey-bee," attained to great civilisation and prosperity in North America, and were utterly destroyed by internecine warfare about the year 600 B.C. They were succeeded by a "remnant of the house

of Joseph," brought from Jerusalem in the reign of Zedekiah to inherit the land. These appear to have crossed the Pacific Ocean, landing on the west coast of South America, whence they eventually overspread that continent. They separated before long into two distinct nations, known as Nephites and Lamanites, the former migrating from the persecutions of the latter, and sailing "forth into the west sea by the narrow neck which led into the land northward." Through the personal ministry of Jesus Christ, who visited them shortly after his ascension, the Nephites were converted from the Mosaic to the Christian faith, which was in time accepted by the Lamanites also; and for two hundred years they prospered and multiplied, and there was no contention in the land, all things being common among them. This golden age was succeeded by a period of apostasy; "and from that time forth they did have their goods and their substance no more common among them, and they began to be divided into classes, and they began to build up churches unto themselves, to get gain, and began to deny the true church of Christ." A terrible war broke out between the Nephites, now settled in North America (known as the land Desolation), and the Lamanites, who invaded them from the land Bountiful, lying southward of the Isthmus of Darien. This war ended in the annihilation of the Nephites, "an exceeding fair and delightsome people," while a degraded remnant of the Lamanites still survive, after fifteen centuries of rapine and discord, under the name of American Indians. "Now the heads of the Lamanites were shorn; and they were naked, save it were skin, which was girded about their loins; and the skins of the Lamanites were dark, according to the mark which was set upon their fathers, which was a curse upon them because of their transgression." Thus the term *Gentile* is properly used to denote the *white man*, as distinguished from the copper-coloured house of Israel, and the Mormons themselves are expressly described as the "Gentile Saints." For the remnant of Joseph a glorious future is prophesied. They, the despised redskins, shall have the land for their inheritance, and it shall be "a land of liberty unto the Gentiles, and there shall be no kings upon the land." They are to be the chief agents in building the New Jerusalem, and will be converted and redeemed before their brethren of Judah.

The story of the plates, from which the sacred book is said to have been translated, first into English, and subsequently into nearly all the European languages, is of some interest from an archaeological point of view, and may be told in a few words. They are described as having been found by Joseph Smith in a cyst composed of six stones, smooth on the inner surfaces, and firmly cemented together. This stone box was buried in the side of a hill near Palmyra, in the state of New York. The plates had the appearance of gold, were six by eight inches in width and length, each plate

being nearly as thick as common tin. They were filled on both sides with small characters beautifully engraved, and were fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole: thus bound together they formed a volume about six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. Various unsuccessful attempts were made by the enemies of Joseph Smith to obtain possession of these plates, and they finally disappeared, having been examined and described by eleven persons, whose testimony, signed with their names, is added to the Book of Mormon.

The evidence of these persons would have been more conclusive had not all of them been believers in the new prophet; moreover the disappearance of the plates is not quite satisfactorily explained by the statement that they were restored to the charge of the angel under whose guidance they were discovered. Still the actual existence, as well as the genuine antiquity, of plates such as Joseph Smith is said to have brought to light in 1827, seems to have been sufficiently verified elsewhere.

In 1843, near Kinderhook, Illinois, in excavating a large mound six brass plates were discovered, of a bell shape, four inches in length, and covered with ancient characters. They were fastened together with two iron wires, almost entirely corroded, and were found, along with charcoal, ashes, and human bones, more than twelve feet below the surface of a mound of the sugar-loaf form common in the Mississippi Valley. Large trees growing upon these artificial mounds attest their great antiquity, and doubtless they contain much that will reward future investigation. No key has yet been discovered for the interpretation of the engravings upon these brass plates, or of the strange glyphs upon the ruins of Otolum in Mexico; but when an amount of talent, learning, and labour, equal to that bestowed upon Egyptian hieroglyphics or Assyrian cuneiform characters, has been devoted to American antiquities, we may hope to learn something of those mysterious races whose history the Book of Mormon professes to tell.

But if we admit that the plates themselves may have been genuine, our faith in the founder of Mormonism, as a sincere religious enthusiast, is staggered by his mode of interpreting their contents. He tells us that he found along with the records an instrument, called by him the Urim and Thummim, and described as consisting of "two transparent stones set in the rim of a bow." Through the medium of this instrument, he says that he translated the unsealed portion of these scanty records, the result being a bulky volume in English, but he does not explain whether he used it as a magnifier, nor how it proved to be a Rosetta stone for his hieroglyphics, merely asserting that it was "by the gift and power of God." That Joseph Smith believed in his own mission his character and career alike appear to indicate, and the many ecstatic visions which he describes

were probably real enough to him, but the compilation of the Book of Mormon was an act involving much time and labour, and cannot be accounted for by ecstacy.

In these days of La Salette and Paray le Monial it is, perhaps, too much to say that a miracle, in order to find acceptance among educated persons, must be relegated to a remote age and country, and must be invested with a certain amount of external dignity. It is, however, a severe test of faith to be called upon to accept miracles and revelations from a prophet well known to men yet living as "Joe Smith," and referred to as "Mr. S." in the writings of so eminent a disciple as Mr. Orson Pratt. A most remarkable man Mr. S. undoubtedly was, capable of inspiring alike *inestinguibil odio, ed indomato amor*. The bitter hostility of his opponents was more than equalled by the devoted zeal of his converts, and although murdered by mob violence at the early age of thirty-eight, he had already so well accomplished his work, that the new creed, instead of dying with him, continued to spread with increasing rapidity, and was preached by his apostles and elders in every quarter of the globe. He was a New Englander, born A.D. 1805 in the State of Vermont, and began to have visions when he was about fourteen years of age. In 1830 the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was first organised at Fayette in the State of New York, and its headquarters were moved gradually westward, until a considerable settlement was formed in Jackson County, Missouri. Here it was expected that the New Jerusalem would be built, but an organised system of persecution drove the Saints out of the State of Missouri, and in 1839 they took refuge in Illinois, where they built the city of Nauvoo in Hancock County, on the banks of the Mississippi, and enjoyed a short respite from persecution. But in 1844 popular hostility broke out with increased violence, and Joseph Smith (who had been frequently brought before judicial tribunals, and invariably acquitted) proceeded with his brother Hyrum to Carthage, where they surrendered themselves prisoners on a charge of treason, the Governor of Illinois having promised them protection and a fair trial. On the 27th of June, 1844, a large body of men, with their faces blackened, surrounded the prison, and murdered the two brothers Smith. Several of these men were indicted for murder, and were tried about a year later, but they were acquitted. The persecution of the Mormons did not slacken after the death of their prophet, and in September, 1845, an armed mob commenced burning houses in Hancock County, while the authorities declared that the State was unable to protect the Mormons, and they must therefore go. Preparations were made by Brigham Young, President of the Twelve Apostles, and the other leaders of the church to explore the Rocky Mountains in accordance with an expressed intention of the deceased prophet, and in February, 1846, the exodus

of the Mormons commenced. It was not, however, rapid enough to satisfy their enemies, and in September the city of Nauvoo was burnt by an armed mob, after several days' siege, and the remnant of the Mormons was driven across the Mississippi into Iowa. In the spring of 1847 Brigham Young, with a party of pioneers, started from his winter quarters on the Missouri in search of a place of settlement. On the 24th of July he reached the Great Salt Lake Valley, after a laborious march of more than one thousand miles through an unexplored country. After erecting a fort, and hoisting the stars and stripes upon what was then Mexican territory, President Young hastened back to the banks of the Missouri, and in the fall of 1848 he arrived once more in Salt Lake Valley with eight hundred waggons, and the main body of the Mormons. The severest hardships were undergone by these people, not only during their march, but during the first two years after settling in this barren valley, four thousand three hundred feet above the sea, but strict discipline was enforced in the camp, and a careful system of rationing was maintained, until an abundant harvest at last put an end to the necessity. In 1850 the Territorial Government of Utah was organised by Act of Congress, and Brigham Young was appointed Governor by the President of the United States. From that time forward the new colony has continued to prosper and progress with almost unexampled rapidity, in spite of great disadvantages as to soil, climate, and situation.

There are few countries on the face of the globe, where the Latter-day Saints have not attempted to preach their gospel, but as a rule their preaching has not been tolerated. The records of their missionary efforts make it obvious enough why they obtain so large a proportion of their converts from Great Britain and Denmark, while so few come from the Roman Catholic countries of Europe; except in Scandinavia and the British Empire, the foreign missions of the Mormons have failed through the opposition of the powers that be, who have not only prohibited the missionaries from preaching, but in many cases have expelled them from the country. Even in Norway, so bitterly hostile were the ecclesiastics as to decide that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is not a *Christian* sect, in order to deprive it of the protection guaranteed by Norwegian law to all Christian dissenters. Three paragraphs from the Mormon creed, as stated by Joseph Smith himself, will show the injustice of such a decision:—

“We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost. We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel. We believe that these ordinances are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.”

It is supposed that a larger percentage of the Danes than of any other nation has hitherto embraced Mormonism, and a Danish newspaper is regularly published at Salt Lake City. Since the separation of Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark, the recruiting-ground of the Mormons has been reduced, as their preaching has been rigidly suppressed in those duchies. Of late years the immigration into Utah from the European missions has varied from one to four thousand persons annually. The most active attempts at propagandism appear to have been made about the years 1852—53, but in this country a Mormon mission was founded as early as 1837, six years before the Revelation on Celestial Marriage had given its peculiar character to Mormonism.

It was not until 1843, thirteen years subsequent to the publication of the Book of Mormon, and to the first organisation of the Church of Latter-day Saints, that Joseph Smith proclaimed this new and startling revelation. The style of the document resembles that of the Book of Mormon, but it reveals "a new and an everlasting covenant," distinctly at variance with the teachings of that book already quoted, and justifies the patriarchs, and David and Solomon, "as touching the principle and doctrine of their having many wives." It is addressed to "my servant Joseph," and confers upon him "the keys and power of the priesthood:—And verily, verily I say unto you, that whatsoever you seal on earth, shall be sealed in heaven." Upon "mine handmaid, Emma Smith, your wife," on the other hand, obedience and submission are inculcated in the strongest terms. She is required to "receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph—And I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else. But if she will not abide this commandment she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord." The revelation contains twenty-five short paragraphs only; it is somewhat apologetic in general tone, and is full of scriptural quotations and precedents. A considerate stipulation is made for the consent of the first bride, when another is to be espoused: "As pertaining to the law of the priesthood:—If any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified." A marriage contracted under the new covenant, and sealed by the appointed authority is valid to all eternity, whereas in the case of ordinary married persons death terminates the contract, and for them in heaven there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

Such are the terms of Joseph Smith's revelation of Celestial Marriage, which reminds one of the convenient doctrines from time to time revealed to Mahomet upon analogous subjects. One more revelation and prophecy remains to be noticed; it is said to have appeared in the "Pearl of Great Price," published at Liverpool in

1851, and to have been "given by the prophet, seer and revelator, Joseph Smith," on Christmas-day, 1832. The date of publication is the point requiring verification, and a genuine copy of the pamphlet above-named would be invaluable, as the language of the alleged prophecy has no prophetic ambiguity, and the fulfilment has been complete. In a few terse words are described the rebellion of South Carolina, and the consequent civil war, the appeal of the Southern States to Great Britain for aid, the arming of the slaves against their masters, and the outbreak of hostilities with the Indians. If there is any accuracy in the dates as stated, Joseph Smith must have been a man of rare political sagacity and foresight.

At the present day most of our religious creeds and systems resemble the great ecclesiastical edifices of the middle ages; relics of days, when faith was stronger and zeal was warmer. These magnificent relics may indeed be renovated by modern hands, and upon a humble scale they can be reproduced, but the power of originating such buildings has passed away, and ecclesiastical architecture is no longer a living art. So is it with the chief accepted systems of religion; they have come down to us in their existing form from periods with which we have nothing else in common, they are not in harmony with the tone of modern life and thought, and could not have been established in modern times. Nevertheless they stand firmly on their ancient foundations, and will long continue to stand, more or less altered and repaired in accordance with modern exigencies.

But the Mormon church is an exception; it has been founded in these latter days, and may be said to have introduced a new order of ecclesiastical architecture, although ancient materials have been largely employed. Hence the doctrines and history of this Church appear to deserve careful study, for it presents to us a living example of what its mightier predecessors must have been in their early career. The extinct *dinornis* may be studied in the existing *apteryx*, and thus (borrowing a fresh metaphor) among the fossils of the past we seem to find one recent specimen, still full of organic life, illustrating the laws of growth, the habits, and the constitution of those species whose dry bones alone remain to us now. The living *apteryx* seems to be doomed ere long to become like its fossil congeners; if so, the time for study and observation is short.

Even those who have least sympathy with the peculiar doctrines of the Mormons may be willing to enter a protest in their favour, when the issue really lies between religious liberty and persecution. They are the only Christian sect that has suffered in our own days severe persecution at the hands of professing Christians, and their cause on that account demands especial sympathy from all who advocate absolute religious toleration. DAVID WEDDERBURN.

MODERN ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.

THE past history of Architecture—under which term is here included all building in which any degree of æsthetic expression, over and above the mere materialism of construction, is aimed at—brings before us a long perspective of structures, nearly all of which have arisen under the influence either of despotism or of superstition. Mr. Buckle pointed out the social and political bearing of the story told by the oldest architectural monuments in existence. No wealth, no extravagance could have rendered possible the construction of buildings so vast and useless as the pyramids, save under the supposition of an unlimited power of compelling labour without remuneration: they are the silent witnesses of a tyranny more portentous than any under which men have since placed their necks. Equally do the temples of Egypt, with their forests of granite columns and avenues of sphinxes, which must have been the work of generations, speak of the predominating power of a priesthood overshadowing the length and breadth of the land. In Greece, though we are no longer under the shadow of despotism, architecture is still the handmaid of superstition, and the temple is the only building of importance in the history of the art. In Imperial Rome the art was the costly plaything of sensual autocrats, though with that occasional pretence of public spirit often displayed under such circumstances; and the great Baths built by some of the emperors form perhaps the only examples of grand buildings dedicated to the advantage of the community at large. The Indian peninsula is strewn with temples erected in honour of the grotesque or obscene deities for whom these richly but uncouthly decorated shrines seem fitting habitations; the Mussulman conquerors, who transformed the Hindoo temples into mosques, beautified the country with the splendid tombs of themselves and their relatives; and the Taj Mahal, the central gem of Indian Saracenic art, is the extravagant whim of an uxorious despot, carried out by the forced labour of slaves.¹ The great mediæval churches of Europe, which

(1) It is a curious freak of architectural history, that the nearest parallel to this last-named work, so far as origin and motive are concerned, should be found (under such different social and political conditions) in the gew-gaw erection, with its gilt gingerbread decoration, which stands at Kensington. The parallel ends here, it must be admitted. Whatever the possible virtues of the Indian lady commemorated by the Taj Mahal, she received as adequate and beautiful a memorial of them as architecture could furnish; while it is to the credit of the late Prince Consort to say that nothing could be more out of keeping with his character than the piece of architectural tawdriness erected as a tribute to his memory.

form, in their union of logical construction with rich and picturesque effect, the loftiest achievements of the architect, arose in obedience to the aspirations of an ambitious and domineering religious caste, backed more or less by that regal power which (with a keen instinct as to their common interests) has so frequently played into the hands of the priesthood; and the funds for these great works were obtained by a spiritual despotism perfectly effective in its results, whether exercised publicly on a large scale, or privately in those house-to-house visitations pictured in Chaucer's tale, where the friar, having driven the cat off the most comfortable chair, seats himself by the sick man's bedside to remark that—

“By God, we owen fortie pound for stones.”

In all these instances, which include the greatest monuments of the architecture of the past, we see the art practised for the delight or glorification of the few at the expense of the many—always the work of a privileged caste of one description or another, and generally, in its finest forms, practised in honour of “the gods” or of “religion.”

It is scarcely necessary to point out to any educated reader now, that architecture, since the rise of the modern or rationalistic period, has been practised on an essentially different basis from that which governed all the great styles of the past. It has been not the spontaneous and natural development of style from originating constructive conditions, but the arbitrary selection of this or that style of the past as in itself the most admirable, and therefore to be used as a model for imitation. The radical distinction between this post-Renaissance architecture and all that preceded it has been familiarised to general readers by the works of M. Viollet-le-Duc in France and of Mr. Fergusson in England, who have long laboured, the first as a practical architect and archaeologist, the second as a theoretic critic, to show the essential falsity of the modern system. In the architecture of the Italian Renaissance, indeed, the style of the Romans (itself an adaptation or corruption of the Greek) was used in a manner which realised a new and original expression, though involving an æsthetic falsity (to be touched upon just now); a manner which we adopted in what may be termed the Wren period, with the loss, however, of much of its refinement. But in the more recent period of the English revival, temples were adopted wholesale and in their complete form to serve as churches, as markets, as town-halls, as almost everything; under the idea that the Greek temple being the perfection of the art, and incapable of improvement, we could not do better than reproduce it. The practical inconveniences resulting from the adoption of forms of building intended for different purposes and for a different climate,

as well as the ineffectiveness of a southern style in a northern atmosphere, could not but soon force themselves into notice; and the recognition of these incompatibilities perhaps had a good deal to do, in conjunction with other less easily estimated influences, in bringing about the mediæval revival, part of the cry of its votaries being for our indigenous and "Christian" style. It is now ebb-tide with the mediæval revival; but its effects remain, and may for some time remain, involving anachronisms which have more than a merely architectural influence, and the incongruity of which is hardly appreciated as yet, while they tend at the same time to obscure the perception of the essential excellence of mediæval architecture, and of its significance as a subject for study and suggestion in relation to the development of modern architecture.

Mediæval art and architecture are in fact regarded at present, by those who seem to concern themselves most with the subject, through a highly coloured medium of semi-religious sentimentalism. Nor is it surprising that such noble structures as our cathedrals, additionally hallowed by their association with the past, should stir such a feeling among the weaker brethren, when even clear-headed and practical philosophers confess to a love for crawling, though "in a molluscos fashion," about their precincts, and commit themselves to indiscretions about "traceries." It is difficult, no doubt, when contemplating the weather-stained and venerable features of these monuments, about which an atmosphere of calm and forgetfulness seems to hover (I speak, of course, of those which have as yet escaped the voracity of the restorer), and which appear to contrast our bustling and noisy days with the quiet we attribute to the olden time, to realise the fact that these structures had a totally different aspect and association when new or in progress. True that they were ostensibly erected to "the glory of God;" true also that they exhibited, so far as the actual cathedral building was concerned, a supremacy of the artistic over the merely utilitarian elements of building such as is rarely attained in the present day, or in structures which are not the productions of a caste. But, in fact, the spirit of rivalry which prompted one conventual establishment to outvie another in the splendour of its buildings, was as natural an outbreak of what is called healthy antagonism as that which leads two provincial towns to endeavour to out-do each other in the costliness and extent of their town-halls or exchanges. The construction of the stone vault, which was the great glory of the mediæval builders, and about which so many rhymesters have rhymed (not to speak of one or two poets), was a very practical matter indeed, involving knotty problems of stone-cutting and balance of pressures, and arising out of no sentimental feeling about "embowed roofs," but out of the logical endeavour to bring the original Roman round vault into harmony with the conditions of

design and construction in the more complex Gothic building. So little of the modern sentiment had the mediæval builders, that they thought no more of removing and obliterating the work of a previous generation of architects, and replacing it by a new building in the style they had themselves arrived at, than a modern engineer would think of removing an old bridge, constructed on an antiquated principle, to replace it by an improved modern one. The conventual buildings in connection with the church (and they formed a far more important part, even architecturally speaking, of the entire group than most spectators of their dilapidated vestiges at all realise) were arranged and planned on a scheme just as practical and matter-of-fact, in proportion to the sanitary knowledge and social habits of the time, as that of a modern hotel—the place of which, indeed, as the reader need hardly be reminded, the mediæval convent with its *hospitium* to a considerable extent fulfilled.

There was, in short, no glamour about mediæval architecture during the course of its production and elaboration; the glamour is only projected upon it in the phantasmagoria of modern enthusiasts. Those who have traced the constructive history of the leading features of Gothic architecture, know that no more in this than in any other logically developed architectural style are its characteristic features invented all at once in a fervour of sentimental aspiration; that buttress, vault, and pinnacle (and even in most cases the smaller ornamental details) are the results of long and often-repeated efforts to realise, first, the most practically sound use and application of the materials in meeting the difficulties of construction, and, secondly (or one should rather say simultaneously), the most effective disposition and decorative treatment of those materials consistent with a strictly observed relation to their practical object:—to combine, in other words, a homogeneous and logical construction with an equally homogeneous and logical, but at the same time forcible and piquant, expression of that construction, in which combination, speaking broadly, architecture in its highest and severest form really consists. In the great church which formed the crowning feature of the convent buildings, we come upon what may be called the poetry of architecture, in which the utilitarian element becomes entirely subordinate; but even from this point of view the purely architectural logic of these buildings, and their beauty and fitness of detail, constitute their essential interest, quite apart from the halo of sentiment which has been thrown round them, and of which their builders probably felt little or nothing. Our cathedrals, in short, owe their existence to the ambition and rivalry of powerful religious communities,¹ and their completeness and unity of architectural style to the

(1) A striking instance of the kind of way in which this spirit of rivalry operated, exists in the grand west front of Peterborough Cathedral, which appears to have been entirely

genius of bold and aspiring builders, working out the constructive and artistic problem that came into their hands, with a steadiness and continuity of progress which, in these days of distracted artistic aims, seems almost like an intuition.

The architectural style that was developed by the mediæval builders had, like every art, its history of rise, and culmination, and decline. As long as an art is a living art, and expressing the genuine sympathies and aspirations of men, it can never be a stationary one: it always aspires, it never looks back. But, as in the case of a living organism, this very vitality includes the presage of ultimate decay and extinction. The succeeding generations of mediæval builders gained one point after another in the completion of the constructive design of their buildings, refined and refined upon the originally broad and pure decorative characteristics of the style, always with a new, though a fading, grace and luxuriance, till at last its extreme capabilities were exhausted, and it simply went out—died of old age; and almost simultaneously died the social motive and spirit which had been its occasion of existence. That time of change came, the significance of which Mr. Froude has so pathetically expressed:—

“The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the Abbey and the Castle were soon together to crumble into ruins, and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away, never to return. . . . In the fabric of habit in which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer.

“And now it is all gone—like an insubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the Cathedrals, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of the mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world.”

an afterthought to cut out the builders of Ely, who, after the commencement of the Peterborough west end as originally intended, started their own west front to out-do the Peterborough establishment, and thus spurred on the latter to the erection of their grand portico, with its three great arches the whole height of the front, to throw the Ely folk into the shade again. The rivalry had an earlier stage also, when the Peterborough nave was extended in response to a previous challenge from Ely, the variations in the style and details fixing the relative dates indubitably. The real significance of these rapid changes and extensions of plan was, I believe, first brought out by Mr. Edmund Sharpe (author of “Architectural Parallels,” &c., &c.), whose services to all students of architecture, in the elucidation and illustration of the great mediæval buildings, from the architectural and not from the clerical or sentimental point of view, can hardly be overestimated.

It is impossible to avoid noticing how essentially similar is this rivalry of the mediæval convents in their structures to that of modern railway companies; each company that builds a new terminus endeavouring to have a bigger and grander hotel in front than any other, and a station roof of wider span.

But, while the soul had thus departed of mediæval life, the body, the building, remained ; and a very important element it is in the part that architecture plays in its relation to modern life especially, that its productions have this *quasi*-permanent character, and cannot be put aside and forgotten like a picture or a book which appeals to tastes that have become antiquated. There the cathedrals stand, memorials and landmarks of what were once the main centres of English life, witnesses of a spiritual despotism whose staff has been long since broken ; records, too, of strenuous healthy labour and ingenuity applied, with no haphazard or wavering aim, towards the translation of brute material into an organic expression of stability and grace and aspiration, which still commands our sympathy and admiration. And no man who understands in what the art of architecture in its higher forms consists, none who have an interest in the past history, intellectual and social, of their native country, would for a moment undervalue these monuments at once of a great period of architectural art and of an extinct phase of national life, or grudge any care or reasonable cost bestowed on their preservation. But it is quite another thing to imagine that the feeling, artistic or moral, out of which they sprung can be artificially revived, and the mediæval cathedral galvanised into life again. This, however, is a prevalent idea with a number of well-meaning people of the *dilettante* order ; and one writer, who is a fair specimen of the educated Philistine, has put forth a formal plea in favour of "The Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century." Now, do these good people really imagine that they can revivify the mediæval cathedral, either architecturally or in its supposed moralising influences, unless they can first restore the condition of art, and of thought, and of society under which the originals arose ? Their cathedral of the nineteenth century would simply be a huge mediæval toy, and a toy which could not be put out of sight or otherwise disposed of when the partial cry for it had subsided. Enough of this has been done on a smaller scale already to leave to our descendants a very remarkable legacy of architectural curiosities. Under the influence of a kind of ecclesiastical or ecclesiological revival, which cannot in the nature of things be permanent, the country has been covered with churches, in designing which the avowed intention has been to mimic, to reproduce as far as possible, the architectural detail and arrangement of mediæval churches—a mimicry which has been known to be carried out so completely as to deceive (if it were possible) even the elect, when the work had become somewhat weather-stained, into a belief in its genuine antiquity—happy culmination of the labour of a lifetime. In the majority of cases, however, the imitation has been tasteless, feeble, and entirely missing the spirit of genuine mediæval work ; and, what is in a practical sense more serious, these buildings are utterly useless for

anything except ecclesiological church services, and, are in fact quite unfitted even for the public worship of the church as generally celebrated at present, except on merely sentimental grounds: the whole thing is a kind of *Joseph Surface* architecture, consisting entirely of "sentiment." What will be the ultimate fate of all these structures, when the ecclesiastical mania subsides, might form a curious subject of speculation.

On the other hand, the influence exercised by the existing cathedrals, as the centres of church architecture, is noticeable. It is not improbable, though it would be difficult no doubt to prove, that the mere existence of these great buildings, the legacies of the conventual period, is in a great degree accountable for the ecclesiological revival we have recently witnessed. The buildings are great facts, recalling and illustrating the power of the mediæval church, and moreover they are structures which no one would willingly let die, while at the same time they seem too large and important buildings to be left standing without being put to some practical use. This last consideration has been really and openly operative in bringing into fashion the popular services and the choral and other celebrations whereby the naves of our cathedrals are now beginning to be "utilised." The effect upon the clergy of the possession or custody of these buildings is rather amusing. Because the cathedrals were the erections originally of a powerful clergy, their present tenants and custodians seem to imagine that they wield the same sort of social and political power in their generation; as if matters were unchanged as long as the material building was unshaken. The fact that the cathedrals, the highest achievements of English architecture, were built under the instigation of a clerical caste, seems to beget also in the modern cathedral cleric an odd sort of idea that the architectural mantle of the original founders has descended upon him—that he is by the fact of his cathedral connection an authority and a light on the subject of architecture generally. The relation of the clergy to church architecture, is, however, a question of some public importance in regard to the conservation of the cathedrals. Whatever be the legal position of the matter (which the present writer has no qualification for discussing), there can be no doubt that morally the cathedrals are the property of the nation, as national, historical, and architectural monuments, rather than of the Church as it now exists. When they were built, the Church which founded them was the great intellectual, social, and in many respects political power in the land. The Church of the present day is, in regard to the great affairs of the nation, and to modern intellectual life generally, of the nature of a dummy; and we have a right to look with some jealousy on the interference with the integrity and reality of some of the cathedrals, carried on under the

name of restoration, and with the sanction and encouragement of the clergy. Whatever is necessary to preserve the structures from falling into decay should be done ; but matters are carried much further than this, and the interest and true history of some of the cathedrals have already been almost entirely obliterated by wholesale renovations, evidently carried out in no mere conservative spirit (whatever may be pretended), but from a desire for the *éclat* attendant upon the proceeding, and a wish to give a sort of new birth to a church foundation—providing a whited sepulchre where there is nothing but a defunct body within. What is thus destroyed or overlaid is what no possible power can restore ; once gone, the old architectural work is gone for ever ; and it is really time that something should be done to prevent the chance of the whole of our greatest architectural monuments being turned into new modern-mediæval buildings, under pretence of preserving them. If Sir John Lubbock, who takes so much interest in the preservation of older historic monuments, would bring in a bill to prevent deans and their architects from doing what they please with those equally important national possessions, the cathedrals, he would be doing a good service, and would earn the thanks of many who see with deep regret that substitution of new copies for the old realities, by which the genuine interest of our great historic buildings is being destroyed.

That the mediæval revival, notwithstanding the impulse which it has unquestionably given to the study of architecture, and even, in a degree, to the cultivation of public taste in regard to building, has been found wanting—that there is no real life in it, as hitherto practised, for the development of modern architecture—has recently become pretty evident even to many of its warmest supporters. The various receipts which have been propounded for putting life into it, and making it a reality, afford curious evidence of the doubt and confusion of feeling on the subject. One theory is that the study of the higher arts of design, the power of drawing the figure and of designing sculpture for his building, would raise the architect once more to the true height of his art. Considering what is the nature of the figure drawing and sculpture in the windows and niches of the Gothic cathedrals, in regard to technical power of drawing and design, it must be pretty evident that it is not upon these adjuncts that their effect depends ; just as, on the other hand, it is equally evident that his splendid power of designing the figure did not preserve such a genius as Michelangelo from the most flagrant sins against architectural logic and good taste even in St. Peter's, and still more in his earlier architectural attempts. Moreover, as it is apparent that even a sole and lifelong devotion to the arts of painting or sculpture only enables a few men to produce anything beyond mediocrity, and as the architect necessarily could not give the same

time and study to these arts, it is difficult to see what would be gained by all our architects turning themselves into mediocre sculptors and painters. Another receipt, given with even greater confidence, is in entire opposition to this. Because the word "architect" nowhere occurs in the records of the mediæval buildings, nor anything which can be positively said to be its precise equivalent, it is assumed that these great structures arose of themselves, as it were, by a kind of unanimous impulse among workmen having no chief instructor, and working upon no preconcerted plan. The inference, of course, is obvious: take away the architect, forbid the making of any preliminary drawings, turn loose a band of "inspired workmen" upon the site, and the building will "rise like an exhalation," and repeat all the glory of mediæval architecture in the most natural and simple manner. This, which has been termed the "inspired workman theory," was promulgated in its most uncompromising form by an "inspired" writer in the *Quarterly Review*, whose utterly rabid and revolutionary sentiments formed at least a laughable contrast to the habitual tone of that publication. Mr. Fergusson, who is, of course, entitled to a respectful hearing, has taken up a line of argument very similar to this, though put in a more moderate manner. The following passage, in which he instances the Crystal Palace as a building carried out in the same spirit as the mediæval cathedrals, is worth quotation as a typical statement of his case:—

"No material is used in it (the Crystal Palace) which is not the best for its purpose, no constructive expedient employed which was not absolutely essential, and it depends wholly for its effect on the arrangement of its parts and the display of its construction. So essentially is its principle the same which, as we have seen, animated Gothic architecture, that we hardly know even now how much of the design belongs to Sir Joseph Paxton, how much to the contractors, or how much to the subordinate officers employed by the Company."

In that case the bust of Paxton on the terrace at Sydenham ought to be surrounded by a crowd of little busts, down to the men who put the rivets in. But our ignorance as to who really designed the building, if it be granted, does not prove that it designed itself. It was, moreover, a structure built in a hurry and against time; and, as Mr. Fergusson himself observes, architecture will not be revived by buildings so essentially ephemeral as this. Nor, even if we accept the theory of the spontaneous generation of the mediæval cathedrals, could we by any possibility revive, since the advent of the printing-press and the locomotive, the state of intellectual and artistic naïveté which such a theory presupposes.

The real mistake at the root of modern architecture is the sentimental archæology which seems to have absolutely taken possession of it, and of which Mr. Fergusson's receipt itself partakes, since it in reality only suggests that by going back to the supposed habits

of a former age we can produce what the present age wants. Even the engineers (who in some ways stand, more nearly than any other body of men, in the same position in regard to the present day as the mediæval masons did to their own time) are bitten by this; and when they wish to make a structure "ornamental," they have no idea but to dress it in some borrowed plumes of classic or mediæval architecture. The influence of sentiment has been exhibited in a still more curious manner in a recent great building, the Albert Hall. This, which is the design of engineers, is a rather remarkable building, and exhibits some of the characteristics of a work constructed on genuine architectural principles. The details are coarse and commonplace, for it seems impossible to beat into the head of an engineer that some training and education of the eye and the judgment is necessary for the production of suitable and refined ornamental detail; but plan, construction, and design form a united and interdependent whole, arising as they do in a strictly logical manner one out of the other. The unfortunate point is that the plan is utterly wrong, to begin with, for the purpose of the building; and it is so entirely from the sentimental worship of precedent which led the designer, instead of considering what was the best plan for the purpose, to start with the idea of reproducing the Roman amphitheatre, although a moment's consideration ought to have rendered it evident, as a mere matter of ordinary common sense, that the plan of a building for seating people round a circumference to witness a spectacle in the centre, could by no possibility furnish the proper model for one in which they were to listen to music performed at one end of the building. But it is to such incongruities that people are led through forgetting that architecture is not (except in very rare instances) a pure art, governed by æsthetic or sentimental considerations; that it is the artistic or effective expression of practical requirements which must govern and form the basis of the whole. It is in further emphasizing this condition of architecture that the possibility of making it a genuine intellectual pursuit, and not a mere toy, really consists.

After what has been said above about receipts, it will not be supposed that there is any intention here of offering another new and infallible one; but it is possible to point to modern examples in which this treatment of architectural effect on a practical basis has been so far realised as to indicate at least a direction in which the art may receive a new development. There is a large building at present in progress—the new Town Hall in Manchester—the internal plan and arrangement of which affords an admirable instance of novel and picturesque effect, obtained simply as the natural result of the masterly and complete manner in which the very intricate internal economy of a great hive of multifarious departments is reduced to simplicity and order.

The exterior of Mr. Waterhouse's building, it must be admitted, belongs to the sentimental school of architecture; it has no very close or necessary connection with the internal plan; it is thought picturesque at present, and may or may not be thought so under future changes of taste; but the treatment of the interior will command admiration always, because its excellence is of a kind which is practical as well as picturesque, and is independent of mere changes in architectural fashion. The same sort of excellence, on a grander scale, is exemplified in the Houses of Parliament, which the designers of the Albert Hall will probably be surprised to be told is, in its main scheme, a much more practical, as well as more beautiful, piece of architecture than their building. It is so unquestionably; its plan is a most effective and yet perfectly simple and practical expression of the objects of the various parts of the building and their relation to one another, and all the principal features of the exterior design arise out of, and emphasize, the leading points of the plan. The "style" of the Houses of Parliament is an utter mistake; it was the deliberate selection for imitation of a bad and weak phase of late mediæval architecture. But for this its architect was not responsible; and when a building fulfils the conditions of practical, and at the same time effective, grouping and construction, the details are of secondary consequence. The question of plan is more especially the basis of modern architecture on a large scale, because most large modern buildings are far more intricate in their purposes and requirements than was the case with ancient buildings, of which the larger ones were, as already observed, mostly temples, consisting principally of one great apartment, and presenting accordingly a far more simple and straightforward, and also a more purely æsthetic, problem than modern structures of the same dimensions.

But if architecture always has required and must require edifices on a great scale, and rising more or less beyond utilitarian objects, for her greatest effects, is there not also something to be done on a less ambitious scale—something, nevertheless, equally important, and which, having scarcely as yet received any adequate attention, presents a good deal of the suggestiveness always accompanying a new problem? It is only within the last century or so that we have had what may be called an architecture of the people—a style of the many, a vernacular of building, the results of which we see in those miles upon miles of dull brick walls with oblong holes in them which form the lining of the streets of London and of most of our large towns. This style was developed first when English architecture, after the decease of the Gothic spirit, had sunk through various grades of pseudo-classicism to the primness of the square brick architecture and round knobs of the Queen Anne period, which only required to have its few decorative features shorn off to

make a serviceable general builder's style for flanking the streets of towns, while separate slices of it were stuck about the land as country houses. The weight which these dreary acres of brick lay upon our daily lives is perhaps hardly felt or recognised, because we have come to accept it as the normal state of things. There are signs, however, of a growing dissatisfaction with the present state of town architecture, and a possibility of that demand for something better arising which must necessarily precede the supply; and any amelioration of street architecture must also follow the law of modern architectural design, and commence first from the basis of practical considerations. The sanitary conditions of life in large towns, as affecting the arrangement and construction of dwellings, form, or should form, a very important element in influencing the town architecture of the future. The increasing value of building-sites, and the simultaneous increase of population, suggest new expedients in the method of building town houses, such as the introduction of the Paris system of houses "in flats," which has been a good deal talked about and even tried in London, but not as yet in an adequate manner. Such a system, if adopted at all extensively, would, however, exercise a very important influence on street architecture by rendering almost necessary, and at the same time facilitating, in an economical point of view, the employment of a far more solid and sounder construction, and affording opportunity for realising a higher architectural character than has ever hitherto been attained in this department of building in England. Something like this system has also been a good deal employed in carrying out the excellent work of providing healthy homes for the poorer inhabitants of towns at rents commensurate with their means. It must, however, be matter for regret to observe how little the possibility of rendering these model homes attractive in appearance, as well as sanitary in arrangement, is considered. Nothing could well be more unhome-like, nothing more repellent to the eye, or devoid of every gracious and pleasing association, than the aspect of some of these stacks of building in various towns in which families are to make their homes. Surely some effort may be made to give them a more attractive and picturesque, a less mill-like, appearance—to give some characteristic variety also to the various tenements, instead of their "damnable iteration" of the same arrangement of doors and windows in so many rows. This is considered, I am well aware, to be simply a question of remunerative return; but ought it to be entirely so? Or is there not, even on public grounds, some sort of return to be considered and thought of besides that of so much per cent.?

Architecture, however, is an art, though an art involved with, and mostly arising out of, practical and scientific problems; and if we come to consider what sort of form the hoped-for development of our

town architecture, either in great buildings or in streets, should take, it is here that the study of our mediæval architecture comes in as an inspiration. There are two species of architectural art: that which ornaments the exterior of a building with a kind of screen or scenic design of features arbitrarily selected for their supposed elegance, but having no direct connection with the plan and construction of the building; and that in which the constructive design is itself the foundation of the architectural effect and expression, and is merely decorated so far, and in such a way, as to give relief and emphasis to this constructive expression; any decoration which does not conduce to this being, in fact, beside the mark and an excrescence. Of the first-named species the most familiar type is that which is called Italian, having been evolved by the Italian architects of the Renaissance, and consisting of an application of some of the principal features of Greek and Roman architecture (pilasters, columns, small pediments, &c.) to the exterior of a building by way of ornament. This style arose under the influence of that classic revival in literature which led to the exclusive worship of "the antique" as the only source of true culture; and it is remarkable how this *prestige* has clung to the style, insomuch that, until very recently, when any question of architectural style in connection with some public building came before the legislature, it was almost invariably the case that the Liberal party were in favour of a classic style, supposing it to be essentially connected with progress and culture, and the Conservatives hoisted the Gothic colours, as the champions of the past and of mediævalism. Both sides were about equally in the wrong. Without denying that very pleasing and very elegant buildings—compositions they may be called—have been created on the Renaissance principle; without saying that there may not be occasions and circumstances under which it may be fitly employed in a purely decorative architecture (though it would be difficult perhaps to name them), it is evident that architectural design, as thus employed, is little more than a toy, with no more real relation to the practical basis of building than is to be found in the imitative mediæval churches before referred to.

For the principle of all real and true architecture is the same—a decorative treatment based upon and emphasizing the plan and construction of the building; and in this point of view the Greek and the Gothic are the two truest and most perfect styles of the world, the only essential distinction between them being that the Greek works out with perfect completeness and unity of expression a trabeated construction, and the Goth works out with equal completeness an arcuated construction. In all that constitutes the essence of architectural style, Salisbury Cathedral and the Sainte Chapelle have far more affinity with the Parthenon, than have the

artificial constructions of Palladio and Vignola. And Greek architecture, in its refined and reticent beauty, is full of suggestion for the modern architect; supplying, it may perhaps be said, the element demanded by modern culture and civilisation, while the study of Gothic supplies the element of strength and reality which has been so long absent from our architecture, and which is to be acquired not by copying and imitating mediæval forms, but by cultivating a sympathy with the method and feeling of that grand and masculine school of architecture, and thereby acquiring the power of giving to the new practical forms of modern building their appropriate and picturesque expression, arising from the truthful treatment of materials and construction rather than from applied or misapplied ornament. Reticence in this last respect is one of the lessons we need most, in regard to London architecture especially. There is often more so-called "ornament" on one railway hotel than would be found on half-a-dozen cathedrals of the greatest age of mediæval art; and the principle has yet to be learned by most of our architects, that every ornamental detail which does not assist the expression of a building injures it.

It is remarkable how very little has really been made, amid all the bustle of architectural revival in recent years, of the higher class of dwelling-houses as opportunities for something of what may be called the poetry of architecture. "Handsome" houses, and more lately "picturesque" houses, have no doubt been built by scores; but they seem to go very much on prevailing patterns which succeed one another, like the fashions in dress, for no particular reason. The old notion of the typical English gentleman used to be that it was vulgar to have a house which differed materially or in any striking way from that of your neighbours. Surely it is that idea itself which rather deserves the epithet vulgar, even in the literal sense of the word. A great deal that is charming, a great deal of what constitutes the picturesque of life, might be realised in the interiors, especially, of the higher class of dwellings, if they were made the opportunity for the exercise of original thought and individual taste and feeling in their arrangement and decoration, instead of being so mechanically contrived on habitual and accepted schemes.

There has no doubt been a great advance in good taste as to house furniture and fittings of late years; and the monstrosities which used to crowd the windows of cabinet-makers would be scouted now. But a good deal of this, it must be confessed, is nothing more than another revival. A recent turn of popular thought has led to a kind of resuscitation of the art of what Tennyson rather happily calls the "tea-cup times." So far as architecture is concerned, this revival of the Queen Anne style seems the most rubbishy and contemptible of all, since there is not even the excuse of an inherent

grandeur in the style; it is the last lingering debasement of Renaissance architecture, the corruption of a corruption. The style of decorative art which belongs to it has a certain fitness and suitability to recommend it for interiors, though it is anything but intellectual, and is followed more as a matter of fashion than of deliberate opinion; indeed, it is impossible to avoid a disagreeable conviction of the imposture pervading the present mania for æsthetic fittings, Japanese jars and old china, and Queen Anne furniture and costumes; a mania which is carried so far that, as those who know anything of the ways of these disciples of the æsthetic must be aware, the joke in *Punch* about the gentleman who preferred the shorter of two sisters for a wife to the taller, because "she would go better with my style of furniture—buhl and marqueterie, you know"—is scarcely an exaggeration of literal fact. There is something contemptible in this exaltation of the mere decoration of life (a sham decoration, too) above the reality; and something quite apart from real artistic feeling, than which, in its true sense, nothing can harmonise better with that "plain living and high thinking," the decay of which was so feelingly deplored by Wordsworth, and from which we seem so very, very far at present.

Once more: architecture in its most important manifestations is directly connected with public as well as private life, and to recommend itself to the predominant public opinion of the day, to be in harmony with the real tendency of modern political life, it must cast itself loose from the sentimental prejudices which would connect it only with the old order of things, and study to reach forward to those things which are before. It is unfortunate that the leading members of the profession at present seem to be almost entirely neglectful to discern the signs of the times, and to be connected by their sympathies and associations with what by most thinking men are regarded as outworn conditions of life and opinion. The influence of this upon architecture is being illustrated in the carrying out of the largest and most costly public building of the day. There can be nothing unkind or unfair in saying of Mr. Street, who is entrusted with the building of the new Law Courts, what he has himself repeatedly and publicly professed that he is entirely bound, by conviction and sympathy, to an absolute belief in the dogmas, the sentiment, and the artistic practice and ritual of the mediæval Church. The result of this is, that the new Law Courts are being clothed in a mediæval garb of the most uncompromising type, reproducing the ancient cathedral style even to the niches for the statues of saints, perhaps to be filled in this case (in a sufficiently different manner) by those of great legal lights. That there will be a certain power and grandeur in the building when complete there can be little doubt, for no living English architect has more the faculty of putting

the impress of power on his work; and he has built churches of which it may be said (what can hardly be said of any other modern-mediæval work) that they have the real feeling and force of original mediæval architecture without being literal copies. But it is to be feared that this great building, whatever merits in detail it may have (and they ought to be great, since it has ousted a design confessedly superior *in plan*), will remain to future generations as a piece of false architectural sentiment, entirely contradictory of the real intellectual history of this century.

But a far more serious instance of this false sentiment has been seen in the recent proposal for decorating St. Paul's Cathedral. Those who are not aware of the extent to which modern architectural practice is combined with the worship of all sorts of superstitions, would perhaps scarcely credit the fact that the most important and costly portion of this scheme, estimated at about half a million, as drawn out by the architect engaged by the committee (against whose ability as an artist not a word is here hinted), was to consist of mosaic decorations representing not only prophets, apostles, and angels (with gold plates behind their heads), but the whole tag-rag and bob-tail of apocryphal church saints with their legendary symbols; and this, the only cathedral which is in some degree associated, and was intended by its architect to be associated, with the new intellectual life of the modern period,¹ was thus to be made a receptacle for all the ecclesiological lumber of past ages. What sort of laughing-stock the thing would have been, as time went on, if this 'absurd and barbarous puerility had really been stereotyped in imperishable matériel, may well be imagined by those whose brains are not addled. The very proposition of such a scheme adds force to what was said above as to the necessity of having some governmental control over the treatment of buildings which are, morally speaking, the interest and property of the whole nation. On the other hand, the normal attitude of our Government towards public works of architecture is far too grudging and illiberal. It is with the greatest difficulty that small grants can be extracted for the pursuance, for instance, of important archæological investigations in different parts of the world—a matter in which France has, in not a few instances, set our statesmen a noble example. And I remember taking note of a debate in regard to the expenditure of money on the architectural embellishment of the Law Courts, in which every speaker (even among those who habitually figure as "patrons" of art) who ventured to lift up his voice in favour of a liberal treatment

(1) It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that Wren's original plan was for a wide central area, as most appropriate for the "reformed worship," and that he was deeply chagrined at being compelled, by court influence, to adopt the old mediæval or processional plan.

of the building, did so in the most amusingly humble and apologetic manner, and amid profuse professions of his wish to consider the subject "entirely from a practical point of view"—as if any expenditure of public money on mere art were something to be ashamed of. Members of Parliament, however, will be quite ready to take a different view of these things when they know that their constituents expect it from them. It is to the development of a higher standard of culture and refinement among the middle and lower classes that we must look to supply that stimulus to architecture which it formerly owed to the taste or ambition of aristocratic castes. Perhaps, in turn, it may not unreasonably be demanded of the architectural profession that they should show a higher and more unselfish spirit of devotion to their calling in its noblest aspect than is often seen; a less conspicuous readiness to undertake, for mere lucre, multifarious commissions which can only be carried out mechanically and by proxy: another matter which they manage better in France, as the lives of some eminent French architects do most honourably testify. Nor must it be forgotten that the moral tone of a nation has a most appreciable influence upon its architecture, which always, in a certain sense, reflects a portion of the spirit of the times. It is because a number of persons worship ecclesiastical shams that the country is covered with mock-mediæval churches. It is because speculating builders are destitute of common honesty that an immense proportion of our dwellings are ugly, rickety, and unhealthy; and that the clumsy machinery of Building Acts (presses to squeeze the life and individuality out of city architecture) is necessary to ensure the most ordinary attention to proper sanitary and constructive conditions. It is because success in trade is based on ostentation and puffing rather than on honourable dealing, that our shop architecture stands upon sheets of plate-glass, and is bedizened with wooden and "compo" pilasters and cornices. Only as our national life itself becomes more true and healthful in tone, can we hope to realise the conditions under which a modern architecture may arise, no longer the expression of mere archæological sentiment, or of the partial sympathies of a religious, a social, or an æsthetic clique, but the endeavour after a more truthful and beautiful framework to their daily life on the part of the people at large.

H. H. STATHAM.

THE AMERICAN CENTENARY.

THE hundredth anniversary of American independence was celebrated in a becoming manner, but rather in the way of a duty to be performed, or an extensive business transaction, than as a civic festival. The fourth of July will long continue to be a national holiday, but during the past quarter of a century there has been a growing tendency to look upon it as a necessary evil, and to regard the orator of the day in the light of a bore. The racket of gunpowder and the broiling procession with their attendant casualties are a pretty severe strain upon all except juvenile patriotism. Declamation against the evil practices of George III. ceased to find any real echo in America after they ceased to find any defenders in England. What remains is a deep reverence for the soldiers and statesmen of the revolutionary period. This is sufficient to give permanence to the national anniversary, and it is to be hoped it may never grow less.

What sort of political development has been worked out by the United States during the century now past, is a question susceptible of more than one answer. Taken in its broadest sense, however, it would appear to be that whereas certain British colonies, independent of each other, did unite together a hundred years ago for the purpose of resisting unjust measures on the part of the mother country, they have employed the intervening time, down to the year 1865, in getting rid of colonial traditions, prejudices, and encumbrances, and becoming consolidated as a nation. He who sees in the war of the rebellion only a struggle between slavery and freedom, sees but a part of the issues involved, and ignores the largest chapter of American history. He who sees in it only a strife for dominion on the one side and independence on the other, takes an equally narrow and one-sided view. The struggle between state sovereignty and national sovereignty commenced immediately upon the conclusion of peace with Great Britain, and continued without intermission down to the overthrow of the rebellion, but the only element capable, according to human ken, of bringing it to the arbitrament of arms was African slavery. On the other hand, it is highly improbable that the slaveholding States would have resorted to arms if they had not been educated during three generations to believe that they had a constitutional right to nullify the acts of the general government, or, as the late President Lincoln termed it, "a constitutional right to overturn the constitution."

The recent work of Professor Von Holst, now accessible in

English,¹ throws a strong and steady light upon the conflict of ideas which divided parties, sections, and states from the adoption of the constitution down to a very recent period. Although this conflict has seldom been out of the mouths of statesmen, although it has filled more printed pages and newspaper columns than any other question, it was reserved for a foreign writer to trace the windings of the stream from its fountain head, through the thickets and quicksands of near a hundred years, to its *débouchement* in the war of the rebellion. The bird's-eye view is best obtained from the distance, and when, as in the present case, the author has made preparations for his survey by long and careful study on the ground itself, we are not surprised to find things brought to view which had been obscured to Americans by their very nearness. A completeness and roundness are also given to the whole which has hitherto been wanting, and which are worthy of the highest praise. A Swiss lawyer gave the first finished exposition of the English Constitution, and a French philosopher the most perspicuous treatise on Democracy in America; and now we are indebted to a German professor for the most comprehensive work on the political development of the United States.

The point from which this development is to be traced is the colonial period, in which we find thirteen communities dependent upon Great Britain, and more attached to her than to each other, reluctantly compelled to draw the sword in defence of the dearest rights of freemen. Some sort of union was necessary to make the resistance effectual; and when the colonies came together in consultation very crude notions prevailed as to their legal status. A few men even then perceived the incongruity of a dual sovereignty—that of the State and of the United States—but the great majority, both of leaders and led, assumed as a fact that the declaration of independence, although not the act of any colony by itself, nor yet of all the colonies separately, but the act of all in unison, had had the effect to make them each sovereign; and in this frame of mind they proceeded to construct the loose political harness called the Confederation, a thing of shreds and patches which with difficulty held together during the war, and which, after peace had been declared, became the laughing-stock of foreign governments, the winding-sheet of the public credit, and the execration of George Washington. Although the title of this document was Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union, the sovereignty of the States was expressly declared, and the powers of the Confederation were so extremely

(1) "The Constitutional History of the United States," by Dr. H. Von Holst, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor and Alfred B. Mason. Vol. I., *State Sovereignty and Slavery*. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1876.

attenuated that no money could be raised by taxation, direct or indirect, except by assessment upon the States, which they could pay or not as they pleased. The war had left the Confederation heavily in debt. Various devices were resorted to for obtaining the means to meet the maturing obligations of the Government. A multitude of set-offs and excuses were offered by the little sovereignties in place of cash, and, of course, the more honourable among them would not continue to pay if the less honourable continued to shirk. Assessments having failed to accomplish anything, it was proposed to ask the States to allow the general government to collect taxes within their borders. The right to impose internal taxes was peremptorily refused, but after some delay all the States, except New York, granted the right to collect duties on imports. New York went so far as to concede her customs duties to the general government, provided they should be collected by her own officers and her own depreciated State scrip should be receivable for duties. These conditions were, of course, inadmissible, and so it happened that the new member of the family of nations became independent and bankrupt at about the same time. The external pressure of war being removed, all the ante-revolutionary conceptions of government revived, excepting only that of allegiance to Great Britain. Even the degrading spectacle of public insolvency did not avail to bring the States closer together. Colonial rights had blossomed into State rights. Some of the forms of government had been changed, but the ideas remained substantially the same as before. It was not until the varying customs duties of the several States and the hostile commercial legislation of England had prostrated trade and brought private bankruptcy on the heels of public, that the States began to consider the expediency of surrendering some of their reserved powers in order to give greater efficiency to the whole. The Convention which framed the constitution of the United States had its origin in a conference called by the State of Virginia to regulate the trade and navigation of the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay.

A long and doubtful struggle ensued in the Convention between colonial prejudice and national necessity. Things reached so desperate a pass that Franklin proposed prayers to Almighty God, for that the wit of man had been exhausted.¹ Necessity finally triumphed over prejudice in the Convention, but the victory of the national party only led to a fiercer and more protracted contest in the States over the question of ratifying the constitution. That the Convention did in express terms declare the constitution and the laws and treaties made in pur-

(1) "The hope of ultimate success must have been small indeed, when such a proposition could be made by Franklin, strongly inclined as he was to rationalism, a man who at heart was averse to all religious demonstration, and who, even in the darkest hours of the war, had carried his head very high."—VON HOLST, p. 51.

suance of it to be the supreme law of the land, and did provide for the establishment of courts to have jurisdiction of all cases arising under said constitution, laws, and treaties, can be seen by reference to the instrument itself. But a discussion of the alleged right of a State to nullify an act of Congress would be premature at this place, since that was the question almost continuously in dispute till it was settled in 1861-5 by the wager of battle. It is certain that the right of a State to secede from the Union after once entering it was freely discussed at the time and was decided in the negative. Both New York and Virginia desired to ratify with conditions, reserving the right to withdraw if the conditions were not complied with. They were told plainly that this could not be done—that they must ratify or reject unconditionally. Virginia ratified in this manner at last by 88 votes against 80 in her Convention, and New York by 31 against 29.¹ Massachusetts took a long time to deliberate, and eventually ratified by 187 votes against 168. The most effective advocates of the constitution were Hamilton in New York and Madison in Virginia—two States whose ratification was most important, and at the same time most difficult to obtain. We shall soon see to what contrary conclusions Hamilton and Madison came in their interpretation of the ratified instrument. The whole history of the period goes to confirm the observation of John Quincy Adams, that the constitution was “extorted from the grinding necessity of a reluctant people.”

No wonder that an active minority remained full of hostility to the new order of things, whose cries in behalf of what they called their lost liberties filled the public ear for a whole generation. Threats were made to break the Union before the close of the last century, and a political party came into being, almost simultaneously with the constitution, claiming, under and by virtue of the instrument itself, the right to nullify any act of Congress which might be considered to infringe any right of a State. If any such right existed it necessarily included the right of secession as a last resort. This party took the name of Republican, from its attachment to the principles of the French Revolution. It sought to stigmatize its opponents as monarchists, but the title did not adhere. The name Federalist was that by which it was known to contemporaries and is known to history. The leader of the Republican party of that day was Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States. Mr. Jefferson was the American minister to France at the time the constitution was framed. He wrote a long letter to Mr. Madison, signifying his general approval of the instrument, but foreshadowing

(1) A recent work by a French author (“*Les États-Unis Contemporains*,” par Claudio Jannet, Paris, 1876), which brings forward a stock of half-truths really too formidable for criticism, says (p. 31) that Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island, in their ratifications, expressly reserved the right to withdraw!

the course he subsequently took in his interpretation of it. He said: "I own I am not a friend to a very energetic government; it is always oppressive; it places the governors indeed more at their ease, but at the expense of the people. The late rebellion in Massachusetts (Shay's Rebellion) has given more alarm than I think it should have done. Calculate that one rebellion in thirteen States in the course of eleven years is but one for each State in a century and a half. *No country should be so long without one.*" Somewhat later Mr. Jefferson clothed his notions of an ideal Union in these words: "An impotent general government is the condition precedent of liberty."

Mr. Jefferson was a Radical and a passionate admirer of the French Revolution. He believed that liberty and an efficient central government were incompatible with each other. In this belief he differed from his political associate and successor, Madison, who held that too much weakness in the central government would be as dangerous to liberty, through its tendency to license and consequent reaction, as too much strength. We are perhaps not far enough removed even yet from the agitations which they set on foot to form a perfectly unprejudiced judgment of their characters and work, but no one will deny that both contributed largely to their country's cause, and both exhibited at times the qualities of true statesmanship. Madison's, however, was less mixed with personal interest than Jefferson's, and his patriotism was of a purer, or at all events a less partisan, type. He was lacking in the power of will and continuity which distinguished Jefferson, and was led by the latter into errors which completely stultified him afterwards, but which he would most likely have escaped if left to his own cooler judgment. Mr. Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, a document which stamps him as a master of the English tongue, and proves, as Mr. Bancroft observes in the concluding chapter of his History, that "he was able with instinctive perception to read the soul of the nation." He suggested the prohibition of slavery in all the new territories (to take effect after the year 1800), and drafted an ordinance to that effect three years before the famous ordinance of 1787, prohibiting it in the north-west territory, was passed. He was at heart an anti-slavery man, and he sincerely desired the abolition of the institution in his native State, but was always careful to avoid offending the Virginia slave-holders by untimely expressions of his views. He conceived and accomplished the purchase of Louisiana, thus securing the mouth of the Mississippi and an immense territory on the west bank of that river. On the other hand, he was an extreme partisan and extremely ambitious, and he did not scruple to employ the arts of the demagogue to obtain a party advantage. He was in fact a consummate politician, and the best party leader of his time. In the way of backbiting he had few equals. His letter to

Washington, accusing Hamilton of the purpose and desire to establish a monarchical government, and his letter to Mazzei, accusing Washington of the same thing in substance, are couched in terms which compel us to think that, at the time they were written, he really believed his own preposterous statements. They serve to show a narrowness or crookedness of vision of which there are many other examples in his career. Washington was convinced that Jefferson had intrigued against him while yet a member of his cabinet, and the intercourse of the two became subsequently of a ceremonious character. "His [Jefferson's] mode of thought was a mixture of about equal parts of dialectical acuteness, and of the fanaticism of superficiality, as shortsighted as it was daring."¹ Finally, the principles of federal government, of which he became the champion and expounder, were fundamentally wrong, and have been productive of untold mischief. Those principles were embodied in the resolutions passed by the legislatures of Kentucky and Virginia in the year 1798, which will be examined hereafter.

Opposed to Jefferson's theory of government and of the constitution, in all its parts, was the master-spirit of Washington's first cabinet, Alexander Hamilton, of New York. Born in the West Indies, of mixed Scotch and French Huguenot blood, he combined in the highest degree the perseverance and acumen of the one race with the versatility of the other. Sent to New York to be educated, he entered Columbia College, and was pursuing his studies there, when the differences between the colonies and the mother-country became sufficiently pronounced to engage the earnest thought of all classes. At the age of seventeen he produced a series of essays on the Rights of the Colonies, which attracted general attention. "There are displayed in these papers," says a competent authority, "a power of reasoning and sarcasm, a knowledge of the principles of government and of the English constitution, and a grasp of the merits of the whole controversy, that would have done honour to any man at any age, and in a youth of seventeen are wonderful."²

About the same time he gave indications, in a public speech at Boston, of that rare eloquence which in after years enabled him to sway public assemblages and to bring hard-headed and hostile legislative bodies to his way of thinking in spite of themselves. At the age of nineteen he entered the patriot army as Captain of Artillery, and after a short service in this capacity was chosen by General Washington as his confidential aide-de-camp; with him he remained till near the close of the war. When Washington was elected President he called Hamilton again to his councils and tendered him

(1) Von Holst, p. 160.

(2) Hist. Constitution of the U.S., by Geo. Ticknor Curtis.

the post of chief importance and chief difficulty, that of Secretary of the Treasury, in which he well earned the felicitous encomium pronounced upon him, a generation later, by Daniel Webster: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth; he touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprang upon its feet." To his exertions and to Madison's in about equal measure had the country been indebted for the ratification of the constitution. To his sagacity mainly is it due that the new government was not strangled in its infancy. With untiring industry, unerring foresight, and sleepless vigilance, he frustrated the efforts of the party of disintegration of his day. Against his generalship numbers availed nothing, nor did the ingratitude and insubordination of his own party ever daunt him. He saw clearly the object to be attained, and when his own friends deserted him he made use of his enemies to accomplish his ends, which were always his country's. The more superficial parts of Jefferson were no match for his active and clairvoyant genius. One by one he laid the timbers of a stable, self-sustaining, self-propelling government, and at last he sealed his devotion to his principles with his blood; for not even the death of Lincoln was more signally due to his faithfulness to the Union cause, than that of Hamilton when he exposed his body to the pistol shot of Aaron Burr. Hamilton believed that a nation could be made out of the political débris that the revolutionary war had left. That those jealous and discordant materials did not constitute a nation he was perfectly well aware. He had the courage and capacity to undertake the task; but he looked too far into the future to be a successful politician. Hence, although he carried his point in settling the character of the new government, he lost the prizes of statesmanship, and Jefferson gained them.

President Washington's cabinet was constructed on the plan of attempting to harmonize parties—a plan of government which, although erroneous in general, was not ill adapted to the circumstances of the time. Both Jefferson and Hamilton had places in it. But Washington's confidence was given in such marked degree to the latter that the former eventually retired in disgust, acknowledging that he had been led by his rival, in one instance at least, to support a measure intended to strengthen the Government, and that he considered it the greatest mistake of his life.

The principal measures proposed by Hamilton, having for their object the creation of an efficient central government, and the perpetuation of the Union, were the funding bill (including in that phrase the bill for the assumption of the State debts), the excise law and the first National Bank charter. Although nothing was more absolutely necessary to the prosperity of the Union than

Hamilton's funding bill, or some kindred measure for restoring the public credit; although no argument had been more effective in calling the Philadelphia Convention together than the destruction of that credit, the measure was opposed by the Anti-Federalists on the express ground that it would tend to strengthen the Union and thereby weaken by comparison the sovereignty of the States. Even Mr. Madison opposed it upon this ground. The bill was defeated upon its first introduction in the House, but Hamilton rallied his forces a second time and carried his point by a piece of "log-rolling." The representatives of Maryland and Virginia desired to have the National capital located on the banks of the Potomac River. Hamilton persuaded enough of his friends to vote for this change of the seat of Government to carry it through, and in return secured enough votes to pass the funding bill. But he was shocked at the character of the opposition he had encountered, and he recorded his opinion of it by saying: "It is the first symptom of a spirit which must be killed, or it will kill the constitution of the United States" — a saying which waited three quarters of a century for its entire fulfilment, but which vindicated itself signally in each succeeding decade.

The bill for an excise on distilled spirits was brought forward for the double purpose of obtaining means to meet the requirements of the funding act, and of strengthening the Union by seizing a source of revenue which might otherwise have been appropriated by the States. The State-rights party saw the latter point a moment too late, and although the bill had become a law they began with one accord to oppose its enforcement, and when an insurrection sprang up in Western Pennsylvania to defeat the collection of the tax, they managed to delay, for the space of three years, the employment of force to put it down. This was the earliest act of outright nullification that had been witnessed since the adoption of the constitution. Though not sanctioned by the authority of Pennsylvania or any other State, it enlisted the sympathies and indirect aid of the entire opposition party. When Hamilton at last persuaded Washington to take decisive steps by military force to put down the insurgents, a perfect storm of vilification rained upon him. Fifteen thousand militia were called for and sent into camp under Washington's personal supervision. Hamilton himself marched with them to the scene of the disturbances, apprehensive to the very last that they might throw down their arms and return home. The insurgents were extremely valiant when they had to deal only with tax-collectors, sheriffs, and a dozen or more soldiers stationed at an old wooden fort, but when the army of coercion arrived the champions of the divine right of distillation were nowhere to be found in any organized force. The leaders, conspicuous among whom was Albert Gallatin,

were fain to sue for pardon on any terms that would save their necks, and their deluded followers took refuge in their own native obscurity. It was an important victory to Hamilton and his party, for it was the first forcible assertion of the national authority over local insubordination. Even as late as 1861 the example had not lost its potency. "Did not Washington put down the whisky rebellion in 1794?" exclaimed the Union orators and newspapers when the slaveholders' rebellion commenced. Technically, the two cases were not parallel, but for practical purposes they were sufficiently so.

The events which called forth the famous "Resolutions of '98" were intimately connected with the French Revolution. This great social upheaval was welcomed with almost universal acclaim in America, but as it progressed from wholesome reform to rapine and terror, the zeal of the Federalists cooled toward their republican brothers on the other side of the water. Washington himself was determined that, whatever might be the sympathies of the people, the country should not be embroiled in the struggle during his Presidency. The French authorities were determined that it should be so embroiled, calculating that whenever a breach of neutrality should occur, the prevailing republican sympathy and the memories of the late war would infallibly bring the United States to their side. In this they might have succeeded, but for the intolerable insolence of their two ministers, Genet and Adet, both of whom affected to hold relations with "the people" of the United States as distinguished from the Government; Genet going so far as to treat the country as a French colony, fitting out privateers, enlisting troops, and issuing commissions to officers on American soil. There is too much reason to believe that Genet was secretly encouraged in this course by Jefferson, who was then Secretary of State. Although the French Directory were compelled to recall Genet, their subsequent acts showed that they approved his proceedings. Bent upon forcing Washington out of his position of neutrality, they organized a political campaign in the United States through pamphlets, newspapers, handbills, clubs, and inflammatory appeals to the memories of '76. They insulted Washington in every possible way, even insinuating, in a formal address to Minister Monroe, that he (Washington) was aiming to lead the people of the Union "back to their former slavery." If they had confined themselves to words, they might have carried their point so far as to bring the people over to their side, and eventually the Government also. But their military successes had emboldened them to make an application of force as well as of persuasion, and by seizing and confiscating a number of American vessels, freighted in whole or in part with British goods, in violation of the express provisions of a treaty, they speedily paralysed the influence

of their best friends in America. Negotiations on the subject of the seizure of vessels grew exasperating. Minister Pinckney was ordered out of France, and even threatened with imprisonment under the French alien law. When finally Talleyrand attempted to impose a heavy fine upon the United States, and demanded in addition thereto a personal gratuity of twelve hundred thousand livres for the Directory and ministers, as conditions of restoring a good understanding, the nation resolutely began preparations for war.

Washington was again invested with the chief command, John Adams having succeeded him as President, and Hamilton again became his first lieutenant in the field. While the people were in daily expectation of the opening of hostilities, the Republicans being thoroughly cowed, and Jefferson very despondent, a couple of laws were passed by Congress (to continue in operation two and three years respectively) to rid the country of the emissaries of the French Government, and to curb the licentiousness of the French sympathising press, clubs, associations, &c. These are known to history as the alien and sedition laws. They were approved by Washington and Patrick Henry, as well as by President Adams. Hamilton did not doubt their constitutionality, but thought them "highly exceptionable," as tending to tyranny and likely to consolidate and strengthen the opposition to the Government, rather than to intimidate and weaken it. In the light of the present day the alien and sedition laws find no defenders; but it is a fact not generally remembered that the opposition of the Republican party of the last century to these measures was based, not upon the infringement of liberty, but the infringement of State rights embodied in them.¹ It was their view, that if any alien or sedition laws were required, they should be passed by the State legislatures, and not by Congress. It is only thus that we can understand the counter-measures proposed by Jefferson—the famous "resolutions of '98." The alien and sedition laws, although not intended to promote party ends, could not fail to produce effects upon parties, since they would actually suppress a portion of the machinery by which the opposition saw fit to conduct their political campaigns. Heretofore the opposition had confined themselves to fitful and uncertain objections to particular measures of the Government, but they had had no rallying point, and no well-defined principles as to home politics. Sympathy with republican France could not be expected to last for ever, nor could it be depended on even now, when subjected to the strains put upon it by Talleyrand, Genet, and Adet. The time had come, in Jefferson's view, to establish a rallying point, and to fix some principles. He believed that the

(1) Professor Von Holst does not make this point clear. The resolutions of '98 would not be logical if directed merely to the vindication of freedom of speech and of the press.

successive invasions of State sovereignty had reached a crisis in the alien and sedition laws, and that now, or never, a determined resistance must be made. Hence the resolutions of '98.

Two sets of resolutions, differing somewhat in phraseology, were passed, the one by the legislature of Virginia, and the other by that of Kentucky. Those of Kentucky were the more pointed and outspoken of the two, but they were alike in substance, and had a common origin. Those of Virginia were drawn up by Madison at Jefferson's request, and were passed by the legislature of that State, December 21, 1798. They declare that the powers of the federal government result from a compact to which the States are parties, to be construed by the plain sense and intention of the constitution, and that in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers not granted by the said compact, the States which are parties thereto "have the right and are in duty bound to *interpose* for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights, and liberties appertaining to them." The Kentucky resolutions recite that the constitution was a compact, to which each State was an integral party; that the general government was not the sole judge of the powers delegated to itself, but that as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party had an equal right to judge for itself, as well of the infraction as of the mode and manner of redress. Also that the several States which formed the constitution, "being sovereign and independent, have the unquestionable right to judge of the infraction, and that a *nullification* by these sovereignties of all unauthorised acts done under colour of that instrument is the rightful remedy." Two copies of the Kentucky resolutions in the handwriting of Jefferson, varying slightly in language but not in idea, were found among his papers after his death, and there is abundant historical evidence apart from this, that he was the author of both sets, and that he persuaded Mr. Madison to prepare them for the legislature of Virginia, and Colonel Nicholas to introduce them in that of Kentucky. It appears, therefore, that Mr. Calhoun was no more the author of the doctrine of nullification than Jefferson Davis was. Both drew their inspiration from the so-called republican party of the last century, and appealed to some of the most venerated names in American history for their justification. It should be kept in mind that this doctrine was not an assertion of its right of revolution, but of a constitutional right to resist constituted authority.

The Federalists remained in power twelve years, but they were not really a majority of the people at any time. The universal confidence reposed in Washington, the superior statesmanship of the Federalist leaders, the wealth, education, and social position of their

followers, and the extravagant and unprincipled demands of the French Directory, had together outweighed the popular leaning toward France, and the still lively animosity toward Great Britain. But this leaning and this animosity were constant quantities, while the opposing forces were variable. Washington had retired to private life, and his successor, John Adams, had picked a personal quarrel with Hamilton, and a public one with the bulk of his party, by sending a new mission to France before the insults of Talleyrand had been atoned or apologised for. This step on the part of Mr. Adams has been variously accounted for ; but supposing it to have been in the highest degree patriotic, it is certain that it was taken without consulting any member of his cabinet or any person entitled to be called a leader of the party. Consequently, the merits of the step in a diplomatic and international point of view, however great they may have been, were, in a party point of view, completely frustrated by the manner of taking it. Many Federalists believed that Adams had gone over to the Republicans. The Republicans themselves, who were still greatly dispirited, notwithstanding some local gains they had made in the South through the unpopularity of the alien and sedition laws, plucked up courage wonderfully, claiming that they had been right all the time in their policy of kissing the hand that smote them. The result was, that Mr. Adams failed of a re-election. Jefferson and Burr (Republicans), received a tie vote in the electoral college, and the election was thrown into the House of Representatives, where neither of them could get a clear majority without the help of the Federalists.

The mass of the Republican voters intended that Jefferson should be President and Burr Vice-President ; but under the provisions of the Constitution at that time each Presidential elector voted for two persons, the one receiving the highest number of votes to be President, and the one receiving the next highest to be Vice-President. In case of a tie, the House of Representatives was required to choose the President, each State having one vote, and a majority of the States being requisite to a choice. In order to worry the Republicans and to spite Jefferson, a portion of the Federalists conceived the idea of electing Burr President. There were now sixteen States in the Union, of which Jefferson and Burr could count on six each, leaving four in the control of the Federalists. When Hamilton, who had meanwhile retired to private life, learned of the intrigue between Burr and the Federalists, he threw his whole influence in favour of Jefferson. He told his friends that if there was any man in the world whom he ought to hate that man was Jefferson, but that Burr was at heart a Catiline, bent upon ruling the country by uniting the scoundrels of all parties, and that "upon every virtuous and prudent calculation Jefferson was to be preferred." In Burr he saw

the enemy of his country, and in Jefferson only his own enemy. Exactly how far his counsels were instrumental in bringing about the defeat of Burr is not known, but considering his recognised position as the most trusted leader of his party, and considering also the very narrow escape which Jefferson had, we must conclude that they were very important if not decisive.¹ While the balloting was going on in the House some of the Federalists proposed to make the dead-lock permanent, as they had the power to do, and choose a presiding officer of the Senate, vesting the executive power in him by statute until a President should be lawfully chosen. Even Mr. Adams thought this was feasible, and that the people would be as well satisfied with it as with the election of either Burr or Jefferson. But Jefferson took care to notify them that on the day such a statute should be passed, the middle States would arm and overthrow a government so constituted. In point of fact steps were taken to make good this threat. The building of an armoury at Richmond, which had been commenced during the alien-and-sedition-law excitement, was recommenced, and a plan set on foot to seize the Government arsenal at Harper's Ferry. The Federalists were scared out of their project, which was clearly unconstitutional and revolutionary.

Although the Federalists had gone out of power never to return, their policy had been impressed on the new Government so firmly that their successful opponents made no attempt to undo their work. While labouring to defeat Burr, Hamilton predicted that Jefferson, once in power, would not disturb the measures which had been adopted to strengthen the Government. In point of fact, he was soon compelled to use stronger measures than the Federalists had ever employed. The Federalists, on the other hand, began to construe the constitution with the aid of Jefferson's dictionary. The proposed purchase of Louisiana alarmed the New England States. They apprehended that the addition of this extensive dominion would give the South a perpetual preponderance in the Union and control of the Government. There was no clause in the constitution expressly conferring upon Congress the power to acquire foreign territory. They became great sticklers for "strict construction." Some of them claimed that a constitutional amendment was necessary; while others, reverting to the resolutions of '98, declared that since the constitution was a compact, in the nature of a partnership, it was impossible to take in new partners without the consent of *all*

(1) If we may credit the statement of Burr's biographer (Parton), Jefferson's subsequent behaviour presented a very sorry contrast to this example of magnanimity on the part of his rival. When, according to this authority, Hamilton's assassin arrived in Washington City after the fatal encounter, Jefferson received him with marks of attention, and gave him at least one and probably two appointments to important offices for his (Burr's) friends—the secretaryship and governorship of Louisiana Territory.

the old ones, and that the taking in of a new one without such consent would release the old ones. The Republicans contended that the power to acquire territory was one of the necessary attributes of sovereignty, inherent in every government, whatever its name or character. Jefferson himself could not abandon all the theories he had been elaborating these twelve years for the confusion of his enemies and the admiration of posterity. Nor could he let the opportunity to acquire Louisiana slip by. So he acknowledged that the step he had determined to take was unconstitutional, and proceeded forthwith to take it. The acquisition of Louisiana served to strengthen the Government, not only by the possession of the mouth of the Mississippi, but by committing to the doctrine of "constructive powers" the only party that had up to this time denied it.

The Federalists, however, soon found new occasions to change ground with their adversaries. The British orders in council, and the Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon, fell with great severity on American commerce. Jefferson was opposed on the score of principle to a war with France, and on the score of interest to a war with England. As a measure of retaliation he recommended an embargo on American commerce. In this he was at first sustained by the country with singular unanimity, even John Quincy Adams voting for the measure. But the weight of the blow fell upon New England with tenfold greater severity than upon Old England. Indeed it was scarcely noticed in the latter country, while in the former it inflicted greater injury than the orders in council and the decrees of Napoleon combined. Opposition to the embargo became very decided. It worked its way into New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. But Jefferson and his party were so convinced that the deprivation of American products would eventually bring England to terms, that they adhered to it with the utmost tenacity. The war of words was at its height when John Quincy Adams whispered to Jefferson that a combination had been formed in the North having for its object a disruption of the Union, and Jefferson was so much alarmed by it that he recommended a repeal of the embargo and a war with England in its stead. How far Mr. Adams was justified in saying that the Union was in danger in consequence of the embargo is still a matter of dispute. When his statement to Jefferson leaked out, some fifteen years later, Mr. Adams was called upon by thirteen eminent citizens of Massachusetts to give a full and precise account of the facts and evidence constituting the foundation of so injurious a charge. In replying to this request, Mr. Adams went back to the acquisition of Louisiana in 1803, five years earlier than the embargo, and said that a plan had been formed then, by certain Federalist leaders, to dissolve the Union, and that it had gone so far as to fix upon a military

commander to carry it into execution ; that his knowledge of it alienated him from the secret councils of the party ; that the conspiracy of 1808 which he communicated to Mr. Jefferson was a continuance and revival of the proposed revolt against the Louisiana purchase, for which the public exasperation against the embargo seemed to furnish a new opportunity ; and finally that a sense of solemn duty might at some future day require him to disclose the evidence in his possession for these grave allegations, but that the selection of the day for such disclosure, whether in his own lifetime or later, must remain in his own judgment. Nearly thirty years have elapsed since Mr. Adams's death, but the disclosure has not yet been made. The absence of any motive for misrepresentation, no less than his elevated character and his ample sources of information, must convince us that there was some substantial ground for his statements. Moreover, Mr. Hamilton was so keenly alive to the dangers of the plot in 1803 and 1804 that, in his efforts to frustrate it, he became involved in the controversy with Burr, which ended in the fatal duel between them.

Jefferson's proposed war with England was voted down by a decisive majority in Congress. Madison succeeded him as President, and sought to secure the exemption of American shipping from the harsh and unjustifiable measures of the belligerents in Europe by negotiation. Three years of indefatigable letter writing, mingled with threats of war in the American Congress and entreaties for peace among British manufacturers, resulted in the revocation of both the Berlin and Milan decrees and the orders in council. But war with England had been declared two months before the news of the revocation was received. Hostilities had not actually commenced, and a hope was entertained among the commercial classes of the North that the repeal of the obnoxious orders would avert bloodshed. But a war party had grown up in Congress under the spur of continued provocations, led by Clay and Calhoun, fired with the idea of conquering and annexing Canada, and reaping glory and political capital from that undertaking. The so-called right of search and the impressment of seamen on board American vessels, claimed and exercised by Great Britain, were indeed a sore grievance, sufficient to have justified a war without any other causes of difference, but as this was not the cause of the war-preparations in the first place, and as it was not clear that it might not have been removed by negotiation, and as it was wholly ignored in the subsequent treaty of Ghent, we are constrained to believe that the real reason for rejecting the tardy and ungracious concessions offered by Lord Castlereagh was something else. Whatever may have been the motives of the junta that overcame Mr. Madison's strong aversion to war, the two countries soon came to blows. As the war was without definite aim on

either side, so was it without definite result. The New England States, which were the principal sufferers from it, tacitly resolved to contribute nothing to it beyond what the letter of the law demanded. The anti-war party soon acquired a majority in the legislatures of New York and New Jersey, and at times carried the elections in Delaware and Maryland. The war-party became greatly exasperated at their want of success in the field, which they attributed, with considerable justice, to a lack of energy on the part of those who believed that the conflict was unnecessary, and therefore wrong. A new and more stringent embargo was enacted; as much for the purpose of punishing the New England States as of annoying the enemy, whereupon the Massachusetts legislature, taking the ideas and borrowing, in part, the language of the resolutions of '98, used these memorable words: "We spurn the idea that the free, sovereign, and independent State of Massachusetts is reduced to a mere municipal corporation, without power to protect its people and defend them from oppression from whatever quarter it comes. When the national compact is violated and the citizens of the State are oppressed by cruel and unauthorized law, this legislature is *bound to interpose* its power and wrest from the oppressor his victim."

Here was the doctrine of State sovereignty in full measure. It was followed by the refusal of Massachusetts, and of Connecticut also, to allow Federal officers to take command of their militia, and by the call for the Hartford Convention. This convention was stigmatised as a hotbed of treason by the party in power, and is not considered at the present time a desirable place to trace one's political lineage back to. But it never went beyond the fundamental principles of Democratic-Republican faith, as written by Jefferson and Madison themselves. Both parties had, for the time being, changed coats—the Federalists asserting State sovereignty, and their opponents national sovereignty. Three of the New England States were represented in the Hartford Convention by regular delegates, and the other two by irregular ones. But it led to no result except to bring its participants under a load of obloquy—negotiations for peace having been instituted before it concluded its sittings. It recommended to the States represented the adoption of measures to protect their citizens against forcible drafts, conscriptions, or impressments not authorized by the constitution—an ominous proceeding if the States were to judge for themselves of the constitutionality of such drafts and conscriptions. Its other recommendations were technically unobjectionable, although the spirit governing the whole was a defensive league between the New England States. These recommendations were formally accepted by Massachusetts and Connecticut, and that was as far as the project ever got. The conclusion of peace rendered it nugatory, and perhaps saved Mr. Madison a task

he was by no means equal to—that of combatting a rebellion founded upon the resolutions of '98.

From this time forward there has never been in the North any important assertion of the right of a State to nullify an act of Congress. Some decisions were made in Northern State courts overruling the fugitive slave law, on the ground that it was an infringement of State jurisdiction, but when these decisions were overruled by the United States Supreme Court, the judgments of the latter tribunal were always acquiesced in. Two petitions from the North asking for a peaceable dissolution of the Union, presented in Congress by John Quincy Adams and Joshua R. Giddings, in the year 1842, but disavowed by those gentlemen, caused great commotion in the House of Representatives; but even the small consequence that could justly be attached to them, was not derived from the doctrine of State sovereignty or from the principles embodied in the resolutions of '98. These principles henceforward found their home exclusively in the South, where they had been first formulated, and where they dovetailed with slavery in so firm a bond that the one could not be destroyed without shattering the other also.

The agitation in the South against the Protective Tariff of 1828 was intimately connected with the slavery question. The North was gaining rapidly in wealth, population, and political importance, notwithstanding the Louisiana purchase, which had so greatly alarmed the New England Federalists thirty years before. The South was lagging behind her unfettered rival, and becoming more and more jealous and discontented every year. Blinded by her "peculiar institution," she refused to see in it any cause for her backwardness in material prosperity, and sought to find reasons for it in the legislation of the country. The tariff had been growing more and more protective for several years, fulfilling the prediction of those who had declared in the beginning that, no amount of protection would be satisfactory to the protected classes more than a few years, and that a stiffer line would be called for soon. The tariff of 1828 was the stiffest that had ever been called for. The hostility of the planting States to this measure, however, was not merely opposition to a bad fiscal policy, but was an outburst of anger at the badge of inferiority which the census-taker was putting on them every ten years, which they ascribed, honestly perhaps, to the tariff. Shortly after the inauguration of President Jackson, the opposition to the tariff in South Carolina took a very decided attitude. In the summer of 1832, Mr. Calhoun, one of the senators of that State, published an address "On the Relations of the States and Federal Government." He commenced by saying that the question of those relations was not one of recent origin, but that, from the commencement of the government, it had divided public sentiment. He then

proceeded to plant himself on the Virginia resolutions of 1798, saying that "the right of *interposition* thus solemnly asserted by the State of Virginia, be it called as it may—State right, veto, nullification, or by any other name—I conceive to be the fundamental principle of our system, resting upon facts historically as certain as our revolution itself, and deductions as simple and as demonstrative as that of any political or moral truth whatever." On the 24th of November following, the Convention of South Carolina passed an ordinance declaring the tariff law null and void, and making it unlawful for the officers of the general government to collect any duties in that State. If force should be employed to collect such duties, South Carolina would consider herself absolved from all allegiance to the Union, and would proceed at once to organize a separate government.

President Jackson replied by sending a message to Congress, affirming that the constitution of the United States was a *government* and not a *compact*, that the language of the instrument itself declaring that it, and the laws, and treaties made in pursuance of it, should be *the supreme law of the land*, and that all State courts should be bound by it, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding, excluded the idea that a State could declare and treat such supreme law as a nullity. His argument, a very able one, was pointedly opposed to the resolutions of '98. The Democratic party of the present day claims descent in the direct line from Jefferson and Jackson, and the claim is in one sense true, but not at all valuable; for if ever there were two men holding opinions more diametrically opposed to each other as to the vital principles of the constitution and government of their country, history has not mentioned them. Nevertheless, Jackson was not anxious to press the controversy with South Carolina to a bloody issue. He recommended the passage of a new law to enforce the collection of duties in South Carolina, but at the same time he recommended a reduction of the duties. If the duties had not been reduced it is probable that he would have brought the State into obedience by military force, because he was a soldier, and he believed in the employment of force. Mr. Clay even accused him of a desire to gratify his passions by spilling the blood of his enemies in South Carolina; but there is the best evidence that he wished to avoid that necessity. Mr. Clay, himself the champion of the tariff, was the first to back down. He had been eager for a war with England when there was no substantial cause for it, and now he was equally anxious to avoid a war for which there was abundant cause. Through his influence the tariff of 1828 was reduced one-half, the reductions extending over a series of years by a sliding scale—a measure the wisdom of which would be conceded if it had not been extorted under a threat.

The South Carolina Convention was reassembled, and the nullifying ordinance repealed on the express ground that the tariff had been modified to meet the views of the nullifiers. The doctrine of State sovereignty, nullification, or secession—all names for the same thing—received enormous impetus and strength from the temporary triumph achieved for it in 1832, and the slave power incorporated it still more strongly into their political creed, and enlarged it year by year, till it came to include the right to carry slaves into free territory, and hold them there against the will of the majority.

It would be impossible within the limits of this article to touch upon all the manifestations of the struggle between the opposing ideas of State and national sovereignty prior to the death-grapple between them, which commenced in 1861, and ended in 1865 in the complete demolition of the doctrines laid down in the resolutions of '98. Strongly convinced as the writer is that the language of the constitution, as originally framed and ratified, lodged the sovereign power in the national government exclusively, it is apparent that nothing short of superior force could ever have settled the dispute after it became complicated with the pecuniary interests and bitter passions of slavery. It is likewise apparent that until the question was decided the United States could not logically be counted a nation. While one-half, or nearly one-half, of the people maintained and believed that the general government was a mere agency, or power of attorney, revocable at pleasure, and while they had power to give effect to such views, the nationality existed only in the vain imaginings of those who held the contrary opinion. The birth of the nation, therefore, does not really date from the 4th of July, 1776, but from the day whereon the theories of Thomas Jefferson were crushed by force and arms. Mr. Jefferson's desire for a rebellion oftener than once in a century and a half has been gratified beyond his most sanguine expectations. Considering the state of the world at the time he played his part in it, we need not blame him for the views he held, but in awarding the palm of statesmanship, which is the gift of seeing in advance how institutions will operate upon society, we must pass him by and place it on the brow of his great rival.

Although it may now be said that a dual sovereignty has been proven by the strongest of all arguments to be a self-contradiction and an impossibility, Professor Von Holst observes that the idea still clings after the thing itself has vanished. This is true, for "he who's convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still." How extensively the old idea prevails in men's bosoms cannot be ascertained, but something may be inferred from the action of the political party that formerly supported and maintained it. The Federalist party had been ground to powder, and ceased to exist, during the administration of James Monroe, whose second election

to the Presidency was accomplished without opposition. For want of opposition, the Democratic-Republican party broke into four fragments in the election of 1824 without any essential difference of principles; and no candidate receiving a majority of the electoral votes, John Quincy Adams was chosen President by the House of Representatives. A few years later, the fragments crystallised into the Democratic party under the leadership of General Jackson; and the National Republican party under that of Adams and Clay. The latter organisation was soon afterwards merged, with sundry desertions from the Jackson ranks, in the American Whig party, which survived till 1856, when it succumbed to the exigencies of the slavery question, and gave way to the existing Republican party. In 1852, the Democratic party for the first time took cognizance of the slavery question in its national platform, and in close juxtaposition declared the principles laid down in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1798 and Mr. Madison's report thereon to be one of the main foundations of its political creed. This declaration was repeated in the party platform of 1856. In 1860 the Democratic party divided in sunder, and both fragments reaffirmed the platform of 1856. In 1864, the war being in progress, the resolutions of '98 were prudently omitted. In 1868 the party declared that the right of regulating the suffrage belonged to the several States, and that any attempt by Congress to interfere with it would, if sanctioned by the people, "end in a single, centralised, consolidated government, in which the separate existence of the States will be entirely absorbed, and an unqualified despotism be established in place of a federal union of co-equal States." Two years later the suffrage was regulated in all the States by an amendment of the constitution. The Democratic party, in its platform of the present year, declares its "devotion to the constitution of the United States, *with its amendments*, universally accepted as a final settlement of the controversy that engendered the civil war." The old idea, however, timidly shows its head in another paragraph, where it is declared that reform is necessary to save the Union from the dangers of a "corrupt centralism," the voter being left to infer vaguely whether the dangers are due most to corruption or to centralism. This is the attenuated skeleton of the resolutions of '98. Nevertheless a large body of opinion remains, under the influence of party bias or early training, favourable to the idea of State sovereignty co-existing with national sovereignty, and this is not confined wholly to the Democratic party. A certain vagueness even pervades the Republican party, from whose midst we not infrequently hear that the States are sovereign "within their sphere"—the sphere being as undefined as the spheres assigned for our future abode in the text-books of modern spiritualism. The full extent of the defeat suffered

by the State rights party in the late war is only half understood by either victors or vanquished. The official seal of the State of Illinois is still inscribed with the motto "State sovereignty, national Union"—a phrase whose suggestions convey no idea of national sovereignty whatever. Yet the State of Illinois has been under the control of the Republican party during sixteen years. Most of the State constitutions contain clauses providing for the punishment of treason against the State. These provisions are incongruous with existing facts, for it is quite conceivable that a citizen might be hanged for treason against a State, and his judges and executioners hanged for treason against the United States. All the apparatus for such a solecism was in readiness in South Carolina in the year 1832.

Notwithstanding the more or less confusion in the public mind on the subject of State *versus* national sovereignty, State sovereignty now goes to the wall in every practical conflict. Nor will its entire disappearance be followed by the "unqualified despotism" apprehended by Jefferson, and presaged by the Democratic party as late as 1868. An unqualified despotism enacted by a free people upon themselves can only be the result of general corruption and stupefaction of the public morals—a condition in no wise dependent upon the concentration or dispersion of sovereignty. The only form of centralization to be feared is that which grows out of the existing method of making appointments to Federal offices—a method which, when first introduced, Mr. Clay said would, if persisted in, "finally end in a despotism as intolerable as that of Constantinople," and which even General Jackson, before his election to the Presidency, allowed would tend inevitably to corruption.¹ Centralization coming in this form would be equally effective whether the theories of State sovereignty or of national sovereignty should prevail. The immediate need of the American people and Government is a restoration of the permanent civil service which prevailed during the first forty years after the adoption of the constitution. Apart from this, it is the logical outcome of the war that the powers of the general government shall continue to increase at the expense of the State governments, but not at the expense of liberty. The right of secession having been negatived beyond the possibility of dispute, its minor belongings, wearing the generic name of State sovereignty, must fall with it, not all at once, but as fast as they come in collision with the authority of the whole.

HORACE WHITE.

(1) The unwarranted interference by the Federal judiciary and army in the last Louisiana election was a direct consequence and outgrowth of the "spoils system" of civil service.

ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

“ Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness.”

ALL men of all parties are agreed—as they could not but be, the facts once established—in their judgment on the atrocities in Bulgaria, one of those wild outbreaks of ferocity and lust which show the possible depth of evil in human nature when free from the restraints of social order. I say in human nature, and do not confine it to Turkish nature, as I see there is too much inclination to do under the impulse of the present excitement. “ Highest of all when under control, worst of all animals when without law and justice,”—this judgment on man bears no restrictive application. Our just abhorrence of the actual misdeeds of the Turkish troops seems to me to be hurrying us into unjust judgments and unwise actions.

For whilst I respect the motives of the present movement and within limits, which have at times been passed, I entirely concur in the indignation expressed, so far as it is the spontaneous expression of a real national feeling in presence of a great wrong, there is much in the language used which I deprecate, much in the conclusions sought to be enforced which I think dangerous, something at any rate in the national attitude which I think unwarranted. Something more of misgiving in this wholesale condemnation of another nation, something more of humility on the score of past events in our own history, something more of the sense of the community of nature between the Turkish people and our own, might have increased the value of our utterance, and invested it with additional promise for the future. Defective, however, as it has been in these respects, it has a promise for the future: it constitutes an obligation which cannot be eluded—the obligation whenever and wherever there be outrages on our common humanity, and that there will be such is too probable, to reprobate them as we reprobate this present outrage. For instance, whilst we loudly blame the Turkish mode of warfare in Servia, the destruction of villages by fire, and the devastation of the country, would it not be well if some voices were raised against our own practice, in the interests of the half-piratical trader too often, of shelling African or other uncivilised populations? or against such acts as in that unjustifiable Ashantee war was the burning of Coomassie? or in China the destruction of the imperial palace?

With a certain reserve, then, I respect the judgment on the past. But it is not with the past we have now to deal, except so far as we

can repair it; and I trust the reparation will be of the amplest kind, as it ought to be, considering the easy form which it may take for the majority—that of money contributions. Those who, as Lady Strangford, are willing to give their services in its distribution, should have no difficulty in collecting the sum they ask.

There remains one point in reference to the past in which injustice may be done. It is the responsibility attaching to the Turkish Government—its complicity in these Bulgarian horrors. Governments, as a rule, are ill served by their agents, who too often carry out instructions in a way which those who gave them in no way sanction. There have been exceptions, such as James II. in our own country and that of M. Thiers in France, where there is every reason to think that the mercilessness of the ruler outran that of the subordinates. But the rule is the other way, and the supreme government of Turkey is probably, if we take the statements of the two parties in England, not an exception. No doubt in the hour of danger, with other revolts on its hands and the prospect of the Servian and Montenegrin war, on hearing of the agitation and insurrection in Bulgaria, due, it would appear, to external intrigues, it wished a speedy termination,—what has been so much praised in England,—a vigorous stamping out of the evil at its beginning; but as a central government it does not seem to be further involved in the actual transaction. Like most other governments, it would be slow to recognise the misdeeds of its agents; but otherwise the fault lies rather in its weakness and actual disorganization, as was justly pointed out by Lord Derby, than in its intentions. That this is the true view is, I think, evidenced by its permitting foreigners to visit the localities and inquire for themselves, and tolerating their presence after their publication of the facts. Would Russia in Poland, the French Government after the suppression of the Commune, or our own Government in the Indian mutiny, have been equally patient? It would seem that no government has a sufficient hand upon its officers or its population—perhaps never has had, but certainly has not in the present day—a weakness which evidences the want of some more universal, more cogent influence to supplement the action of governments. Look at Barbadoes, or our conduct in Japan, or the dealings with the coolies in the Mauritius, of Queensland with the Oceanians.

And, generalising, how few nations of Europe—is there any one but Italy?—which is so clean-handed as to be justified in using unmeasured abuse of Turkey. Nationally, as individually, the true rule, doubtless, is to blame ourselves first before we attack our neighbours: but there are occasions, and such is this reckless denunciation of one people as compared with all others, when we survey the others, and inquire whether history justifies the implication of so complete a

disparity, and Poland, Algeria, Hungary, and Spanish America rise in its confutation.

I would gladly not write this, for in the prevalent one-sidedness of judgments, I know to what it exposes me; but when I see the lengths to which a dominant impression carries many in this matter, I feel it incumbent on me not to shrink from incurring any of the risk attendant on an impartial judgment.

In the present we have before us, practically, the choice of two policies, or rather two guidances, that of the existing government and of Mr. Gladstone, who I presume is ready to resume office. I say practically, for others are offered, but have no chance of being accepted. If I allude to Mr. Grant Duff's scheme, his dream he calls it, it is because of some of its accidents, rather than from any wish to discuss it fully. An Anglo-Indian administration under a dignified head,—such is its summary for those who may have missed it. He does not himself give the title of this dignified head, yet it should have been given, or the project lacks definiteness. It is implied that we are to have another Emperor of Western origin.

It seems to me a fresh instance of the corrupting influence of our Indian Empire. The temporary success of that experiment misleads us to the point of thinking that we are able to set the world in order, when it is a question whether we are not breaking down under what we have already undertaken. It would appear to be a postulate of a certain class of minds, that we, and we exclusively, have a peculiar faculty for government of other races;—an assumption of the most offensive and dangerous character, and which reposes at bottom on a completely official view of the results attained in our Indian dependency.

I would wish to speak with all due respect of a large body of public servants, of our Anglo-India administrative corps; but I have a recollection of certain points in our history there, in times of order and disorder equally, which suggest many objections to the proposal we have before us. Seriously, was the suppression of the Indian mutiny, even with what facts we have, and all competent students allow that many are yet unknown, that a full picture of the horrors of that suppression is for future generations—was, I ask, the suppression of that mutiny so conducted that we could with decency propose that the service which conducted it should furnish teachers of justice and mercy to the Turks? I know not what the language of the Constantinople governing classes was on the news reaching it of an insurrection in Bulgaria; but I do know something of that of the Calcutta governing community at the time of the Sepoy revolt, and it could not be easily surpassed as an expression of savage and vengeful cruelty. It is due to Lord Canning to say that he was, fortunately, a noble exception.

Or, again, are we to take some Anglo-Indian proconsul of the Dalhousie type, fresh from an unprincipled act of Burman spoliation, committed in defiance of all right under the plea of destiny, and think him a fit apostle to the Turks of moderation, of the duty of resigning this or that possession, of the moral beauty of contracting the red line of empire, of letting go provinces which their fathers acquired. No, at every turn our own past history meets us, not to stop our reasonable and thoughtful action for the better in the present, but to show us the unseemliness of many of our pretensions, and the wisdom of not seeking to increase our responsibilities.

And then the dignified head. Is it seriously proposed to take a young prince, of untried capacity for government,—the command of a ship of war is not by any means a particular recommendation, even if well administered,—a prince brought up in the blinding influences of the English court, more naturally blinding even than those of aristocratic life, a prince who has in no way produced as yet a favourable impression on a society disposed, as is evident from its tone about the rest of his family, to be most indulgent, and place him in a position requiring the highest gifts for rule, the most accomplished statesmanship? If he is to govern and not reign, the proposal is absurd, and for a constitutional puppet the position is not suited. So much on a point which it is difficult to touch. For in the current of servility which has set in of late in favour of our royal family, when only praise is allowed and any blame is thought discreditable, the only refuge for self-respect is silence—where it is possible. I have only said what was necessary to clear me from any participation in the prevailing adulation, which oppresses many besides myself with a sense of shame.

But of the two guides who are feasible, I will take Mr. Gladstone first. In adopting any one as a leader we naturally look to his antecedents. It is a time for free speech on such points. Mr. Gladstone's own language is very free. Dazed by a revolting act, which shocks all of us as much as it does him, he seems to have lost his equilibrium, and to be hurrying himself and the nation on very dangerous courses. What reason have we to follow him?

By a passionate appeal to the humanity and honour of England, he is thrusting a particular policy upon the Government, and practically wresting the conduct of affairs out of its hands. Are we to prefer him to his rivals as the exponent of those powerful motives? I think he has in his vehemence been too forgetful of his past.

Others, Mr. Beesly for instance, have drawn attention to the weakness of his position, on a survey of the past. I concur with them, and in the judgment that he has been weak towards the strong, strong towards the weak, silent when Russia or the Versailles government were in question, violent against Naples and Turkey.

What more feeble than his list of our national misdeeds given at Greenwich? It is easy to balance an account in your favour if you omit important items, and why were India and Ireland left out of Mr. Gladstone's list? If introduced, would they have warranted his conclusion? I cannot forget, either, his sympathy with the slaveholder which led him to raise his voice on the side of the South in the great American contest. Yet what is slavery, as an industrial institution not domestic, in any case, French, Spanish, Portuguese, English or Dutch? It is on their most revolting side, that of lust, the Bulgarian horrors in permanence. Female honour is not for the slave. So true is it, that one great critical suffering affects our imagination and arouses our sympathy, when the slow enduring evil under which generation after generation is borne down passes comparatively unnoticed.

Nor is the honour of England so compromised, whatever Mr. Gladstone may say, by what has happened in Bulgaria, as by numerous other parts of her conduct. It was far more palpably at stake in Jamaica, India, and that semi-Indian outrage, the Abyssinian raid. It is so in our opium policy in China, in our oppression of Burmah. There is ample field in these last for Mr. Gladstone's solicitude about it. Not that I object to his speaking in this present emergency, but there is that in the way in which he speaks as against the Government, which such reminiscences should prevent, and they are introduced to justify the withholding of our confidence.

Graver still—if we consider all that it involves—is the retrospect of his foreign policy. In thinking of him as the possible director of our foreign policy, are we warranted by his antecedents in hoping much from him? I put aside the curious act by which he would begin, an act, as Mr. Grant Duff justly observes, of direct war upon Turkey—a somewhat intemperate opening.

I turn to the past. If we may judge by some recriminations which passed between him and the present Premier, his colleagues and his opponents did not estimate highly his action at the time of the Crimean war.¹ If I remember right, the attack was warded by a remark that at that period he did not take much interest in foreign politics. But during his own Premiership such interest was forced upon him, and his then policy was, I must think, disastrous, and at the root of much of the present difficulty. It fell to him to

(1) In judging the Crimean War we are too apt to confound two distinct series of events, the protection of Turkey from Russian encroachment, and the aggression upon Russia herself by sending our forces to the Crimea. It is this latter which is properly the Crimean War, and which is a fair object of censure, as in every respect an unwise venture, with no good prospect. The former is and was justifiable on all grounds.

steer England through the crisis of the Franco-German war; and the general judgment at home and abroad was, and is, that he failed gravely. The temporary effacement of England—such is the expression which presents the position he gave his country, to the imperilling for long years of European concert, and to the necessitating his actual adoption of an unsound policy. It shows the short memory, or the inattention, or the excessive good nature of the nation, that it should be possible for the idea to arise, that a statesman so tried and so found wanting could again be entrusted with the highest power.

As it is, owing to the unfortunate blunder of Germany in 1871 and to the tame acquiescence of Europe in her pretensions, the Russo-Prussian combination has been encouraged to think itself the ultimate appeal, free to act as it pleased in reference to eastern Europe. The present policy of Mr. Gladstone, so far as we can gather it from his speeches, would favour its claims. His compliments all round must be taken for what they are worth; but his action would be to rely on Russia mainly in the arrangement with Turkey. I would make no hobgoblin of Russia; but it is excusable to doubt whether in the game of Eastern complications Mr. Gladstone would be a match for Prince Gortschakoff.

Be this as it may, he avows that he looks to the joint action of England and Russia in the present emergency, and there is a large school which would follow him in this. Let me indicate one objection *in limine* to this policy. I assume that Mr. Gladstone, if in power, would not carry out the wilder scheme of those who are at his back, nor seek to eject the Turks by violence from Europe, nor sanction Russia in so doing. I assume, that is,—as I interpret his language, I am warranted in assuming—that he so far accepts the “as you were” policy, as to look for modifications of the Turkish rule compatible with its existence. Now, Russia has been almost from its earliest entry into European politics the standing aggressor on Turkey, constantly encroaching on her, constantly domineering over her, in no ambiguous manner posing as her successor. Relatively Turkey is inferior in strength to Russia, and has witnessed with just alarm the growth of her opponent, and submitted, but with just indignation, to her dictatorial language. It is possible—Mr. Gladstone’s faith is strong in her, but I should have thought Lord Granville’s experience might have weakened it;—it is possible that Russia has abandoned her traditional policy and speaks merely in the interests of justice and humanity. Her conduct in Servia is singularly against this great change in her. She could, it is silly to doubt it, have stopped her officers and soldiers from turning a Servian into a Russian attack on Turkey. But it is not in the nature of

things that Turkey should accept without repugnance the influence of Russia. What she could yield honourably to the union of the more Western powers—of Europe in the truest sense—she would bitterly resent if imposed upon her by her haughty rival. Where it is possible to avoid rousing a not unwarranted suspicion and irritation, it is surely wise to do so, and it is so in this case, if we mingle as little as may be Russia with our action. With the wisest attempering, that action will be galling enough to the self-love of the Ottoman nation; it is but fair and also more prudent, more hopeful of result, to conciliate to the uttermost its feelings.

Turning to the Government in whose hands we actually are, it is not needful to examine with equal fulness its claims or its merits in the past. Mr. Gladstone tends, I do not say seeks, to supplant it; and we would know why. It is in power, and all that is necessary is to see whether it be so far inferior to the substitute offered as at a critical moment to make it imperative to change it. In point of humanity, no one would accuse the members of the existing Government of being less sensible to the Bulgarian horrors than any other men who have read them. In their position a certain amount of reticence was necessary, as I cannot but think there is a similar obligation resting on the leaders of the Opposition, who are always possible ministers.

For their general record, it is not better, so far as I can see, nor worse, than Mr. Gladstone's. They have condoned all the wrongs which he has condoned, have shared in the national misdoings as largely as he; possibly rather more. Here and there, as in his case, there have been exceptions. But in general, what I think Mr. Spencer calls the bias of patriotism has had free play with the present ministers as with their assailants, and the dictates of humanity and the exigencies of our country's honour in reference to them have been far too much ignored. And I fear will be ignored; for with the present Premier's oriental proclivities, which lead him to cling so strongly to our Indian empire that he has saddled us with that odious title of Empress of India, there is little hope of a moderate, really humane policy in the East. And in the West the affair of Luxemburg, and their silence during the Franco-German war, are far from reassuring. Yet with all deductions, I think the general opinion has been hitherto, and there seems no reason to doubt should continue to be, that so far as regards the honour of England—a very delicate ground to tread on—it is safer with the actual Government than with its predecessor. They seem less smitten with that curious defect which is traceable in so many of the economical school of statesmen—the men who look to exports and imports as the one test of national well-being—the defect of any historical conception,

any constant sense of the importance of a well-matured foreign policy.

At any rate, the ministers who now direct our foreign action have not been exposed to the trial, and have therefore escaped the failure of their predecessors, and there is so far more ground for hope that they will carry us well through the present storm. All that has hitherto appeared warrants—broadly speaking—this conclusion. It is much that they have not lost their self-possession, and that they venture, in contact with this present tumult, to weigh the real merits of the case, and to risk no rash judgments. It is refreshing to turn to their speeches after those of their assailants: I allude to Lord Derby's and Sir Stafford Northcote's. On the details of their actions it is very dangerous for a private citizen to enter, but I cannot but think—speaking only of the act so far as it is open to public cognisance—that their refusal of the Berlin Memorandum was a wise measure. It was most desirable, if England was to speak with effect in the councils of Europe, to show that she in no way looked on herself as taken in tow by the imperial combination of Eastern Europe—that she was an independent power, choosing her own time and mode of action—that she was no longer effaced, but present and to be reckoned with. Such an attitude is the first condition of better things—that it will be the first step towards them, this must remain uncertain. So again, the sending of her fleet to Besika Bay, and that in great force, merits the applause it gained. On the particular combination of motives I have no call to enter. But its presence there, yes, in some sense as the ally of Turkey, if only the Government use it rightly, is again a necessary preliminary to a sound intervention—obviating, probably, many embarrassments.

With Mr. Gladstone—I am happy to note my agreement,—and perhaps before Mr. Gladstone, I think the prestige of England a mischievous and immoral idea. I renounce all care for England's selfish interests. I invite him to carry out his renunciation to its fair consequences. But with him, too, I make no doubt, I wish England strong and respected. It is for the interest of Europe and Humanity that it should be so. I welcome, by the way, the more frequent introduction of this term Humanity, the implicit recognition of its reality, in contradistinction to, and yet on the same footing with, other smaller, but avowedly real, aggregations of men. I wish, I have ever wished, that England should be as strong as she was under Cromwell, but without any of the aggressive tendencies which vitiated the great Protector's foreign policy; and it is because I think that the measures of the present Government are calculated to replace her in a position in which she may be signally

useful, and so repair the mischief wrought by a feebler administration, that I do what I can in its support. Statesmanship must be a balance of evils in many cases, and it is often necessary to prefer a general result of permanent value to the removal of even deplorable immediate evils. Were it, then, shown that certain incidental evils accompanied the action of the Government, it would not be its conclusive condemnation.

But, of course, all depends ultimately on the use made of a strong position; and any interpretation of the Ministry's conduct must be subject to their future action. What their intentions and policy may be, we have almost of necessity to wait for. Any criticism solely concerns the past and passing events. What is to be wished for—in other words, what the policy of England should be—this is the question on which I now enter.

I have already said that from the school which gravitates towards Russia I wholly dissent; and I have dwelt on the peculiar inappropriateness of calling her in in the treatment of Turkey. What is there in the past history or present condition of Russia that should make her an object of our political preferences? Within her own sphere, and in the arduous task of raising her population and wisely administering her already unwieldy empire, there is every reason to wish her well, and when possible to aid her; but her continued expansion can be no object to any one. She has not shown in Poland any peculiar ability in dealing with a more advanced people which was sacrificed to her ambition; why should she be competent to rule wisely the Rouman or the Greek? Her population was within these twenty years serf, and the dispositions of her ruling classes and her emancipated peasants are not likely to have been so modified from what they were during the long continuance of serfage, as to make them suitable rulers and guides of others. Was the condition of the serfs in Russia much, if any, better than that of the rayahs under Turkish rule? There is every reason to doubt it. Ruling classes which so recently held their inferiors in such dependence as, I believe, existed in Russia, must take time to unlearn their habits, as must those who have so long crouched to learn the habits of freemen. It is not a quarter of a century that, under the conditions of Russia, intellectually and morally, will undo the work of generations.

Again, the religious organisation of Russia singularly disqualifies her for dealing aright with the various Christian populations of the Turkish empire. Nowhere is the spiritual power so completely fused with the temporal—God and Cæsar so inseparable. It is clear from recent events that there is in Islam even less of this intimate blending of the two powers. If allowed, not to encourage in the interest of her own policy the discontent of the Christians,

but really to incorporate them in her empire, where would be the freedom which they now enjoy under the Moslem toleration, contemptuous toleration granted, but still toleration? From its acute perception of this feature in Russian policy, a perception sharpened by her experience in Poland, the Roman Catholic Church sides with the Turk as against the Christian Russians, with a more just estimate of the value of their Christianity than many of us have who suffer ourselves to be misled by that vague term. But even were there no such objections, why should the various divisions of the southern population — Roumans, Bulgarians, Servians, Bosnians, Greeks, Turks, &c.—why should they come under Russian domination and swell the forces of the Pan-Slavic movement. We must acquiesce in the inevitable; but a wise policy will, I conceive, not forward any vast Slavonian aggregate, which, under present circumstances and feelings, may be a most serious danger to Germany, and through her to European peace. New powers, conscious of strength, and impelled only by an instinct of growth, are not wisely encouraged by neighbours at whose expense they must grow, especially when they can offer no contribution of value. If with such a power, unwisely developed, Germany were in hostility, the struggle were most deplorable for both. If she were in unison with it, she would lose rather than gain by the contract, and the combination would be most formidable for all Western Europe.

It is, in my judgment, the true interest, both for themselves and for Europe, of the subject states of Turkey at present to remain so, always under the supposition that a tolerable existence is given them. Even for Bosnia and Herzegovina, where the difficulty is greatest, and another solution the most defensible, I, for one, should acquiesce in the judgment of the powers if they found some arrangement by which their connection with Turkey remained unsevered. For Bulgaria, I should deprecate its severance, even to the extent to which the two former might be separated. The unwise impatience of Servia goes to show that her comparative independence was premature. It was never given her that she might be a fire-brand in Europe, and be made the instrument of an unjustifiable war. Sufficient control for the present must be allowed the imperial state to prevent such dangers.

I hope, then, that, in no spirit of opposition to Russia, but guided by the whole antecedents of our past history, England will not rely on her mainly, nor at all, in her action towards Turkey, but will, as befits a great Western power, look to the other Western powers, France, Italy, Austro-Hungary, Germany—(I wish I could add Spain, in fact I would add Spain,—and the other Western powers would be wise in inviting her concurrence, in replacing her, as Italy

was placed in 1856, at the council table of Europe)—for her legitimate coadjutors in the task of modifying Turkish misgovernment. It is difficult to redeem the past, and such a concert of all is well-nigh hopeless, but a firm and patient policy might do much to re-establish the union which on a former occasion proved so effective, and to make it the basis for a further reunion of the West. Combined more immediately with France and Italy, the two powers which before rescued Turkey, England with them might address the Porte in the name of the obligation then contracted, and concert with her such a scheme as might effectually remove the evils complained of, so far as governmental action can remove them, securing for her subject peoples the orderly administration under which they might grow to be capable of self-direction. No one of these three powers could be suspected of any design of occupying the empire they were protecting; they would not, therefore, in combination give any legitimate umbrage to their European compeers. They have lost twenty years, but this is not fatal; it is a short period in a nation's history. They may take up the work which they should have done twenty years ago.

If it was possible then—and all assume that it was—it is possible now, so to act on Turkey as to render her internal government essentially tolerable. It is not for me to sketch in detail the measures which would effect this. I can only register the fact that all the language used by the denunciators of Turkey does assume that such measures might have been taken, and that our responsibility for recent occurrences consists in their not having been taken. Some things would have to be undone. Is there not, for instance, a considerable burden resting on Europe in regard to the powers it has claimed for its consuls in Turkey? Has there not been much disorganization consequent on our overbearing assertion of the rights of our fellow-citizens, in defiance of the just claims of the Porte to self-direction. I mention these points because I think that the intervening powers would be bound to show the greatest possible respect for the independent action of Turkey, forbearing all unnecessary evidence of their influence, and conciliating, where possible, by a wise return on the past.

The union of the three powers first named for joint action on Turkey—with no wish to exclude the others, with every wish rather to have their co-operation—is, I must think, more in keeping with past history and with the present interests of Europe than would be the one against which I am arguing; and, lastly, it would be surely more agreeable to the power most immediately concerned. Nor can I imagine that, if properly addressed, either France or Italy would stand aloof from such a combination. It would tend, as I

have before hinted, to strengthen the unstable equilibrium of Europe, and in the best way, by calling into activity its more advanced portions.

But it implies that I wish the continued existence of European Turkey; and it is this from which the dominant sentiment of the nation, at any rate of the English meetings, is, I suspect, averse. But I think there are grounds for wishing it from many points of view. Whatever the judgment on the arguments urged, I feel still a confident hope that, thanks to the action of our Government, the mad attempt—mad not in the sense that it might not succeed, but on a forecast of the evils it would entail in the succeeding, and after the success—will not at present be made: the attempt, I mean, forcibly to eject the Turks. So that we may well hope for time for discussion of the problem.

I deprecate, as I have said, even the bag and baggage theory, the total withdrawal, that is to say, of Bulgaria from Turkish rule, where it is said that the immediate past has made its continuance impossible. May we not take a hint from a disagreeable episode in our own history? The closest parallel with the Turkish suppression of the Bulgarian insurrection is afforded by our own suppression of the Irish rebellion of 1798. I wonder how many of the speakers at these public meetings have studied the records of that event. They are not difficult of access; and had they been known, some of those speakers must have modified their denunciations—not so much of the particular atrocities, as of the nation and government under which they were perpetrated. The Irish horrors followed, with a short and brighter interval, a long period of oppressive misgovernment, which we too easily condone—the period of the celebrated penal laws. They led to the Act of Union, and by no indirect consequence to a different treatment of Ireland. Its full adoption was delayed for a generation, but it was in the series of the consequences of the rebellion, and was forced on by that event. May we not hope similarly that, horrible as were the misdoings in Bulgaria, they may issue, with the temperate aid of Europe as above indicated, in securing for that province a really ameliorated government. Nations, like individuals, are aroused by some great crisis or sin, and amendment may be the consequence. Certain it is, that if length of failure be a ground for immediate expulsion, it was more applicable to us in reference to Ireland than to Turkey in Bulgaria. For both alike I wish, I believe in, ultimate independence. I reprobate for both all language, I dissent from all action, which should close this prospect. I think English statesmen and Turkish statesmen should prepare for and forward its attainment; but when in England we hear it boldly proclaimed, as it was

by Mr. Forster, that we never will let Ireland go, can we wonder if in Turkey convulsive efforts are made to hold Bulgaria?

If the provinces are cut entirely loose, left to their own self-government, they are exposed to the probabilities of quarrels with their neighbours, to the almost certainty of intrigues from without. If their existence was disorderly, either internally or in relation to one another, the great border powers would soon interfere, and once incorporated in one of them they would have but a distant hope of their independence. I believe that Bulgaria, at any rate, feels this, and that with some moderate but real security for a better government they would be glad to be free from foreign intrigues, and to nurse themselves for the future. After all there is considerable toleration in the Turkish central government, as is evidenced by the action of the American missionaries and the establishment of schools of the non-dominant faith. In fact, by every account of the condition of Bulgaria, it was, before its unhappy insurrection, healthily growing under the Turkish sway. The want is, a thorough quickening of the central action, so as to check the action of the local administration—a want, be it observed, not peculiar to Turkey. In all countries I fear, in their present moral condition, self-government means scarcely more than the government of the strong, more or less oppressive to the weak; our own country certainly is no exception. Such a quickening of the central administration in Turkey I believe quite possible.

Such is the conclusion I advocate for the various smaller states ulteriorly to issue from the Turkish rule. We cannot at a moment's notice change the relations or undo the effects of centuries. Much of the language applicable to Western Europeans would be out of place in dealing with these Eastern peoples, who have not passed through the discipline which has modified the West.

But what, leave these Christian populations under Mahomedan rule? The cry comes not from the statesmen on either side, it must be said, though there is too much about the peculiar modification of Islam in the Turk, but it represents, I suspect, much of the feeling which is stirring our country. Nor with many does it stop there. It would go to the utter expulsion of the Turks from Europe, as a contamination of the soil of Christendom, a soil over which none but so-called Europeans should hold sway. I do not share the feeling, quite the contrary; and I think it fraught with most evil consequences in the present, and for a long period of the future.

I proceed to explain myself on this most difficult subject. The two faiths, the faith of Christ and the faith of Allah—the religion of St. Paul and the religion of Mahommed—are both to be respected for their services; each has its peculiar merits. If the Eastern creed is simpler

and nobler as a doctrine than the Western, the utility of the latter is I think greater, or has been greater, owing to the inheritance it received and the conditions of its propagation. If in some respects, it is unquestionable that the nations of the West are in advance of the Moslems, it is hardly to the difference in their religion that we can fairly impute their superiority. There was a time when the disciples of Islam were distinctly in the van of civilisation, in the points where now they are most behind the West, and there was a time when in all the moral qualities they were certainly not inferior. Even in the fierce wars between the Christian and the Mussulman, neither the physical nor moral preeminence was always on the side of the former. I will take a capital instance. I recall the striking scene when in the city of Jehovah the Crescent and the Cross met in deadly struggle. Christian historians have made no secret of the complete triumph of all the fiercer passions over the precepts of Christianity. They have not hesitated to paint the victors as at least the equals in barbarity of the vanquished. "No age or sex spared, seventy thousand said to have been the number of the victims." This for the darker side of both. On the brighter, the equality, to say the least of it, of some of the Moslems had not escaped the fair mind of Sir Walter Scott. He has not scrupled to make the Prince of Scotland inferior to his Moslem rival by virtue of the somewhat brutal contempt which contrasts so unfavourably with Saladin's courteous toleration of an antagonist's faith.

Such being their relation in the past, the two creeds have now for many centuries rested quietly side by side, each directing its own portion of the world. Deliberately, I do not believe any one would wish to revive their hostilities. But does not all this abuse of the Turks tend that way? For at the head of the Moslems, as a political power with certain latent capacities, the Turks have long stood and stand, and unmeasured denunciations may call those latent capacities into action, and inflict on the world a war in which fanaticism should be one of the motive powers. I have no fear that any such risk would be run by a wise pressure of the more friendly Western powers, in the name of the purely human interests of peace, order, and good government; and were there some risk, it might be incumbent on us to confront it, with such aims.

But there is more than this. The alienation of the East from the West, of Asia from Europe, is not diminishing in these later years, but is on the increase rather;—as a result of the coarse and oppressive intrusion of our industrial society, the offensive iteration of our claims to superiority, lastly of our spirit of conquest. I am not speaking of England exclusively. A reaction against us is possible, even probable; and if there is none, yet enforced submission is

covert hatred, and all real union of the two worlds is out of the question. At once Asiatic and European, as a consequence of its position and history, the Turkish nation offers us a test of the spirit in which the stronger West is disposed to deal with the more disorganized families of man. It has shown, and its present weakness is largely due to this cause, a wish to enter more completely into the European family, and to propagate its influence further eastward. Wise statesmanship, guided by an instinct of what was good for Humanity, for the whole race, would avail itself of this existing intermedium, even though not the best that could be wished, but as the only one ready to hand. Far from seeking to eject the Turks from Europe, it would see in them a means for smoothing the differences between the continents, the races, and the creeds—for breaking down the barriers which now separate the various portions of mankind, and for showing that one common Humanity could override all minor differences. I say not that any statesmanship by itself can effectually secure this result, but it might work towards it with what the past has handed down, rather than under an ill-governed impulse throw aside what we have, and launch itself on new and uncertain combinations.

Any such considerations are alien and probably distasteful to the Christian mind. I am addressing mainly what I may call inorganic Christians, not the sagacious organisation of Papal Rome. Yet it is clear that no purely Christian policy can avail us here. The extermination of the Moslems is not more impossible than is their conversion to the Christian faith, in which they would see—it sounds strangely to Christians—a retrogradation. If there is to be harmony provisionally, we must consult so large a portion of the earth's inhabitants which, and I deplore the fact, grows rapidly; in fact more rapidly than the Christians; the relative growth does not interest me. We must make it manifest that we have a common ground with them, community of interests and feelings; that we in no sense claim to be different beings, and if in any way we are superior, seek only to impart our superiority. We have then to accept and honour their faith as one of the facts of our complex existence, to understand and respect their social organisation, to learn what they have to teach us—and all observers allow that there is something—and to teach what they have to learn. We are told that we ought to shake hands with Russia as a brave and honourable opponent. Most true; but extend the teaching; widen the area of your sympathies. Let Christendom and Islam, also brave and honourable foes in the past, also shake hands and agree to put aside their antagonism. The initiative is and must be with Christendom, with the West. So far no one would contest. If the conclusion is

one from which the popular instinct as yet revolts, this only shows how weak we are in toleration,—how there still lurks in us, under all our language of peace, the instinct of domination,—how, in spite of all our claims to enlightenment, we are animated by a contemptuous intolerance of the convictions of others.

Herein, and in the source from which such feelings spring, the confident presumption of the exclusive truth of the prevalent creed, lies a powerful obstacle to human unity, baffling the wiser counsels of the statesman as well as the aspirations of mankind. Yet not destined to baffle them finally, and all steps towards its removal that are possible should be taken. Least of all should any backward steps be taken, and I much fear that we are in the way to take such backward steps, to shatter one of the combinations which, not the traditional policy of England at present in such disfavour, but the instinctive wisdom of generations of European statesmen has bequeathed us.

But the Turks—if it were only this, that, or the other branch of the Mahommedans, and not the Turks—the one great anti-human specimen of humanity! Christians surely should be slow to speak so. What becomes of St. Paul's declaration, probably not questioned by Mr. Gladstone, that God has made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth? Such, however, is the decorous and moderate language used by a possible premier of England, the noblest, we are told by Mr. Fawcett in his unworthy speech, and the best of Englishmen, to whom we are to look for guidance in the crisis, and whose accession to power with such an utterance unretracted is well nigh a declaration of war upon Turkey. What a dangerous element is the rhetorical statesman, the man in whom the organ of expression overbalances the higher faculties. Well, the Turks—you must accept them, there they are—approximately twelve millions of men, whom Mr. Gladstone thus attacks. The practical ruler has to deal with existing materials, and were the nation justly designated as above, it is with it that we have to reckon. But the judgment even in the past is entirely overstrained, and in the present it is a pure anachronism—an expression of a mediæval reminiscence, nay, below the level of the highest mediæval conceptions, even when the alarm was yet justifiably strong. I am not called, however, by my argument to defend the Turks when I repudiate such a monstrous exaggeration. I have only to urge that, be they what they may, it is our duty to observe towards them the common human respect, and our duty and our interest to bring them into co-operation with us for the common good. Certain animal races have to be extirpated as irreconcilable with man. It is a sad necessity. Certain races of men have been

extirpated, not by Turks, but by colonial Englishmen; others are in process of disappearance; but only one speaker, so far as I have seen, has called for the extirpation of the Turks as we extirpated the wolf, and the human feeling of my countrymen cherishes no such atrocious thought.

They must remain, then, in Europe or out of Europe—another fact of our complex existence—to be recognised as an object for true statesmanship, pending a deeper and more powerful action. That the fact should be not merely recognised, but welcomed as, with all drawbacks, a valuable element towards solving the difficult problem of the union of mankind—on this I will not insist further.

The essential obstacle to that union lies in the existence of different faiths, and in the moral attitude which that difference ordinarily involves, the opposition between Christianity and Islam being its most capital instance. In the dilapidated state of Christian belief in the rulers of Europe, who cling to it more as a social power than from mental conviction, there ought to be no difficulty in either of these respects; they can, as their predecessors have done, treat the matter on purely human grounds. And the populations at their back will be no real embarrassment if judiciously dealt with, as they are in reality swayed mainly by human motives. The task, therefore, of Western statesmen is far easier in regard to any approximation to Islam, than is that of the Islamic leaders in approaching Christendom. Behind these latter the mass is sincerely animated by an attachment to the dogmas of its creed, so easily comprehended, so capable of taking deep root, so interwoven with all their daily life. Great straightforwardness, great patience, great respect are necessary, both in the chiefs of this mass and in the leaders of the West, in the approaches made to them. With all precautions the progress must be slow; but it is too much in the course of events, in the wants of Humanity, that some union should be effected, for the attempt to fail. It must evidently be first made by those for whom it is the easiest. And the first step is the removal of irritation and alarm—all elements of suspicion. No shadow of a proselytising spirit should be perceptible—not the remotest ground given for thinking their faith attacked or undervalued.

So relative a spirit is a hard thing to reconcile with Christianity. Hence the necessity for its ultimate disappearance as a hindrance to the union so much desired.

But enough on this point. It may be that, as it has been predicted, the Turks will themselves return to Asia, or it may be that, under a nobler faith, they may remain in peaceful juxtaposition with the other co-existent peoples—conquerors and conquered merging in one political body, their past differences forgotten in present union.

So long as they stay where they are, and keep their actual faith, they have a great value, not felt now for the first time, as enforcing the necessity, even within the limits of Europe, of rising into a region above the two antagonist religions of the past. If suddenly we suppose them removed to Asia, this necessary step in human advance might be adjourned, not pressed so immediately on the attention of statesmen. The two continents, already so opposed in common thought, would be in more complete isolation one from the other, and the disposition of the European to condemn and domineer over the Asiatic would not be confronted by a yet considerable European power. Nor, again, would the difficulties their presence creates have been turned to the best account by meeting them and overcoming them; they would have disappeared, but leaving an unsatisfactory sense of want of competence—a discouragement for the future; whereas, rightly solved, they would have been a guarantee of subsequent progress.

Such are some of the considerations which I offer in favour of the *status quo*, wisely modified, and against any abrupt cutting of the knot.

They evidently are not limited to the immediate present, any more than they are based on a view bounded by the immediate past. The ultimate aim being the unity of Humanity, all the intermediate steps must be judged by reference to it. Our advance towards that aim has been continuous in the past when no such goal was recognised, or but faintly recognised, and by few. Now that it has come into more general cognisance and may be made the object of conscious effort, everything that can intensify the continuity of the advance is of importance, every available transmission from the past preserved. Above all, no violent disruption should be tolerated, when it is possible by human foresight to avoid it.

It is in this conservative spirit that I have written, not unduly conservative I hope. For I wish for very large modifications in the state of the subject populations of eastern Europe, and I look for gradual changes in the directions which past changes have taken. But daily does the conviction grow stronger, that in this case as in many others, we are too exclusively bent on political changes when a change of a different order is the real want—a moral and religious renovation—the fruitful and direct source of social and political changes of which we scarcely now dream.

Acquiescence in very defective political arrangements is often most desirable at the present day. Acquiescence, but with judicious attempts at modification. The first need is to influence the rulers, the dominant powers, be they individuals or nations; to bring home to them their great duty of preparing those they rule for a higher

and freer state. Renouncing impatient and premature efforts, the subjects may yet make their rulers feel the necessity of continuous advance, and its safety when such a temper is in the ascendant. So the peaceful co-operation of ruler and ruled in the common work of advance may be best secured. Immediate solutions are too much in request, for they are imperfect and often interfere with the more perfect.

Once let there come a general recognition by the leading minds in all countries—and this is nearer than we think—I say not of the religion of Humanity, but of the conception, at once ideal and real, of Humanity; that all nations and fragments of nations are but parts of one great family; all bound to concord and union, each in its several local habitation having opportunities and advantages which it can use in the common cause; each bound by the obligation not to disturb the common work by undue claims or impatience under its particular assignment; let this general conception become, as it is becoming, a familiar idea, and a calmer temper must be its immediate outcome. It is but applying to nations the doctrines which all hold wisest for individuals, and such application of moral doctrines is the truest line of progress open to us, it is the subordination of politics to morals.

In the expression she has given to what I hold in the main to have been a noble impulse, England cannot expect to have the admiration of other nations, on account of her past shortcomings—to use the mildest word. But she may earn it, if she persevere in her present sentiments. She has entered on a course, I will hope, from which she will not flinch when, as is probable, she will shortly be tried by some new iniquity, in regard to China for instance. It will behove her to be on the alert, if she would not be chargeable with being keen-sighted only for the flaws in others. So of her leaders, lay or clerical, in this present outspokenness. In past years they have been remiss. Will they continue to be so? It is one thing, let statesmen and bishops remember, to speak when the popular and even commercial feeling is with you, another when it will be bitterly opposed to you; and I wait for some of my contemporaries, whose names I see appended to letters now, when the hunger for new markets overrides all moral considerations as between nations, or when the lust of imperial aggrandisement renders us deaf to all sense of a higher greatness. I hope that I, and those who with me have hitherto stood alone on such questions, shall for the future be powerfully supported. Such support will be most welcome, however opposed the convictions on which it rests.

The preservation of peace immediately, and a policy tending towards increased union of the divergent elements of the human

family, such are the two great objects to aim at. As I think the present Government is bent on the first consciously, and instinctively is promoting the second, I hope it will hold out against the storm and resist the intrusion of countervailing projects. But the storm does not seem to abate, and we may see a new Government, with one of two results—either the disappointment of the hopes of those who have borne it into power, or their gratification by a disturbance of the peace of Europe, and a rekindling of the latent fires of religious hostility. England, as more safe from the proper sufferings of war, should be peculiarly cautious how she leads to them, and great is the responsibility of those statesmen who help her to forget this duty; nor can any indignation, however righteous, diminish this responsibility, if it be allowed to supersede the dictates of calm reason.

RICHARD CONGREVE.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

INTEREST in the East is now transferred from the battle-field to the cabinets of the great Powers. The Turks have failed hitherto to gain any decisive advantage. In the early days of the month a series of fierce struggles took place in front of Alexinatz. It was believed for a moment that the Turks had won a complete victory, and that the routed Servians had nothing left but to sue for peace. These rumours proved to be exaggerated. Tchernayeff's army had received a check, as was admitted even in Belgrade. But whether it was that the Turks were not able to profit by their success, or that Tchernayeff had been less seriously worsted than had been supposed, the fact remains that after the battles of the first days of September the Turkish army made no advance. One of the wings even drew back under the pressure of Horvatoritch's division. Alexinatz, which Tchernayeff wished to abandon, and which, as is said, was only defended for the sake of moral effect, and only by a very small body of troops, has not been taken by the Turks. The situation of the two armies remains unchanged. Except on the side of Saitschar, the Ottoman armies have not succeeded in penetrating the territory of the Principality. Every day that passes, strengthens the Servian army, while the rains inflict serious annoyance on the Turks, who destroy everything in their passage, no longer finding food or shelter or resources of any kind whatever.

On the other hand, Russians of all ranks and conditions cross the Danube every day to reinforce the Servian army. In this way upwards of 500 officers have already been received. Committees have been formed all over Russia to equip and despatch volunteers to fight in the holy war of deliverance. Arms of precision, ammunition, even cannon, arrive at Belgrade. Thus the Servian troops will be for the future better drilled, better commanded, and better armed. Under pressure from England, a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon, to last ten days. From Constantinople the word has been given to the armies to remain on the defensive, and Tchernayeff will hold the same position. On both sides they complain of violations of the armistice, and at Belgrade they are insisting that a regular armistice should be formally signed. Evidently the armistice will have to be prolonged. It is not in ten days nor in thirty days that they will come to such terms as will satisfy Europe, and as Russia can accept.

The suspension of arms seems as if it must extend also to Montenegro and Herzegovina. Not on this side, any more than on the other, has any serious result been achieved. It was believed for a moment that Mukhtar Pasha was defeated, surrounded, and forced to capitulate. Shortly afterwards we learn that he has taken the offensive. Since the beginning of September, Montenegro has been attacked on two sides at once: on the south towards the Albanian frontier by Dervish Pasha, who has about 30,000 men at his disposal, and on the north by Mukhtar, who having

extricated himself and received reinforcements, finds himself at the head of from 15 to 20,000 men of rather poor quality. On September 6, Dervish Pasha, in the attempt to carry Pipari, met with an obstinate resistance. Towards the end of the day the Montenegrins threw themselves upon the Turks, sword in hand, and put them to flight with enormous slaughter. Mnkhtar dares not advance beyond the Gradovo. In short the armies have decided nothing, and it is not at all certain, as was for a time believed, that the armies of the Sultan can make themselves masters of Montenegro and Servia.

The Porte announced the conditions of peace to be imposed upon the Principality, which it already reckoned as beaten. These terms are:— 1. Occupation of the fortresses which had Turkish garrisons before 1857; 2. Destruction of the fortresses constructed by Servia since 1857; 3. Investiture of Prince Milan at Constantinople; 4. Reduction of the Servian forces to 10,000 men and 3 batteries; 5. Construction of a railway across Servia, under Turkish management; 6. An indemnity for the expenses of the war.

The whole European press, except that of Austria, has declared these conditions impossible to accept. It is inadmissible that the Turks, still reeking with the blood of the Bulgarians, should reappear at Belgrade in the broad daylight of civilised countries. If Prince Milan were to accept investiture at Constantinople, he would be immediately dethroned. A railway, again, in the hands of the Turks is neither more nor less than occupation in disguise. The telegraph announces that already the Porte is willing to reduce its exigencies. It would accept Prince Milan without a new investiture. It would only require a war indemnity spread over ten years and added to the annual tribute; and the occupation of two fortresses until the indemnity has been paid. In Montenegro they would maintain the *status quo ante bellum*. Lord Beaconsfield even gave it to be understood at Aylesbury that Turkey would leave to the Powers themselves the task of arranging the conditions of peace—a very dexterous move.

Evidently, it is not these conditions of peace which will raise any difficulty. As for Servia and Montenegro, the Porte will be contented with the very smallest measure of satisfaction, and the Powers will easily induce it to require nothing beyond an insignificant augmentation of the annual tribute by way of war indemnity. The Porte will be satisfied with moral effect. It is no small thing for it to have shown that the Ottoman Power was not so fallen and degraded as had been supposed, that it can still collect armies, can equip them, and can fight with as much tenacity as in any previous war. The great difficulty lies in the measures to be taken for withdrawing Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria from Turkish tyranny. We must not forget that *there* was the origin of the present situation, and the subject of the Andrassy Note and the Berlin Memorandum. Now that the atrocities committed on the Bulgarians are fully confirmed by the official report of the English government agent, the measures of security that were recommended at Berlin will hardly appear sufficient even to England. It will be necessary to give to these unhappy provinces some kind of self-govern-

ment, and to place them under the authority of Christian governors, with Christian subordinates. In short, it will be necessary to devise a situation for them such as Serbia held prior to 1857, the Turks preserving a nominal suzerainty and the right of occupying certain towns and of drawing an annual tribute, but the population carrying on their own administration and regulating all the processes of tax-gathering.

Now we ought not to disguise from ourselves that the Porte, which believes itself to be victorious, will not easily accept conditions so stern, and they would hardly have been more stern if she had been completely defeated. Opinion, distracted by the shock of arms, seems to be concerned only with the differences between Serbia and Turkey. In reality this is nothing more than an episode or interlude. The grave issue lies between Turkey and Europe, or rather between Turkey on the one hand, and on the other, Russia, supported by Germany, and thus drawing Austria, in spite of itself, along with her. Here is obviously the knot of the problem. The Porte will never accept the conditions required by Russia, and by the whole of civilised Europe as well (except the Hungarians and Austro-Germans), unless it is convinced that they will proceed by way of execution, that is to say, that the Powers will impose by force any solution on which they decide. If at Constantinople they suppose they can count on a divergence of opinion among the Powers, of course they will not yield. They will take advantage of the smallest hesitancy, to reject their demands, even if backed by all the great Powers. If the Turks think that England or Austria will oppose the employment of force in case of need, they will make abundant promises of reform, they will dismiss and punish the functionaries whom Europe holds responsible for the crimes perpetrated on the Bulgarians, but they will not consent to the radical reforms which are the only possible means of preventing the recurrence of similar outrages. The capital point is, then, that the great Powers should come to an agreement and uphold a common programme.

Is such unanimity possible? All here depends on England. The Hungarians and the Austro-Germans are extremely hostile to the Servians; they are for no measure that would have as a result the erection by their side of independent Slav states, the embryo of a Slavic confederation of the south, which would draw to itself the Austrian Slavs. Count Andrassy understands how dangerous it will be to quit the alliance of the three Emperors, and consequently if he is isolated, he will see himself forced to support the demands made by Russia and Germany; but if England breaks the European concert, and refuses to be a party to requiring from the Porte such reforms as are thought indispensable by the northern courts, she will perhaps be followed by France and by Austria. A profound divergence of views will divide the great states, and all the perils of a European conflict will rise up. It is clearly then of the highest necessity that England should in the interest of European peace renounce the policy she has pursued up to the present time, and should adopt that which has been sketched by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and less definitely by Mr. Gladstone also.

It is on this account that the profound movement of opinion that now agitates England is a piece of immense good fortune for Europe. It may be the means of escaping a general war. We know few spectacles so fine, so moving, as that offered by England to-day :—Mr. Gladstone, by his admirable pamphlet (Sept. 6) and by his speech at Blackheath (Sept. 9) setting all hearts aflame ; members of parliament, leading statesmen, bishops, citizens in all the great towns, workmen—in short all the living and thinking part of the nation, raising up so powerful a voice in condemnation of Turkey, and breaking once and for all with traditional British policy in the east.

There are for England two courses to pursue in eastern affairs. She may either sustain the Turkish government and sacrifice the Christian populations ; or on the other hand, she may help the emancipation of the Christian populations at the sacrifice of the Turkish government. So long as it was credible that the Turks, by borrowing the ideas, the institutions, the money of the West, could develop a strong and wholesome power, then we could understand everything being done in its defence and succour. Such a policy was apparently the very surest means of withdrawing Turkey from the covetousness of her neighbours. But now that we see clearly that the things which were to save Turkey have led to her ruin, and that nothing can arrest her decline, it is best to turn frankly to her nearest heirs and successors. It is to these to whom we owe succour and defence, that they may grow strong enough to protect their independence. From the moment of beginning this Summary nearly a year ago, we have not ceased to preach this policy, and everything that has come to pass since the first of January of the present year has only strengthened us in this opinion. The Disraeli Cabinet has not frankly followed either one policy or the other. Under a false semblance of strength and firmness, its conduct has been a tissue of contradictions. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares might have been a good measure if it was the opening of a new policy ; but from the Turkophil point of view it was a great mistake, for it seemed to be the signal for the partition of the Turkish Empire, and to authorise Russia to begin to think and ask about her share. The title of Empress of India conferred upon the Queen, and openly proclaimed by the Prime Minister himself as a defiance and a warning to Russia, was simply a dangerous puerility. Next the Cabinet accepted the Andrassy Note, and rejected the Berlin Memorandum which asked for no more. Then with immense ostentation it sends to Besika Bay not a few ships with troops to be disembarked in case of need for the protection of the Christians, but the most formidable fleet in the world, with all the air of having a mission to defend the Turks, come what might ; and all the quidnuncs of the continent as well as of England itself clapped hands at a display of force, of which the Ministry was so proud. Later on, Mr. Disraeli speaks in the lightest and easiest of tones of the excesses charged against the Turks ; he denies them ; he excuses them ; and now that he is crushed under the testimony of his own agents, he is obliged to shelter himself behind pitiful subterfuges.

In his speech at Aylesbury (Sept. 20) Lord Beaconsfield informs us that thanks to the urgency of Lord Derby the Porte will grant Servia a generous

peace, of which she has left it to the Powers themselves to dictate the terms. This was easy to foresee. But what is wanted to prevent new insurrections and new troubles within a very short time from now, is to liberate the populations in such a way as to withdraw them from the cruel and brutalising tyranny of the Turks. On this point Lord Beaconsfield does not say a single clear or satisfactory word. Lord Derby in his reply to the deputation of the working classes says what is more re-assuring, when he assented to the propriety of taking measures to prevent the recurrence of such events as the Bulgarian horrors. But unless they order in a satisfactory way the position of the Christians in the Turkish provinces, then it is a mistake to save Serbia from the consequences of her aggression, and not to compel her to reduce her forces ; for she is certain to begin the same struggle over again at the earliest opportunity possible, in the hope of gradually exhausting the enemy. In affairs so difficult and thorny as those of South-eastern Europe, nothing is worse than a vacillating policy, which is for conciliating both of two mutually hostile powers. If you want to keep the Turkish power, you should allow it to crush Serbia and Montenegro, so as to make it hopeless for them to think of war for many a day. If on the contrary you think that the interests of humanity and peace enjoin the restriction of Turkish power, you should insist on the complete emancipation of the Christians. The soldiers proclaimed Prince Milan king of Serbia ; and, though they have been disowned at Belgrade, this is a symptom of the aspirations of the people. If they were supported by England, far from turning towards St. Petersburg, they would be the first to defend their independence, and it is on the West and not on the North that they would be most eager to lean.

The line of conduct for England is clearly traced for her. There is no question at this moment of driving the Turks over the Bosphorus, and founding a Slavic empire or republic. That is the inevitable work of the future, but nobody, save a few enthusiasts, makes any such proposal as this for the programme of to-day. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby, while repelling with indignation all such designs, are fighting with windmills, as they know very well. It is a question simply of giving to the Turkish provinces such a degree of self-government as will withdraw them from the rapacious exactions and detestable government of the Turks, and as will enable them to develop their existence in freedom, under so fairly intelligent an administration as they can command. It is strange how ordinary politicians blinded by traditions have such dim ideas on their true interest, after the situation has undergone a change. At this moment it is demonstrated to the whole world that the Turkish power is tottering and crumbling. Lord Derby himself pronounced its funeral oration. The Turkish power in Europe, like the temporal power of the Pope, is an anachronism which the progress of civilisation must necessarily banish. The decay of the Turkish empire began in the seventeenth century, after the great defeat of 1683 before Vienna. That decay has never stopped, and now it goes on apace under the action of European influence.

This being so, what is the interest of Russia and of England ? The interest of Russia is that the Turkish Slavs should be sufficiently awake and on the alert to bear the Mussulman yoke with impatience, in order that they may turn

to Russia for support ; but it is not her interest that they should be completely independent, for then they would cherish their rights of self-government, and would have no desire to submit themselves to Russian despotism. The interest of England, considered as the antagonist of Russia, is exactly the opposite. England ought to desire that the Christians should be perfectly tranquil, or, if that be not possible, then that they should be as independent as Roumania and as Servia, so that they need no longer appeal to the Russians for their assistance. In the negotiations which have been opened at Constantinople, it is England then, much more than Russia, who ought to show herself the most exacting, and to stipulate for the greatest degree of self-government for the Christians. The fact that there is a considerable minority of Mussulmans in Bosnia and in Bulgaria is not a serious difficulty, if the administration is in the hands of a Christian governor invested with sufficient power. The example of Algeria proves this sufficiently. If Bosnia and Bulgaria were well governed and withdrawn from the detestable economic system which weighs them down, in a few generations they would form prosperous little states. These if made into a federation, would form a respectable power, and under the protection of Austria would be well able to defend their own liberty.

The interest of Austria is not so easy to discern. If there spring up on the other side of the Danube prosperous and self-governing Slav states, then it is possible that the Slavs of Croatia, Dalmatia, and Hungary will gravitate in that direction. But this is a future that cannot be avoided, except by utterly crushing both Servia and Bosnia after the fashion of the Bashi-Bazouks in dealing with the Bulgarians. This Europe would assuredly not endure. What remains to be done ? To make friends of the southern Slavs and to attract them within the sphere of Austrian influence. At present Austria has made herself detested by the Danubian populations, because the Magyar journals and the Germans of the empire have defended the cause of the Turks with an excess of partisanship that sometimes bordered on downright ferocity. Fortunately Count Andrassy has not followed this line, and if England in accord with Russia were to ask for radical changes, Austria would support them rather than be left outside of the European union.

One great difficulty in the way of effective results will be the eagerness of the Porte to promise everything that any one chooses to ask. The imperial Hatt published a few days ago by the new Sultan, Abdul Hamid, will be brought forward as the programme of a complete transformation of the empire. The Sultan enumerates with perfect frankness all the vices that are sapping his State—irregularities in every branch of the service, corruption and venality in the officials, injustice in the law courts, general disorder, the decay of industry and of agriculture. All these evils he sets down to neglect of the religious law, and in this he may be right, for the Turks of the old school were worth infinitely more than the Europeanised Turks. A general council is to be constituted whose mission will be to see that the laws are respected, and a balance maintained in the budget. The functionaries chosen among the most capable and honest men to be found will cease to be displaced without good reasons, and large subsidies will be granted to

encourage instruction and science, because this is seen to be the source of progress in European states. At all events the programme is attractive; but we may safely say that with elements such as the Sultan has at his disposal, it is hopeless to think of carrying out such a programme. Still it will be appealed to as a reply to the demands of the great Powers for reform. The Powers will need a thorough understanding among themselves and unshaken firmness, in order to obtain the concessions that are indispensable as a guarantee for the peace of the future.

The Italian ministry after prolonged hesitations have made up their minds to dissolve the chambers. This is a serious event, and may have very important consequences for the future of Italy. The dissolution has been resolved upon, in view of a change which the present ministry propose to introduce in the electoral system. The existing qualification is forty francs. They design a considerable reduction of this qualification in order to increase the electoral body and to produce a more active political life in the country. They accuse the present electors of being indifferent, and of not taking sufficient part and interest in electoral contests. We are not yet informed what are to be the new franchises proposed by the Nicotera ministry. Their bill will no sooner be passed, than there will have to be a second dissolution, for the chamber cannot well continue to hold power in face of a new electoral body from whom it does not hold its own commission. The Lower House will therefore only be summoned to pass this single bill, and the ministry will not scruple in the use of all the influence they possess, in order to secure a chamber of their own opinions. Evidently it would have been more in the order of parliamentary usage to have submitted the new franchise bill to the existing chambers, and then have dissolved afterwards. But the ministry are confronted by a conservative majority, and are only kept in power by the aid of a Tuscan group, which does not at all really belong to the left, and would desert the Ministry if they ventured to propose reforms too radical. The lowering of the qualification, if it is carried too far, may create serious difficulties in a country, which is unified no doubt so far as national sentiment can produce unity, but in which there still exist a host of elements of dissension and even of dissolution. The present electoral body, in spite of its various shades, is almost entirely devoted to the existing system.

It sent to the chamber barely a single representative of any of the extreme parties—one or two clerical papists, scarcely any irreconcilable republicans, and no socialists at all. Italy then had this enormous advantage over France—that as in the case of long-established governments, England for instance, the parties fought for power in the middle of the parliament; all moved and acted within the limits of the existing system, and none aimed at the overthrow of the reigning dynasty. In France, Legitimists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, and Republicans, all pursue different ends that are wholly irreconcilable with one another. In Italy the great national party comprehended all shades, who were represented in the chamber. If they give the vote to the needier classes, even without going so far as universal suffrage, then it is to be feared that the extreme and

irreconcilable parties may take what must be at first a secondary place in the parliament, but which will continually grow stronger. There are in Italy numerous republican elements, though in a latent state. They have been held down hitherto by two considerations. First, the king is personally very popular, and all the compliments that Signor Nicotera paid him lately in his speech at Caserta are perfectly justified. In the second place the republicans, Garibaldi, and Mazzini himself, understood that the unity of Italy could only be brought about by means of the house of Savoy. Thus they passed the word to refrain from attacks on the king and on royalty. But now that unity is secured, and the country seems definitely settled, these inducements to prudence will lose their force, and the impatient will no longer be held back. On the other hand, the clerical and anti-dynastic party grows and will go on growing. Already the Ministers are alarmed by the rapid and truly extraordinary multiplication of convents, and not many days ago they issued a circular, enjoining the rigorous application of the mortmain laws. In this the ministry are probably on a false track. The laws forbid the creation of corporate bodies, but they do not forbid a group of persons, whether more or less numerous, from living together, and having their property and the fruits of their industry in common. The moment that freedom of association has been proclaimed and respected, it is very difficult to hinder the re-establishment of religious corporations. If this is the object that the Italian government has in view, it will have to make a law that must be very troublesome to draw up in such a way as to render it efficacious.

The reorganization of the forces of the clerical party is a fact that would deserve a special study. It is being effected in accordance with the design that has already been executed in France and in Belgium, and that has succeeded so excellently in the latter of these two countries. First, there is the spirit of the new generation of priests; here is a complete change. The Italian priests were not in the least fanatical. They came of families of respectable condition, and so shared the ordinary bourgeois ideas. At present most of them are good patriots and very little inclined to become tools of the Jesuits in destroying Italian unity. As a rule they do not meddle with politics either in the pulpit or the confessional. They are gay, genial, good livers, smoke their cigars, go to the cafés, and sometimes even to the theatre. They are Italian citizens and not servitors of Rome. The young priests who now come out of the seminaries are of an entirely different stamp. As the priesthood is no longer in good esteem, and as the industrial revival offers more lucrative openings to young men, the clergy are now being recruited from the common people. The young Levite is therefore not likely to keep up intellectual communication with his kinsfolk, who have not the instruction necessary to enable them to understand him. Thus he finds himself cut off from civil life, whose wants and aspirations he has ceased to share. At the seminary he is trained for the battle against the ideas of the age, and on behalf of the re-conquest of supreme power for the Church. He is thus the soldier of the Pope in the campaign against the civil power. A curious thing, and one easy to foresee, though it has been foreseen by few,—the Pope's loss of temporal power has but made his

spiritual power all the more formidable. Having nothing to lose or gain, he dares everything. There is no longer any hold upon him. So long as he had territory, he could be threatened. But what can be done against an old man who has neither throne nor army? Prince Bismarck urged Italy to abolish the Law of the Guarantees conceded to the papacy, but suppose those laws abolished to-morrow, what will the Chancellor be able to do, with all his million of men? Nothing. He will be powerless against the resistance of the aged pontiff. If he seizes his person, if he locks him up in Spandau—he will only be increasing the prestige and the influence of one who will henceforth be considered a martyr. What did Napoleon I. gain by dragging Pius VII. from Savona to Fontainebleau? It is to the honour of humanity that force here becomes powerless. Henceforth, no State, neither Germany nor Italy, can do battle with the papacy by guns and bayonets. If governments would weaken its power, they must act on men's minds by education. What makes the power of the church irresistible in catholic countries is the action which it exercises through the confessional. It is thus that it obtains the gifts and the legacies by means of which it will soon have acquired a fortune far more considerable than that which the State has taken away from it. The present writer was one day travelling with an Italian lady whose wit, eloquence and goodness have charmed all who have ever visited her salon at Florence. She strove as hard as she could to demonstrate that Italy was definitely liberated from the yoke of the clergy. She appealed to her husband—a former colleague of Cavour's, and one of the most subtle political spirits of the Peninsula. "I do not know," he answered, "but look at our village: there used to be one great monastery, peopled by lazy and indifferent monks. Unless I am wrong in my arithmetic, we have now four small corporations, all active, all intriguing, all collecting convertible securities in their safes, all confessing the people, all receiving money with open hands, and all preparing one day to be masters of the land."

As you go through Italy, everybody will tell you that the clergy hold aloof from politics, because as yet they have no power. But look a little closer, and you will observe a thousand symptoms to prove that the clergy are undergoing a transformation, that their influence is on the increase, and that the monasteries are growing more numerous than they ever were. In a short time, then, Italy will find herself face to face with the redoubtable problem that has produced the Kulturkampf in Prussia. If you fight the church openly as Prussia does, you raise a whole world of difficulties and resistances. If, on the contrary, you grant it perfect freedom as in Belgium, at the end of two or three generations it is the priest who has become your absolute master. Count Arnim, who studied that difficult question carefully and thoroughly while he represented Prussia at Rome, said recently to the present writer:—" *La chiesa libera nello stato disarmato* is a piece of dupery; at bottom it means this, *La chiesa armata nello stato disarmato*. The church can do everything against the state; against the church the state can do nothing. The only way of escaping from embarrassment is for the great States to come to an understanding to nominate a Pope with good sense. The appointment by a handful of

irresponsible Italian priests of a pontiff who has to direct the conscience and the actions of all the Catholics in the world, and who is consequently one of the strongest powers of the time, is a dangerous absurdity." The anomaly is great indeed, no doubt; but the remedy pointed out by Count Arnim seems wholly impracticable. The Catholics would never suffer a pope nominated by the representatives of heretical or schismatic countries. The pope will continue to be chosen by the cardinals, and as they count a majority of Italians devoted to the Jesuits, the future pope will be Italian and Jesuit.

The Spanish government have felt bound to give a pledge to the clergy in the shape of an act of odious intolerance. They have forbidden protestants to give notice of the hour of their services either by placard or advertisement in the newspapers, on the plea that this is a public exercise of their worship. On the same grounds a prefect even went so far as to insist on forbidding them to keep open the doors of their chapels, even while he pretended to be respecting liberty of worship. England and Germany made energetic representations at Madrid upon the subject. It is to be hoped that Signor Canovas, who is the most distinguished man of the Peninsula, will not go into the paths of reaction, for the sake of getting clerical support. In all the great towns liberal ideas prevail, and even in Andalusia and at Barcelona the majority has been gained over to the republic. If therefore the Ministry were to fall into a reactionary policy, they must provoke a new revolution. The king is still young and has no hard and fast intentions; but at bottom he leans to liberalism. Only they may hurry him into perilous ways. They are working hard to give him a Jesuit confessor, and already the holy fathers have re-appeared in Spain and have purchased one of their old convents.

France continues to enjoy her perfect calm and her enviable prosperity. Ministers and deputies are enjoying their *villegiatura*, and the President has accomplished a most satisfactory progress through an important part of the country. He was received everywhere with acclamations of good will. His popularity is growing greater and more general. The country becomes more and more attached to its new institutions, and the President, seeing that they give the country the repose of which it is still in need, seems more determined than ever to defend and uphold them. Municipal elections have just been held in 12,000 communes with the utmost order and regularity. None of the apprehensions, expressed by the newspapers and the writers of the old parties, were realised. Nor is this all. Except in the districts where the vintage is going on, a very large number of voters went to the poll. Political life is thus penetrating to the depths of the rural districts. Though the elections this year have been exceedingly frequent, they have shown neither lassitude nor indifference. As a general result, the moderate republicans have been victorious. As for eastern affairs, France only takes an interest in them *par acquit de conscience*, and without bringing to them either real concern or definite ideas.

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FERMENTATION, AND ITS BEARINGS ON THE
PHENOMENA OF DISEASE.¹

ONE of the most remarkable characteristics of the age in which we live, is its desire and tendency to connect itself organically with preceding ages—to ascertain how the state of things that now is came to be what it is. And the more earnestly and profoundly this problem is studied, the more clearly comes into view the vast and varied debt which the world of to-day owes to that fore-world, in which man by skill, valour, and well-directed strength first replenished and subdued the earth. Our pre-historic fathers may have been savages, but they were clever and observant ones. They founded agriculture by the discovery and development of seeds whose origin is now unknown. They tamed and harnessed their animal antagonists, and sent them down to us as ministers, instead of rivals in the fight for life. Later on, when the claims of luxury added themselves to those of necessity, we find the same spirit of invention at work. We have no historic account of the first brewer, but we glean from history that his art was practised, and its produce relished, more than two thousand years ago. Theophrastus, who was born nearly four hundred years before Christ, described beer as *the wine of barley*. It is extremely difficult to preserve beer in a hot country, still, Egypt was the land in which it was first brewed, the desire of man to quench his thirst with this exhilarating beverage overcoming all the obstacles which a hot climate threw in the way of its manufacture.

Our remote ancestors had also learned by experience that wine maketh glad the heart of man. Noah, we are informed, planted a vineyard, drank of the wine, and experienced the consequences. But, though wine and beer possess so old a history, a very few years ago no man knew the secret of their formation. Indeed, it

(1) A Discourse delivered before the Glasgow Science Lectures Association, October 19th, 1876.

might be said that until the present year no thorough and scientific account was ever given of the agencies which come into play in the manufacture of beer, of the conditions necessary to its health, and of the maladies and vicissitudes to which it is subject. Hitherto the art and practice of the brewer have resembled those of the physician, both being founded on empirical observation. By this is meant the observation of facts apart from the principles which explain them, and which give the mind an intelligent mastery over them. The brewer learnt from long experience the conditions, not the reasons of success. But he had to contend, and he has still to contend, against unexplained perplexities. Over and over again his care has been rendered nugatory; his beer has fallen into acidity or rottenness, and disastrous losses have been sustained, of which he has been unable to assign the cause. It is the hidden enemies against which the physician and the brewer have hitherto contended, that recent researches are dragging into the light of day, thus preparing the way for their final extermination.

Let us glance for a moment at the outward and visible signs of fermentation. A few weeks ago I paid a visit to a private still in a Swiss chalet; and this is what I saw. In the peasant's bedroom was a cask with a very large bung-hole carefully closed. The cask contained cherries which had lain in it for fourteen days. It was not entirely filled with the fruit, an air-space being left above the cherries when they were put in. I had the bung removed, and a small lamp dipped into this space. Its flame was instantly extinguished. The oxygen of the air had entirely disappeared, its place being taken by carbonic acid gas.¹ I tasted the cherries: they were very sour, though when put into the cask they were sweet. The cherries and the liquid associated with them were then placed in a copper boiler, to which a copper head was closely fitted. From the head proceeded a copper-tube which passed straight through a vessel of cold water, and issued at the other side. Under the open end of the tube was placed a bottle to receive the spirit distilled. The flame of small wood-splinters being applied to the boiler, after a time vapour rose into the head, passed through the tube, was condensed by the cold of the water, and fell in a liquid fillet into the bottle. On being tasted, it proved to be that fiery and intoxicating spirit known in commerce as Kirsch or Kirschwasser.

The cherries, it should be remembered, were here left to themselves, no ferment of any kind being added to them. In this respect what has been said of the cherry applies also to the grape. At the vintage the fruit of the vine is placed in proper vessels, and abandoned to its

(1) The gas which is exhaled from the lungs after the oxygen of the air has done its duty in purifying the blood, the same also which effervesces from soda water and champagne.

own action. It ferments, producing carbonic acid; its sweetness disappears, and at the end of a certain time the unintoxicating grape-juice is converted into intoxicating wine. Here, as in the case of the cherries, the fermentation is spontaneous—in what sense spontaneous will appear more clearly by-and-by.

It is needless for me to tell a Glasgow audience that the beer-brewer does not set to work in this way. In the first place the brewer deals not with the juice of fruits, but with the juice of barley. The barley having been steeped for a sufficient time in water, it is drained, and subjected to a temperature sufficient to cause the moist grain to germinate; after which, it is completely dried upon a kiln. It then receives the name of malt. The malt is crisp to the teeth, and decidedly sweeter to the taste than the original barley. It is ground, mashed up in warm water, then boiled with hops until all the soluble portions have been extracted; the infusion thus produced being called the *wort*. This is drawn off, and cooled as rapidly as possible; then, instead of abandoning the infusion, as the wine-maker does, to its own action, the brewer mixes yeast with his wort, and places it in vessels each with only one aperture open to the air. Soon after the addition of the yeast, a brownish froth, which is really new yeast, issues from the aperture, and falls like a cataract into troughs prepared to receive it. This frothing and foaming of the wort is a proof that the fermentation is active.

Whence comes the yeast which issues so copiously from the fermenting tub? What is this yeast, and how did the brewer become in the first instance possessed of it? Examine its quantity before and after fermentation. The brewer introduces, say 10 cwts. of yeast; he collects 40, or it may be 50 cwts. The yeast has, therefore, augmented from four to five fold during the fermentation. Shall we conclude that this additional yeast has been spontaneously generated by the wort? Are we not rather reminded of that seed which fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some thirty fold, some sixty fold, some an hundred fold? On examination this notion of organic growth turns out to be more than a mere surmise. In the year 1680, when the microscope was still in its infancy, Leeuwenhoek turned the instrument upon this substance, and found it composed of minute globules suspended in a liquid. Thus knowledge rested until 1835, when Cagniard de la Tour in France, and Schwann in Germany, independently, but animated by a common thought, turned microscopes of improved definition and heightened powers upon yeast, and found it budding and sprouting before their eyes. The augmentation of the yeast alluded to above was thus proved to arise from the growth of a minute plant, now called *Torula* (or *Sac-*

charomyces) *Cerevisiæ*. Spontaneous generation is therefore out of the question. The brewer deliberately sows the yeast-plant, which grows and multiplies in the wort as its proper soil. This discovery marks an epoch in the history of fermentation.

But where did the brewer find his yeast? The reply to this question is similar to that which must be given if it were asked where the brewer found his barley. He has received the seeds of both of them from preceding generations. Could we connect without solution of continuity the present with the past, we should probably be able to trace back the yeast employed by my friend Sir Fowell Buxton to-day, to that employed by some Egyptian brewer two thousand years ago. But you may urge that there must have been a time when the first yeast cell was generated. Granted—exactly as there was a time when the first barley-corn was generated. Let not the delusion lay hold of you, that a living thing is easily generated, because it is small. Both the yeast-plant and the barley-plant lose themselves in the dim twilight of antiquity, and in this our day there is no more proof of the spontaneous generation of the one, than there is of the spontaneous generation of the other.

I stated a moment ago that the fermentation of grape-juice was spontaneous; but I was careful to add, “in what sense spontaneous will appear more clearly by-and-by.” Now this is the sense meant. The wine-maker does not, like the brewer and distiller, deliberately introduce either yeast, or any equivalent of yeast, into his vats; he does not consciously sow in them any plant, or the germ of any plant; indeed, he has been hitherto in ignorance whether plants or germs of any kind have had anything to do with his operations. Still, when the fermented grape-juice is examined, the living *Torula* concerned in alcoholic fermentation never fails to make its appearance. How is this? If no living germ has been introduced into the wine-vat, whence comes the life so invariably developed there?

You may be disposed to reply with Turpin and others, that in virtue of its own inherent powers, the grape-juice when brought into contact with the vivifying atmospheric oxygen, runs spontaneously and of its own accord into these low forms of life. I have not the slightest objection to this explanation provided proper evidence can be adduced in support of it. But the evidence adduced in its favour, as far as I am acquainted with it, snaps asunder under the least strain of scientific criticism. It is, as far as I can see, the evidence of men, who, however keen and clever as *observers*, are not rigidly trained *experimenters*. These alone are aware of the precautions necessary in investigations of this delicate kind. In reference, then, to the life of the wine-vat, what is the decision of experiment when carried out by competent men? Let a quantity of the

clear, filtered "must" of the grape be so boiled as to destroy such germs as it may have contracted from the air or otherwise. In contact with germless air the uncontaminated must never ferments. All the materials for spontaneous generation are there, but so long as there is no seed sown there is no life developed, and no sign of that fermentation which is the concomitant of life. Nor need you resort to a boiled liquid. The grape is sealed by its own skin against contamination from without. By an ingenious device Pasteur has extracted from the interior of the grape its pure juice, and proved that in contact with pure air it never acquires the power to ferment itself, nor to produce fermentation in other liquids.¹ It is not, therefore, in the interior of the grape that the origin of the life observed in the vat is to be sought.

What then is its true origin? This is Pasteur's answer, which his well-proved accuracy renders worthy of all confidence. At the time of the vintage microscopic particles are observed adherent, both to the outer surface of the grape and of the twigs which support the grape. Brush these particles into a capsule of pure water. It is rendered turbid by the dust. Examined by a microscope some of these minute particles are seen to present the appearance of organized cells. Instead of receiving them in water, let them be brushed into the pure inert juice of the grape. Forty-eight hours after this is done, our familiar *Torula* is observed budding and sprouting, the growth of the plant being accompanied by all the other signs of active fermentation. What is the inference to be drawn from this experiment? Obviously that the particles adherent to the external surface of the grape include the germs of that life which, after they have been sown in the juice, appears in such profusion. Wine is sometimes objected to on the ground that fermentation is "artificial;" but we notice here the responsibility of nature. The ferment of the grape clings like a parasite to the surface of the grape, and the art of the wine-maker from time immemorial has consisted in bringing—and it may be added, ignorantly bringing—two things thus closely associated by nature into actual contact with each other. For thousands of years, what has been done consciously by the brewer, has been done unconsciously by the wine-grower. The one has sown his leaven just as much as the other.

Nor is it necessary to impregnate the beer-wort with yeast to provoke fermentation. Abandoned to the contact of our common air, it sooner or later ferments; but the chances are that the produce of that fermentation, instead of being agreeable, would be disgusting to the taste. By a rare accident we might get the true alcoholic fer-

(1) The liquids of the healthy animal body are also sealed from external contamination. Pure blood, for example, drawn with due precautions from the veins, will never ferment or putrefy in contact with pure air.

mentation, but the odds against obtaining it would be enormous. Pure air acting upon a lifeless liquid will never provoke fermentation; but our ordinary air is the vehicle of numberless germs which act as ferments when they fall into appropriate infusions. Some of them produce acidity, some putrefaction. The germs of our yeast-plant are also in the air; but so sparingly distributed that an infusion like beer-wort, exposed to the air, is almost sure to be taken possession of by foreign organisms. In fact the maladies of beer are wholly due to the admixture of these objectionable ferments, whose forms and modes of nutrition differ materially from those of the true leaven.

Working in an atmosphere charged with the germs of these organisms, you can understand how easy it is to fall into error in studying the action of any one of them. Indeed it is only the most accomplished experimenter, who, moreover, avails himself of every means of checking his conclusions, that can walk without tripping through this land of pitfalls. Such a man is the French chemist Pasteur. He has taught us how to separate the commingled ferments of our air, and to study their pure individual action. Guided by him, let us fix our attention more particularly upon the growth and action of the true yeast-plant under different conditions. Let it be sown in a fermentable liquid, which is supplied with plenty of pure air. The plant will flourish in the aerated infusion, and produce large quantities of carbonic acid gas—a compound, as you know, of carbon and oxygen. The oxygen thus consumed by the plant is the free oxygen of the air, which we suppose to be abundantly supplied to the liquid. The action is so far similar to the respiration of animals, which inspire oxygen and expire carbonic acid. If we examine the liquid even when the vigour of the plant has reached its maximum, we hardly find in it a trace of alcohol. The yeast has grown and flourished, but it has almost ceased to act as a ferment. And could every individual yeast cell seize, without any impediment, free oxygen from the surrounding liquid, it is certain that it would cease to act as a ferment altogether.

What, then, are the conditions under which the yeast-plant must be placed so that it may display its characteristic quality? Reflection on the facts already referred to suggests a reply, and rigid experiment confirms the suggestion. Consider the Alpine cherries in their closed vessel. Consider the beer in its barrel, with a single small aperture open to the air, through which it is observed not to imbibe oxygen, but to pour forth carbonic acid. Whence come the volumes of oxygen necessary to the production of this latter gas? The small quantity of atmospheric air dissolved in the wort and overlying it would be totally incompetent to supply the necessary oxygen. In no other way can the yeast-plant obtain

the gas necessary for its respiration than by wrenching it from surrounding substances, in which the oxygen exists, not free, but in a state of combination. It decomposes the sugar of the solution in which it grows, produces heat, breathes forth carbonic acid gas, and one of the liquid products of the decomposition is our familiar alcohol. The act of fermentation, then, is a result of the effort of the little plant to maintain its respiration by means of combined oxygen, when its supply of free oxygen is cut off. As defined by Pasteur, fermentation is *life without air*.

But here the knowledge of that thorough investigator comes to our aid to warn us against errors which have been committed over and over again. It is not all yeast cells that can thus live without air and provoke fermentation. They must be young cells which have caught their vegetative vigour from contact with free oxygen. But once possessed of this vigour the yeast may be transplanted into a saccharine infusion absolutely purged of air, where it will continue to live at the expense of the oxygen, carbon, and other constituents of the infusion. Under these new conditions its life, *as a plant*, will be by no means so vigorous as when it had a supply of free oxygen, but its action *as a ferment* will be indefinitely greater.

Does the yeast-plant stand alone in its power of provoking alcoholic fermentation? It would be singular if amid the multitude of low vegetable forms no other could be found capable of acting in a similar way. And here again we have occasion to marvel at that sagacity of observation among the ancients to which we owe so vast a debt. Not only did they discover the alcoholic ferment of yeast, but they had to exercise a wise selection in picking it out from others, and giving it special prominence. Place an old boot in a moist place, or expose common paste or a pot of jam to the air; it soon becomes coated with a blue-green mould, which is nothing else than the fructification of a little plant called *Penicillium glaucum*. Do not imagine that the mould has sprung spontaneously from boot, or paste, or jam; its germs, which are abundant in the air, have been sown, and have germinated, in as legal and legitimate a way as thistle-seeds wafted by the wind to a proper soil. Let the minute spores of *Penicillium* be sown in a fermentable liquid, which has been previously so boiled as to kill all other spores or seeds which it may contain; let pure air have free access to the mixture; the *Penicillium* will grow rapidly, striking long filaments into the liquid, and fructifying at its surface. Test the infusion at various stages of the plant's growth, you will never find in it a trace of alcohol. But forcibly submerge the little plant, push it down deep into the liquid, where the quantity of free oxygen that can reach it is insufficient for its needs, it imme-

diately begins to act as a ferment, supplying itself with oxygen by the decomposition of the sugar, and producing alcohol as one of the results of the decomposition. Many other low microscopic plants act in a similar manner. In aerated liquids they flourish without any production of alcohol, but cut off from free oxygen they act as ferments, producing alcohol exactly as the real alcoholic leaven produces it, only less copiously. For the right apprehension of all these facts we are indebted to Pasteur.

In the cases hitherto considered, the fermentation is proved to be the invariable correlative of *life*, being produced by organisms foreign to the fermentable substance. But the substance itself may also have within it, to some extent, the motive power of fermentation. The yeast-plant, as we have learned, is an assemblage of living cells; but so at bottom, as shown by Schleiden and Schwann, are all living organisms. Cherries, apples, peaches, pears, plums, and grapes, for example, are composed of cells, each of which is a living unit. And here I have to direct your attention to a point of extreme interest. In 1821, the celebrated French chemist, Bérard, established the important fact that all ripening fruit, exposed to the free atmosphere, absorbed the oxygen of the atmosphere and liberated an approximately equal volume of carbonic acid. He also found that when ripe fruits were placed in a confined atmosphere, the oxygen of the atmosphere was first absorbed, and an equal volume of carbonic acid given out. But the process did not end here. After the oxygen had vanished, carbonic acid, in considerable quantities, continued to be exhaled by the fruits, which at the same time lost a portion of their sugar, becoming more acid to the taste, though the absolute quantity of acid was not augmented. This was an observation of capital importance, and Bérard had the sagacity to remark that the process might be regarded as a kind of fermentation.

Thus the living cells of fruits can absorb oxygen and breathe out carbonic acid, exactly like the living cells of the leaven of beer. Supposing the access of oxygen suddenly cut off, will the living fruit-cells as suddenly die, or will they continue to live as yeast lives, by extracting oxygen from the saccharine juices round them? This is a question of extreme theoretic significance. It was first answered affirmatively by the able and conclusive experiments of Lechartier and Bellamy, and the answer was subsequently confirmed and explained by the experiments and the reasoning of Pasteur. Bérard only showed the absorption of oxygen and the production of carbonic acid; Lechartier and Bellamy proved the production of alcohol, thus completing the evidence that it was a case of real fermentation, though the common alcoholic ferment was absent. So full was Pasteur of the idea that the cells of a

fruit would continue to live at the expense of the sugar of the fruit, that once in his laboratory, while conversing on these subjects with M. Dumas, he exclaimed, "I will wager that if a grape be plunged into an atmosphere of carbonic acid, it will produce alcohol and carbonic acid by the continued life of its own cells—that they will act for a time like the cells of the true alcoholic leaven." He made the experiment, and found the result to be what he had foreseen. He then extended the inquiry. Placing under a bell-jar twenty-four plums, he filled the jar with carbonic acid gas; beside it he placed twenty-four similar plums uncovered. At the end of eight days he removed the plums from the jar, and compared them with the others. The difference was extraordinary. The uncovered fruits had become soft, watery, and very sweet; the others were firm and hard, their fleshy portions being not at all watery. They had, moreover, lost a considerable quantity of their sugar. They were afterwards bruised, and the juice was distilled. It yielded six and a half grammes of alcohol, or one per cent. of the total weight of the plums. Neither in these plums, nor in the grapes first experimented on by Pasteur, could any trace of the ordinary alcoholic leaven be found. As previously proved by Lechartier and Bellamy, the fermentation was the work of the living cells of the fruit itself, after air had been denied to them. When moreover the cells were destroyed by bruising, no fermentation ensued. The fermentation was the correlative of a vital act, and it ceased when life was extinguished.

Lüdersdorf was the first to show by this method that yeast acted, not, as Liebig had assumed, in virtue of its *organic*, but in virtue of its *organised* character. He destroyed the cells of yeast by rubbing them on a ground glass plate, and found that with the destruction of the organism, though its chemical constituents remained, the power to act as a ferment totally disappeared.

One word more in reference to Liebig may find a place here. To the philosophic chemist thoughtfully pondering these phenomena, familiar with the conception of molecular motion, and the changes produced by the interactions of purely chemical forces, nothing could be more natural than to see in the process of fermentation a simple illustration of molecular instability, the ferment propagating to surrounding molecular groups the overthrow of its own tottering combinations. Broadly considered, indeed, there is a certain amount of truth in this theory; but Liebig, who propounded it, missed the very kernel of the phenomena when he overlooked or contemned the part played in fermentation by microscopic life. He looked at the matter too little with the eye of the body, and too much with the spiritual eye. He practically neglected the microscope, and was unmoved by the knowledge which its revelations would have poured in upon his mind. His hypothesis, as I

have said, was natural—nay, it was a striking illustration of Liebig's power to penetrate and unveil molecular actions; but it was an error, and as such has proved an *ignis fatuus* instead of a *pharos* to some of his followers.

I have said that our air is full of the germs of ferments differing from the alcoholic leaven, and sometimes seriously interfering with the latter. They are the weeds of this microscopic garden which often overshadow and choke the flowers. Let us take an illustrative case. Expose boiled milk to the air. It will cool, and then turn sour, separating like blood into clot and serum. Place a drop of this sour milk under a powerful microscope and watch it closely. You see the minute butter-globules animated by that curious quivering motion called the Brownian motion.¹ But let not this attract your attention too much, for it is another motion that we have now to seek. Here and there you observe a greater disturbance than ordinary among the globules; keep your eye upon the place of tumult, and you will probably see emerging from it a long eel-like organism, tossing the globules aside and wriggling more or less rapidly across the field of the microscope. Familiar with one sample of this organism, which from its motions receives the name of vibrio, you soon detect numbers of them. It is these organisms, and other analogous though apparently motionless ones, which by decomposing the milk render it sour and putrid. They are the lactic and putrid ferments, as the yeast-plant is the alcoholic ferment of sugar. Keep them and their germs out of your milk and it will continue sweet. But milk may become putrid without becoming sour. Examine such putrid milk microscopically, and you find it swarming with shorter organisms, sometimes associated with the vibrios, sometimes alone, and often manifesting a wonderful alacrity of motion. Keep these organisms and their germs out of your milk and it will never putrify. Expose a mutton-chop to the air and keep it moist; in summer weather it soon stinks. Place a drop of the juice of the fetid chop under a powerful microscope; it is seen swarming with organisms resembling those in the putrid milk. These organisms, which receive the common name of bacteria,² are the agents of all putrefaction. Keep them and their germs from your meat and it will remain for ever sweet. Thus we begin to see that within the world of life to which we ourselves belong, there is another living world requiring the microscope for its discernment, but which, nevertheless, has the most important bearing on the welfare of the higher life-world.

(1) Which I am inclined to regard as an effect of surface tension.

(2) Doubtless organisms exhibiting grave specific differences are grouped together under this common name.

And now let us reason together as regards the origin of these bacteria. A granular powder is placed in your hands, and you are asked to state what it is. You examine it, and have, or have not, reason to suspect that seeds of some kind are mixed up in it. But you prepare a bed in your garden, sow in it the powder, and soon after find a mixed crop of docks and thistles sprouting from your bed. Until this powder was sown neither docks nor thistles ever made their appearance in your garden. You repeat the experiment once, twice, ten times, fifty times. From fifty different beds after the sowing of the powder you obtain the same crop. What will be your response to the question proposed to you? "I am not in a condition," you would say, "to affirm that every grain of the powder is a dock-seed or a thistle-seed; but I am in a condition to affirm that both dock and thistle-seeds form, at all events, part of the powder." Supposing a succession of such powders to be placed in your hands with grains becoming gradually smaller, until they dwindle to the size of impalpable dust particles; assuming that you treat them all in the same way, and that from every one of them in a few days you obtain a definite crop—it may be clover, it may be mustard, it may be mignonette, it may be a plant more minute than any of these, the smallness of the particles, or of the plants that spring from them, does not affect the validity of the conclusion. Without a shadow of misgiving you would conclude that the powder must have contained the seeds or germs of the life observed. There is not in the range of physical science an experiment more conclusive nor an inference safer than this one.

Supposing the powder to be light enough to float in the air, and that you are enabled to see it there just as plainly as you saw the heavier powder in the palm of your hand. If the dust sown by the air instead of by the hand produce a definite living crop, with the same logical rigour you would conclude that the germs of this crop must be mixed with the dust. To take an illustration: the spores of the little plant *Penicillium glaucum*, to which I have already referred, are light enough to float in the air. A cut apple, a pear, a tomato, a slice of vegetable marrow, or, as already mentioned, an old moist boot, a dish of paste, or a pot of jam, constitutes a proper soil for the *Penicillium*. Now, if it could be proved that the dust of the air when sown in this soil produces this plant, while, wanting the dust, neither the air nor the soil, nor both together, can produce it, it would be obviously just as certain in this case that the floating dust contains the germs of *Penicillium* as that the powders sown in your garden contained the germs of the plants which sprung from them.

But how is the floating dust to be rendered visible? In this way. Build a little chamber and provide it with a door, windows, and

window-shutters. Let an aperture be made in one of the shutters through which a sunbeam can pass. Close the door and windows so that no light shall enter save through the hole in the shutter. The track of the sunbeam is at first perfectly plain and vivid in the air of the room. If all disturbance of the air of the chamber be avoided, the luminous track will become fainter and fainter, until at last it disappears absolutely, and no trace of the beam is to be seen. What rendered the beam visible at first? The floating dust of the air, which, thus illuminated and observed, is as palpable to sense as any dust or powder placed on the palm of the hand. In the still air the dust gradually sinks to the floor or sticks to the walls and ceiling, until finally, by this self-cleansing process, the air is entirely freed from mechanically suspended matter.

Thus far, I think, we have made our footing sure. Let us proceed. Chop up a beefsteak and allow it to remain for two or three hours just covered with warm water; you thus extract the juice of the beef in a concentrated form. By properly boiling the liquid and filtering it you can obtain from it a perfectly transparent beef-tea. Expose a number of vessels containing this tea to the moteless air of your chamber; and expose a number of similar vessels containing precisely the same liquid to the dust-laden air. In three days every one of the latter stinks, and examined with the microscope every one of them is found swarming with the bacteria of putrefaction. After three months, or three years, the beef-tea within the chamber is found in every case as sweet and clear, and as free from bacteria as it was at the moment when it was first put in. There is absolutely no difference between the air within and that without save that the one is dustless and the other dust-laden. Clinch the experiment thus: Open the door of your chamber and allow the dust to enter it. In three days afterwards you have every vessel within the chamber swarming with bacteria, and in a state of active putrefaction. Here, also, the inference is quite as certain as in the case of the powder sown in your garden. Multiply your proofs by building fifty chambers instead of one, and by employing every imaginable infusion of wild animals and tame; of flesh, fish, fowl, and viscera; of vegetables of the most various kinds. If in all these cases you find the dust infallibly producing its crop of bacteria, while neither the dustless air nor the nutritive infusion, nor both together, are ever able to produce this crop, your conclusion is simply irresistible that the dust of the air contains the germs of the crop which has appeared in your infusions. I repeat there is no inference of experimental science more certain than this one. In the presence of such facts, to use the words of a paper lately published in the "Philosophical Transactions," it would be simply monstrous to

affirm that these swarming crops of bacteria are spontaneously generated.

Is there then no experimental proof of spontaneous generation? I answer without hesitation, *none!* But to doubt the experimental proof of a fact, and to deny its possibility, are two different things, though some writers confuse matters by making them synonymous. In fact, this doctrine of spontaneous generation, in one form or another, falls in with the theoretic beliefs of some of the foremost workers of this age; but it is exactly these men who have the penetration to see, and the honesty to expose, the weakness of the evidence adduced in its support.

And here observe how these discoveries tally with the common practices of life. Heat kills the bacteria, cold numbs them. When my housekeeper has pheasants in charge which she wishes to keep sweet, but which threaten to give way, she partially cooks the birds, kills the infant bacteria, and thus postpones the evil day. By boiling her milk she also extends its period of sweetness. Some weeks ago in the Alps I made a few experiments on the influence of cold upon ants. Though the sun was strong, patches of snow still maintained themselves on the mountain slopes. The ants were found in the warm grass and on the warm rocks adjacent. Transferred to the snow the rapidity of their paralysis was surprising. In a few seconds a vigorous ant, after a few languid struggles, would wholly lose its power of locomotion and lie practically dead upon the snow. Transferred to the warm rock it would revive, to be again smitten with death-like numbness when retransferred to the snow. What is true of the ant is specially true of our bacteria. Their active life is suspended by cold, and with it their power of producing or continuing putrefaction. This is the whole philosophy of the preservation of meat by cold. The fishmonger, for example, when he surrounds his very assailable wares by lumps of ice, stays the process of putrefaction by reducing to numbness and inaction the organisms which produce it, and in the absence of which his fish would remain sweet and sound. It is the astonishing activity into which these bacteria are pushed by warmth that renders a single summer's day sometimes so disastrous to the great butchers of London and Glasgow. The bodies of guides lost in the crevasses of Alpine glaciers have come to the surface forty years after their interment, without the flesh showing any sign of putrefaction. But the most astonishing case of this kind is that of the hairy elephant of Siberia which was found incased in ice. It had been buried for ages, but when laid bare its flesh was sweet, and for some time afforded copious nutriment to the wild beasts which fed upon it.

Beer is assailable by all the organisms here referred to, some of

which produce acetic, some lactic, and some butyric acid, while yeast is open to attack from the bacteria of putrefaction. In relation to the particular beverage the brewer wishes to produce, these foreign ferments have been properly called *ferments of disease*. The cells of the true leaven are globules, usually somewhat elongated. The other organisms are more or less rod-like or eel-like in shape, some of them being beaded so as to resemble necklaces. Each of these organisms produces a fermentation and a flavour peculiar to itself. Keep them out of your beer and it remains for ever unaltered. Never without them will your beer contract disease. But their germs are in the air, in the vessels employed in the brewery; even in the yeast used to impregnate the wort. Consciously or unconsciously, the art of the brewer is directed against them. His aim is to paralyze if he cannot annihilate them.

For beer, moreover, the question of temperature is one of supreme importance; indeed the recognised influence of temperature is causing on the continent of Europe a complete revolution in the manufacture of beer. When I was a student in Berlin, in 1851, there were certain places specially devoted to the sale of Bavarian beer, which was then making its way into public favour. This beer is prepared by what is called the process of *low fermentation*; the name being given partly because the yeast of the beer, instead of rising to the top and issuing through the bung-hole, falls to the bottom of the cask; but partly, also, because it is produced at a low temperature. The other and older process, called *high fermentation*, is far more handy, expeditious, and cheap. In high fermentation eight days suffice for the production of the beer; in low fermentation, ten, fifteen, even twenty days are found necessary. Vast quantities of ice, moreover, are consumed in the process of low fermentation. In the single brewery of Dreher, of Vienna, a hundred million pounds of ice are consumed annually in cooling the wort and beer. Notwithstanding these obvious and weighty drawbacks, the low fermentation is rapidly displacing the high upon the continent. Here are some statistics which show the number of breweries of both kinds existing in Bohemia in 1860, 1865, and 1870:—

	1860.	1865.	1870.
High Fermentation . .	281	81	18
Low Fermentation . .	135	459	831

Thus in ten years the number of high-fermentation breweries fell from 281 to 18, while the number of low-fermentation breweries rose from 135 to 831. The sole reason for this vast change—a change which involves a greater expenditure of time, labour, and money—is the additional command which it gives the brewer over the fortuitous ferments of disease. These ferments, which, it is to be remembered, are living organisms, have their activity suspended

by temperatures below 10° C., and as long as they are reduced to torpor the beer remains untainted either by acidity or putrefaction. The beer of low fermentation is brewed in winter, and kept in cool cellars; the brewer being thus enabled to dispose of it at his leisure, instead of forcing its consumption to avoid the loss involved in its alteration if kept too long. Hops, it may be remarked, act to some extent as an antiseptic to beer. The essential oil of the hop is bactericidal: hence the strong impregnation with hop juice of all beer intended for exportation.

These low organisms, which one might be disposed to regard as the beginnings of life, were we not warned that the microscope, precious and perfect as it is, has no power to show us the real beginnings of life, are by no means purely useless or purely mischievous in the economy of nature. They are only noxious when out of their proper place. They exercise a useful and valuable function as the burners and consumers of dead matter, animal and vegetable, reducing such matter, with a rapidity otherwise unattainable, to innocent carbonic acid and water. Furthermore, they are not all alike, and it is only restricted classes of them that are really dangerous to man. One difference in their habits is worthy of special reference here. Air, or rather the oxygen of the air, which is absolutely necessary to the support of the bacteria of putrefaction, is absolutely deadly to the vibrios which provoke the butyric acid fermentation. This is most simply illustrated by the following beautiful observation of Pasteur. You know the way of looking at these small organisms through the microscope. A drop of the liquid containing them is placed upon glass, and on the drop is placed a circle of exceedingly thin glass; for, to magnify them sufficiently, it is necessary that the microscope should come very close to the organisms. Round the edge of the circular plate of glass the liquid is in contact with the air, and incessantly absorbs it, including the oxygen. Here, if the drop be charged with bacteria, we have a zone of very lively ones. But through this living zone, greedy of oxygen and appropriating it, the vivifying gas cannot penetrate to the centre of the film. In the middle, therefore, the bacteria die, while their peripheral colleagues continue active. If a bubble of air chance to be enclosed in the film, round it the bacteria will pirouette and wobble until its oxygen has been absorbed, after which all their motions cease. Precisely the reverse of all this occurs with the vibrios of butyric acid. In their case it is the peripheral organisms that are first killed, the central ones remaining vigorous while ringed by a zone of dead. Pasteur, moreover, filled two vessels with a liquid containing these vibrios; through one vessel he led air, and killed its vibrios in half an hour; through the other he led carbonic acid, and after three hours found the vibrios fully active. It was while

observing these differences of deportment fifteen years ago that the thought of life without air, and its bearing upon the theory of fermentation, flashed upon the mind of this admirable investigator.

And here I am tempted to inquire how it is that during the last five or six years so many of the cultivated English and American public, including members of the medical profession and contributors to some of our most intellectual journals, could be so turned aside as they have been from the pure well-spring of scientific truth to be found in the writings of Pasteur? The reason I take to be, that while against unsound logic a healthy mind can always defend itself, against unsound experiment, without discipline it is defenceless. To judge of the soundness of scientific data, and to reason from data assumed to be sound, are two totally different things. The one deals with the raw material of fact, the other with the logical textures woven from that material. Now the logical loom may go accurately through all its motions, while the woven fibres may be all rotten. It is this inability, through lack of education in experiment, to judge of the soundness of experimental work, which lies at the root of the defection from Pasteur.

I will cite an example of this mistake of judgment. Between the large-type articles and the reviews of the *Saturday Review* essays on various subjects are interpolated. In the calm of holiday evenings, while reading these brief essays, I have been many a time impressed, not only with their sparkling cleverness, but with their deep-searching wisdom and their wealth of spiritual experience. In this central region of the Review the question of spontaneous generation has been taken up and discussed. The writer is not a whit behind his colleagues in literary brilliancy and logical force. But having no touchstone in his own experience to enable him to distinguish a good experiment from a bad one, he has, on a point of the gravest practical import, committed the influence of the powerful journal in which he writes to the support of error. It is only, I would repeat, by practice among facts that the intellect is prepared to judge of facts, and no mere logical acuteness or literary skill can atone for the want of this necessary education.

We now approach an aspect of this question which concerns us still more closely, and which will be best illustrated by an actual fact. A few years ago I was bathing in an Alpine stream, and returning to my clothes from the cascade which had been my shower-bath, I slipped upon a block of granite, the sharp crystals of which stamped themselves into my naked shin. The wound was an awkward one, but being in vigorous health at the time, I hoped for a speedy recovery. Dipping a clean pocket handkerchief into the stream, I wrapped it round the wound, limped home, and

remained for four or five days quietly in bed. There was no pain, and at the end of this time I thought myself quite fit to quit my room. The wound, when uncovered, was found perfectly clean, uninflamed, and entirely free from matter. Placing over it a bit of goldbeater's-skin, I walked about all day. Towards evening itching and heat were felt; a large accumulation of matter followed, and I was forced to go to bed again. The water-bandage was restored, but it was powerless to check the action now set up; arnica was applied, but it made matters worse. The inflammation increased alarmingly, until finally I was ignobly carried on men's shoulders down the mountain and transported to Geneva, where, thanks to the kindness of friends, I was immediately placed in the best medical hands. On the morning after my arrival in Geneva, Dr. Gautier discovered an abscess in my instep, at a distance of five inches from the wound. The two were connected by a channel, or *sinus*, as it is technically called, through which he was able to empty the abscess, without the application of the lance.

By what agency was that channel formed—what was it that thus tore asunder the sound tissue of my instep, and kept me for six weeks a prisoner in bed? In the very room where the water-dressing had been removed from my wound and the goldbeater's-skin applied to it, I opened this year a number of tubes, containing perfectly clear and sweet infusions of fish, flesh, and vegetable. These hermetically sealed infusions had been exposed for weeks, both to the sun of the Alps and to the warmth of a kitchen, without showing the slightest turbidity or sign of life. But two days after they were opened the greater number of them swarmed with the bacteria of putrefaction, the germs of which had been contracted from the dust-laden air of the room. And had the matter from my abscess been examined, my memory of its appearance leads me to infer that it would have been found equally swarming with these bacteria—that it was their germs which got into my incautiously-opened wound, and that they were the subtle workers that burrowed down my shin, dug the abscess in my instep, and produced effects which might well have proved fatal to me.

We here come face to face with the labours of a man who has established for himself an imperishable reputation in relation to this subject, who combines the penetration of the true theorist with the skill and conscientiousness of the true experimenter, and whose practice is one continued demonstration of the theory that the putrefaction of wounds is to be averted by the destruction of the germs of bacteria. Not only from his own reports of his cases, but from the reports of eminent men who have visited his hospital, and from the opinions expressed to me by continental surgeons, do I gather that one of the greatest steps ever made in the art of

surgery was the introduction of the antiseptic system of treatment, practised, first in Glasgow, and now in Edinburgh by Professor Lister.

The interest of this subject does not slacken as we proceed. We began with the cherry-cask and beer-vat; we end with the body of man. There are persons born with the power of interpreting natural facts, as there are others smitten with everlasting incompetence in regard to such interpretation. To the former class in an eminent degree belonged the celebrated philosopher Robert Boyle, whose words in relation to this subject have in them the forecast of prophesy. "And let me add," writes Boyle in his "Essay on the Pathological Part of Physik," "that he that thoroughly understands the nature of ferments and fermentations shall probably be much better able than he that ignores them, to give a fair account of divers phenomena of several diseases (as well fevers as others) which will perhaps be never properly understood without an insight into the doctrine of fermentations."

Two hundred years have passed since these pregnant words were written, and it is only in this our day that men are beginning to fully realise their truth. In the domain of surgery the justice of Boyle's surmise has been most strictly demonstrated. Demonstration is indeed the only word which fitly characterises the evidence brought forward by Professor Lister. You will grasp in a moment his leading idea. Take the extracted juice of beef or mutton, so prepared as to be perfectly transparent, and entirely free from the living germs of bacteria. Into the clear liquid let fall the tiniest drop of an infusion charged with the bacteria of putrefaction. Twenty-four hours subsequently the clear extract will be found muddy throughout, the turbidity being due to swarms of bacteria generated by the drop with which the infusion was inoculated. At the same time the infusion will have passed from a state of sweetness to a state of putridity. Let a drop similar to that which has produced this effect fall into an open wound: the juices of the living body nourish the bacteria as the beef or mutton juice nourished them, and you have putrefaction produced within the system. The air, as I have said, is laden with floating matter which, when it falls upon the wound, acts substantially like the drop. Professor Lister's aim is to destroy the life of that floating matter—to kill such germs as it may contain. Had he, for example, dressed my wound, instead of opening it incautiously in the midst of air laden with the germs of bacteria, and instead of applying to it goldbeater's-skin, which probably carried these germs upon its surface, he would have showered upon the wound, during the time of dressing, the spray of some liquid capable of killing the germs. The liquid usually employed for this purpose is dilute carbolic acid,

which, in his skilled hands, has become a specific against putrefaction and all its deadly consequences.

We now pass the bounds of surgery proper, and enter the domain of epidemic disease, including those fevers so sagaciously referred to by Boyle. The most striking analogy between a *contagium* and a ferment is to be found in the power of indefinite self-multiplication possessed and exercised by both. You know the exquisitely truthful figures regarding leaven employed in the New Testament. A particle hid in three measures of meal leavens it all. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. In a similar manner a particle of *contagium* spreads through the human body and may be so multiplied as to strike down whole populations. Consider the effect produced upon the system by a microscopic quantity of the virus of smallpox. That virus is to all intents and purposes a seed. It is sown as yeast is sown, it grows and multiplies as yeast grows and multiplies, and it always reproduces itself. To Pasteur we are indebted for a series of masterly researches, wherein he exposes the looseness and general baselessness of prevalent notions regarding the transmutation of one ferment into another. He guards himself against saying it is impossible. The true investigator is sparing in the use of this word, though the use of it is unsparingly ascribed to him; but, as a matter of fact, Pasteur has never been able to effect the alleged transmutation, while he has been always able to point out the open doorways through which the affirmers of such transmutations had allowed error to march in upon them.¹

The great source of error here has been already alluded to in this discourse. The observers worked in an atmosphere charged with the germs of different organisms; the mere accident of first possession rendering now one organism, now another, triumphant. In different stages, moreover, of its fermentative or putrefactive changes, the same infusion may so alter as to be successively taken possession of by different organisms. Such cases have been adduced to show that the earlier organisms must have been transformed into the later ones, whereas they are simply cases in which different germs, because of changes in the infusion, render themselves valid at different times.

By teaching us how to cultivate each ferment in its purity,—in other words, by teaching us how to rear the individual organism apart from all others,—Pasteur has enabled us to avoid all these errors. And where this isolation of a particular organism has been duly effected it grows and multiplies indefinitely, but no change of

(1) Those who wish for an illustration of the care necessary in these researches, and of the carelessness with which they have in some cases been conducted, will do well to consult the Rev. W. H. Dallinger's excellent, "Notes on Heterogenesis" in the October number of the *Popular Science Review*.

it into another organism is ever observed. In Pasteur's researches the Bacterium remained a Bacterium, the Vibrio a Vibrio, the Penicillium a Penicillium, and the Torula a Torula. Sow any of these in a state of purity in an appropriate liquid; you get it, and it alone, in the subsequent crop. In like manner, sow small-pox in the human body, your crop is small-pox. Sow there scarlatina, and your crop is scarlatina. Sow typhoid virus, your crop is typhoid—cholera, your crop is cholera. The disease bears as constant a relation to its contagium as the microscopic organisms just enumerated do to their germs, or indeed as a thistle does to its seed. No wonder, then, with analogies so obvious and so striking, that the conviction is spreading and growing daily in strength that reproductive parasitic life is at the root of epidemic disease—that living ferments finding lodgment in the body increase there and multiply, directly ruining the tissue on which they subsist, or destroying life indirectly by the generation of poisonous compounds within the body. This conclusion, which comes to us with a presumption almost amounting to demonstration, is clinched by the fact that virulently infective diseases have been discovered with which living organisms are as closely and as indissolubly associated as the growth of Torula is with the fermentation of beer.

And here, if you will permit me, I would utter a word of warning to well-meaning people. We have now reached a phase of this question when it is of the very last importance that light should once for all be thrown upon the manner in which contagious and infectious diseases take root and spread. To this end the action of various ferments upon the organs and tissues of the living body must be studied; the habitat of each special organism concerned in the production of each specific disease must be determined, and the mode by which its germs are spread abroad as sources of further infection. It is only by such rigidly accurate inquiries that we can obtain final and complete mastery over these destroyers. Hence, while abhorring cruelty of all kinds, while shrinking sympathetically from all animal suffering—suffering which my own pursuits never call upon me to inflict, an unbiassed survey of the field of research now opening out before the physiologist causes me to conclude, that no greater calamity could befall the human race than the stoppage of experimental inquiry in this direction. A lady whose philanthropy has rendered her illustrious said to me some time ago, that science was becoming immoral; that the researches of the past, unlike those of the present, were carried on without cruelty. I replied to her that the science of Kepler and Newton, to which she referred, dealt with the laws and phenomena of inorganic nature; but that one great advance made by modern science was in the direction of biology, or the

science of life; and that in this new direction scientific inquiry, though at the outset pursued at the cost of some temporary suffering, would in the end prove a thousand times more beneficent than it had ever hitherto been. I said this because I saw that the very researches which the lady deprecated were leading us to such a knowledge of epidemic diseases, as will enable us finally to sweep these scourges of the human race from the face of this fair earth.

This is a point of such special importance that I should like to bring it home to your intelligence by a single trustworthy illustration. In 1850, two distinguished French observers, MM. Davainne and Rayer, noticed in the blood of animals which had died of the virulent disease called *splenic fever*, small microscopic organisms resembling transparent rods, but neither of them at that time attached any significance to the observation. In 1861, Pasteur published a memoir on the fermentation of butyric acid, wherein he described the organism which provoked it; and after reading this memoir it occurred to Davainne that splenic fever might be a case of fermentation set up within the animal body, by the organisms which had been observed by him and Rayer. This idea has been placed beyond all doubt by subsequent research.

Some years in advance of the labours undertaken by Davainne, observations of the highest importance had been made on splenic fever by Pollender and Brauell. Two years ago, Dr. Burdon Sanderson gave us a very clear account of what was known up to that time of this disorder. With regard to the permanence of the contagium, it had been proved to hang for years about localities where it had once prevailed; and this seemed to show that the rod-like organisms could not constitute the contagium, because their infective power was found to vanish in a few weeks. But other facts established an intimate connection between the organisms and the disease, so that a review of all the facts caused Dr. Sanderson to conclude that the contagium existed in two distinct forms: the one "fugitive" and visible as transparent rods; the other permanent but "latent," and not yet brought within the grasp of the microscope.

At the time that Dr. Sanderson was writing this report, a young German physician, named Koch, occupied with the duties of his profession in an obscure country district, was already at work, applying, during his spare time, various original and ingenious devices to the investigation of splenic fever. He studied the habits of the rod-like organisms, and found the aqueous humour of an ox's eye to be particularly suitable for their nutrition. With a drop of the aqueous humour he mixed the tiniest speck of a liquid containing the rods, placed the drop under his microscope, warmed it suitably, and observed the subsequent action. During the first two

hours hardly any change was noticeable; but at the end of this time the rods began to lengthen, and the action was so rapid that at the end of three or four hours they attained from ten to twenty times their original length. At the end of a few additional hours they had formed filaments in many cases a hundred times the length of the original rods. The same filament, in fact, was frequently observed to stretch through several fields of the microscope. Sometimes they lay in straight lines parallel to each other, in other cases they were bent, twisted, and coiled into the most graceful figures; while sometimes they formed knots of such bewildering complexity that it was impossible for the eye to trace the individual filaments through the confusion.

Had the observation ended here an interesting scientific fact would have been added to our previous store, but the addition would have been of little practical value. Koch, however, continued to watch the filaments, and after a time noticed little dots appearing within them. These dots became more and more distinct, until finally the whole length of the organism was studded with minute ovoid bodies, which lay within the outer integument like peas within their shell. By-and-by the integument fell to pieces, the place of the organism being taken by a long row of seeds or spores. These observations, which were confirmed in all respects by the celebrated naturalist, Cohn of Breslau, are of the highest importance. They clear up the existing perplexity regarding the latent and visible contagia of splenic fever; for in the most conclusive manner, Koch proved the spores, as distinguished from the rods, to constitute the contagium of the fever in its most deadly and persistent form.

How did he reach this important result? Mark the answer. There was but one way open to him to test the activity of the contagium, and that was the inoculation with it of living animals. He operated upon guinea-pigs and rabbits, but the vast majority of his experiments were made upon mice. Inoculating them with the fresh blood of an animal suffering from splenic fever, they invariably died of the same disease within twenty or thirty hours after inoculation. He then sought to determine how the contagium maintained its vitality. Drying the infectious blood containing the rod-like organisms, in which, however, the spores were not developed, he found the contagium to be that which Dr. Sanderson calls "fugitive." It maintained its power of infection for five weeks at the furthest. He then dried blood containing the fully-developed spores, and exposed the substance to a variety of conditions. He permitted the dried blood to assume the form of dust; wetted this dust, allowed it to dry again, permitted it to remain for an indefinite time in the midst of putrefying matter, and subjected it to various other tests. After keeping the spore-charged blood which had been

treated in this fashion for four years, he inoculated a number of mice with it, and found its action as fatal as that of blood fresh from the veins of an animal suffering from splenic fever. There was no single escape from death after inoculation by this deadly contagium. Uncounted millions of these spores are developed in the body of every animal which has died of splenic fever, and every spore of these millions is competent to produce the disease. The name of this formidable parasite is *Bacillus Anthracis*.¹

Now the very first step towards the extirpation of these contagia is the knowledge of their nature; and the knowledge brought to us by Dr. Koch will render as certain the stamping out of splenic fever as the stoppage of the plague of pébrine by the researches of Pasteur. One small item of statistics will show what this implies. In the single district of Novgorod in Russia, between the years 1867 and 1870, over fifty-six thousand cases of death by splenic fever, among horses, cows, and sheep, were recorded. But its ravages did not confine themselves to the animal world, for during the time and in the district referred to, five hundred and twenty-eight human beings perished in the agonies of the same disease.

A description of the fever will help you to come to a right decision on the point which I wish to submit to your consideration. "An animal," says Dr. Burdon Sanderson, "which perhaps for the previous day has declined food and shown signs of general disturbance, begins to shudder and to have twitches of the muscles of the back, and soon after becomes weak and listless. In the meantime the respiration becomes frequent and often difficult, and the temperature rises to three or four degrees above the normal; but soon convulsions, affecting chiefly the muscles of the back and loins, usher in the final collapse, of which the progress is marked by complete loss of power of moving the trunk or extremities, diminution of temperature, mucous and sanguinolent alvine evacuations, and similar discharges from the mouth and nose." In a single district of Russia, as above remarked, fifty-six thousand horses, cows, and sheep, and five hundred and twenty-eight men and women, perished in this way during a period of two or three years. What the annual fatality is throughout Europe I have no means of knowing. Doubtless it must be very great. The question, then, which I wish to submit to your judgment is this:—Is the knowledge which reveals

(1) To produce its characteristic effects the contagium of splenic fever must enter the blood. The virulently infective spleen of a diseased animal may be eaten with impunity by mice. On the other hand, the disease refuses to be communicated by inoculation to dogs, partridges, or sparrows. In their blood bacillus anthracis ceases to act as a ferment. Pasteur announced more than six years ago the propagation of the vitriol of the silkworm disease called *facherie*, both by scission and by spores. He also made some remarkable experiments on the permanence of the contagium in the form of spores. See "Études sur la Maladie des Vers à Soie," pp. 168 and 266.

to us the nature, and which assures the extirpation, of a disorder so virulent and so vile, worth the price paid for it? It is exceedingly important that assemblies like the present should see clearly the issues at stake in such questions as this, and that the properly-informed common sense of the community should temper, if not restrain, the rashness of those who, meaning to be tender, would virtually enact the most hideous cruelty by the imposition of short-sighted restrictions upon physiological investigation. It is a modern instance of zeal for God, but not according to knowledge, the excesses of which zeal an instructed public opinion must correct.

And now let us cast a backward glance on the field we have traversed, and try to extract from our labours such further profit as they can yield. For more than two thousand years the attraction of light bodies by amber was the sum of human knowledge regarding electricity, and for more than two thousand years fermentation was effected without any knowledge of its cause. In science one discovery grows out of another, and cannot appear without its proper antecedent. Thus, before fermentation could be understood, the microscope had to be invented and brought to a considerable degree of perfection. Note the growth of knowledge. Leeuwenhoek, in 1680, found yeast to be a mass of floating globules, but he had no notion that the globules were alive. This was proved in 1835 by Cagniard de la Tour and Schwann. Then came the question as to the origin of such microscopic organisms, and in this connection the memoir of Pasteur, published in the "Annales de Chimie" for 1862, is epoch-making, proving as it did to all competent minds spontaneous generation to be thus far a chimera. On that investigation all Pasteur's subsequent labours were based. Ravages had over and over again occurred among French wines. There was no guarantee that they would not become acid or bitter, particularly when exported. The commerce in wines was thus restricted, and disastrous losses were often inflicted on the wine-grower. Every one of these diseases was traced to the life of an organism. Pasteur ascertained the temperature which killed these ferments of disease, proving it to be so low as to be perfectly harmless to the wine. By the simple expedient of heating the wine to a temperature of fifty degrees centigrade, he rendered it inalterable, and thus saved his country the loss of millions. He then went on to vinegar—*vin aigre*, acid wine—which he proved to be produced by a fermentation set up by a little fungus called *Mycoderma aceti*. *Torula*, in fact, converts the grape juice into alcohol, and *Mycoderma aceti* converts the alcohol into vinegar. Here also frequent failures occurred and severe losses were sustained. Through the operation of unknown causes, the vinegar often became unfit for use,

sometimes indeed falling into utter putridity. It had been long known that mere exposure to the air was sufficient to destroy it. Pasteur studied all these changes, traced them to their living causes, and showed that the permanent health of the vinegar was ensured by the destruction of this life. He passed from the diseases of vinegar to the study of a malady which a dozen years ago had all but ruined the silk husbandry of France. This plague, which received the name of *pébrine*, was the product of a parasite which first took possession of the intestinal canal of the silkworm, spread throughout its body, and filled the sack which ought to contain the viscid matter of the silk. Thus smitten, the worm would go automatically through the process of spinning when it had nothing to spin. Pasteur followed this parasitic destroyer from year to year, and, led by his singular power of combining facts with the logic of facts, discovered eventually the precise phase in the development of the insect when the disease which assailed it could with certainty be stamped out. Pasteur's devotion to this inquiry cost him dear. He restored to France her silk husbandry, rescued thousands of her population from ruin, set the looms of Italy also to work, but emerged from his labours with one of his sides permanently paralysed. His last investigation is embodied in a work entitled "Studies on Beer," in which he describes a method of rendering beer permanently unchangeable. That method is not so simple as those found effectual with wine and vinegar, but the principles which it involves are sure to receive extensive application at some future day. Taking into account all these labours of Pasteur, it is no exaggeration to state that the money value of his work would go far to cover the indemnity which France had to pay to Germany.

There are other reflections connected with this subject which, even were I to pass them over without remark, would sooner or later occur to every thoughtful mind in this assembly. I have spoken of the floating dust of the air, of the means of rendering it visible, and of the perfect immunity from putrefaction which accompanies the contact of germless matter and moteless air. Consider the woes which these wafted particles, during historic and pre-historic ages, have inflicted on mankind; consider the loss of life in hospitals from putrefying wounds; consider the loss in places where there are plenty of wounds but no hospitals, and in the ages before hospitals were anywhere founded; consider the slaughter which has hitherto followed that of the battle-field, when those bacterial destroyers are let loose, often producing a mortality far greater than that of the battle itself; add to this the other conception that in times of epidemic disease the self-same floating matter has frequently, if not always, mingled with it the special germs which produce

the epidemic, being thus enabled to sow pestilence and death over nations and continents—consider all this and you will come with me to the conclusion that all the havoc of war, ten times multiplied, would be evanescent if compared with the ravages due to atmospheric dust.

This preventible destruction is going on to-day, and it has been permitted to go on for ages, without a whisper of information regarding its cause being vouchsafed to the suffering sentient world. We have been scourged by invisible thongs, attacked from impenetrable ambuscades, and it is only to-day that the light of science is being let in upon the murderous dominion of our foes. Men of Glasgow, facts like these excite in me the thought that the rule and governance of this universe are different from what we in our youth supposed them to be—that the inscrutable Power, at once terrible and beneficent, in whom we live and move and have our being and our end, is to be propitiated by means different from those usually resorted to. The first requisite towards such propitiation is *knowledge*; the second is *action*, shaped and illuminated by that knowledge. Of knowledge we already see the dawn, which will open out by-and-by to perfect day, while the action which is to follow has its unfailing source and stimulus in the moral and emotional nature of man—in his desire for personal well-being, in his sense of duty, in his compassionate sympathy with the sufferings of his fellow-men. “How often,” says Dr. William Budd in his celebrated work on Typhoid Fever,—“How often have I seen in past days, in the single narrow chamber of the day-labourer’s cottage, the father in the coffin, the mother in the sick-bed in muttering delirium, and nothing to relieve the desolation of the children but the devotion of some poor neighbour, who in too many cases paid the penalty of her kindness in becoming herself the victim of the same disorder.” From the vantage-ground already won I look forward with confident hope to the triumph of medical art over scenes of misery like that here described. The cause of the calamity being once clearly revealed, not only to the physician, but to the public, whose intelligent co-operation is absolutely essential to success, the final victory of humanity is only a question of time. We have already a foretaste of that victory in the triumphs of surgery as practised at your doors.

J. TYNDALL.

LORD ALTHORPE AND THE REFORM ACT OF 1832.

"ALTHORPE carried the Bill," such is the tradition of our fathers, "the Bill," of course, being *the* Bill to them—the great Reform Act of 1832, which was like a little revolution in that generation,—which really changed so much, and which seemed to change so much more. To have been mainly concerned in passing so great a measure seems to many of the survivors of that generation, who remember the struggles of their youth and recall the enthusiasm of that time, almost the *acme* of fame. And in sober history such men will always be respectfully and gravely mentioned, but all romance has died away. *The* Bill is to us hardly more than other bills; it is one of a great many Acts of Parliament which in this day, partly for good and partly for evil, have altered the ever-varying constitution of England. The special charm, the charm which to the last you may see that Macaulay always felt about it, is all gone. The very history of it is forgotten. Which of the younger generation can say what was General Gascoigne's amendment, or who were the "waverers," or even how many Reform "Bills" in those years there were? The events for which one generation cares most are often those of which the next knows least. They are too old to be matters of personal recollection, and they are too new to be subjects of study: they have passed out of memory, and they have not got into the books. Of the well-informed young people about us, there are very many who scarcely know who Lord Althorpe was.

And in another respect this biography has been unfortunate. It has been kept too long. The Reform Act of 1867 has shed a painful light on the Reform Act of 1832, and has exhibited in real life what philosophers said were its characteristic defects. While these lingered in the books they were matters of dull teaching, and no one cared for them; but now Mr. Disraeli has embodied them, and they are living among us. The traditional sing-song of mere eulogy is broken by a sharp question. Those who study that time say, "Althorpe, you tell us, passed the Bill. It was his frankness and his high character and the rest of his great qualities which did it. But was it good that he should have passed it? Would it not have been better if he had not possessed those fine qualities? Was not some higher solution possible? Knowing this Bill by its fruits, largely good, but also largely evil, might we not have had a better Bill? At any rate, if it could not be so, show *why* it could not be so. Prove that the grave defects in the Act of 1832 were necessary defects. Explain how it was that Althorpe had no choice, and then we will admire

him as you wish us." But to this biographer—a man of that time, then in the House of Commons on the Whig side, and almost, as it were, on the skirts of the Bill—such questions would have seemed impossible. To him, the Act of 1832 is still wonderful and perfect—the great measure which *we* carried in *my* youth; and as for explaining defects in it, he would have as soon thought of explaining defects in a revelation.

But if ever Lord Althorpe's life is well written, it will, I think, go far to explain not only why the Reform Bill was carried, but why that Bill is what it was. He embodies all the characteristic virtues which enable Englishmen to effect well and easily great changes in politics: their essential fairness, their "large roundabout common sense," their courage, and their disposition rather to give up something than to take the uttermost farthing. But on the other hand also he has all the characteristic English defects: their want of intellectual and guiding principle, their even completer want of the culture which would give that principle, their absorption in the present difficulty, and their hand-to-mouth readiness to take what solves it without thinking of other consequences. And I am afraid the moral of those times is that these English qualities as a whole—merits and defects together—are better suited to an early age of politics than to a later. As long as materials are deficient, these qualities are most successful in hitting off simple expedients, in adapting old things to new uses, and in extending ancient customs; they are fit for instantaneous little creations, and admirable at bit-by-bit growth. But when, by the incessant application of centuries, these qualities have created an accumulated mass of complex institutions, they are apt to fail, unless aided by others very different. The instantaneous origination of obvious expedients is of no use when the field is already covered with the heterogeneous growth of complex past expedients; bit-by-bit development is out of place unless you are sure which bit should and which bit should not be developed; the extension of customs may easily mislead when there are so many customs; no immense and involved subject can be set right except by faculties which can grasp what is immense and scrutinise what is involved. But mere common sense is here matched with more than it can comprehend, like a schoolboy in the differential calculus;—and absorption in the present difficulty is an evil, not a good, for what is wanted is that you should be able to see many things at once, and take in their bearings, not fasten yourself on one thing. The characteristic danger of great nations, like the Romans or the English, which have a long history of continuous creation, is that they may at last fail from not comprehending the great institutions which they have created.

No doubt it would be a great exaggeration to say that this

calamity happened in its fulness in the year 1832, and it would be most unfair to Lord Althorpe to cite him as a complete example of the characteristics which may cause it; but there was something in him of those qualities, and some trace in 1832 of that calamity—enough in both cases to be a warning. Only a complete history of the time can prove this; but perhaps in a few pages I may a little explain and illustrate it.

Let us first get, both as more instructive and as less tedious than analysis, a picture of the man as he stood in the principal event of his life. A good drawer has thus painted him. Lord Jeffrey, the great Edinburgh reviewer, who was an able lawyer and practical man of business in his day, though his criticism on party has not stood the test of time, was Lord Advocate in the Reform Ministry of 1830, and he is never tired of describing Lord Althorpe:—"There is something," he writes, "to me quite delightful in his calm, clumsy, courageous, immutable probity, and it seems to have a charm for everybody." "I went to Althorpe," he writes, "again, and had a characteristic scene with that most honest, frank, true, and stout-hearted of God's creatures. He had not come down-stairs, and I was led up to his dressing-room, with his arms (very rough and hairy) bare above the elbows, and his beard half-shaved and half staring through the lather, with a desperate razor in one hand, and a great soap-brush in the other. He gave me the loose finger of his brush hand, and with the usual twinkle of his bright eye and radiant smile, he said, "You need not be anxious about your Scotch bills to-night, for we are no longer his Majesty's ministers.'" And soon after he writes again, at an after stage of the ministerial crisis, "When they came to summon Lord Althorpe to a council on the Duke's giving in, he was found in a shed with a groom busy oiling the locks of his fowling-pieces, and lamenting the decay into which they had fallen during his ministry." And on another occasion he adds what may serve as an intellectual accompaniment to these descriptions, "Althorpe, with his usual frankness, gave us a pretended confession of his political faith, and a sort of creed of his political morality, and showed that though it was a very shocking doctrine to promulgate, he must say that he had never sacrificed his own inclinations to a sense of duty without repenting it, and always found himself more substantially unhappy for having employed himself for the public good." And some one else at the time said, "The Government cannot be going out, for Althorpe looks so very dismal." He was made (as we learn from this volume) a principal minister, contrary to his expectation and in opposition to his wish. He was always wanting to resign; he was always uncomfortable, if not wretched, and the instant he could he abandoned politics, and would never touch them again, though he lived for many years.

And this, though in appearance he was most successful, and was almost idolized by his followers and friends.

At first this seems an exception to one of Nature's most usual rules. Almost always, if she gives a great faculty she gives also an enjoyment in the use of it. But here Nature had given a remarkable power of ruling and influencing men—one of the most remarkable (good observers seem to say) given to any Englishman of that generation; and yet the possessor did not like, but on the contrary, much disliked to use it. The explanation, however, is, that not only had Nature bestowed on Lord Althorpe this happy and great gift of directing and guiding men, but, as if by some subtle compensation, had added what was, under the circumstances, a great pain to it. She had given him a most sluggish intellect—only moving with effort, and almost suffering,—generally moving clumsily, and usually following, not suggesting. If you put a man with a mind like this—especially a sensitive, conscientious man such as Lord Althorpe was—to guide men quickly through complex problems of legislation and involved matters of science, no wonder that he will be restive and wish to give up. No doubt the multitude wish to follow him; but where is he to tell the multitude to go? His mind suggests nothing, and there is a pain and puzzle in his brain.

Fortune and education had combined in Lord Althorpe's case to develop his defects. His father and mother were both persons of great cultivation, but they were also busy people of the world, and so they left their son to pick up his education as he could. A Swiss footman, who did not know English very well, taught him to read, and "was his sole instructor and most intimate associate till he went to Harrow." His father, too, being a great fox-hunter, he clearly cared more, and was more occupied with hounds and animals, as a young boy, than with anything else; and he lived mainly with servants and people also so occupied, from which, as might be expected, he contracted a shyness and awkwardness which stayed with him through life. When he went to Harrow the previous deficiencies of his education were, of course, against him, and he seems to have shown no particular disposition to repair them. As far as can now be learnt he was an ordinary strong-headed and strong-willed English boy, equal to necessary lessons, but not caring for them, and only distinguished from the rest by a certain suppressed sensibility and tenderness, which he also retained in after years, and which softened a manliness that would otherwise have been rugged, and which saved him from being unrefined.

At Cambridge his mother, as it appears, suddenly, and for the first time, took an interest in his studies, and told him she should expect him to be high at his first college examination. And this seems to have awakened him to industry. The examination was on

mathematics, which suited him much better than the Harrow classics, and he really came out high in it. The second year it was the same, though he had good competitors. But there his studies ended. His being a nobleman at that time excluded him from the university examinations, and he was far too apathetic to work at mathematics, except for something of the sort, and his tutor seems to have discouraged his doing so. Then, as since, the bane of Cambridge has been a certain incomplete and rather mean way of treating great studies, which teaches implicitly, if not plainly, that it was as absurd to learn the differential calculus in and for itself as it would be to keep a ledger for its own sake. On such a mind as Lord Althorpe's, which required as much as possible to be awakened and kept awake to the interest of high studies, no external surroundings could have been more fatal. He threw up his reading and took to hounds, betting, and Newmarket, and to all which was then, even if not since, thought to be most natural, if not most proper, in a young nobleman.

As far as classical studies are concerned he probably lost nothing. He was through life very opaque to literary interests, and in his letters and speeches always used language in the clumsiest way. But he had—perhaps from his childish field-sports—a keen taste for animals and natural history, which nowadays would have been developed into a serious pursuit. And as it was he had an odd craving for figures, which might have been made something of in mathematics. "He kept," we are told, "an account of every shot he fired in the course of a year, whether he missed or killed, and made up the book periodically." He would not pass the accounts of the Agricultural Society without hunting for a missing three-pence; and when Chancellor of the Exchequer he used, it is said, "to do all his calculations, however complicated, alone in his closet," which his biographer thinks very admirable, and contrasts with the habit of Mr Pitt, "who used to take a Treasury clerk into his confidence," but which was really very absurd. It is not by such mechanical work that great budgets are framed, and a great minister ought to know what *not* to do himself, and how to use, for everything possible, the minds of others. Still there is much straightforward strength in this, if also some comic dulness.

If Lord Althorpe's relatives did not give him a very good education, they did not make up for it by teaching him light accomplishments. They sent him the "grand tour," as it was then called; but he was shy and awkward, seems to have had no previous preparation for foreign society, would not go into it, and returned boasting that he could not speak French. His mother—a woman of great fashion and high culture—must have sighed very much over so uncourtly and so "English" an eldest son.

Then, in the easy way of those times—it was in 1804—he was

brought into Parliament for Okehampton, a nomination borough, some "Mr. Strange," a barrister, retiring in his favour, and his interest being strong, he was made a Lord of the Treasury. But the same apathy to intellectual interests which showed itself at college clung to him here also. He showed energy, but it was not the energy of a man of business. He passed, we are told, "the greatest part of his time in the country, and when he attended at the Treasury, which was very rarely, and only on particular occasions to make up a Board, he returned home immediately afterwards. Indeed, he used to have horses posted on the road from London to Althorpe, and often rode down at night, as soon as the House had risen, in order that he might hunt with the Pytchley the next morning." "On these occasions," says another account, "he had no sleep, and often the hacks which he rode would fall down on the road." And years afterwards the old clerks of the office used to tell of the rarity and brevity of his visits to the department, and of the difficulty of getting him to stay;—all which shows force and character, but still not the sort of character which would fit a man to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But though he had much of the want of culture, Lord Althorpe had none of the unfeelingness which also the modern world is getting somehow to attach to the character of the systematic sportsman. On the contrary, he was one of the many instances which prove that this character may be combined with an extreme sensibility to the sufferings of animals and man. He belonged to the class of men in whom such feelings are far keener than usual, and his inner character approached to the "Arnold type," "for to hear of cruelty or injustice pained him" almost "like a blow."

He, it seems, kept a hunting journal, which tells how his hounds found a fox at Parson's Hill, and "ran over old Naseby field to Althorpe in fifty minutes, and then, after a slight check, over the finest part of Leicestershire;" and all that sort of thing. But probably it does not tell one very natural consequence which happened to him from such a life. Being a somewhat uncouth person, addicted to dogs and horses—a "man's man," as Thackeray used to call it—he did not probably go much into ladies' society, and was not very aggressive when he was there. But men who do not make advances to women are apt to become victims to women who make advances to them, and so it was with Lord Althorpe. He married a Miss Acklom, a "Diana Vernon" sort of person, "rather stout, and without pretension to regular beauty;" but nevertheless, it is said, "with something prepossessing about her—clever, well read, with a quick insight into the character of others, and with much self-dependence." And this self-dependence and thought she showed to her great advantage in the principal affair of her life. Lord Althorpe's biographer is sure, but does not say how, that the first declaration of

love was made by the lady ; he was, it seems, too shy to think of such a thing. As a rule, marriages in which a young nobleman is actively captured by an aggressive lady are not domestically happy, though they may be socially useful, but in this case the happiness seems to have been exceptionally great ; and when she died, after a few years, he suffered a very unusual grief. "He went," we are told, "at once to Winton, the place where he had lived with her, and passed several months in complete retirement, finding his chief occupation in reading the Bible," in which he found, at first, many grave difficulties, such as the mention of the constellation "Orion" by the prophet Amos, and the high place (an equality with Job and David) given by Ezekiel to the prophet Daniel when still a young man, "and before he had proved himself to be a man of so great a calibre as he certainly did afterwards." On these questions, he adds, "I have consulted a Mr. Shepherd, the clergyman here, but his answers are not satisfactory." Happily, however, such a man is not at the mercy of clergymen's answers, nor upon petty details of ancient prophets. The same sensibility which made him keenly alive to justice and injustice in things of this world, went further, and told him of a moral government in things not of this world. No man of or near the Arnold species was ever a sceptic as to, far less an unbeliever in, ultimate religion. New philosophies are not wanted or appreciated by such men, nor are book arguments of any real use, though these men often plod over them as if they were ; for in truth an inner teaching supersedes everything, and for good or evil closes the controversy ; no discussion is of any effect or force ; the court of appeal, fixed by nature in such minds, is peremptory in belief, and will not hear of any doubt. And so it was in this case. Through life Lord Althorpe continued to be a man strong, though perhaps a little crude, in religious belief ; and thus gained at the back of his mind a solid seriousness which went well with all the rest of it. And his grief for his wife was almost equally durable. He gave up not only society, which perhaps was no great trial, but also hunting—not because he believed it to be wrong, but because he did not think it seemly or suitable that a man after such a loss should be so very happy as he knew that hunting would make him.

Soon after his marriage he had begun to take an interest in politics, especially on their moral side, and of course the increased seriousness of his character greatly augmented it. Without this change, though he might have thought he might have been occasionally useful in outlying political questions, probably he would have had no grave political career, and his life never would have been written. But the sort of interest which he took in politics requires some explanation, for though his time is not very long ago, the change of feeling since then is vast.

"If any person," said Sir Samuel Romilly, the best of judges, for he lived through the time, and was mixed up, heart and soul, in the matters he speaks of, "if any person be desirous of having an adequate idea of the mischievous effects which have been produced in this country by the French Revolution and all its attendant horrors, he should attempt some reforms on humane and liberal principles. He will then find not only what a stupid spirit of innovation, but what a savage spirit, it has infused into the minds of his countrymen." And very naturally, for nothing is so cruel as fear. A whole generation in England, and indeed in Europe, was so frightened by the Reign of Terror that they thought it could only be prevented by another Reign of Terror. The Holy Alliances, as they were then called, meant this and worked for this. Though we had not in name such an alliance in England, we had a state of opinion which did the work of one without one. Nine-tenths of the English people were above all things determined to put down "French principles," and unhappily "French principles" included what we should all now consider obvious improvements and rational reforms. They would not allow the most cruel penal code which any nation ever had to be mitigated; they did not wish justice to be questioned; they would not let the mass of the people be educated, or at least only so that it came to nothing; they would not alter anything which came down from their ancestors, for in their terror they did not know but there might be some charmed value even in the most insignificant thing; and after what they had seen happen in France, they feared that if they changed a single iota all else would collapse.

Upon this generation, too, came the war passion. They waged, and in the main—though with many errors—waged with power and spirit, the war with Napoleon; and they connected this with their horror of liberal principles in a way which is now very strange to us, but which was very powerful then. We know now that Napoleon was the head of a conservative reaction, a bitter and unfeeling reaction, just like that of the contemporary English; but the contemporary English did not know this. To the masses of them he was *Robespierre à cheval*, as some one called him—a sort of Jacobin waging war, in some occult way, for liberty and revolution, though he called himself Emperor. Of course the educated few gradually got more or less to know that Napoleon hated Jacobins and revolution, and liberty too, as much as it is possible to hate them; but the ordinary multitude, up to the end of the struggle, never dreamed of it. Thus in an odd way the war passion of the time strengthened its conservative feeling; and in a much more usual way it did so too, for it absorbed men's minds in the story of battles and the glory of victories, and left no unoccupied thought for gradual improvement and dull reform

at home. A war time, also, is naturally a harsh time; for the tale of conflicts which sometimes raises men above pain, also tends to make men indifferent to it; the familiarity of the idea ennobles but also hardens.

This savageness of spirit was the more important because, from deep and powerful economical agencies, there was an incessant distress running through society, sometimes less and sometimes more, but always, as we should now reckon, very great. The greatest cause of this was that we were carrying on, or trying to carry on, a system of free trade under a restrictive tariff: we would not take foreign products, and yet we wished to sell foreigners ours. And our home market was incessantly disordered. First the war and then the corn-laws confined us chiefly to our own soil for our food, but that soil was of course liable to fail in particular years, and then the price of food rose rapidly, which threw all other markets into confusion—for people must live first, and can only spend the surplus, after paying the cost of living, upon everything else. The fluctuations in the demand for our manufactures at home were ruinously great, though we were doing all we could to keep them out of foreign markets, and the combined effect was terrible. And the next great cause was that we were daily extending an unprecedented system of credit without providing a basis for it, and without knowing how to manage it. There was no clear notion that credit, being a promise to pay cash, must be supported by proportionate reserves of cash held in store; and that as bullion is the international cash, all international credit must be sustained by a store of bullion. In consequence all changes for the worse in trade, whether brought on by law or nature, caused a destruction of confidence, and diffused an uneasy moral feeling which made them far worse than they would have been otherwise. The immense fluctuations in our commerce, caused by protection, were aggravated by immense fluctuations in our credit, and the combined result was unspeakably disastrous.

During the French war these causes were not so much felt. Trade was better, because we were creating a foreign market for ourselves. Just as lately, by lending to a miscellaneous mass of foreign countries, we enabled those countries to buy of us, so in the great war, by large subsidies and huge foreign expenditure, we created a "purchasing power" which was ultimately settled in our manufactures. We had nothing else to settle it with; if we did not send them direct, we must use them to buy the bullion, or whatever else it might be which we did send indirectly. This "war demand," of which so much is said in the economical literature of those years, of course ceased at the peace; and as we declined to take foreign products in exchange for ours, no substitute for it could be found, and trade languished in consequence. Agriculture, too, was worse after

the peace, for the natural protection given by the war was far more effective than the artificial protection given by the corn-laws. The war kept out corn almost equally whatever was the price, but the corn-laws were based on the "sliding scale," which let in the corn when it became dear. Our farmers, therefore, were encouraged to grow more corn than was enough for the country in good years, which they could not sell; and they did not get a full price in bad years, for the foreign corn came in more and more as the price rose and rose. Though the protection availed to hurt the manufacturer, it was not effectual in helping the farmer. And the constant adversity of other interests, by a reflex action, also hurt him. Committees on agricultural distress, and motions as to the relief of trading distress, alternate in the parliamentary debates of those years. Our credit system, too, was in greater momentary danger after the peace than before; for during the war it was aided by a currency of inconvertible paper, which absolved us from the necessity of paying our promises in solid cash, though at very heavy cost in other ways, both at the instant and afterwards.

These fluctuations in trade and agriculture of course told on the condition of the working classes. They were constantly suffering, and then the "savage spirit" of which Sir Samuel has spoken showed itself at its worst. Suffering, as usual, caused complaint, and this complaint was called sedition. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, harsh laws were passed, and a harsher administration incited to put it down. It could not be put down. It incessantly smouldered and incessantly broke out, and for years England was filled with the fear of violence, first by the breakers of the law and then by the enforcers of it.

Resistance to such a policy as this was most congenial to a nature half unhinged by misfortune, and always in itself most sensitive and opposed to injustice. Even before his wife's death, Lord Althorpe had begun to exert himself against it; and afterwards he threw the whole vigour not only of his mind but of his body into it. So far from running away perpetually to hunt as in old times, he was so constant in his attendance in Parliament that tradition says hardly any one, except the clerks at the table, was more constantly to be seen there. He opposed all the Acts by which the Tory Government of the day tried to put down disaffection instead of curing it, and his manly energy soon made him a sort of power in Parliament. He was always there, always saying what was clear, strong, and manly; and therefore the loosely-knit opposition of that day was often guided by him; and the ministers, though strong in numerical majority, feared him, for he said things that the best of that majority understood in a rugged English way, which changed feelings, even if it did not alter votes. He was a man whom every one in the House respected, and who therefore spoke to prepossessed

hearers. No doubt, too, the peculiar tinge which grief had given to his character added to his influence. He took no share in the pleasures of other men. Though a nobleman of the highest place, still young, as we should now reckon (he was only thirty-six when Lady Althorpe died), he stood aloof from society which courted him, and lived for public business only; and therefore he had great weight in it, for the English very much value obviously conscientious service, and the sobered foxhunter was a somewhat interesting character.

He had not indeed any clear ideas of the cause of the difficulties of the time, or of the remedies for them. He did no doubt attend much to economical questions; and his taste for figures, shown before in calculating the ratio of his good shots to his bad, made statistical tables even pleasing to him. His strong sense, though without culture and without originality, struggled dimly and sluggishly with the necessary problems. But considering that he lived in the days of Huskisson and Ricardo, his commercial ideas are crude and heavy. He got as far as the notion that the substitution of direct taxes for the bad tariff of those days would be "a good measure," but when he came to apply the principle he failed from inability to work it out. Nor did years of discussion effectually teach him. In his great budget of 1832—the first which the Whigs had made for many years, and at which therefore every one looked with unusual expectation—he proposed to take off a duty on tobacco, and to replace it by a tax on the transfer of real and funded property, together with a tax on the import of raw cotton; and it was the necessity of having to withdraw the largest part of this plan, that more than anything else first gave the Whigs that character for financial incapacity which clung to them so long. A crude good sense goes no way in such problems, and it is useless to apply it to them. The other economical problem of the time, how to lay a satisfactory basis for our credit, Lord Althorpe was still less able to solve, and excusably so; for the experience which has since taught us so much did not exist, and the best theories then known were very imperfect. The whole subject was then encumbered with what was called the "currency question," and on this Lord Althorpe's views were fairly sensible, but no more.

I have said what may seem too much of the distresses of the country fifty or sixty years ago, not only because the mode in which he dealt with them is the best possible illustration of Lord Althorpe's character, but also because some knowledge of them is necessary to an understanding of "Parliamentary reform," as it was in his time, on account of which alone any one now cares for him. The "bill," if I may say so, for these miseries of the country was sent in to the old system of Parliamentary representation; and very naturally. The defenders of that system of necessity conceded that it was anomalous, complex, and such as it would have been im-

possible to set up *de novo*. But they argued that it was practically successful, worked well, and promoted the happiness of the people better than any other probably would. And to this the inevitable rejoinder at the time was: "The system does not work well; the country is not happy; if your system is as you say to be judged by its fruits, that system is a bad system, for its fruits are bad, and the consequences everywhere to be seen in the misery around us." Upon many English minds which would have cared nothing for an apparent work of theoretical completeness, this "practical" way of arguing, as it was called, pressed with irresistible strength.

The unpopularity was greater because a new generation was growing up with "other thoughts" and "other minds" than that which had preceded it. Between 1828 and 1830, a new race came to influence public affairs, who did not remember the horrors of the French Revolution, and who had been teased to death by hearing their parents-talk about them. The harsh and cruel spirit which those horrors had awakened in their contemporaries became itself by the natural law of reaction an object of disgust and almost of horror to the next generation. When it was said that the old structure of Parliament worked well, this new race looked not only at the evident evils amid which they lived, but at the oppressive laws and administration by which their fathers had tried to cure those evils; and they "debited" both to the account of the old Parliament. It was made responsible for the mistaken treatment as well as for the deep-rooted disease, and so the gravest clouds hung over it.

The Duke of Wellington too (the most unsuccessful of Premiers as well as the most successful of generals), broke the Tory party—the natural party to support this system—into fragments. With a wise renunciation both of his old principles and of his fixed prejudices he had granted "Catholic emancipation," and so offended the older and stricter part of his followers. They accused him of treachery, and hated him with a hatred of which in this quiet age, when political passion is feeble, we can hardly form an idea. And he then quarrelled, also, with the best of the moderate right—Mr. Huskisson and the Canningites. He had disliked Mr. Canning personally when alive, he hated still more the liberal principles which he had begun to introduce into our foreign policy, and he was an eager, despotic man who disliked difference of opinion; so just when he had broken with the most irrational section of his party, he broke with its most rational members too and left himself very weak. No one so much, though without meaning it, aided the cause of Parliamentary change, for he divided and enfeebled the supporters of the old system; he took away the question of Catholic Emancipation which before filled the public mind; and he intensified the unpopularity of all he touched by the idea of a "Military premier," for which we should not care now, but which

was odious and terrible then when men still feared oppression from the Government.

Upon minds thus predisposed the French Revolution of 1830 broke with magical power. To the young generation it seemed like the fulfilment of their dreams.

"The meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute took at once
The attraction of a country in Romance,
And lively thought that they might be
Called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secluded island, heaven knows where,
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us."

And even to soberer persons this new revolution seemed to prove that change, even great change, was not so mischievous as had been said—that the good of 1789 might be gained without the evil, and that it was absurd not to try Reform when the unreformed world contained so much which was miserable and so much which was difficult to bear. Even a strong Tory ministry might have been overthrown, so great was the force of this sudden sentiment; the feeble ministry of the Duke of Wellington fell at once before it; and the Whigs were called to power.

Their first act was to frame a plan of Parliamentary reform, and that which they constructed was many times larger than anything which any one expected from them. All those who remember those times say that when they heard what was proposed they could hardly believe their ears. And when it was explained to the House of Commons, the confusion, the perplexity, and the consternation were very great. Reform naturally was much less popular in the assembly to be reformed than it was elsewhere. The general opinion was that if Sir R. Peel had risen at once and denounced the bill as destructive and revolutionary he might have prevented its being brought in. Another common opinion in the House was that the "Whigs would go out next morning." But the bill had been framed by one who, with whatever other shortcomings and defects, has ever had a shrewd eye for the probable course of public opinion. "I told Lord Grey," says Lord Russell, "that none but a large measure would be a safe measure." And accordingly, as soon as its provisions came to be comprehended by the country, there was perhaps the greatest burst of enthusiasm which England has ever seen (certainly the greatest enthusiasm for a law, though that for a favourite person may sometimes have risen as high or higher). A later satirist has spoken of it as the "Great bill for giving everybody everything," and everybody almost seems to have been as much in favour of it as if they were to gain everything by it.

Agricultural counties were as eager as manufacturing towns; men who had always been Tories before were as warm as Liberals. The country would have "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill."

But this enthusiasm did not of itself secure the passing of the bill; there were many obstacles in the way, which it took months to overcome, and which often made many despair. First the bill was not one of which the political world itself strongly approved; on the contrary, if left to itself, that world would probably have altogether rejected it. It was imposed by the uninitiated on the initiated, by the many on the few; and inevitably those who were compelled to take it did not like it. Then the vast proposals of the ministry deeply affected many private interests. In 1858 I heard an able politician say, "The best way for a Government to turn itself out is to bring in a Reform Bill; the number of persons whom every such bill must offend is very great, and they are sure to combine together, not on Reform, but on something else, and so turn out the Government." And if there was serious danger to a ministry which ventured to propose such petty reforms as were thought of in 1858, we can imagine the magnitude of the danger which the ministry of 1832 incurred from the great measure they then brought in. One member, indeed, rose and said, "I am the proprietor of Ludgershall, I am the member for Ludgershall, I am the constituency of Ludgershall, and in all three capacities I assent to the disfranchisement of Ludgershall." But the number of persons who were so disinterested was rare. The Bill of 1832 affected the franchise of every constituency, and, therefore, the seat of every member; it abolished the seats of many, and destroyed the right of nomination to seats also possessed by many; and nothing could be more repugnant to the inclinations of most. A House of Commons with such a bill before it was inevitably captious, unruly, and difficult to guide. And even if there had been or could have been a House of Commons which at heart liked the bill, there would still have been the difficulty, that many other people then most influential did not much like it. A great many members of the Cabinet which proposed it, though they believed it to be necessary, did not think it to be desirable. The country would have some such measure, and therefore they proposed this. "Lord Palmerston and Mr. Grant," says Lord Russell, "had followed Mr. Canning in his opposition to Parliamentary Reform. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland had never been very eager on the subject." Lord Brougham did not approve of the disfranchisement of nearly so many boroughs, and others of the Cabinet were much of the same mind. Their opinion was always dubious, their action often reluctant, and, according to Mr. Greville, some of the most influential of them being very

sensitive to the public opinion of select political society were soon "heartily ashamed of the whole thing."

The House of Lords, too, was adverse, not only as an assembly of men mostly rich and past middle age is ever adverse to great political change, or as a privileged assembly is always hostile to any movement which may destroy it, but for a reason peculiar to itself. The English House of Lords, as we all know, is not a rigid body of fixed number like the upper chambers of book constitutions, but an elastic body of unfixed number. The Crown can add to its members when it pleases and as it pleases. And in various ways which I need not enumerate now, this elasticity of structure has been of much use, but in one way it does much harm. The Crown for this purpose means the ministry; the ministry is appointed by a party, and is the agent of that party, and therefore it makes peers from its own friends all but exclusively. Under a Tory Government more than nine-tenths of the new peers will be Tory; under a Whig Government more than nine-tenths will be Whig; and if for a long course of years either party has been continuously, or nearly so, in power, the House of Lords will be filled with new members belonging to it. And this is a serious inconvenience, because the longer any party has been thus in power, the more likely it is to have to go out and lose power, and the new ministry which comes in, and the new mode of thought which that ministry embodies, finds itself face to face with a House of Peers embodying an antagonist mode of thought, and formed by its enemies. In 1831 this was so, for the Tories had been in office almost without a break since 1784, had created peers profusely, who were all Tories, and added the Irish elective peers who, from the mode of election, were all Tories too. In consequence the Reform movement of 1831 and 1832 found itself obstinately opposed to a hostile House of Lords, whose antagonism aided the reluctance diffused through the House of Commons, and fostered the faint-heartedness common in the Cabinet. The King, too, who had begun by being much in favour of reform, gradually grew frightened. His correspondence with Lord Grey gives a vivid picture of a well-meaning, but irresolute man, who is much in the power of the last speaker, who at last can be securely relied on by no one, and who gives incessant (and as it seems unnecessary) trouble to those about him. The rising republicanism of the day will find in these letters much to serve it; for however convinced one may be, on general grounds, that English royalty was necessary to English freedom at that time, it is impossible not to be impatient at seeing how, month after month in a great crisis, when there was so much else to cause anxiety and create confusion, one stupid old man should have been able to add so much to both.

And all through the struggle the two effects of the new French

Revolution were contending with one another. Just as it aroused in young and sanguine minds (and the majority of the country was just then disposed to be sanguine) the warmest hopes, in minds oppositely predisposed it aroused every kind of fear. Old and timid people thought we should soon have in England "Robespierre and the guillotine." Indeed, in a way that it is rather amusing now to consider, the French horrors of 1793 are turned into a kind of intellectual shuttlecock by two disputants. One says, "See what comes of making rash changes, how many crimes they engender, and how many lives they lose!" "No" replies the other, "see what comes of not making changes till too late, for it was delay of change, and resistance to change, which caused those crimes and horrors." Nor were these unreal words of mere rhetoric. They told much on many minds, for what France had done and would do then naturally filled an immense space in men's attention, as for so many years not long since Europe had been divided into France and anti-France.

With all these obstacles in its way the ministry of 1831 had the greatest difficulty in carrying the Reform Bill. I have not space to narrate, even in the briefest way, the troubled history of their doing so. Parliamentary debates are generally dull in the narration, but so great was the excitement, and so many were the relieving circumstances, that an accomplished historian will be able to make posterity take some sort of exceptional interest in these. The credit of the victory, such as it is, must be divided between many persons; Lord Grey managed the king, and stood first in the eye of the country; Lord Russell contributed the first sketch of the bill, containing all its essential features, both good and bad, and he introduced the first bill into the House of Commons; the late Lord Derby then first showed his powers as a great debater. But the best observers say that Lord Althorpe carried the bill: he was leader of the House at the time, and the main strain of ruling one of the most troubled of Parliaments was on him. His biographer, Sir James le Marchant, who was present at the debates, says:—

"Lord Althorpe's capacity as a leader had been severely tested throughout this tremendous struggle, and it extorted the praise even of his political opponents. I recollect Sir Henry Hardinge saying, 'It was Althorpe carried the bill. His fine temper did it. And in answer to a most able and argumentative speech of Crocker, he rose and merely said, "that he had made some calculations which he considered as entirely conclusive in refutation of the right honourable gentleman's arguments which he had mislaid, but if the House would be guided by his advice they would reject the amendment"—which they accordingly did. There is no standing against such influence as this. The Whigs ascribed Lord Althorpe's influence not to his temper alone, but to the confidence felt by the House in his integrity and sound judgment, an opinion so universal that Lord Grey was induced by it to press upon him a peerage that he might take charge of the bill in the committee of the Lords; and the design was abandoned not from any hesitation or unwillingness on the

part of Lord Althorpe, but from the difficulty of finding a successor to him in the Commons.' So bad a speaker, with so slow a mind, has never received so great a compliment in a scene where quickness and oratory seem at first sight to be the most absolutely requisite of qualities."

But it is no doubt a great mistake to imagine that these qualities are the true essentials to success of this kind. A very shrewd living judge says, after careful reflection, that they are even hurtful. "A man," says Mr. Massey in his history, "who speaks seldom, and who speaks ill, is the best leader of the House of Commons." And no doubt the slow-speeched English gentlemen rather sympathize with slow speech in others. Besides, a quick and brilliant leader is apt to be always speaking, whereas a leader should interfere only when necessary, and be therefore felt as a higher force when he does so. His mind ought to be like a reserve fund; not invested in showy securities, but sure to be come at when wanted, and always of stable value. And this Lord Althorpe's mind was; there was not an epigram in the whole of it; everything was solid and ordinary. Men seem to have trusted him much as they trust a faithful animal, entirely believing that he would not deceive if he could, and that he could not if he would.

And what, then, was this great "bill"—which it was so great an achievement to pass? Unfortunately this is not an easy question to answer shortly. The "bill" destroyed many old things and altered many old things, and we cannot understand its effects except in so far as we know what these old things were.

"A variety of rights of suffrage," said Sir James Mackintosh, "is the principle of the English representation." How that variety began is not at all to the present purpose; it grew as all English things grow—by day-by-day alterations from small beginnings; and the final product was very different from the first beginning, as well as from any design which ever at any one time entered any one's mind. There always was a great contrast between the mode of representation in boroughs and in counties, because there was a great contrast in social structure between them. The "knight of the shire" was differently chosen from the "burgess of the town," because the "shire" was a different sort of place from the town, and the same people could not have chosen for the two—the same people not existing in the two. The borough representations of England, too, "struggled up"—there is hardly any other word to describe it—in a most irregular manner. The number of towns which sent representatives is scarcely ever the same in any two of our oldest Parliaments. The sheriff had a certain discretion, for the writ only told him to convene "*de quolibet burgo duos burgenses*," and did not name any towns in particular. Most towns then disliked the duty and evaded it if possible, which seems to

have augmented the sheriff's power, for he could permit or prevent the evasion as much as he chose. And at a very early period great differences grew up between the ways of election in the towns which were always represented. There seems to have been a kind of "natural selection;" the most powerful class in each borough chose if it could at each election, and if any class long continued the most powerful, it then acquired customary rights of election which came to be unalterable. Nor was there any good deciding authority to regulate this confusion. The judge of elections was the "House of Commons" itself, and it often decided not according to law or evidence, but as political or personal influence dictated. And rights of election thus capriciously recognised became binding on the borough for ever. As might be expected the total result was excessively miscellaneous. The following are the franchises of the boroughs in two counties as legislators of 1832 found them:—

SOMERSETSHIRE.

BRISTOL . . .	Freeholders of 40s., and free burgesses.
BATH . . .	Mayor, aldermen, and common councilmen only.
WELLS . . .	Mayor, masters, burgesses, and freemen of the seven trading companies of the said city.
TAUNTON . . .	Potwallers, not receiving alms or charity.
BRIDGEWATER . .	Mayor, aldermen, and twenty-four capital burgesses of the borough paying scot and lot.
ILCHESTER . . .	Alleged to be the inhabitants of the said town paying scot and lot which the town called potwallers.
MINEHEAD . . .	The parishioners of Dunster and Minehead, being house-keepers in the borough of Minehead, and not receiving alms.
MILBORN PORT . .	The capital bailiffs and their deputies, the number of bailiffs being nine, and their deputies being two; in the commonalty, stewards, their number being two; and the inhabitants thereof paying scot and lot.

LANCASHIRE.

LANCASTER . . .	Freemen only.
WIGAN . . .	Free burgesses.
CLITHEROE . . .	Freeholders, resident and non-resident.
LIVERPOOL . . .	Mayor, bailiffs, and freemen not receiving alms.
PRESTON . . .	All the inhabitants.

Nothing could be more certain than that a system which was constructed in this manner must sooner or later need great alteration. Institutions which have grown from the beginning by adaptation may last as long as any if they continue to possess the power of adaptation. The force which created them still exists to preserve them. But in this case the power of adaptation was gone. A system of representation made without design was fixed as eternal upon a changing nation; and somehow or other it was sure to become unsuitable. Nothing could be

more false in essence than the old anti-reform arguments as far as they affected the "wisdom of our ancestors ;" for the characteristic method of our ancestors had been departed from. Our ancestors changed what they wanted bit by bit, just when and just as they wanted. But their descendants were forbidden to do so ; they were asked to be content not only with old clothes but with much patched old clothes, which they were denied the power to patch again. And this sooner or later they were sure to refuse.

In 1832 a grave necessity existed for changing it. The rude principle of natural selection by which it had been made, insured that at least approximately the classes most influential in the nation would have a proportionate power in the legislation ; no great class was likely to be denied anything approaching to its just weight. But now that a system framed in one age was to be made to continue unchanged through after ages there was no such security. On the contrary, the longer the system went on without change the more sure it was to need change. Some new class was sure in course of time to grow up for which the fixed system provided no adequate representatives ; and the longer that system continued fixed, the surer was this to happen, and the stronger was it likely that this class would be. In 1832, such a class had arisen of the first magnitude. The trading wealth of the country had created a new world which had no voice in Parliament comparable to that which it had in the country. Not only were some of the greatest towns, like Birmingham and Manchester, left without any members at all, but in most other towns the best of the middle class felt that they had no adequate power ; they were either extinguished by a franchise too exclusive, or swamped by one too diffused ; either way, they were powerless.

There was equal reason to believe that by the same inevitable course of events some class would come to have more power in Parliament than it should. The influence which gave the various classes their authority at the time in which the machinery of our representation was framed, would be sure in time to ebb away, wholly or in part, from some of them. And in matter of fact they did so. The richer nobility and the richer commoners had come to have much more power than they ought. The process of letting the most influential people in a borough choose its members, amounted in time to letting the great nobleman or great commoner to whom the property of the town belonged, choose them. And many counties had fallen into the direction of the same hands also, so that it was calculated, if not with truth, at any rate with an approach to it, that one hundred and seventy-seven lords and gentlemen chose as many as three hundred and fifty-five English members of Parliament. The parliamentary power of these few rich peers and squires was much too

great when compared with their share in the life of the nation, just as that of the trading class was too weak; the excess of the one made the deficiency of the other additionally difficult to bear; and the contrast was more than ever galling in the years from 1830 to 1832, because just then the new French Revolution had revived the feud between the privileged classes and the non-privileged. The excessive parliamentary power of these few persons had before been a yoke daily becoming heavier and heavier, and now it could be endured no longer.

The reform "bill" amended all this. It abolished a multitude of nomination boroughs, gave members to large towns and cities, and changed the franchise, so that in all boroughs at any rate, the middle classes obtained predominant power. And no one can deny that the good so done was immense; indeed, no one does now deny it, for the generation of Tories that did so has passed away. No doubt the Reform Act did not produce of itself at once the new heaven and new earth which its more ardent supporters expected of it. It did nothing to remove the worst evils from which the country suffered, for those evils were not political but economical; and the classes whom it enfranchised were not more economically instructed than those whom they superseded. The doctrine of protection then reigned all through the nation, and while it did so no real cure for those evils was possible. But this Act, coming as it did when a new political generation was prepared to make use of it, got rid entirely of the "cruel spirit" by which our distresses had been repressed before, and which was as great an evil as those distresses themselves, introduced many improvements, municipal reform, tithe reform, and such like, in which the business-like habit of mind due to the greater power of the working classes, mainly helped and diffused a sweeter and better spirit through society.

But these benefits were purchased at a price of the first magnitude, though, from the nature of it, its payment was long deferred. The reformers of 1832 dealt with the evils of their time, as they would have said, in an English way, and without much thinking of anything else. And exactly in that English way, as they had under their hands a most curious political machine which had grown without design, and which produced many very valuable, though not very visible effects, they, without thought, injured and destroyed some of the best of it.

First, the old system of representation, as we have seen, was based on a variety of franchises. But, in order to augment the influence of the middle class, the reformers of 1832 destroyed that variety; they introduced into every borough the £10 household franchise, and with a slight exception which we need not take

account of, made that franchise the only one in all boroughs. They raised the standard in the boroughs in which it was lower than £10, and lowered it in those where it was higher; and in this way they changed the cardinal principle of the system which they found for the established uniformity as a rule instead of variety.

And this worked well enough at first, for there was not for some years after 1832 much wish for any more change in our constituencies. But in our own time we have seen the harm of it. If you establish any uniform franchise in a country, then it at once becomes a question, What sort of franchise is it to be? Those under it will say that they are most unjustly excluded; they will deny that there is any real difference between themselves and those above; they will show without difficulty that some whom the chosen line leaves out are even better than those which it takes in. And they will raise the cry so familiar in our ears—the cry of class legislation. They will say, Who are these ten-pound householders, these arbitrarily chosen middle-class men, that they should be sole electors? Why should they be alone enfranchised and all others practically disfranchised, either by being swamped by their more numerous votes or by not having votes at all? The case is the stronger because one of the most ancient functions of Parliament, and especially the Commons House of Parliament, is the reformation of grievances. This suited very well with the old system of variety; in that miscellaneous collection of constituencies every class was sure to have some members who represented it. There were then working-class constituencies sending members to speak for them,—“men,” says Mackintosh, “of popular talents, principles, and feelings; quick in suspecting oppression, bold in resisting it, not thinking favourably of the powerful; listening almost with credulity to the complaints of the humble and the feeble, and impelled by ambition when they are not prompted by generosity to be defenders of the defenceless.” And in cases of popular excitement, especially of erroneous excitement, this plan insured that it should have adequate expression, and so soon made it calm. But the legislation of 1832 destroyed these working-men’s constituencies; “they put the country,” as it was said afterwards, “under ten-pounders only.” And in consequence there are in our boroughs now nothing but working-class constituencies; there are no longer any ten-pound householders at all. There is throughout our boroughs a uniform sort of franchise, and that the worst sort—a franchise which gives the predominance to the most ignorant and the least competent, if they choose to use it. The middle classes have as little power as they had before 1832, and the only difference is, that before 1832 they were ruled by those richer than themselves, and now they are ruled by those poorer.

No doubt there is still an inequality in the franchise between counties and boroughs—the sole remnant of the variety of our ancient system. But that inequality is much more difficult to defend now when it stands alone, than it was in old times when it was one of many. And the “ugly rush” of the lower orders which has effaced the “hard and fast” line established in 1832 threatens to destroy this remnant of variety. In a few years probably there will be but one sort of franchise throughout all England, and the characteristic work of 1832 will be completely undone; the middle classes, whose intelligence Macaulay praised, and to whom he helped to give so much power, will have had all that power taken away from them.

No doubt, too, there is still a real inequality of influence, though there is a legal equality of franchise. The difference of size of boroughs gives more power to those in the small boroughs than to those in the large. And this is very valuable, for elections for large boroughs are costly, and entail much labour that is most disagreeable. But here, again, the vicious precedent of establishing uniformity set in 1832 is becoming excessively dangerous. Being so much used to it people expect to see it everywhere. There is much risk that before long there may be only one sort of vote and only one size of constituency all over England, and then the reign of monotony will be complete.

And, secondly, the reformers of 1832 committed an almost worse error in destroying one kind of select constituency without creating an intellectual equivalent. We are not used nowadays to think of nomination boroughs as select constituencies, but such, in truth, they were, and such they proved themselves to be at, perhaps, the most critical period of English history. Lord Russell, no favourable judge, tells us “that it enabled Sir Robert Walpole to consolidate the throne of the House of Hanover amid external and internal dangers.” No democratic suffrage would then have been relied on for that purpose, for the mass of Englishmen were then more or less attached to their hereditary king, and they might easily have been induced to restore him. They had not, indeed, a fanatical passion of loyalty towards him, nor any sentiment which would make them brave many dangers on his behalf; but there was much sluggish and sullen prejudice which might have been easily aroused to see that he had his rights, and there were many relics of ancient loyal zeal which might have combined with that prejudice and ennobled it. Nor did the people of that day much care for what we should now call Parliamentary Government. The educated opinion of that day was strongly in favour of the House of Hanover; but the numerical majority of the nation was not equally so; perhaps it would have preferred the House of Stuart.

But the higher nobility and the richer gentry possessed a great power over the opinions of Parliament because many boroughs were subject to their control, and by exerting that power they, in conjunction with the trading classes, who were then much too weak to have moved by themselves, fixed the House of Hanover on the throne, and so settled the freedom of England. These boroughs at that time, for this purpose as select constituencies, were of inestimable value, because they enabled the most competent opinion in England to rule without dispute, when, under any system of diffused suffrage, that opinion would either have been out-voted or almost so.

And to the last these boroughs retained much of this peculiar merit. They were an organ for what may be called specialized political thought, for trained intelligence busy with public affairs. Not only did they bring into Parliament men of genius and ability, but they kept together a higher political world capable of appreciating that genius and ability when young, and of learning from it when old. The Whig party, such as it was in those days especially, rested on this parliamentary power. In them was a combination of more or less intelligent noblemen of liberal ideas and aims, who chose such men as Burke, and Brougham, and Hume, and at last Macaulay, to develop those ideas and to help to attain those aims. If they had not possessed this peculiar power, they would have had no such intellectual influence; they would have simply been gentlemen of what we now think good ideas, with no special means of advancing them. And they would not have been so closely combined together as they were; they would have been scattered persons of political intelligence. But having this power they combined together, lived together, thought together, and the society thus formed was enriched and educated by the men of genius whom it selected as instruments, and in whom in fact it found teachers. And there was something like it on the government side, though the long possession of power, and perhaps the nature of Toryism, somewhat modified its characteristics.

The effect is to be read in the parliamentary debates of those times. Probably they are absolutely better than our own. They are intrinsically a better discussion of the subjects of their day than ours are of our subjects. But however this may be, they are beyond a question relatively better. General knowledge of politics has greatly improved in the last fifty years, and the best political thought of the present day is much superior to any which there was then. So that, even if our present parliamentary debates retained the level of their former excellence, they would still not bear the same relation to the best thought of the present that the old ones bear to the best thought of the past. And if the debates have really fallen off much

(as I am sure they have), this conclusion will be stronger and more certain.

Nor is this to be wondered at. If you lessen the cause you will lessen the effect too. Not only are not the men whom these select constituencies brought into Parliament now to be found there, but the society which formed those constituencies, and which chose those men, no longer exists. The old parties were combinations partly aristocratic, partly intellectual, cemented by the common possession and the common use of political power. But now that the power is gone the combinations are dissolved. The place which once knew them knows them no more. Any one who looks for them in our present London and our present politics will scarcely find much that is like them.

This society sought for those whom it thought would be useful to it in all quarters. There was a regular connection between the "unions,"—the great debating societies of Oxford and Cambridge—and Parliament. Young men who seemed promising had even a chance of being competed for by both parties. We all know the line which the wit of Brooke's made upon Mr. Canning—

"The turning of coats so common is grown,
That no one would think to attack it;
But no case until now was so flagrantly known
Of a schoolboy's turning his jacket."

This meant that it having been said and believed that Mr. Canning, who had just left Oxford, was to be brought into Parliament by the Whig opposition, he went over to Mr. Pitt, and was brought in by the Tory ministry. The Oxford Liberals of our generation are quite exempt from similar temptations. So far from their support in Parliament being craved by both sides, they cannot enter Parliament at all. When many of these tried to do so in the autumn of 1867, their egregious failure was one of the most striking events of that remarkable time.

There was a connection too then between the two parts of the public service now most completely divided—the permanent and the parliamentary civil services. Now, as we all know, the chief clerks in the Treasury and permanent heads of departments never think of going into Parliament; they regard the parliamentary statesmen who are set to rule over them much as the Bengalees regard the English—as persons who are less intelligent and less instructed than themselves, but who nevertheless are to be obeyed. They never think of changing places any more than a Hindoo thinks of becoming an Englishman. But in old times, men like Lord Liverpool, Sir George Rose, and Mr. Huskisson were found eminent in the public offices, and in consequence of that eminence were brought into Parliament. The party in office were then, as now, anxious

to obtain competent help in passing measures of finance and detail, and they then obtained it thus, whereas now their successors do not obtain it at all.

There was then, too, a sort of romantic element in the lives of clever young men which is wholly wanting now. Some one said that Macaulay's was like a life in a fairy tale—he opens a letter which looks like any other letter, and finds that it contains a seat in Parliament. Gibbon says that just as he was destroying an army of barbarians, Sir Gilbert Elliot called and offered him a seat for Liskeard. Great historians will never probably again be similarly interrupted. The effect of all this was to raise the intellectual tone of Parliament. At present the political conversation of members of Parliament—a few of the greatest excepted—is less able and less striking than that of other persons of fair capacity. There is a certain kind of ideas which you hardly ever hear from any other educated person, but which they have to talk to their constituents, and which, if you will let them, they will talk to you too. Some of the middle-aged men of business, the “soap-boilers,” as the London world disrespectfully calls them, whom local influence raises to Parliament, really do not seem to know any better; they repeat the words of the hustings as if they were parts of their creed. And as for the more intellectual members who know better, no one of good manners likes to press them too closely in argument on politics any more than he likes to press a clergyman too strictly on religion. In both cases the *status* in the world depends on the belief in certain opinions, and therefore it is thought rather ill-bred, except for some great reason, to try to injure that belief. Intellectual deference used to be paid to members of Parliament, but now, at least in London, where the species is known, the remains of that deference are rare.

The other side of the same phenomenon is the increased power of the provinces, and especially of the constituencies. Any gust of popular excitement runs through them instantly, grows greater and greater as it goes, till it gains such huge influence that for a moment the central educated world is powerless. No doubt, if only time can be gained, the excitement passes away; something new succeeds, and the ordinary authority of trained and practised intelligence revives. But if an election were now to happen at an instant of popular fury, that fury would have little or nothing to withstand it. And, even in ordinary times, the power of the constituencies is too great. They are fast reducing the members, especially the weaker sort of them, to delegates. There is already, in many places, a committee which often telegraphs to London hoping that their member will vote this way or that, and the member is unwilling not to do so, because at the next election, if offended, the committee may, perchance, turn

the scale against him. And this dependence weakens the intellectual influence of Parliament, and of that higher kind of mind of which Parliament ought to be the organ.

We must remember that if now we feel these evils we must expect ere long to feel them much more. The Reform Act of 1867 followed in the main the precedent of 1832; and year by year we shall feel its consequences more and more. The two precedents which have been set will of necessity, in the English world, which is so much guided by precedent, determine the character of future Reform Acts. And if they do the supremacy of the central group of trained and educated men which our old system of parliamentary choice created, will be completely destroyed, for it is already half gone.

I know it is thought that we can revive this intellectual influence. Many thoughtful reformers believe that by means of Mr. Hare's system of voting, by the cumulative suffrage, the limited suffrage, or by some others like them, we may be able to replace that which the legislation of 1832 began to destroy, and that which those who follow them are destroying. And I do not wish to say a word against this hope. On the contrary, I think that it is one of the most important duties of English politicians to frame these plans into the best form of which they are capable, and to try to obtain the assent of the country to them. But the difficulty is immense. The reformers of 1832 destroyed intellectual constituencies in great numbers without creating any new ones, and without saying, indeed without thinking, that it was desirable to create any. They thus by conspicuous action, which is the most influential of political instruction, taught mankind that an increase in the power of numbers was the change most to be desired in England. And of course the mass of mankind are only too ready to think so. They are always prone to believe their own knowledge to be "for all practical purposes" sufficient, and to wish to be emancipated from the authority of the higher culture. What we have now to do, therefore, is to induce this self-satisfied, stupid, inert mass of men to admit its own insufficiency, which is very hard; to understand fine schemes for supplying that insufficiency, which is harder; and to exert itself to get those ideas adopted, which is hardest of all. Such is the duty which the reformers of 1832 have cast upon us.

And this is what of necessity must happen if you set men like Lord Althorpe to guide legislative changes in complex institutions. Being without culture, they do not know how these institutions grew; being without insight, they only see one half their effect; being without foresight, they do not know what will happen if they are enlarged; being without originality, they cannot devise anything new to supply if necessary the place of what is old. Common

sense no doubt they have, but common sense without instruction can no more wisely revise old institutions than it can write the Nautical Almanac. Probably they will do some present palpable good, but they will do so at a heavy cost; years after they have passed away, the bad effects of that which they did, and of the precedents which they set, will be hard to bear and difficult to change. Such men are admirably suited to early and simple times. English history is full of them, and England has been made mainly by them, but they fail in later times when the work of the past is accumulated, and no question is any longer simple. The simplicity of their one-idea'd minds, which is suited to the common arithmetic and vulgar fractions of early societies, is not suited, indeed rather unfits them for the involved analysis and complex "problem-papers" of later ages.

There is little that in a sketch like this need be said of Lord Althorpe's life after the passing of the Reform Act. The other acts of Lord Grey's ministry have nothing so memorable or so characteristic of Lord Althorpe that anything need be said about them. Nor does any one in the least care now as to the once celebrated mistake of Mr. Littleton in dealing with O'Connell, or Lord Althorpe's connection with it. Parliamentary history is only interesting when it is important constitutional history, or when it illustrates something in the character of some interesting man. But the end of Lord Althorpe's public life was very curious. In the November of 1834 his brother, Lord Spencer, died, and as he was then leader of the House of Commons a successor for him had to be found. But William IV., whose liberal partialities had long since died away, began by objecting to every one proposed, and ended by turning out the ministry—another event in his reign which our coming republicans will no doubt make the most of. But I have nothing to do with the king and the constitutional question now. My business is with Lord Althorpe. He acted very characteristically,—he said that a retirement from office was to him the "cessation of acute pain," and never afterwards would touch it again, though he lived for many years. Nor was this an idle affectation, far less indolence. "You must be aware," he said once before, in a letter to Lord Brougham, "that my being in office is nothing less than a source of misery to me. I am perfectly certain that no man ever disliked it to such a degree as I do; and, indeed, the first thing that usually comes into my head when I wake is how to get rid of it." He retired into the country and occupied himself with the rural pursuits which he loved best, attended at quarter sessions, and was active as a farmer. "Few persons," said an old shepherd, "could compete with my lord in a knowledge of sheep." He delighted to watch a whole flock pass, and seemed to know them as if he had

lived with them. "Of all my former pursuits," he wrote, just after Lady Althorpe's death, and in the midst of his grief, "the only one in which I now take any interest is breeding stock; it is the only one in which I can build castles in the air." And as soon as he could, among such castles in the air he lived and died. No doubt, too, much better for himself than many of his friends, who long wanted to lure him back to politics. He was wise with the solid wisdom of agricultural England; popular and useful; sagacious in usual things; a model in common duties; well able to advise men in the daily difficulties which are the staple of human life. But beyond this he could not go. Having no call to decide on more intellectual questions, he was distressed and pained when he had to do so. He was a man so picturesquely out of place in a great scene that if a great describer gets hold of him he may be long remembered; and it was the misfortune of his life that the simplicity of his purposes and the reliability of his character raised him at a great conjuncture to a high place for which nature had not meant him, and for which he felt that she had not.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

DANIEL DERONDA.

THE author of "Adam Bede" and "Romola" has long been on the eminence of those whose writings are events, and her later books have come before us in a form which has made them subject, like other events, to general discussion during progress. Since the beginning of this year, Daniel Deronda and those about him—Sir Hugo and Grandcourt, Klesmer and Hans Meyrick, Gwendolen and Mirah, Mordecai and little Jacob—have been among the public personages whose doings and motives have been most warmly canvassed in newspapers and in common talk. Criticism, in some quarters, has even been beforehand with creation, and favoured us with a profound analysis of one character after another of the group before it was half developed. Conversation has ebbed and flowed over the questions, will Gwendolen hate her husband enough to kill him? will Daniel care for the Jewess enough to marry her? Men have declared no one could ever use such long words as Deronda, and women have wondered how any one could throw herself at a man's head like Gwendolen. Society has asked itself, are Hebrew prophets really to be found to-day in back streets off Holborn, and is a gathering of the Israelites an event which may really happen to-morrow? The orthodox, who have always been surprised by the religious earnestness of a writer manifestly not one of themselves, have this time seemed to discern that she leans towards the Jewish form of monotheism. The advanced, who have hitherto enjoyed a style reflecting in every sentence the philosophy of the day, have this time begun to murmur, and feel that a novel may contain too much philosophy too technically put. We have all had our say, and if to many the book has seemed not easy, and to some not agreeable, the interest of all is the great tribute to its power; find what faults we please, it is certain that no other writer living is able thus to arrest, occupy, and nourish our thoughts.

In many things "Daniel Deronda" is like the former novels of George Eliot, in some considerably unlike. It is written under the same urgent sense of the larger interests of mankind and of the duty each of us owes to all. To this view of life and conduct belongs a moral ardour which, rising to devotional pitch, utters its last aspiration in the cry—

"Oh may I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world!"

Such is that religion of George Eliot's which, being "something else than a private consolation," many of the religious fail to understand.

Its influence governs all she writes. To exalt the social and abase the selfish principle, to show the futility of merely personal claims, cares, and cravings, to purify the passions by exhibiting their fatal or miserable issues when they are centred in the individual alone—such are the moral purposes which we feel at work beneath all her artistic purposes. Out of the resources of her genius, this writer is accustomed to compose mottoes in various styles for heading her own chapters. The following fragment in the style of seventeenth-century prose is taken from a heading in “Daniel Deronda” :—

“In all ages it hath been a favourite text that a potent love hath the nature of an isolated fatality, whereto the mind’s opinions and wonted resolves are altogether alien. . . . Yet all love is not such, even though potent, nay, this passion hath as large a scope as any for allying itself with every operation of the soul; so that it shall acknowledge an effect from the imagined flight of unknown firmaments, and have its scale set to the grander orbits of what has been and shall be.”

In such a sentence on the nature of love we recognise at once George Eliot’s habitual drift. She will not say, with the old poets and those who now-a-days share their temper, “Love is enough.” Pharamond, rather, must attend to his kingdom and forget Azalaïs. Love must not lead the lover to break with duty or renounce his past. Take warning by Tristram, Abailard, Romeo, the old reckless heroes whose loves led only to disaster. To be worthy of responsible modern souls—to lead to noble and harmonious issues—the love of man and woman must be brought into conscious harmony with all the higher elements of their lives, and identified, it may be, with some great social interest. The world is not made for those who set private happiness in the first place; or rather, the only true private happiness is to be found in the same channels along which flow the currents of universal good.

In “Daniel Deronda,” we feel ourselves more than ever encompassed with this sense of universal interests and outside forces. It is brought home to us in one way when we are told to remember that the days in which the actors of the story play their parts were the days of the American war, “when ideas were with fresh vigour making armies of themselves, *and the universal kinship was declaring itself fiercely*; when women on the other side of the world would not mourn for the husbands and sons who died bravely in a common cause, and men stinted of bread on our side of the world heard of that willing loss and were patient;” and in the same way, when elsewhere we are reminded how all this while events were making ready for the world-changing field of Sadowa. It is brought home to us in another way when the insignificance of the individual and his feelings among the mass is dwelt upon, as it is continually,

and scorn is showered upon those who ignorantly cry out for happiness and expect the universe to be fashioned according to their desires. Some readers, indeed, are likely to feel that points of this kind are made too often, and, if they do not judge the American war and the German war irrelevant, at any rate to think some of the animadversions the author addresses to her own characters importunate. When any of these want their own way, and take it for granted things will turn out as they would like, they are not only chastened, but rebuked with bitterness. Of Gwendolen Harleth and her losses at play it is sarcastically said that "*the chances of roulette had not adjusted themselves to her claims*;" and in a hundred passages this reproof of "claims" is the burden of the author's reflections. She speaks somewhere of the "intolerance" which the experienced are prone to exhibit towards the outbreaks of "the first rage of disappointment in life's morning"—"the passionate youthful rebellion against what is not fitly called pain, but rather the absence of joy." And in the same breath she speaks of the "*self-enclosed unreasonable-ness and impiety*" of such feelings of disappointment and rebellion, and herself sets, I think, an example of the intolerance in question. She has no patience with those who expect good things without deserving them. She will by no means let people off when they are selfish, and takes the part of the species against the individual till we almost feel it is not fair, and want to go over to the other side. For after all there are two sides to these things; and if, in a fiction, love is too harshly sacrificed to duty, we incline to take love's part, and to say it is all very well, but there are cases where love must have his way before duty is possible; there is a certain measure of self-regard which is necessary to fruitful self-devotion; there are sacrifices which avail nothing, because they wither up in the victim all power of doing good to any one. If, again, a character is too sternly punished for expecting to find life pleasant, we are inclined to ask, but was it all his own, or her own, fault? are people taught when they are young what life is really like? and should not some of the chastisement fall upon mankind, upon the collective want of conscience which sends out poor human beings into the world under a delusion as to what the world has to offer them?

Every problem in conduct, every human action and situation, involves some issue or other between personal cravings and instincts and the laws that make for the common good. Most writers of fiction have looked at life, and described its actions and situations, from the point of view of the individual, and his feelings and experiences under trial; they have written in sympathy with their own characters in the struggle with the inexorable. George Eliot has changed the point of view; she has a sterner sense of the consequences and responsibilities of human action; she is severe upon her

characters, and in sympathy, so to speak, with the inexorable. That a writer of fiction should have arisen who takes this new view of life's meaning, is a thing which marks an epoch; in finding room for these enlarged considerations, the art of fiction has taken a new departure. But the artist should be impartial, exhibiting all the phases of the conflict between desire and duty, what we would like and what we may have, but not taking a side too avowedly. By all means, let a work of imagination exhibit the career of a spoiled child, and purify our selfish passions by showing through what fires of probation the pampered one must go; but the lesson of the story will come out just as well, its imaginative effect will be just as clear and strong, if the moral is not too much proclaimed. A story-teller should beware—more even than other people—of loving mankind so well as to be unjust to particular men and women when they offend; and surely George Eliot is unjust, or at least needlessly sarcastic, with her own erring children; in the mingled mood of scorn and tenderness with which she handles their infirmities, scorn seems sometimes to predominate.

The social philosophy of the writer being what we are prepared for, and her strenuous and yearning moral ardour no whit relaxed, the field of her story, and the figures that move upon the field, are variously new. We are led along paths some of them more familiar to our feet, and others less, than any the same hand has led us along before. Of that bygone provincial middle-class or low life, with the humours of which we have been so many times moved to tears and laughter, we this time see but little, and much, on the other hand, of drawing-rooms and country-houses, the scenery of the ordinary novel. But alternately with these, we are introduced among scenes which to most of us will be altogether new. The story, with a single hero, has a double plot. One plot, the one conducted in drawing-rooms and country-houses, is concerned with the relations of Daniel Deronda to an English beauty, the spoiled child Gwendolen Harleth, afterwards Mrs. Grandcourt. The other plot, the one conducted in Holborn back-shops and Chelsea lodgings, is concerned with his relations to a forlorn Jewish maiden, Mirah Cohen, and her brother Mordecai. In the first, we follow the history of Gwendolen's probation; we watch her presumptuousness, her wrongdoing, her remorse, and the suffering she goes through, with the influence of Deronda to aid and encourage her, on her way to become better, and to join the choir whose music is the gladness of the world—or, as the author this time puts it, to turn into "one of those women who make others glad that they were born." What we follow in the second plot is the history of a private passion which presently becomes associated and identified with devotion to a public cause. Placed between the ill-wedded English wife who clings to

him for guidance in her despair, and the Jewish maiden whom he has succoured in her forlornness, it is with Mirah, not Gwendolen, that Daniel presently finds himself in love; and having in the meantime discovered the secret of his birth, and that he is himself a Jew, his love for Mirah goes hand in hand with an enthusiasm for the doctrines of her brother, who is a latter-day prophet of his race; in marrying a Jewess, he devotes himself at the same time to the national destinies of the Jews.

In choosing this particular form of social passion, and making her love-tale revolve in this particular one of the grander orbits of what has been and shall be, the author has confronted great difficulties. As, in a former book, we found it hard to feel that the cause of the Spanish gipsies was great enough for Fedalma to renounce her love for its sake, so, in this, we find it hard to believe that the gathering of the Jews, and the promotion of their national destinies, is a cause real and substantial enough to consecrate the love of Deronda and Mirah. Most readers, even if they can render some historical justice to the genius and energy of this martyred race, are likely to know little, if anything, of an inner, or a higher, life among the modern Jews, and to be slow in realising Mordecai as a serious personage, or in believing that a man of the world like Deronda, having taken up Mordecai's ideas, will be able to make anything of them. It is not a question of what may or may not, as a matter of fact, be going on about us, but of what our imagination can effectively realise. The author shows, indeed, that to this difficulty she has been quite awake; representing Deronda himself, before his eyes were opened, as able to imagine contemporary Jews chiefly in such colours as the following:—"He saw himself guided by some official scout into a dingy street; he entered through a dim doorway, and saw a hawk-eyed woman, rough-headed and unwashed, cheapening a hungry girl's last bit of finery; or in some quarter only the more hideous for being smarter, he found himself under the breath of a young Jew talkative and familiar, willing to show his acquaintance with gentlemen's tastes, and not fastidious in any transactions with which they would favour him—and so on through the brief chapter of his experiences in this kind." Against the heavy strain she has thus laid upon her own art by the choice of her chief motive, George Eliot puts forth both power and skill, and has succeeded in making of Mordecai a striking figure of romance, so that he and his ideas seem something picturesque, impressive even, and not too impossible. But real, near, and living he does not seem in the same sense as most other figures in the story, including most of the Jews in it; as the broken-down, wheedling coward and gambler who is the father of Mirah and Mordecai, the vulgar kind-hearted pawnbroker and his family—Ezra and Jacob and Adelaide Rebekah; all these are

brought on, with a few incisive and brilliant strokes, in the very lineaments of life.

The worst is, that the fair and innocent figure of Mirah herself somehow shares, for us, her brother's insubstantiality. She is evidently the heroine of the author's predilection, who calls her "dear Mirah," and describes how her "dear head" lay on the pillow, and how sweet she looked as she sat with her hands folded before her, or when she had braced herself to master a sorrow, and dipped her face in cold water, and come down with the rings of her hair straying about her freshened countenance. But for all the loving care bestowed upon her, and for all her sweet looks and voice and touching history, readers do not generally feel drawn to Mirah, nor as if they cared for her really. She is passive, and does little but let herself be rescued and taken care of. Neither, except in the one long monologue in which she tells her story, does she say much. We do not get to know her half as well as we know every other member of the little Chelsea household—a charming picture of refinement without riches and of brisk warmheartedness—in which she is received and surrounded with affection.

It is very different with the other heroine. Gwendolen Harleth, I think, is one of the happiest as well as the most completely studied of George Eliot's creations. At first, indeed, we are not quite sure about her. There is a suspicion of the unwholesome—even of the unladylike—in the way in which she "winds her neck about," and in touches of her bearing and talk at the beginning. One or two traits are told of her—such as the killing of the canary, the declining to stir one night and give her sick mother her medicine—which are too odious. But these are not followed up, and we presently forget them. In the sequel Gwendolen leaves with us an impression not only perfectly real, but in spite of her faults, which fate and the author visit with so little mercy, singularly fascinating. She is presumptuous, she is vain, she is full of herself and without much heart for others, she has at first no idea of anything but enjoying life, she does, or rather drifts into, a great wrong; but yet she keeps a hold on our sympathies. When we find her in her brilliancy, ordering her half-sisters and Jocosa, ordering her mother, breaking the heart of her cousin Rex, "loved without being loveable," then we might perhaps resent her sovereignty, as we do such sovereignty in real life, were it not that the author herself does more than justice for us, and puts her down too harshly. Under all her imperiousness and care for self, we are constantly sensible of fine instincts. To the mild mother to whom she feels herself superior, her behaviour is at many moments most sweet and winning. She is careless about giving Rex pain, but there is nobleness in that untamed virgin instinct which bids him stand off with

a "Pray don't make love to me—I hate it." A common vanity would have resented Deronda's interference with her gambling and redemption of the necklace, and more bitterly still Klesmer's stern verdict on her talents; but Gwendolen is fascinated by Deronda, and owes Klesmer no grudge. She does bad things, but the story is so conducted that she has much excuse, and sins as much from what is best as from what is worst in her nature. She accepts Grandcourt although she knows all about his former mistress and illegitimate children; but as much to save her mother from imminent straits as herself. And even with this double constraint urging her, she accepts him not deliberately, but as it were against her will. "If anything could have induced her to change, it would have been the prospect of making all things easy for 'poor mamma:' that, she admitted, was a temptation. But no! she was going to refuse him." And yet, when he comes for his interview, she has accepted him before it is over. There are two scenes between Gwendolen and Grandcourt, every phase and every word of which are conceived, I think, with extraordinary justice and skill. I mean the scene on the knoll at Diplow where, without any express purpose, the girl swerves aside from his proposal, and eludes, without refusing, him; and the other scene in the drawing-room at Offendene where, this time against her express purpose, she drifts into the "tremendous decision," and cannot bring herself to say "yes" when he finally asks "Do you command me to go?" In this last instance particularly, the play of character in the two, and that absence of opportunity in Grandcourt which makes him an endurable lover to the defiant Gwendolen, are contrived with admirable art and knowledge.

And presently we have the consequences to Gwendolen of her tremendous decision—bitter remorse and bitter hatred. Grandcourt is a kind of domestic Castlereagh, cold, absolute, placidly arrogant and heartless. In all things else narrow and impenetrable, he is subtle in the arts of rule. The same politic undemonstrative obstinacy which had secured him his bride, the same quiet power of pressing an advantage, presently holds her down in a servitude which maddens her. Her girlish and confident spirits find themselves confronted and subdued by something far more stubborn. The process of subjugation cannot but seem to many readers too sudden and complete; we leave Gwendolen expecting to have her own way in marriage, and find her again after a few weeks conquered, and, beneath the show which her pride keeps up, already inwardly desperate. True, the author has not thought fit to show us the process and stages of subjugation, but I think, she has made us feel that the subjugation was inevitable. Gwendolen's force of will and daring had been more imaginary than real, and had never been tested against any practical opposition. Her selfishness is

the selfishness of ignorance and high spirits; his, of hardened and unalterable character. Grandcourt's knowledge that she knows his past and has married him nevertheless, together with her mother's poverty and dependency, give him an absolute hold over her. His perfect hatefulness, and her perfect helplessness, are exhibited in a few most masterly scenes. He is all the more hateful for being never otherwise than within his rights; he is unimpeachable, however intolerable. Before and since her marriage, Gwendolen has been more and more drawn to Deronda, as a person who can sympathize with and understand her, and direct her towards some higher ideal of life and conduct after which she blindly yearns. She confides in Deronda and clings to him; Grandcourt perceives this, and without condescending to jealousy, interferes; he carries his wife away for a yachting trip alone with him in the Mediterranean. Again we are spared the details of that hideous companionship; but when at last Grandcourt is drowned in a boat accident at Genoa, we are made to realise what has been his wife's pent-up loathing by the remorse which visits her, by her confessions of murderous imaginings if not murderous purposes which she has cherished, by her horror when she believes she has not done all to save her tyrant as he went down.

Once more, Daniel Deronda is her confidant and friend. She is free, and her nature, strengthened by trial, is capable of being redeemed and elevated. But happiness is not in store for her. At Genoa, Daniel on his part has received from his mother the revelation of his Jewish birth, and his life has become devoted to Mirah and Mordecai and their race. Gwendolen for a moment cries out that she is forsaken, but presently puts a brave face on her life, wishes Daniel and Mirah happiness, and devotes herself to making her mother and sisters comfortable with the moderate jointure that has been left her. And so we leave her, uncertain of the future. She has gone through the fire, and means honestly to try and "make others glad that she was born." We cannot tell what will come of it, but our presentiment is that she will by-and-by please everybody about her by relenting to her old lover, Rex, who has got a fellowship and is going to do well at the bar.

That is no triumphant or satisfying issue to a career which we have followed and realised as we have Gwendolen's. The whole book seems thrown out of balance and harmony when the plot which chiefly interests us ends thus, while happiness and fulfilment crown the other, in which we interest ourselves little by comparison. Daniel Deronda is disappointing. He is that difficult character to draw—a man who attracts women without pursuing them, because he is full of sympathy and seeks nothing for himself. This type of a tender-hearted, open-minded, serviceable nature, rich without

egoism, the author has taken immense pains to illustrate and to analyse. She has endowed him with physical beauty and manliness, with intelligence, and many noble qualities. But he is not what he ought to be, or at all equal to the fine things we are told concerning him. In the first place, his position and occupations are, I think, against the part he plays in the story. A man who *does* nothing, who is ever so ready and helpful in other people's affairs, but has no pursuit of his own which a woman can enter into, or distinction which she can admire, is surely not the likeliest to influence women, as Deronda does at first sight, or seem to them a heroic example. And were that not so, surely his language is too high and abstract; his exhortations, to have the effect attributed to them, would need to be more personal; Gwendolen, in her distress and her craving for guidance, would feel that he was kind and spoke with wisdom, but that his speech went over her head and beside her. Cold, also, she could not choose but think him; cold certainly he is, to be armed always with so much philosophy in his interviews with this piteous, beautiful, and appealing creature. Or if his self-control comes not from coldness but from chivalry, and a quick foresight of the results of unguarded feeling, then we ought to be made to feel that it costs him an effort to bear himself as he does, and we are not made to feel that it costs him an effort. We could even believe he had fire in him, if he showed it in his wooing of Mirah. But with the exception of one slight outbreak of jealousy against Hans Meyrick, his friend who is also in love with her, Deronda is towards Mirah the coolest of lovers. It is a long while before he is her lover at all, and when his mother, the Jewish actress who has become a princess and dislikes her people, charges him, saying "You are in love with a Jewess," it is a point on which "he feels a repugnance either to deny or to affirm." True, Mirah's dependent position, no less than Gwendolen's bound one, was a thing to put him on his guard; only then, in this case also, we want to feel that he is not on his guard without a struggle. And though he might be on his guard before her, yet he would not be in doubt about his feelings in her absence. And surely, the moment when he does at last speak, and asks Mirah to be his wife, is ill-chosen. It is the moment when her good-for-nothing father has just stolen Deronda's ring from the table. Then Deronda asks her, "in a tone of reverent adoration," to be his wife; must not this seem to the woman an act of mere generosity, such an act as the pride of the meekest would be apt, at that moment, to rise up against, and say "No, you are very good, but I do not choose to be married out of magnanimity."

Thus much of the conduct and characters of the new story, at least in its leading threads. Among the subordinate characters, as always

in this writer's works, there are many brilliant and finished pictures. There is the musician Klesmer with his lion's mane and his impetuous strides, "taking up his cross meekly," nevertheless, "in a world overgrown with amateurs"; there is Miss Arrowpoint, the heiress whom Klesmer marries, a perfect type of unpretending goodness and refinement; there is Grandcourt's ignoble henchman, Thomas Cranmer Lush; there is Hans Meyrick, with his quaint talk and reckless artistic temperament, witty, fantastic, full of carping selfishnesses and sudden returns of generosity. These and other vivacious figures are brought before us, and play their parts, and have their looks and attitudes described, their thoughts and motives analysed, with only too abundant patience and brilliancy of workmanship.

For—to pass from considering what the author has to tell us, and to consider how she tells it—is not her fault this, to be too prodigal of her resources, too prone to over-say things, and to turn the same thing many ways about? To bear so hard, and say all that can be said, on every occasion, is to run the risk of fatiguing. It seems to have been commonly felt that "Daniel Deronda" is written with too little ease and too much insistence, and that a style always full and elaborate has become in this book more full and elaborate than ever, and more charged with allusions and technicalities. The march not only of the story, but of the sentences themselves, often seems clogged with superfluous thought. Thinking, one may say, is of three kinds. One kind of thinking brings ideas into new relations, and so throws a new light on the relations of things themselves. It is needless to say, of any work of George Eliot, that it abounds with this best, this luminous kind of thinking, with originality, and brilliant sayings on life and human nature. Some of them, indeed, may seem a little cumbrously expressed, as thus :

"Macbeth's rhetoric about the impossibility of being many things at once referred to the clumsy necessities of action and not to the subtler possibilities of feeling. We cannot speak a loyal word and be meanly silent, we cannot kill and not kill in the same moment; but a moment is room wide enough for the loyal and mean desire, for the outlash of a murderous thought and the sharp backward stroke of repentance."

Or again, in the analysis of the vice of egoism :—

"An imaginary envy, the idea that others feel their comparative deficiency, is the ordinary *cortège* of egoism."

Here is a fine observation without a word amiss :—

"The subtly-varied drama between man and woman is often such as can hardly be rendered in words put together like dominoes, according to obvious fixed marks. The word-of-all-work Love will no more express the myriad modes of mutual attraction, than the word Thought can inform you what is passing through your neighbour's mind."

And here another :—

"It happened to Deronda at this moment, as it has often happened to others, that *the need for speech made an epoch in resolve*. His respect for the questioner would not let him decline to answer, and by the necessity to answer he found out the truth for himself."

With these and a hundred more such observations we shall certainly not quarrel, even if we do not always find them quite felicitously expressed as the last two. The next kind of thinking is that which, without actually giving us new ideas, brings out by analysis the full bearings and contents of a familiar idea. This also is excellent in its place. George Eliot seldom passes over any idea whatever without working it out in this way, and we shall presently have occasion to examine a characteristic example from "*Daniel Deronda*." But there is a third kind of thinking which is surely never to be applauded, and that is when a simple thing is made abstruse by being put into a laboured form or commented on in artificial language. Then we have only what looks like, and is not really, thought. For instance, is there any real substance in this reflection, when Daniel has said he will wait after Christmas, to do something he does not care about:—

"What should we all do without the calendar, when we want to put off a disagreeable duty? The admirable arrangements of the solar system, by which our time is measured, always supply us with a term before which it is hardly worth while to set about anything we are disinclined to."

If this does not really tell us anything, still less are we pleased when ugly technicalities like the following are employed to give body and point to ordinary reflections. "My plan is to do what I please," says the beautiful and saucy Gwendolin, and the author adds this comment:—

"(Here should any young lady incline to imitate Gwendolen, let her consider the set of her neck: if the angle there had been different, the chin protrusive and the cervical vertebrae a trifle more curved in their position, ten to one Gwendolen's words would have had a jar in them for the sweet-natured Rex.)"

That, I think, is in not at all a good manner, and still worse is it when, instead of being told that a certain Miss Juliet Fenn is plain, we are told that she is a "young lady whose profile has been unfavourably decided by circumstances over which she had no control." This is really but a heavy and inferior kind of smartness. Our complaint is of another kind when we find the analysis of characters and motives expressed in too technical terms of philosophy. George Eliot is such a mistress of character and motive, and can give the key to them with such a happy ease when she likes, in language which every one can understand, that one is doubly perplexed when she pauses to use a cumbrous and scholastic diction. Take the following, of Grandcourt:—" 'Damn her,' thought Grandcourt—he was not a wordy thinker "; of Lush:—" he had still a sense

of scholarship when he was not trying to remember much of it"; of Mrs. Davilow, when her sister has said it would be a mercy if Gwendolen were well married:—"to this Mrs. Davilow, discerning some criticism of her darling in the fervour of that wish, had not chosen to make any audible reply, though she had said inwardly, 'You will not get her to marry for your pleasure'; *the mild mother becoming rather saucy when she identified herself with her daughter.*" What can be more luminous or better said? On the other hand, what can be more cumbrous than this, from one of the many psychological studies of Deronda?—"A too diffusive and reflective sympathy was in danger of paralysing in him that indignation against wrong and that selectness of fellowship which are the conditions of moral force." And this is but a mild example of what abounds in the book. The author talks somewhere of a phrase like "intending bridegrooms" as belonging to "the new English"; and in a few pages on uses, once out of many times, the word "aloofness." Is aloofness classical? and is "the deducible satisfactoriness of things in general," or "the insistent penetration of suppressed experience," a good phrase? is not "emotive memory" the language of a school? is there not obscurity in "the systole and diastole of blissful companionship"? And the same partiality to difficult words enters into and sometimes spoils even the talk of her characters.

To the work of a great writer how, with any show of grace or modesty, shall one make objections like these? In Landor's immortal dialogue, Diogenes, a person licensed to carp and to presume, finds fault with the style of Plato. Let us creep with Diogenes into his tub, and assume his impudence, and say, "If what is occult must be occult for ever, why throw away words about it? Employ on every occasion the simplest and easiest, and range them in the most natural order. Thus they will serve thee faithfully, and bring thee many hearers and readers. . . . All popular orators, victorious commanders, crowned historians, and poets above crowning, have done it." Crowned historians, and poets above crowning—these are the proper company for George Eliot, and therefore it cannot but distress us when she seems to use a language which is not theirs. Therefore we make so bold as to wish she would always say simple things simply, and difficult things so as to be understood not only by a school or generation, but by all men and all times. We want to feel sure that what she writes will live, and we cannot feel sure that writing will live in which the thought is laboured and the expression more. Consider the following passage, from the opening chapter of the eighth book of "Daniel Deronda:—

"Extension, we know, is a very imperfect measure of things; and the length of the sun's journeying can no more tell us how far life has advanced

than the acreage of a field can tell us what growths may be active within it. A man may go north, and, stumbling over a bone, may meditate over it until he has found a new starting-point for anatomy; or eastward, and discover a new key to language telling a new story of races; or he may head an expedition that opens new continental pathways, get himself maimed in body, and go through a whole heroic poem of resolve and endurance; and at the end of a few months he may come back to find his neighbours grumbling at the same parish grievance as before, or to see the same elderly gentleman treading the pavement in discourse with himself, shaking his head after the same percussive butcher's boy, and pausing at the same shopwindow to look at the same prints. If the swiftest thinking has almost the pace of a greyhound, the slowest must be supposed to move, like the limpet, by an apparent sticking, which after a good while is discerned to be a slight progression. Such differences are manifest in the variable intensity which we call human experience, from the revolutionary rush of change which makes a new inner and outer life, to that quiet recurrence of the familiar, which has no other epochs than those of hunger and the heavens."

And now compare this with the form in which another writer, also a novelist and a woman, expresses, where she has occasion to express it, the same general idea. George Sand, some nun bringing up at a time of distress the old consolation that life is short, reflects:—

"Yes, quiet life is short. In the slumber of the spirit fifty years pass like a day; but the life of emotions and events can gather into a day whole centuries of trouble and endurance."¹

What a difference is here! How flowingly the French writer makes her reflection and passes on! How the English writer elaborates hers, and what a quantity of things she gives us to think about and pause over, insisting that we shall see all the contents and bearings of the idea! Beginning with the technicalities "extension" and "acreage," she next cites particular achievements such as change the world and make life feel full to the doer, and sets us wondering what cases were in her mind, and thinking about Sir William Jones and Dr. Livingstone and Lieutenant Cameron. Then she conjures up a detailed and humorous picture of the pursuits of others whose lives are empty the while, and who stay at home scarcely aware of the march of time. The old gentleman and the butcher's boy are good, and make us laugh, though "percussive," of butcher's boys, is perhaps rather a thing to say than to write. Next, the idea is further illustrated with the similes of the greyhound and the limpet, which are to the purpose and pleasantly expressed. And lastly, the whole thought is resumed in a sentence of somewhat involved psychology. Now I do not urge that an idea should never be elaborated, and all it includes brought out, in this exhaustive way, only that continually to do this gives us a sense of strain and effort, and that strain and effort seem to me qualities which are growing in George Eliot's work

(1) "Oui, la vie paisible est courte. Cinquante ans passent comme un jour dans le sommeil de l'âme; mais la vie d'émotions et d'événements résume en un jour des siècles de malaise et de fatigue."—George Sand, "Histoire de ma Vie," vol. iii. p. 153.

to its injury. One cannot help wishing, of this great spirit, that its tension might sometimes seem relaxed; one cannot, as one reads, help thinking of that other manner in which everything is said—so much of the thing as is wanted and no more—perfectly and easily, and then left. The art of fiction has reached its highest point in the hands of two women in our time. One of them has just been taken away, and as we read the work of the other who is left, it is natural that we should have hers also in our mind. Their excellences are in few things the same. The flow of George Eliot's writing, we have felt, is apt to be impeded with excess of thought, while of writing which does flow, and in flowing carry the reader delightfully along, George Sand is an incomparable mistress. But this is only the sign of deeper differences. George Sand excels in the poetical part of her art. George Eliot excels in the philosophical. Each is equally mistress of human nature and its secrets, but the one more by instinct, the other more by reflection. In everything which is properly matter of the intellect, the English writer is the superior of the French by far. She stands on different and firmer philosophical ground. George Sand had known and shared the two great intellectual fevers of her time in France—the social fever of those who hoped to end the unequal reign of wealth and privilege, and by remodelled institutions to make human brotherhood a reality; and the religious fever of those who, breaking with churches and abandoning the incredible, yet sought an anchorage for the individual soul in communion with a deity above the definition of dogma. Much of George Sand's work has in it the ferment of these two doctrines—socialism and theism—but without, perhaps, gaining from the admixture. The quality of her speculative reflections is not on a level with the quality of her creations; she imagines much better than she thinks. On the other hand, it is not only that George Eliot is of a different genius, and thinks at least as well as she imagines; it is that she belongs to a school with which most of us to-day are more in sympathy, and which, whether we hold its principles final or not, at any rate stands on solid ground, and tells us things fruitful in practice and luminous as far as they reach. She is penetrated with the scientific spirit, and the conclusions of the scientific spirit, in their most comprehensive, most ardent, most generous shape, form the moral and intellectual foundation of her art. Only, such is the nature of art, that when it too much lays bare its own moral and intellectual foundations, it produces less effect than when it conceals them. George Eliot, while she speaks much more to our understanding, never speaks to our imagination in so pure, single, and harmonious a way as George Sand. I do not know that any one of the many and noble lessons of George Eliot is brought home to us so perfectly as that one which George Sand had at heart—the

lesson that a woman must begin her own emancipation by ceasing to hold herself a slave and cheap ; that she must become a free, responsible, individual human being, recognising her own sacredness, being no more ready to give herself in carelessness to the first asker than to sell herself in infamy to the first bidder, but putting devotion to the proof, judging before she chooses, living her own life, and valuing her own soul. From romances so different as "*Mauprat*" and "*Mademoiselle Merquem*," this one moral results in unescapeable evidence and in a light that never fades from our mind. For George Sand is so much of a poet and artist, that every touch of her work helps instinctively to the effect, every image is conceived in relation to the whole, nothing comes to jar or distract us. In the work of George Eliot, moral and philosophical problems do not clothe themselves, with the same certainty of instinct, in appropriate artistic forms. We have passages of first-rate art side by side with passages of philosophy ; and sometimes the philosophy comes where we want the art, and gives us a character like Daniel Deronda himself, who seems constructed rather than created.

In the power, again, of conjuring up moving images, of bringing her personages before us in situations and attitudes of beauty and an exquisite romantic charm, George Sand is unrivalled. That is a power which we miss in "*Daniel Deronda*" more than in some of the previous novels of George Eliot. Some of the pictures of Gwendolen have great beauty and cling to us, especially those where she lies anxious "in her little white bed" beside her mother ; or where, early in the book, she "looks lovely and vigorous as a tall, newly-opened lily" in the morning ; or where, near its close, we see her in her misery like "a lost, weary, storm-beaten white doe, unable to rise and pursue its unguided way." But those of Mirah somehow fail, and I do not think there is anything in this book so sweet as the picture, in "*Felix Holt*," of Esther Lyon dressing her father's silver hair, or of Dorothea in her night of agony, in "*Middlemarch*." In the scene of most emotion and crisis in the book—that of the parting and the kiss between Gwendolen and Deronda—we have this :—

"Sobs rose, and great tears fell fast. Deronda would not let her hands go—held them still with one of his, and himself pressed her handkerchief against her eyes. She submitted like a half-soothed child, making an effort to speak, which was hindered by struggling sobs. At last she succeeded in saying brokenly—'I said . . . I said . . . it should be better . . . better with me . . . for having known you.' His eyes too were large with tears. She wrested one of her hands from his, and returned his action, pressing the tears away."

That has force and noble passion, but in the attitudes, the picture, there is a something wrong, a commonness ; the poets among novelists, a Walter Scott, a George Sand, would never have conceived it just

so ; we think of the meeting of Diana Vernon and Frank on the heath at night, when she stoops her face to his—of the first kiss of Valentine and Benedict in the farmer's cottage—and we are aware of a wondrous difference.

George Sand, in one class of her novels, has invested with an imperishable charm the country scenery and country life of her native province of Berry. George Eliot has almost done as much for certain corners of the English midlands. A book like the "*Mill on the Floss*" contains pages (but we miss such pages in *Daniel Deronda*) of description as perfect, as just, as full of tenderness, as anything in "*François le Champi*," "*La petite Fadette*," or the rest of that delightful group. But, except the beautiful "*Weaver of Raveloe*," no tale of George Eliot's has the same art and unity as these, none leaves us with the same charmed and touched impression, and none is written with the same instinct for contriving and chaining together situations of natural beauty and emotion, nor conducted from opening to close with anything like the same harmonious skill. On the other hand, every work of George Eliot is rich with a multitude of things which the work of George Sand does not contain—scenes of various and abundant comedy, homely humour of the soil and trained humour of the author's own, wit and wisdom, sarcasm and sympathy, a crowd of subordinate characters all standing out in the sharpest definition, and every character not only exhibited but dissected, every action and motive not only displayed but scientifically named and analysed. To each her crown ; and of what has above been said of the author of "*Daniel Deronda*," may nothing count as said in breach of the grateful reverence and affection which from all of us are hers.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

THE FUTURE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.¹

THE year 1876 is remarkable as being the hundredth anniversary of at least two important events. On the other side of the Atlantic, the Americans are celebrating the birth of a great nation. On this side of the water we ought to be celebrating the publication of a great book—a book to which we owe, in as great a degree as to any other circumstance, the wealth and prosperity of this kingdom. It is curious to observe, indeed, that these two centenaries are in a certain respect antithetic to each other. While we attribute our wealth to the establishment of the free trade principles which Smith advocated, the American Government yet maintains a fiscal system in direct and avowed antagonism to those principles.

The enormous wealth of the United States has been created by the freedom and energy of internal trade acting upon natural resources of unexampled richness. It cannot for a moment be doubted that their wealth would be far greater still were external commerce in the States as free as internal commerce. To us, dwelling and working in this comparatively speaking very small island, endowed with no remarkable natural resources, except coal and iron,—to us, the freedom of external commerce is everything. This freedom we may properly attribute to the writings of Adam Smith, even more than to the labours of Gladstone, or Cobden, or Bright, or any of the great statesmen who actually carried the doctrines of Smith into effect.

We ought, therefore, to be celebrating the publication of the “Wealth of Nations,” and the memory of its author; but are we doing so? With a single exception, I am unacquainted with any public ceremony, or anything tending to mark this as a centennial year in Great Britain. Perhaps this is because we are not a people accustomed to commemorations of the sort. If I recollect rightly, even the Shakesporean jubilee was rather a failure. However this may be, there has been one exception, and that was a most suitable commemoration of Adam Smith. On the 31st of May last, the Political Economy Club held a grand dinner and a special discussion in honour of the hundredth anniversary of the publication of the “Wealth of Nations.”

Probably, when people saw this dinner described in the newspapers, their first thought was, “What is the Political Economy Club? We never heard of it before.” I may, therefore, explain briefly, that the Political Economy Club has pursued an inconspicuous, but very useful career for more than half a century.

(1) Introductory Lecture at the opening of the Session 1876—7, at University College, London, Faculty of Arts and Laws.

Whether its continued existence be due to the excellence of its monthly dinners,—in respect of which the club does not seem to study economy—or to the interest of the economical debates which follow each dinner, I will not attempt to decide. Certain it is, however, that the club was founded in the year 1821 by Ricardo, Malthus, Tooke, James Mill, Grote, Cazenove, and other distinguished men, and that since its foundation it has included as members nearly all English political economists. John Stuart Mill especially was, for many years, a leading member, and first propounded at its table the doctrines advocated in his economical works.

It was no doubt most suitable that such a body should celebrate the establishment in England of the science they cultivate, and the centenary dinner held last May was in some respects a very remarkable one. Mr. Gladstone was in the chair, with Mr. Lowe on the one hand, and M. Léon Say, the present French Minister of Finance, on the other hand. The company included a body of statesmen, economists, and statisticians, British, Continental, and American, such as are seldom seen together. It is true that the statesmen had it mostly their own way, and in the presence of Gladstone and Lowe, and a real French Minister of Finance, the company appeared to care little what mere literary economists thought about Adam Smith. But I shall on the present occasion be so bold as incidentally to review and criticize some of the opinions which were put forth at the dinner, a full and carefully revised report of the speeches having been printed by Messrs. Longman, under the superintendence of the committee of the club.

Mr. Lowe opened the debate in a most interesting survey and eulogium of Adam Smith and his works. He concluded with some remarks upon the results which have followed from Smith's writings, and upon what yet remains to be achieved by political economy. I was much struck with the desponding tone in which Mr. Lowe spoke of the future of the science I have the honour to teach in this college. He seems to think that the work of the science is to a great extent finished. He said :—

“I do not myself feel very sanguine that there is a very large field—at least, according to the present state of mental and commercial knowledge—for political economy, beyond what I have mentioned; but I think that very much depends upon the degree in which other sciences are developed. Should other sciences relating to mankind, which it is the barbarous jargon of the day to call Sociology, take a spring and get forward in any degree towards the certainty attained by political economy, I do not doubt that their development would help in the development of this science; but at present, so far as my own humble opinion goes, I am not sanguine as to any very large or any very startling development of political economy. I observe that the triumphs which have been gained, have been rather in demolishing that which has been found to be undoubtedly bad and erroneous, than in establishing new truth; and imagine that, before we can attain new results, we must be furnished from without with

new truths to which our principles may be applied. The controversies which we now have in political economy, although they offer a capital exercise for the logical faculties, are not of the same thrilling importance as those of earlier days; the great work has been done."

I am far from denying that there is much to support, or at any rate to suggest, this view of the matter. Some of the greatest reforms which economists can point out the need of have been accomplished, and there is certainly no single work to be done comparable to the establishment of free trade. But this does not prevent the existence of an indefinitely great sphere of useful work which economists could accomplish, if their science were adequate to its duties. To a certain extent, again, I agree with Mr. Lowe that there is much in the present position of our science to cause despondency. A very general impression to this effect seems to exist. Some of the newspapers hinted in reference to the centenary dinner that the political economists had better be celebrating the obsequies of their science than its jubilee. The *Pall-Mall Gazette* especially thought that Mr. Lowe's task was to explain the decline, not the consummation, of economical science. Perhaps with many people the wish was father of the thought. I am aware that political economists have always been regarded as cold-blooded beings, devoid of the ordinary feelings of humanity—little better, in fact, than vivisectionists. I believe that the general public would be happier in their minds for a little time if political economy could be shown up as imposture, like the greater part of what is called spiritualism.

It must be allowed, too, that there have been for some years back premonitory symptoms of disruption of the old orthodox school of economists. Respect for the names of Ricardo and Mill seems no longer able to preserve unanimity. J. S. Mill himself, in the later years of his life, gave up one of the doctrines on which he had placed much importance in his works. One economist after another—Thornton, Cairnes, Leslie, Macleod, Longe, Hearn, Musgrave—have protested against some one or other of the articles of the old Ricardian creed.

At the same time foreign economists, such as De Laveleye, Courcelle-Seneuil, Cournot, Walras, and others, have taken a course almost entirely independent of the predominant English school. So far has this discontent gone, that Mr. Bagehot has been induced to re-examine the fundamental postulates of economy from their very foundation, in his most acute papers published in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*. He remarks (p. 216, Feb. 1, 1876):—

"Notwithstanding these triumphs, the position of our political economy is not altogether satisfactory. It lies rather dead in the public mind. Not only it does not excite the same interest as formerly, but there is not exactly the same confidence in it. Younger men either do not study it, or do not feel that it comes home to them, and that it matches with their most living ideas. . . .

They ask, often hardly knowing it, will this 'Science,' as it claims to be, harmonize with what we now know to be sciences, or bear to be tried as we now try sciences? And they are not sure of the answer."

In short, it comes to this—that one hundred years after the first publication of the "Wealth of Nations," we find the state of the science to be almost chaotic. There is certainly less agreement now about what political economy is than there was thirty or fifty years ago. Under these circumstances, I will now draw your attention for a short time to the apparently rival sects which seem likely to arise from the break up of the old Ricardian school.

In the first place, it is impossible to ignore the fact that there has been gradually rising into prominence a school of writers who take a very radical view of the reforms required in our science. They call in question the validity even of the deductive method on which Smith mainly relied. They hold that the science must be entirely recast in method and materials, and that it must take the form of an historical or archæological science. At the centenary dinner this view of the matter was boldly stated by one of the most distinguished of European economists—namely, M. de Laveleye. His own words, translated into English, will best explain his opinions:—

"It is principally at this point that there has recently arisen a division in the ranks of economists. Some, the old school, whom, for want of a better name, I will call the Orthodox School, believe that everything regulates itself by the effect of natural laws. The other school, which its adversaries have named the Socialists of the Chair, the 'Katheder-socialisten,' but which we ought rather to call the Historical School, or as the Germans say, the 'Realist School;' this school holds that distribution is governed in part doubtless by free contract; but also, and still more, by civil and political institutions, by religious beliefs, by moral sentiments, by custom and historical tradition. You see that there opens itself here an immense field of studies, comprehending the relations of political economy with morals, justice, right, religion, history, and connecting it to the *ensemble* of social science. That in my humble opinion is the actual mission of political economy. This is the path pursued by nearly all German economists, several of whom have a European reputation, such as Rau, Roscher, Knies, Nasse, Schäffle, Schmoller; in Italy by a group of writers already well known, Minghetti, Luzzati, Forti; in France, by Wolowski, Lavergne, Passy, Courcelle-Seneuil, Leroy-Beaulieu; and in England by authors, whom it is unnecessary to name or estimate here, because you know them better than I."

There is certainly no difficulty in mentioning a series of distinguished English economists who have shown a propensity to the historical treatment of the science. To begin with, A. Smith would no doubt be claimed by the historical school, for there is a strong historical element running through his book. Not only does "The Wealth of Nations" contain special historical inquiries like that concerning the value of silver, the chapter on agricultural systems, or the whole book upon "The Different Progress of Opulence in Different Nations," but the whole work teems with concrete illustrations or verifications drawn from the history of many countries. As has

been well remarked, Adam Smith had some of the many-sidedness at which all have wondered in Shakespeare, and it is singular testimony to the completeness of his method, that while Mr. Lowe claimed him, and I think correctly, as a deductive economist, another speaker, Professor Rogers, held him to be the practical Bacon of economical science. The fact, I believe, is that Smith combined deductive reasoning with empirical verification in the manner required by the complete inductive method. ✓

But to proceed, we find that the essay of Malthus on Population far from being, as many people probably suppose, a collection of rash generalisations and hypotheses, consists mainly of a most careful inquiry into historical and statistical facts concerning the numbers and conditions of mankind in all parts of the world. It is a model of inductive inquiry so far as information was available in his day. The essay of Richard Jones on the "Distribution of Wealth and the Forms of Land Tenure in Different Countries," is a far less celebrated book, but displays the same careful spirit of inquiry into the past or present condition of men. Mr. Samuel Laing, again, in his well-known and most interesting works, takes the same position, and has studied upon the spot the economy of Norway, Sweden, France, Prussia, and Switzerland, somewhat in the manner that Arthur Young studied France and Great Britain in the last century. The general conclusion of Mr. Laing is that every country has a political economy of its own, suitable to its own physical circumstances and its own national character.

Passing over the minor works of Banfield, Burton, and others, it is impossible to overlook the recent admirable research of Professor Thorold Rogers, "On the History of Agriculture and Prices in England, from 1259 to 1400" (published by the Clarendon Press). In this book Professor Rogers has certainly pursued the historical and inductive method with unbounded industry and remarkable success. He has made us better acquainted with the economy of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries than we are with that of the eighteenth. In the fascinating works of Sir Henry Maine, too, especially his last work on "The Early History of Institutions," there is much historical inquiry bearing upon economical science.

Perhaps the most recent of all declarations in favour of the inductive study of the laws of wealth, is that of Sir George Campbell, who in his inaugural address as President of the Economical and Statistical Section of the British Association, at the late Glasgow meeting, spoke as follows :—

"There was a time when it seems to have been supposed that political economy was a science regulated by natural laws, so fixed that safe results could be attained by deductive reasoning. But since it has become apparent that men do not in fact invariably follow the laws of money-making, pure and simple, that economic action is affected by moral causes which cannot be exactly

measured, it becomes more and more evident, that we cannot safely trust to a chain of deduction; we must test every step by an accurate observation of facts, and induction from them."

Upon this and other statements I shall have to make some remarks presently.

It is, however, Professor Cliffe Leslie who has placed himself at the front of the inductive and historical school of economists in this country, by the thoroughness as well as the ability of the essay in which he declares his revolt from the old orthodox school. In a remarkable paper, printed in the Dublin University essays published under the title of "Hermathena," he calls in question altogether the validity of the deductive reasoning which Mr. Lowe considered the most valuable feature in the "Wealth of Nations." He considers the generally-recognised laws of economy to be rude generalisations, obtained by a superficial and unphilosophical process of abstraction. No attempt, he thinks, has been made to measure the relative force of economical principles in different states of society, or to allow for multitudes of disturbing causes.

"Had the actual operation of the motives in question," he says, "been investigated, it would have been seen to vary widely in different states of society, and under different conditions. The love of distinction, or of social position, for example, may either counteract the desire of wealth, or greatly add to its force as a motive to industry and accumulation. It may lead one man to make a fortune, another to spend it. At the head of the inquiry into the causes on which the amount of the wealth of nations depends is the problem—what are the conditions which direct the energies and determine the actual occupations and pursuits of mankind in different ages and countries?" "Enough," he continues, "has been said in proof that the abstract *a priori* and deductive method yields no explanation of the causes which regulate either the nature or the amount of wealth. . . . The truth is, that the whole economy of every nation, as regards the occupations and pursuits of both sexes, the nature, amount, distribution, and consumption of wealth, is the result of a long evolution, in which there has been both continuity and change, and of which the economical side is only a particular aspect or phase. And the laws of which it is the result must be sought in history, and the general laws of society and social evolution."

These extracts indicate the line of thought by which Professor Leslie has been led to regard the general theorems of Ricardo as mere "guesses," and the deductive theory of political economy as barren, if not false. Now I am far from thinking that the historical treatment of our science is false or useless. On the contrary, I consider it to be indispensable. The present economical state of society cannot possibly be explained by theory alone. We must take into account the long past, out of which we are constantly emerging. Whether we call it sociology or not, we must have some scientific treatment of the principles of evolution as manifested in every branch of social existence. Accordingly, M. de Laveleye, Professor Cliffe Leslie, or M. Lavergne, may very properly do for political

economy what Sir Henry Maine has done for jurisprudence—namely, show that every law, custom, or social fact is the product of the past, historical or forgotten.

But it is surprising how often men, even of the highest powers, fall into a logical fallacy which has not, I think, been dubbed with any special name, but might fitly be called *the fallacy of exclusiveness*. There are too many in the present day who advocate the teaching of physical science, and imply in the mode of their advocacy that moral, classical, or other studies are to be discountenanced. It is most common to find people speaking of inductive reasoning, as if it were entirely distinct and opposite to deductive reasoning, the fact being, however, as I believe, that deduction is a necessary element of induction. ✓

In these and many other cases, people argue, more or less consciously, that because a certain thing is true or useful, therefore other things are not true or not useful. Some tendency of this sort might be suspected by the reader of the last two chapters of Sir Henry Maine's "Early History of Institutions," in which he discusses the relation of his own historical treatment of jurisprudence to the systems of Hobbes, Bentham, and especially Austin. Sir Henry Maine has conclusively shown that the investigation of the origin and development of law is essential to the understanding of the jurisprudence of any people; but it does not follow, and I do not understand Sir Henry Maine to assert, that an abstract and perfect scheme of jurisprudence, like that which Austin gave to the world in this college, is therefore devoid of truth and usefulness. Now the case of political economy is exactly parallel to this.

I cannot easily conceive any more interesting or useful subject of study than that which Professor Leslie advocates and engages in. It is absolutely essential that we should view the present by the light of the past; but I differ from him entirely when he holds that historical political economy is to destroy and replace the abstract theory which has previously held the place of the science. Does it follow that because palæontology is now established as an all-important science of an historical character, therefore animal physiology, or the chemistry of animal substances, is false? Any group of objects may be studied, either as regards the laws of action of their component parts, irrespective of time, or as regards the successive forms produced from time to time under the action of those laws. Now the laws of political economy treat of the relations between human wants and the available natural objects and human labour by which they may be satisfied. These laws are so simple in their foundation that they would apply, more or less completely, to all human beings of whom we have any knowledge. The laws of property are very different in different countries and states of ✓

society. They seem to be in a very rudimentary state among the Eskimo. According to Dr. Rinks, if one Eskimo man has two boats and another has none, the latter has a right to borrow one of the two boats; and it is further said that it is not the custom among the Eskimo to return borrowed articles. Now this is of course a very different state of things from what obtains among us. Nevertheless we can trace in this transaction of the borrowed boat the simple principles which are at the basis of economy. The most fundamental of its laws is that of Senior and Banfield—namely, that human wants are limited in extent. One boat is very useful, if not essential, to an Eskimo; a second boat is much less useful to a man who has already one boat, but it is highly useful if passed into the hands of a boatless neighbour. The elements of value are present here as in the most complicated operations of our corn or stock exchanges. I should not despair of tracing the action of the postulates of political economy among some of the more intelligent classes of animals. Dogs certainly have strong though perhaps limited ideas of property, as you will soon discover if you interfere between a dog and his bone.

I come to the conclusion, then, that the first principles of political economy are so widely true and applicable, that they may be considered universally true as regards human nature. Historical political economy, so far from displacing the theory of economy, will only exhibit and verify the long-continued action of its laws in most widely different states of society. M. de Laveleye and Professor Leslie may succeed in constituting a new science, but they will not utterly revolutionise and destroy the old one in the way they seem to suppose.

The fact is it will no longer be possible to treat political economy as if it were a single undivided and indivisible science. The advantages of the division of labour are as great and indispensable in the pursuit of knowledge as in manual industry; and it is out of the question that political economy alone should fail to avail itself of these advantages. Differentiation, as Mr. Spencer would say, must go on. I should be afraid of tiring you if I were to attempt to trace out in detail the several divisions into which political economy will naturally fall apart. Not only will there be a number of branches, but there are actually two or three different ways in which the division will take place.

There is, firstly, the old distinction of the laws of the science, according as they treat of the production, exchange, distribution, or consumption of wealth. In this respect economy may be regarded as an aggregate of two or more different sciences, there being, in fact, little connection between the principles which should guide us in production, and those which apply in distribution or consumption.

To readers of J. S. Mill's "Principles of Political Economy," indeed, it may sound strange to hear of consumption as one of the chief branches of the science. Though named last, as being last in the order of time, consumption is evidently the most important of the processes through which commodities pass, because things are only produced in order that they may be consumed usefully. It is unaccountable, then, and quite paradoxical, that English economists should, with few exceptions, ignore the most important branch of their own science, especially after it has been duly treated by J. B. Say, Storch, Courcelle-Seneuil, and many other continental writers, as well as by the excellent Australian economist, Professor Hearn.

Passing now to a second aspect, political economy will naturally be divided according as it is abstract or concrete. The theory of the science consists of those general laws which are so simple in nature, and so deeply grounded in the constitution of man and the outer world, that they remain the same throughout all those ages which are within our consideration. But though the laws are the same they may receive widely different applications in the concrete. The primary laws of motion are the same, whether they be applied to solids, liquids, or gases, though the phenomena obeying those laws are apparently so different. Just as there is a general science of mechanics, so we must have a general science or theory of economy. Here, again, there is a division of opinion. There are those who think that, dealing as the science does with quantities, economy must necessarily be a mathematical science, if it is anything at all. There are those, on the other hand, who, like the late Professor Cairnes, contest, and some who even ridicule, the notion of representing truths relating to human affairs in mathematical symbols. It may be safely asserted, however, that if English economists persist in rejecting the mathematical view of their science, they will fall behind their European contemporaries. How many English students, or even professors, I should like to know, have sought out the papers of the late Dr. Whewell, printed in the *Cambridge Philosophical Transactions*, in which he gives his view of the mode of applying mathematics to our science? What English publisher, I may ask again, would for a moment entertain the idea of reprinting a series of mathematical works on political economy? Yet this is what is being done in Italy by Professor Gerolamo Boccardo, the very learned and distinguished editor of the "Nuova Enciclopedia Italiana." Professor Boccardo has also prefixed to the series a remarkable treatise of his own on the application of the quantitative method to economic and social science in general. This series, which forms the third portion of the well-known "Bibliotheca Economista," will be completed with an Italian translation of the works of Pro-

fessor Léon Walras, now Rector of the Academy of Lausanne, who has in recent years independently established the fact that the laws of supply and demand, and all the phenomena of value, may be investigated algebraically and illustrated geometrically. From inquiries of this sort the curious conclusion emerges, that equilibrium of exchange of goods resembles in mathematical conditions the equilibrium of weights upon a lever of the first order. In the latter case one weight multiplied by its arm must exactly equal the other weight multiplied by its arm. So, in an act of exchange, the commodity given multiplied by its degree of utility must equal the quantity of commodity received multiplied by its degree of utility. The theory of economy proves to be, in fact, the mechanics of utility and self-interest.

Now, too, that attention is at last being given to the mathematical character of the science, it is becoming apparent that a series of writers in France, Germany, Italy, and England have made attempts towards a mathematical theory. Their works have been almost unnoticed, or, at any rate, forgotten, mainly on account of the prejudice against the line of inquiry they adopted. It is much to be desired that some competent mathematician and economist should seek these works out and prepare a compendious abstract of their contents, in the manner of Mr. Todhunter's valuable histories of mathematical science. On the present occasion I cannot do more than mention the names of some of the principal writers referred to, such as Lang, Kronecke, Buquoy, Dupuit, Von Thünen, Cazaux, Cournot, and Francesco Fuoco, on the Continent, and Whewell, Tozer, Lardner, Perronet Thompson, Fleming Jenkin, Alfred Marshall, and probably others, in Great Britain.

So much for the theory of economy which will naturally be one science, remaining the same throughout its applications, though it may be broken up into several parts, the theories of utility, of exchange, of labour, of interest, &c., partly corresponding to the old division of the science into the laws of consumption, exchange, distribution, production, and so forth. Concrete political economy, however, can hardly be called one science, but already consists of many extensive branches of inquiry. Currency, banking, the relations of labour and capital, those of landlord and tenant, pauperism, taxation, and finance, are some of the principal portions of applied political economy, all involving the same ultimate laws, manifested in most different circumstances. In a subject of such appalling extent and complexity as currency, for instance, we depend upon the laws of supply and demand, of consumption and production of commodities as applied to the precious metals or other materials of money. In the science of banking and the money market, we have a very difficult application of the same laws to capital in general.

This separation of the concrete branches of the science is, however, sufficiently obvious and recognised, and I need not dwell further upon it. The general conclusion, then, to which I come is, that political economy must for the future be looked upon as an aggregate of sciences. A hundred years ago, it was very wise of A. Smith to attempt no sub-division, but to expound his mathematical theory (for I hold that his reasoning was really mathematical in nature) in conjunction with concrete applications and historical illustrations. He produced a work so varied in interest, so beautiful in style, and so full of instruction, that it attracted many readers, and convinced those that it attracted. But economists are no more bound to go on imitating Adam Smith in the accidental features of his work, than metaphysicians are bound to write in the form of platonic dialogues, or poets in the style of the Shakesperean drama. With the progress of industry, how many hundreds or even thousands of trades have sprung up since Smith wrote! With the progress of knowledge, how many sciences have been created, and sub-divided, again and again! The science of electricity has been almost entirely discovered since 1776, yet now it has its abstract mathematical theories, its concrete applications, and its many branches, treating of frictional or static electricity, dynamic electricity or galvanism, electro-chemistry, electro-magnetism, magnetism, terrestrial magnetism, atmospheric electricity, and so forth. Within the same century chemistry, if not born, has grown, and is now so vast a body of facts and laws that professors are appointed to teach different parts of it. Yet the political economist is expected to teach all parts of his equally extensive and growing science, and is lucky if he escape having to profess also the mental, metaphysical, and moral sciences generally.

Nor can I doubt that in the future new developments of the science of economy must take place. Whether it be a science or not, or one science or many sciences, there is certainly an immense work to be done by this or some closely related branches of knowledge. If necessity is the mother of invention, as people are so fond of saying, then many new sciences ought soon to be invented. When listening to the speeches at the centenary dinner, I was much struck with the contracted view which seemed to be entertained of the work remaining to be accomplished by economists. Mr. Gladstone spoke as follows :—

“I am bound to say that this society has still got its work before it. . . . I do not mean to say that there is a great deal remaining to be done here in the way of direct legislation, yet there is something. It appears to me at least, that perhaps the question of the currency is one in which we are still, I think, in a backward condition; our legislation having been confined in the main to averting great evils rather than to establishing a system which, besides being sound, would be complete and logical. With that exception perhaps, not much remains in the province of direct legislation.”

Mr. Lowe also, as shown in a quotation from his speech already given, took a similarly desponding view of the powers and province of economy. To my mind, however, our whole social system seems to bristle with questions which will have to be decided one way or the other, and to a great extent upon economical grounds. Whether I look at the homes of the mass of the people, at workhouses, or hospitals, whether I consider the gambling of the Stock Exchange, the perplexity of bankers, anxious at one time to get money, at another to get rid of it, the endless discussions of workmen and masters, the diversion of the lands of the country from their proper uses, the scandalous waste of endowments, I cannot help feeling that the work before economists is more than ample.

I cannot better illustrate the need of more accurate economic knowledge in some directions, than by adverting to one of the principal points in debate at the centenary dinner. Mr. Newmarch, the treasurer of the club, threw in an apple of discord when he expressed a hope that political economy would lead to a restriction of the sphere of government. He said:—

“On one of the points mentioned by Mr. Lowe, with respect to political economy in its relation to the future, I am sanguine enough to think that there will be what may be called a large negative development of political economy, tending to produce an important and beneficial effect; and that is, such a development of political economy as will reduce the functions of government within a smaller and smaller compass. The full development of the principles of Adam Smith has been in no small danger for some time past; and one of the great dangers which now hangs over this country, is that the wholesome spontaneous operation of human interests and human desires, seems to be in course of rapid supersession by the erection of one government department after another, by the setting up of one set of inspectors after another, and by the whole time of parliament being taken up in attempting to do for the nation those very things which, if the teaching of the man whose name we are celebrating to-day, is to bear any fruit at all, the nation can do much better for itself.”

Now it would not create much surprise if, on a point like this, professional economists should differ, like doctors. Accordingly my predecessor, Mr. Courtney, the honorary secretary of the club, took occasion to protest against the doctrines of the honorary treasurer being considered as those accepted by the club, at least as regards legislation upon land tenure. But it was very interesting to find that the practical statesmen were quite as much divided as the economists upon this point. While some supported Mr. Newmarch, one whom I can never help admiring for his firm consistency, and the inestimable benefits which he has conferred upon this country in the passing of the Education Act, namely Mr. W. E. Forster, took the exactly opposite view.

“I am strongly of the contrary opinion,” he said, “that we cannot undertake the *laissez-faire* principle in the present condition of our politics or of parties in

parliament, or in the general condition of the country. I gather from Mr. Newmarch's remarks that he is an advocate of the old *laissez-faire* principle. Well, if we were all Mr. Newmarches, if we had nothing to deal with in the country but men like ourselves, we might do this. But we have to deal with weak people; we have to deal with people who have themselves to deal with strong people, who are borne down, who are tempted, who are unfortunate in their circumstances of life, and who will say to us, and say to us with great truth: What is your use as a parliament if you cannot help us in our weakness, and against those who are too strong for us?"

Now it is impossible to doubt that the *laissez-faire* principle properly applied is the wholesome and true one. It is that advocated by Adam Smith, and it is in obedience to this principle that our tariff has been reduced to the simplest possible form, that the navigation laws have been repealed, that masters and labourers have been left free to make their own bargains about wages, and that a hundred other ingenious pieces of legislation have been struck out of the Statute Book. But does it follow that because we repeal old pieces of legislation we shall need no new ones? On the contrary, as it seems to me, while population grows more numerous and dense, while industry becomes more complex and interdependent, as we travel faster and make use of more intense forces, we shall necessarily need more legislative supervision. It has been well said, I think by Professor Hodgson, that the labourer need only ask of the statesman what Diogenes asked of Alexander, that he should stand out of his light. Now, it was quite proper and reasonable that Alexander should not obstruct the light of Diogenes; but what if other people should come and stand in Diogenes' light, or, overlooking anachronisms, street musicians should disturb his sleep and render study impossible, or, finally, carrying companies should carelessly convey gunpowder close behind his tub and blow it to bits; would Alexander have been justified in standing calmly by and quoting *laissez-faire* doctrines like those of the French economists and Adam Smith? I think not, and I believe that it will be found impossible to dispense with more and more minute legislation.

The numerous elaborate bills which each government of England has in late years attempted to pass, but generally without success, is the best indication of the needs felt. But I quite agree with Mr. Newmarch and Mr. Lowe that we should not proceed in this path of legislative interference without most careful consideration from a theoretical, as well as a practical, point of view, of what we are doing. If such a thing is possible, we need a new branch of political and statistical science which shall carefully investigate the limits to the *laissez-faire* principle, and show where we want greater freedom and where less. It seems inconsistent that we should be preaching freedom of industry and commerce at the same time that we are hampering them with all kinds of minute regulations. But

there may be no real inconsistency if we can show the existence of special reasons which override the general principle in particular cases. I am quite convinced, for instance, that the great mass of the people will not have healthy houses by the ordinary action of self-interest. The only chance of securing good sanitary arrangements is to pull down the houses which are hopelessly bad, as provided by an Act of the present ministry, and most carefully to superintend under legislative regulations all new houses that are built.

I will go a step farther, and assert that the utmost benefits may be, and, in fact, are secured to us by extensions of government action of a kind quite unsanctioned by the *laissez-faire* principle. I allude to the provision of public institutions of various sorts—libraries, museums, parks, free bridges.

Community of property is most wasteful in some cases, as in the old commons, or unpreserved oyster beds; but these are cases of the community of production. Community of consumption, on the contrary, is often most economical. The same book in a public library may serve a hundred or five hundred readers as well as one. The principle may be illustrated by the case of watches and clocks. On reasonable suppositions I have calculated that a private watch costs people on the average about one-fifteenth part of a penny for each look at the time of day; but a great public clock is none the worse, however many people may look at it. As a general rule, I should say that the average cost of public clocks is not more than one-one hundred and fiftieth of a penny for each look, securing an economy of ten times. The same principle may, however, be called into operation in a multitude of cases, most notably, however, as regards the weather. A well-appointed meteorological office with a system of weather forecasts will be a necessary part of every government, and will secure the utmost advantages to the community at a trifling cost. I see no reason, again, why our streets and roads should, as a general rule, be fit only for passing along and getting out of as quickly as you can. With a trifling expenditure they might often be converted into agreeable promenades, planted with trees, and furnished with seats at the public cost. Our idea of happiness in this country at present seems to consist in buying a piece of land if possible, and building a high wall round it. If a man can only secure, for instance, a beautiful view from his own garden and windows, he cares not how many thousands of other persons he cuts off from the daily enjoyment of that view. The rights of private property and private action are pushed so far that the general interests of the public are made of no account whatever.

But the nicest discrimination will be required to show what the government should do, and what it should leave to individuals to do. I do not in the least underestimate the wastefulness of government

departments, but I believe that this wastefulness may be far more than counterbalanced in some cases by the economy of public property.

I have said enough I think to suggest that there are still great possibilities for us in the future. It will not do in a few sweeping words to re-assert an old dictum of the last century, and to condemn some of the greatest improvements of the time because they will not agree with it. Instead of one dictum, *laissez faire, laissez passer*, we must have at least one science, one new branch of the old political economy. Were time available I might go on to show that this is by no means the only new branch of the science needed. We need, for instance, a science of the money market, and of commercial fluctuations, which shall inquire why the world is all activity for a few years, and then all inactivity; why, in short, there are such tides in the affairs of men. But I am quite satisfied if I have pointed out the need and the probable rise of one new branch, which is only to be found briefly and imperfectly represented in the works of Mill or other economists.

The future of political economy is not likely to be such a blank as some of the speakers at the centennial dinner would lead us to suppose. I hope that the Political Economy Club may exist long enough to hold their second centennial celebration of the "Wealth of Nations," and that then the disrupted fragments into which political economy seems now to be falling will have proved themselves the seeds of a new growth of beneficent sciences.

W. STANLEY JEVONS.

ON POPULAR CULTURE : AN ADDRESS.¹

THE proceedings which have now been brought satisfactorily to an end, are of a kind which nobody who has sensibility as well as sense can take a part in without some emotion. An illustrious French philosopher who happened to be an examiner of candidates for admission to the Polytechnic School, once confessed that, when a youth came before him eager to do his best, competently taught, and of an apt intelligence, he needed all his self-control to press back the tears from his eyes. Well, when we think how much industry, patience, and intelligent discipline ; how many hard hours of self-denying toil ; how many temptations to worthless pleasures resisted ; how much steadfast feeling for things that are honest and true and of good report—are all represented by the young men and young women to whom I have had the honour of giving your prizes to night, we must all feel our hearts warmed and gladdened in generous sympathy with so much excellence, so many good hopes, and so honourable a display of those qualities would make life better worth having for ourselves, and are so likely to make the world better worth living in for those who are to come after us.

If a prize-giving is always an occasion of lively satisfaction, my own satisfaction is all the greater at this moment, because your Institute, which is doing such good work in the world, and is in every respect so prosperous and so flourishing, is the creation of the people of your own district, without subsidy and without direction either from London, or from Oxford, or from Cambridge, or from any other centre whatever. Nobody in this town at any rate needs any argument of mine to persuade him that we can only be sure of advancing all kinds of knowledge, and developing our national life in all its plenitude and variety, on condition of multiplying these local centres both of secondary and higher education, and encouraging each of them to fight its own battle and do its work in its own way. For my own part I look with the utmost dismay at the concentration, not only of population, but of the treasures of instruction, in our vast city on the banks of the Thames. At Birmingham, as I am informed, one has not far to look for an example of this. One of the branches of your multifarious trades in this town is the manufacture of jewellery. Some of it is said commonly to be wanting in taste, elegance, skill ; though some of it also—if I am not misinformed—is good enough to be passed off at Rome and at Paris, even

(1) An inaugural address delivered at the Town Hall, Birmingham, October 5, 1876, in opening the session of the Midland Institute, by Mr. Morley, as president for the year.

to connoisseurs, as of Roman or French production. Now, the nation possesses a most superb collection of all that is excellent and beautiful in jewellers' work. When I say that the nation possesses it, I mean that London possesses it. The University of Oxford, by the way, has also purchased a portion, but that is not at present accessible. If one of your craftsmen in that kind wants to profit by these admirable models, he must go to London. What happens is that he goes to the capital and stays there. Its superficial attractions are too strong for him. You lose a clever workman and a citizen, and he adds one more atom to that huge, overgrown, and unwieldy community. Now, why, in the name of common sense, should not a portion of the Castellani collection pass six months of the year in Birmingham, the very place of all others where it is most likely to be of real service, and to make an effective mark on the national taste?¹

To pass on to the more general remarks which you are accustomed to expect from the President of the Institute on this occasion. When I consulted one of your townsmen as to the subject which he thought would be most useful and most interesting to you, he said: "Pray talk about anything you please, if it is only not Education." There is a saying that there are two kinds of foolish people in the world, those who give advice, and those who do not take it. My friend and I in this matter represent these two interesting divisions of the race, for in spite of what he said, it is upon Education after all that I propose to offer you some short observations. You will believe it no affectation on my part when I say that I shall do so with the sincerest willingness to be corrected by those of wider practical

(1) Sir Henry Cole, C.B., writes to the *Times* (Oct. 13) on this suggestion as follows:—"In justice to the Lords President of the Council on Education, I hope you will allow me the opportunity of stating that from 1855 the Science and Art Department has done its very utmost to induce schools of art to receive deposits of works of art for study and popular examination, and to circulate its choicest objects useful to manufacturing industry. In corroboration of this assertion, please to turn to p. 435 of the twenty-second Report of the Department, just issued. You will there find that upwards of 26,907 objects of art, besides 23,911 paintings and drawings, have been circulated since 1855, and in some cases have been left for several months for exhibition in the localities. They have been seen by more than 6,000,000 of visitors, besides having been copied by students, &c., and the localities have taken the great sum of £116,182 for showing them.

"The Department besides has tried every efficient means to induce other public institutions, which are absolutely choked with superfluous specimens, to concur in a general principle of circulating the nation's works of art, but without success.

"The chief of our national storehouses of works of art actually repudiates the idea that its objects are collected for purposes of education, and declares that they are only 'things rare and curious,' the very reverse of what common sense says they are.

"Further, the Department, to tempt Schools of Art to acquire objects permanently for art museums attached to them, offered a grant in aid of 50 per cent. of the cost price of the objects."

experience in teaching. I am well aware, too, that I have very little that is new to say, but education is one of those matters on which much that has already been said will long bear saying over and over again.

I have been looking through the Report of your classes, and two things have rather struck me, which I will mention. One of them is the very large attendance in the French classes. This appears a singularly satisfactory thing, because you could scarcely do a hard-working man of whatever class a greater service than to give him easy access to French literature. Montesquieu used to say that he had never known a pain or distress which he could not soothe by half an hour of a good book ; and perhaps it is no more of an exaggeration to say that a man who can read French with comfort need never have a dull hour. Our own literature has assuredly many a kingly name. In boundless richness and infinite imaginative variety, there is no rival to Shakespeare in the world ; in energy and height and majesty Milton and Burke have no masters. But besides its great men of this loftier sort, France has a long list of authors who have produced a literature whose chief mark is its agreeableness. As has been so often said, the genius of the French language is its clearness, firmness, and order : to this clearness certain circumstances in the history of French society have added the delightful qualities of liveliness in union with urbanity. Now as one of the most important parts of popular education is to put people in the way of amusing and refreshing themselves in a rational rather than an irrational manner, it is a great gain to have given them the key to the most amusing and refreshing set of books in the world.

And here, perhaps, I may be permitted to remark that it seems a pity that Racine is so constantly used as a schoolbook, instead of some of the moderns who are nearer to ourselves in ideas and manners. Racine is a great and admirable writer, but what you want for ordinary readers who have not much time and whose faculties of attention are already largely exhausted by the more important industry of the day, is a book which brings literature more close to actual life than such a poet as Racine does. This is exactly one of the gifts and charms of modern French. To put what I mean very shortly, I would say by way of illustration that a man who could read the essays of Ste. Beuve with moderate comfort would have in his hands—of course I am now speaking of the active and busy part of the world, not of bookmen and students—would, I say, have in his hands one of the very best instruments that I can think of ; such work is exquisite and instructive in itself, it is a model of gracious writing, it is full of ideas, it breathes the happiest moods over us, and it is the most suggestive of guides, for those who have the capacity of extensive interests, to all the greater spheres of thought and history.

This word brings me back to the second fact that has struck me in your Report, and it is this. The subject of English history has apparently so little popularity, that the class is as near being a failure as anything connected with the Midland Institute can be. On the whole, whatever may be the ability and the zeal of the teacher, this is in my humble judgment neither very surprising nor particularly mortifying, if we think what history in the established conception of it means. How are we to expect workmen to make their way through constitutional antiquities, through the labyrinthine shifts of party intrigue at home, and through the entanglements of intricate diplomacy abroad—"shallow village tales" as Emerson calls them? These studies are fit enough for professed students of the special subject, but such exploration is for the ordinary run of men and women impossible, and I do not know that it would lead them into very fruitful lands even if it were easy. You know what the great Duke of Marlborough said: that he had learnt all the history he ever knew out of Shakespeare's historical plays. I have long thought that if we persuaded those classes who have to fight their own little Battles of Blenheim for bread every day, to make such a beginning of history as is furnished by Shakespeare's plays and Scott's novels, we should have done more to imbue them with a real interest in the past of mankind, than if we had taken them through a course of Hume and Smollett, or Hallam on the English Constitution, or even the dazzling Macaulay. What I for one would like to see in such an institution as this would be an attempt to compress the whole history of England into a dozen or fifteen lectures—lectures of course accompanied by catechetical instruction. I am not so extravagant as to dream that a short general course of this kind would be enough to go over so many of the details as it is desirable for men to know, but details in popular instruction, though not in the study of the writer or the university professor, are only important after you have imparted the largest general truths. It is the general truths that stir a life-like curiosity as to the particulars which they are the means of lighting up. Now this short course would be quite enough to present in a bold outline—and it need not be a whit the less true and real for being both bold and rapid—the great chains of events and the decisive movements, that have made of ourselves and our institutions what we are and what they are—the Teutonic beginnings, the Conquest, the Great Charter, the Hundred Years' War, the Reformation, the Civil Wars and the Revolution, the Emancipation of the American Colonies from the Monarchy. If this course were framed and filled in with a true social intelligence, men would find that they had at the end of it a fair idea—an idea that might be of great value, and at any rate an idea much to be preferred to that blank ignorance

which is in so many cases practically the only alternative—of the large issues of our past, of the antagonistic principles that strove with one another for mastery, of the chief material forces and moral currents of successive ages, and above all of those great men and our fathers that begat us—the Pymys, the Hampdens, the Cromwells, the Chathams—yes, and shall we not say the Washingtons—to whose sagacity, bravery, and unquenchable ardour for justice and order and equal laws all our English-speaking peoples owe a debt that can never be paid.

Another point is worth thinking of, besides the reduction of history for your purposes to a comprehensive body of rightly grouped generalities. Dr. Arnold says somewhere that he wishes the public might have a history of our present state of society *traced backwards*. It is the present that really interests us; it is the present that we seek to understand and to explain. I do not in the least want to know what happened in the past, except as it enables me to see my way more clearly through what is happening to-day. I want to know what men thought and did in the thirteenth century, not out of any dilettante or idle antiquarian's curiosity, but because the thirteenth century is at the root of what men think and do in the nineteenth. Well then, it cannot be a bad educational rule to start from what is most interesting, and to work from that outwards and backwards. By beginning with the present we see more clearly what are the two things best worth attending to in history—not party intrigues nor battles nor dynastic affairs, nor even many acts of parliament, but the great movements of the economic forces of a society on the one hand, and on the other the forms of religious opinion and ecclesiastical organization. All the rest are important, but their importance is subsidiary.

Allow me to make one more remark on this subject. If a dozen or a score of wise lectures would suffice for a general picture of the various phases through which our own society has passed, there ought to be added to the course of popular instruction as many lectures more, which should trace the history, not of England, but of the world. And the history of the world ought to go before the history of England. This is no paradox, but the deliberate opinion of many of those who have thought most deeply about the far-reaching chain of human progress. When I was on a visit to the United States some years ago,—things may have improved since then—I could not help noticing that the history classes in their common schools all began their work with the year 1776, when the American colonies formed themselves into an independent confederacy. The teaching assumed that the creation of the universe occurred about that date. What could be more absurd, more narrow and narrowing, more mischievously misleading as to the whole purport and significance of history. As if the laws,

the representative institutions, the religious uses, the scientific methods, the moral ideas, which give to an American citizen his character and mental habits and social surroundings had not all their roots in the deeds and thoughts of wise and brave men, who lived in centuries which are of course just as much the inheritance of the vast continent of the West, as they are of the little island from whence its first colonisers sailed forth.

Well, there is something nearly as absurd, if not quite, in our common plan of taking for granted that people should begin their reading of history, not in 1776, but in 1066. As if this could bring into our minds what is after all the greatest lesson of history, namely, the fact of its oneness; of the interdependence of all the elements that have in the course of long ages made the European of to-day what we see him to be. It is no doubt necessary for clear and definite comprehension to isolate your phenomenon, and to follow the stream of our own history separately. But that cannot be enough. We must also see that this stream is the effluent of a far broader and mightier flood—whose springs and sources and great tributaries lay higher up in the history of mankind.

"We are learning," says Mr. Freeman, whose little book on the *Unity of History* I cannot be wrong in warmly recommending even to the busiest among you, "that European history, from its first glimmerings to our own day, is one unbroken drama, no part of which can be rightly understood without reference to the other parts which come before and after it. We are learning that of this great drama Rome is the centre, the point to which all roads lead and from which all roads lead no less. The world of independent Greece stands on one side of it; the world of modern Europe stands on another. But the history alike of the great centre itself, and of its satellites on either side, can never be fully grasped except from a point of view wide enough to take in the whole group, and to mark the relations of each of its members to the centre and to one another."

Now the counsel which our learned historian thus urges upon the scholar and the leisured student, equally represents the point of view which is proper for the more numerous classes of whom we are thinking to-night. The scale will have to be reduced; all save the very broadest aspects of things will have to be left out; none save the highest ranges and streams of most copious volume will find a place in that map. Small as is the scale and many as are its omissions, yet if a man has intelligently followed the very shortest course of universal history, it will be the fault of his teacher if he has not acquired an impressive conception, which will never be effaced, of the destinies of man upon the earth; of the mighty confluence of forces working on from age to age which have their

meeting in every one of us here to-night; of the order in which each state of society has followed its foregoer, according to great and changeless laws 'embracing all things and all times'; of the thousand faithful hands that have one after another, each in their several degrees, orders, and capacities, trimmed the silver lamp of knowledge and kept its sacred flame bright from generation to generation and age to age, now in one land and now in another, from its early spark among far-off dim Chaldeans down to Goethe and Faraday and Darwin, and all the other good workers of our own day.

The shortest course of universal history will let him see how he owes to the Greek civilisation, on the shores of the Mediterranean two thousand years back, a debt extending from the architectural forms of this very Town Hall to some of the most systematic operations of his own mind; will let him see the forum of Rome, its roads and its gates—

"What conflux issuing forth or entering in,
Prætors, Proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of state—"

all busily welding an empire together in a marvellous framework of citizenship, manners, and laws, that laid assured foundations for a still higher civilisation that was to come after. He will learn how when the Roman Empire declined, then at Damascus and Bagdad and Seville the Mahometan conquerors took up the torch of science and learning, and handed it on to western Europe when the new generations were ready. He will learn how in the meantime, during ages which we both wrongly and ungratefully call dark, from Rome again, that other great organization, the mediæval Church, had arisen, which amid many imperfections and some crimes did a work that no glory of physical science can equal, and no instrument of physical science can compass, in purifying man's appetites, in setting discipline and direction on their lives, and in offering to humanity new types of moral obligation and fairer ideals of saintly perfection whose light still shines like a star to guide our own poor voyages. It is only by this contemplation of the life of our race as a whole that men see the beginnings and the ends of things; learn not to be nearsighted in history, but to look before and after; see their own part and lot in the rising up and going down of empires and faiths since first recorded time began; and what I am contending for is that even if you can take your young men and women no further than the mere vestibule of this ancient and ever venerable Temple of many marvels, you will have opened to them the way to a kind of knowledge that not only enlightens the understanding, but enriches

the character—which is a higher thing than mere intellect—and makes it constantly alive with the spirit of beneficence.

I know it is said that such a view of collective history is true, but that you will never get plain people to respond to it; it is a thing for intellectual dilettanti and moralising virtuosi. Well, we do not know, because we have never yet honestly tried, what the commonest people will or will not respond to. When Sir Richard Wallace's pictures were being exhibited at Bethnal Green, after people had said that the workers had no souls for art and would not appreciate its treasures, a story is told of a female in very poor clothes gazing intently at a picture of the Infant Jesus in the arms of his Mother, and then exclaiming, "*Who would not try to be a good woman, who had such a child as that?*" We have never yet, I say, tried the height and pitch to which our people are capable of rising.

I have thought it well to take this opportunity of saying a word for history, because I cannot help thinking that one of the most narrow and what will eventually be one of the most impoverishing characteristics of our day is the excessive supremacy claimed for physical science. This is partly due, no doubt, to a most wholesome reaction against the excessive supremacy that has hitherto been claimed for literature, and held by literature, in our schools and universities. At the same time, it is well to remember that the historic sciences are making strides not unworthy of being compared with those of the physical sciences, and not only is there room for both, but any system is radically wrong which excludes or depresses either to the advantage of the other.¹

And now there is another idea which I should like to throw out, if you will not think it too tedious and too special. It is an old saying that, after all, the great end and aim of the British Constitution is to get twelve honest men into a box. That is really a very sensible way of putting the theory, that the first end of government is to give security to life and property, and to make people keep their contracts. But with this view it is not only important that you should get twelve honest men into a box: the twelve honest men must have in their heads some notions as to what constitutes Evidence. Now it is surely a striking thing that while we are so

(1) A very eminent physicist writes to me on this passage :—"I cannot help smiling when I think of the place of physical science in the endowed schools," &c. My reference was to the great prevalence of such assertions as that human progress depends upon increase of our knowledge of the conditions of material phenomena (Dr. Draper, for instance, lays this down as a fundamental axiom of history); as if moral advance, the progressive elevation of types of character and ethical ideals, were not at least an equally important cause of improvement in civilisation. The type of Saint Vincent de Paul is plainly as indispensable to progress as the type of Newton.

careful to teach physical science and literature; while men want to be endowed in order to have leisure to explore our spinal cords and observe the locomotor system of Medusa—and I have no objection against those who urge on all these studies—yet, there is no systematic teaching, very often no teaching at all, in the principles of Evidence and Reasoning, even for the bulk of those who would be very much offended if we were to say that they are not educated. Of course I use the term evidence in a wider sense than the testimony in crimes and contracts, and the other business of courts of law. Questions of evidence are arising at every hour of the day. As Bentham says, it is a question of evidence with the cook whether the joint of meat is roasted enough. It has been excellently said that the principal and most characteristic difference between one human intellect and another consists in their ability to judge correctly of evidence. Most of us, Mr. Mill says, are very unsafe hands at estimating evidence, if appeal cannot be made to actual eyesight. Indeed, if we think of some of the tales that have been lately been diverting the British Association, we might perhaps go further, and describe many of us as very bad hands at estimating evidence even where appeal can be made to actual eyesight. Eyesight, in fact, is the least part of the matter. The senses are as often the tools as the guides of reason. One of the longest chapters in the history of vulgar error would contain the cases in which the eyes have only seen what old prepossessions inspired them to see, and were blind to all that would have been fatal to the prepossessions. “It is beyond all question or dispute,” says Voltaire, “that magic words and ceremonies are quite capable of most effectually destroying a whole flock of sheep, if the words be accompanied by a sufficient quantity of arsenic.” Sorcery has no doubt been exploded—at least we assume that it has—but the temper that made men attribute all the efficacy to the magic words, and entirely overlook the arsenic, still prevails in a great host of moral and political affairs, into which it is not convenient to enter here. The stability of a government for instance is constantly set down to some ornamental part of it, when in fact the ornament has no more to do with stability than the incantations of the soothsayer.

You have heard, again, that for many generations the people of the Isle of St. Kilda believed that the arrival of a ship in the harbour inflicted on the islanders epidemic colds in the head, and many ingenious reasons were from time to time devised by clever men why the ship should cause colds among the population. At last it occurred to somebody that the ship might not be the cause of the colds, but that both might be the common effects of some other cause, and it was then remembered that a ship could only enter the harbour when there was a strong north-east wind blowing.

However faithful the observation, as soon as ever a man uses words he may begin at that moment to go wrong. "A village apothecary," it has been said, "and if possible in a still greater degree, an experienced nurse, is seldom able to describe the plainest case without employing a phraseology of which every word is a theory; the simplest narrative of the most illiterate observer involves more or less of hypothesis;"—yet both by the observer himself and by most of those who listen to him, each of these conjectural assumptions is treated as respectfully as if it were an established axiom. We are supposed to deny the possibility of a circumstance, when in truth we only deny the evidence alleged for it. We allow the excellence of reassuring from certain data to captivate our belief in the truth of the data themselves, even when they are improved and improveable. There is no end, in short, of the ways in which men habitually go wrong in their reasoning, tacit or expressed. The greatest boon that any benefactor could confer on the human race would be to teach men—and especially women—to quantify their propositions. It sometimes seems as if Swift were right when he said that Mankind were just as fit for flying as for thinking.

Now it is quite true that mother-wit and the common experiences of life do often furnish people with a sort of shrewd and sound judgment that carries them very creditably through the world. They come to good conclusions, though perhaps they would give bad reasons for them, if they were forced to find their reasons. But you cannot count upon mother-wit in everybody; perhaps not even in a majority. And then as for the experience of life,—there are a great many questions, and those of the deepest ultimate importance to mankind, in which the ordinary experience of life sheds no light, until it has been interrogated and interpreted by men with trained minds. "It is far easier," as has been said, "to acquire facts than to judge what they prove." What is done in our systems of training to teach people how to judge what facts prove? There is Mathematics, no doubt; anybody who has done even no more than the first book of Euclid's geometry, ought to have got into his head the notion of a demonstration, of the rigorously close connection between a conclusion and its premisses, of the necessity of being able to show how each link in the chain comes to be where it is, and that it has a right to be there. This, however, is a long way from the facts of real life, and a man might well be a great geometer and still be a thoroughly bad reasoner in practical questions.

Again, in other of your classes, in Chemistry, in Astronomy, in Natural History, besides acquiring groups of facts the student has a glimpse of the method by which they were discovered, of the type of inference to which the discovery conforms, so that the discovery

of a new comet, the detection of a new species, the invention of a new chemical compound, each becomes a lesson of the most beautiful and impressive kind in the art of reasoning. And it would be superfluous and impertinent for me here to point out how valuable such lessons are in the way of mental discipline, apart from the fruit they bear in other ways. But here again the relation to the judgments we have to form in the moral, political, practical sphere is too remote and too indirect. The judgments in this region, of the most brilliant and successful explorers in physical science seem to be exactly as liable to every kind of fallacy as those of other people. The application of scientific method and conception to society is yet in its infancy, and the *Novum Organum* or the *Principia* of moral and social phenomena will perhaps not be wholly disclosed to any of us now alive. In any case it is clear that for the purposes of such an institution as this, if the rules of evidence and proof and all the other safeguards for making your propositions true and relevant—are to be taught at all, they must be taught not only in an elementary form, but with illustrations that shall convey their own direct reference and application to practical life. If everybody could find time to master Mill's *Logic*, or so instructive and interesting a book as Professor Jevons's *Principles of Science*, a certain number at any rate of the bad mental habits of people would be cured; and for those of you here who have leisure enough, and want to find a worthy keystone of your culture, it would be hard to find a better thing to do for the next six months than to work through one or both of the books I have just named—pen in hand. The ordinary text-books of formal logic do not seem to meet the special aim which I am now trying to impress as desirable—namely the habit of valuing, not merely speculative nor scientific truth, but the truth of practical life; a practising of the intellectual conscience in forming and expressing the opinions and judgments that form the staple of our daily discourse.

It is now accepted that the most effective way of learning a foreign language is to begin by reading books written in it, or by conversing in it—and then after a certain empirical familiarity with vocabulary and construction has been acquired, one may proceed to master the grammar. Just in the same way it would seem to be the best plan to approach the art of practical reasoning in concrete examples, in cases of actual occurrence and living interest; and then after the processes of disentangling a complex group of propositions, of dividing and sifting, of scenting a fallacy, have all become familiar, it may be worth while to find names for them all, and to set out rules for reasoning rightly, just as in the former illustration the rules of writing correctly follow a certain practice, rather than precede it.

Now it has long seemed to me that the best way of teaching carefulness and precision in dealing with propositions might be found through the medium of the argumentation in the courts of justice. This is reasoning in real matter. There is a famous book well known to legal students—Smith's *Leading Cases*—which contains a selection of important decisions, and sets forth the grounds on which the courts arrived at them. I have often thought that a dozen or a score of cases might be collected from this book into a small volume, that would make such a manual as no other matter could, for opening plain men's eyes to the logical pitfalls among which they go stumbling and crashing when they think they are disputing like Socrates or reasoning like Newton. They would see how a proposition or an expression that looks straightforward and unmistakable, is yet on examination found to be capable of bearing several distinct interpretations and meaning several distinct things; how the same evidence may warrant different conclusions, and what kinds of evidence carry with them what degrees of validity: how certain sorts of facts can only be proved in one way, and certain other sorts of facts in some other way: how necessary it is before you set out to know exactly what it is you intend to show, or what it is you intend to dispute: how there may be many argumentative objections to a proposition, yet the balance be in favour of its adoption. It is from the generality of people having neglected to practise the attention on these and the like matters, that interest and prejudice find so ready an instrument of sophistry in that very art of speech which ought to be the organ of reason and truth. To bring the matter to a point, then, I submit that it might be worth while in this and all such institutions to have a class for the study of Logic, Reasoning, Evidence, and that such a class might well find its best material in selections from *Leading Cases*, and from Bentham's *Rationale of Judicial Evidence*, elucidated by those special sections in Mill's *Logic*, or smaller manuals such as those of Mr. Fowler, the Oxford Professor of Logic, which treat of the department of Fallacies. Perhaps Bentham's *Book of Fallacies* is too political for me to commend it to you here. But if there happens to be any one in Birmingham who is fond of meeting proposed changes by saying that they are Utopian; that they are good in theory, but bad in practice; that they are too good to be realised, and so forth, then I can promise him that he will in that book hear of something very much to his advantage.¹

¹ This suggestion has fortunately found favour in a quarter where shrewd and critical common sense is never wanting. The *Economist* (Oct. 14) writes:—"Such a text book commented on to a class by a man trained to estimate the value of evidence, would form a most valuable study, and not, we should imagine, at all less fascinating

An incidental advantage—which is worth mentioning—of making legal instances the medium of instruction in practical logic, would be that people would—not learn law, of course, in the present state of our system, but they would have their attention called in a direct and business-like way to the lawyer's point of view, and those features of procedure in which every man and woman in the land has so immediate an interest. Perhaps if people interested themselves more seriously than is implied by reading famous cases in the newspapers, we should get rid, for one thing, of the rule which makes the accused person in a criminal case incompetent to testify; and, for another, of that infamous licence of cross-examination to credit, which is not only barbarous to those who have to submit to it, but leads to constant miscarriage of justice in the case of those who rather than submit to it will suffer wrong.

It will be said, I daresay, that overmuch scruple about our propositions and the evidence for them will reduce men, especially the young, to the intellectual condition of the great philosopher, Marphurius, in Molière's comedy. Marphurius rebukes Sganerelle for saying he had come into the room;—"What you should say is, that it *seems* I am come into the room." Instead of the downright affirmations and burly negations so becoming to Britons, he would bring down all our propositions to the attenuation of a possibility or a perhaps. We need not fear such an end. The exigencies of practical affairs will not allow this endless balancing. They are always driving men to the other extreme, making us like the new judge, who first heard the counsel on one side and made up his mind on the merits of the case, until the turn of the opposing counsel came, and then the new counsel filled the judge with so many doubts and perplexities, that he suddenly vowed that nothing would induce him to pay any heed to evidence again as long as he lived.

I do not doubt that I shall be blamed in what I have said about French, and about history, for encouraging a spirit of superficiality, and of contentment with worthless smatterings of things. To this I should answer that, as Archbishop Whately pointed out long ago, it is a fallacy to mistake general truths for superficial truths, or a knowledge of the leading propositions of a subject for a superficial knowledge. "To have a general knowledge of a subject is to know only its leading truths, but to know these thoroughly, so as to have a true conception of the subject in its great features." (*Mill*.) And I need not point out that instruction

than valuable. Of course the class suggested would not be a class in English law, but in the principles on which evidence should be estimated, and the special errors to which, in common life, average minds are most liable. We regard this suggestion as a most useful one, and as one which would not only greatly contribute to the educational work of an institute for adults, but also to its popularity."

may be of the most general kind, and still possess that most important quality of all instruction—namely, being *methodical*.

I think popular instruction has been made much more repulsive than it need have been, and more repulsive than it ought to have been, because those who have had the control of the movement for the last fifty years have been too anxious to make the type of popular instruction conform to the type of academic instruction proper to learned men. The principles of instruction have been too rigorously ascetic and puritanical, and instead of making the access to knowledge as easy as possible, we have delighted in forcing every pilgrim to make his journey to the shrine of the Muses with a hair-shirt on his back and peas in his shoes. Nobody would say that Macaulay had a superficial knowledge of the things best worth knowing in ancient literature, yet we have his own confession that when he became a busy man—as you are all busy—then he read his classics not like a collegian but like a man of the world; if he did not know a word, he passed it over, and if a passage refused to give up its meaning at the second reading, then he let it alone. Now the aims of academic education and those of popular education are—it is obvious if you come to think of it—quite different. The end of the one is rather to increase knowledge: of the other to diffuse it, and to increase men's interest in what is already known. If, therefore, I am for making certain kinds of instruction as general as they can possibly be made in these local centres, I should give to the old seats of learning a very special function indeed. I should like to occupy your attention for a very few minutes by one or two remarks on this question. You are aware that a Bill was brought before parliament by a distinguished member of the government last session, and will be introduced again next session, dealing with the two famous universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Shortly speaking, the object of this measure is to suppress a certain number of college fellowships—which Lord Salisbury, rather unpleasantly for their occupants, called 'idle fellowships'—and to transfer the funds to the support of professorial chairs, the erection of buildings, and other purposes connected not with the colleges as such, but with the university. I remember some two years ago that one of your most zealous townsmen one day threw a bombshell among a party of university men, by crying that Oxford would never do any good in the world until it was removed to Birmingham. Well, when I think of the old grey quadrangles, the tranquil gardens, the dreaming spires, the clear air, the long intellectual tradition of old Oxford, I confess I am not at once converted to our friend's heroic doctrine. But in common with every other son of Oxford, who thinks much about it, I cannot

help seeing that the university is not doing the work in the world which it might well be made to do. The residents—though working very diligently in their educational calling—are restless and unhappy. The young men who are content to take the ordinary degree are for the most part the sort of people who ought never to pretend to go to a university at all. And lastly the young men who work hardest and take high degrees, and then get their fellowships—I speak of Oxford, not of Cambridge, of which I know less—seem to me as unsatisfactory as the rest of the University. Here is the account of them by one who is himself an Oxford fellow, and a very distinguished one :—

“Too often, the undergraduate, after receiving a smattering of philosophical theories past and present, with a neatly labelled catalogue of arguments *pro* and *con*, becomes an intolerable prig, with a supreme contempt for facts or scientific enthusiasm, and an equal belief in his power of criticising his teachers from Aristotle to Mill. A first class gives the title to his claims, and allows him to pass though life an amiable *dilettante*, who has discovered that all things may be disposed of by half-a-dozen *a priori* quibbles, and that scientific certainty is a dream.”

It would be absurd to attempt to discuss academic organization here, at this hour. I only want to ask you as politicians whose representatives in parliament will ultimately settle the matter—to reflect whether the money now consumed in idle fellowships might not be more profitably employed in endowing inquirers. The favourite argument of those who support prize fellowships is that they are the only means by which a child of the working class can raise himself to the highest positions in the land. My answer to this would be that, in the first place, it is of questionable expediency to invite the cleverest members of any class to leave it—instead of making their abilities available in it, and so raising the whole class along with, and by means of, their own rise. Second, these prize fellowships will continue, and must continue, to be carried off by those who can afford time and money to educate their sons for the competition. Third, I doubt the expediency—and the history of Oxford within the last twenty-five years strikingly confirms this doubt—of giving to a young man of any class what is practically a premium on indolence, and the removal of a motive to self-reliant and energetic spirit of enterprise. The best thing that I can think of as happening to a young man is this: that he should have been educated at a day-school in his own town; that he should have opportunities of following also the higher education in his own town; and that at the earliest convenient time he should be taught to earn his own living.

The Universities might then be left to their proper business of

study. Knowledge for its own sake is clearly an object which only a very small portion of society can be spared to pursue ; only a very few men in a generation have that devouring passion for knowing, which is the true inspirer of fruitful study and exploration. Even if the passion were more common than it is, the world could not afford on any very large scale that men should indulge in it : the great business of the world has to be carried on. One of the greatest of all hindrances to making things better, is the habit of taking for granted that plans or ideas, simply because they are different and approach the matter from different sides, are therefore the rivals and enemies, instead of being the friends and complements of one another. But a great and wealthy society like ours ought very well to be able to nourish one or two great seats for the augmentation of true learning, and at the same time make sure that young men—and again I say, especially young women—should have good education of the higher kind within reach of their own hearths.

It is not necessary for me here, I believe, to dwell upon any of the great commonplaces which the follower of knowledge does well to keep always before his eyes, and which represent the wisdom of many generations of studious experience. You know as well as I or any one can tell you, that knowledge is worth little or nothing until you have made it so perfectly your own, as to be capable of reproducing it in precise and definite form. Nobody can be sure that he has got clear ideas on a subject unless he has tried to put them down on a piece of paper in independent words of his own. It is an excellent plan, too, when you have read a good book, to sit down and write a short abstract of what you can remember of it. It is a still better plan, if you can make up your minds to a slight extra labour, to do what Lord Strafford, and Gibbon, and Daniel Webster did : after glancing over the title, subject, or design of a book, these eminent men would take a pen and write roughly what questions they expected to find answered in it, what difficulties solved, what kind of information imparted. Such practices keep us from reading with the eye only, gliding vaguely over the page ; and they help us to *place* our new acquisitions in relation with what we knew before. All this takes trouble, no doubt, but then it will not do to deal with ideas that we find in books or elsewhere as a certain bird does with its eggs—leave them in the sand for the sun to hatch and chance to rear. People who follow this plan possess nothing better than ideas half-hatched, and convictions reared by accident. They are like a man who should pace up and down the world in the delusion that he is clad in sumptuous robes of purple and velvet, when in truth he is only half-covered by the rags and tatters of other people's cast-off clothes.

Then, again, nobody here needs to be reminded that the great successes of the world have been affairs of a second, a third, nay a fiftieth trial. The history of literature, of science, of art, of industrial achievements, all testifies to the truth that success is only the last term of what looked like a series of failures. What is true of the great achievements of history, is true also of the little achievements of the observant cultivator of his own understanding. If a man is despondent about his work, the best remedy that I can prescribe to him is to turn to a good biography; there he will find that other men before him have known the dreary reaction that follows long-sustained effort, and he will find that one of the differences between the first-rate man and the fifth-rate lies in the vigour with which the first-rate man recovers from this reaction and crushes it down, and again flings himself once more upon the breach. I remember the wisest and most virtuous man I have ever known, or am ever likely to know—Mr. Mill—once saying to me that whenever he had written anything, he always felt profoundly dissatisfied with it, and it was only by reflecting that he had felt the same about other pieces of which the world had thought well, that he could bring himself to send the new production to the printer. The heroism of the scholar and the truth-seeker is not less admirable than the heroism of the man-at-arms.

Finally, you none of you need to be reminded of the most central and important of all the commonplaces of the student—that the stuff of which life is made is Time; that it is better, as Goethe said, to do the most trifling thing in the world, than to think half an hour a trifling thing. Nobody means by this that we are to have no pleasures. Where time is lost and wasted is where many people lose and waste their money—in things that are neither pleasure nor business—in those random and officious sociabilities which neither refresh nor instruct nor invigorate, but only fret and benumb and wear all edge off the mind. All these things, however, you have all of you often thought about; yet, alas, we are so ready to forget, both in these matters and in other and weightier, how irrevocable are the hours, how irrevocable our mistakes.

“The moving Finger writes, and having writ,
 Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
 Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
 Nor all your tears wipe out a word of it.”

And now I think I cannot ask you to listen any longer. I will only add that these ceremonial anniversaries, when they are over, sometimes slightly tend to depress us, unless we are on our guard. When the prizes of the year are all distributed, and the address is at an end, we perhaps ask ourselves, Well, and what then? It is not to be denied that the expectations of the first fervent promoters of

popular instruction by such Institutes as this—of men like Lord Brougham and others, a generation ago—were not fulfilled. The principal reason was that the elementary instruction of the country was not then sufficiently advanced to supply a population ready to take advantage of education in the higher subjects. Well, we are in a fair way for removing that obstacle. It is true that the old world moves tardily on its arduous way, but even if the results of all our efforts in the cause of education were smaller than they are, there are still two considerations that ought to weigh with us and encourage us.

For one thing, you never know what child in rags and pitiful squalor that meets you in the street, may have in him the germ of gifts that might add new treasures to the storehouse of beautiful things or noble acts. In that great storm of terror which swept over France in 1793, a certain man who was every hour expecting to be led off to the guillotine, uttered this memorable sentiment. "Even at this incomprehensible moment"—he said—"when morality, enlightenment, love of country, all of them only make death at the prison-door or on the scaffold more certain—yes on the fatal tumbril itself with nothing free but my voice, I could still cry *Take care* to a child that should come too near the wheel; perhaps I may save his life, perhaps he may one day save his country." This is a generous, an inspiring thought—one to which the roughest-handed man or woman in Birmingham may respond as honestly and heartily, as the philosopher who wrote it. It ought to shame the listlessness with which so many of us see the great phantasmagoria of life pass before us.

There is another thought to encourage us, still more direct, and still more positive. The boisterous old notion of hero-worship, which has been preached by so eloquent a voice in our age, is after all now seen to be a half-truth, and to contain the less edifying and the less profitable half of the truth. The world will never be able to spare its hero, and the man with the rare and inexplicable gift of genius will always be as commanding a figure as he has ever been. What we see every day with increasing clearness is that not only the well-being of the many, but the chances of exceptional genius, moral or intellectual, in the gifted few, are highest in a society where the *average* interest, curiosity, capacity, are all highest. The moral of this for you and for me is plain. We cannot, like Beethoven or Handel, lift the soul by the magic of divine melody into the seventh heaven of ineffable vision and hope incommensurable; we cannot, like Newton, weigh the far-off stars in a balance, and measure the heavings of the eternal flood; we cannot, like Voltaire, scorch up what is cruel and false by a word as a flame, nor, like Milton or Burke, awaken men's hearts with the note of an organ-trumpet; we

cannot, like the great saints of the churches and the great sages of the schools, add to those acquisitions of spiritual beauty and intellectual mastery which have, one by one, and little by little, raised man from being no higher than the brute to be only a little lower than the angels. But what we can do—the humblest of us in this great hall—is by diligently using our own minds and diligently seeking to extend our own opportunities to others, to help to swell that common tide, on the force and the set of whose currents depends the prosperous voyaging of humanity. When our names are blotted out, and our place knows us no more, the energy of each social service will remain, and so, too, let us not forget, will each social disservice remain, like the unending stream of one of nature's forces. The thought this is so may well lighten the poor perplexities of our daily life, and even soothe the pang of its calamities; it lifts us from our feet as on wings, opening a larger meaning to our private toil and a higher purpose to our public endeavour; it makes the morning as we awake to it welcome, and the evening like a soft garment as it wraps us about; it nerves our arm with boldness against oppression and injustice, and strengthens our voice with deeper accents against falsehood, while we are yet in the full noon of our days—yes, and perhaps it will shed some ray of consolation when our eyes are growing dim to it all, and we go down into the Valley of Darkness.

THE EASTERN SITUATION.

IN his Life of the poet Moore, Lord Russell has observed that in free states the most cultivated and refined minds are frequently opposed to the prevailing current of popular opinion. The truth of this remark has been strikingly illustrated in the recent discussions to which the Eastern Question has given rise. It is needless, of course, to speak of those whose judgment is obviously biassed by party affinities or personal aversions. It is only natural that men of fastidious taste should be offended by the crude expressions and the unmeasured demands in which popular feeling finds vent, but it will probably turn out that the able men who carp at the recent movement, have not in general arrived at any different conclusion upon the essential merits of the case, and therefore that we need not fear that, at this juncture, the mind of the nation will be separated from its heart. The burden of the complaints apparently is that such a question is unfit for the tumult of public meetings, and ought rather to be left to the unfettered judgment of the Cabinet and to the unimpassioned deliberations of the Powers.

To these plausible observations it may be answered that, even in foreign affairs, in a State with such institutions as ours, it is seldom that the motive power to action can be supplied by any force but that of the excited will of the people. Were we living under the personal government of a sovereign guided by the wisdom and the traditions of an organised bureaucracy, there would be much to be said against what is called "taking matters out of the hands of the Administration." We may admire, and we may envy, the just confidence of that German who, being asked why his countrymen had held no meetings about the Bulgarian horrors, replied, "We have a Government that watches over our interests, and we trust it." But it is only stolid or sycophantic partisans who could put forward such a claim to silent deference on behalf of any recent English minister. Upon this very Eastern Question, Lord Derby himself requested to be made acquainted with the instructions of the public. Ever since, one dull December day a quarter of a century ago, the seals of the Foreign Office were withdrawn from Lord Palmerston, our foreign relations have been managed by drifting statesmen. Failing the prescient guidance of paternal authority, we must resign ourselves to an attitude of effacement and wrap our talent in a napkin, unless we occasionally consent to receive a democratic impulse.

But yet it would be a mistake to assume that all the thoughtless clamour is on one side, all the matured reason on the other. There

is no member of the House of Commons who is better qualified to form a wise opinion upon questions of European policy than Mr. Laing. His cultivated and disciplined intelligence has long been exercised in political and official duties, both at home and in India. He has enjoyed exceptional opportunities of becoming acquainted with the affairs of the principal continental states. The disposition of his sagacious mind would rather be to distrust the suggestions of philanthropic and sentimental enthusiasm. He, at least, has no dangerous sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's eloquence; on the contrary, he has invariably shown himself friendly to the Government. Yet Mr. Laing has unhesitatingly declared against Turkey, in terms which fall little short of Mr. Gladstone's famous sentence, and there are those who can testify that his judgment was formed long before the Bulgarian atrocities were known, or even enacted. Of Mr. Laing certainly it will not be insinuated that he is moved by any craving after the ceremonial rites of the Eastern Church, or that he looks with the eye of sympathetic envy upon chartered chasuble and censer.

If, as is alleged, some public men have obscured this discussion by exciting popular feeling, others have unquestionably endeavoured to divert attention from the real issue by the introduction of trivial or irrelevant topics. The Slavs in general, and the Servians in particular, have been accused of religious intolerance. I cannot enter into the mysterious question of the Roman Catholic church or churches, which were built or not built, but which appear not to be situated upon Servian territory at all, in the sense, that is, of territory subject to Servian laws. After all, it must perhaps be acknowledged that the Servians are not very indulgent to the Roman Catholics. But our own national conscience is not so clear upon this point that we can claim the right to cast a stone at Servia. It would be absurd to say that that little Principality or any other Slav country at the present day, can bear comparison with the England of fifty years ago. It was only in 1829 that Roman Catholic Emancipation was conceded, and then with every circumstance of discredit. It was wrung by a scared Administration, itself converted in a panic, from abandoned followers and a reluctant king. The charge of severity against the Jews is but too well founded, and it has brought the Turks powerful Allies. Mr. Philip Cristich has written to the *Times* from Belgrad, to explain that in Servia the Jews are admitted to seats in parliament, but are not allowed to reside in the interior of the country, "because their influence upon the peasantry is pernicious." Twenty years ago, a Servian, visiting our country, might have noted that in England the Jews were indeed at liberty to reside in the interior, but were not permitted to become members of parliament. Thus, while the

Servian lawgiver was concerned for the peasantry, he seems to have felt that Servian senators might be trusted to withstand the evil. The English legislator, on the other hand, had evidently no fear for the peasants, but appears to have foreseen the possibility of Jewish influence demoralising members of parliament. What were the illusions in each case, at the root of these contrasted apprehensions, I cannot stop to inquire. Perhaps Sir H. Maine may some day give us a valuable chapter upon the origin and the comparative effects of these different systems of restrictive legislation; enough for me to remind that the English charter of Jewish emancipation is so recent as to be still in its teens; and the sum of the whole futile controversy is, that in the matter of religious toleration, we are a few decades in advance of these Slav states, which are about three centuries behind us in almost every other article of political development.

If we admit that there is something to be regretted in the popular emotion which the Bulgarian atrocities have excited, it is certainly not because the attempts which have been made to extenuate their gravity can be considered successful. It may be true that in the delirium of war, nations civilised, European and Christian, have also been guilty of terrible excesses. But the archives of all previous iniquity, although diligently ransacked, have failed to furnish any parallel to the Bulgarian tragedy; and what even if they had? Is vindictive outrage thus to "broaden down from precedent to precedent?" The acts of just men are often kept alive in the grateful recollection of posterity by anniversary celebrations, but we cannot be asked to commemorate shameful deeds by instituting them a perpetual standard and an eternal measure of what must be tolerated and what may be dared. The inconvenience resulting from the impression produced upon the public mind by the Bulgarian events, is that attention has been withdrawn from the permanent features of the case, and that one great outbreak of ferocity has thrown into the shade the long course of hopeless misgovernment.

In the public journals of one and the same day, I find the reports of two speeches, in which witnesses of unexceptionable authority bear, the one impartial, the other unwilling testimony to the character of Ottoman rule. Mr. Forster, whose measured statements have been triumphantly opposed by the friends of Turkey to the trenchant language of Mr. Gladstone, after describing "the result of his own observation in Asia Minor, where the government is that of Turks by Turks," and where "he felt that the people looked upon the government as their natural enemies, and on good grounds,"—proceeds to speak of the Turkish rule in the European provinces, and says—"Property is not safe. The industrious Bulgarians have excited the envy of their neighbours by their industry, and the

fruits of their industry are not safe, and what is far more important, life is not safe, nor is the honour of women safe from constant outrage." One would suppose that insurrection against such a yoke is not only a right but a duty.

The other speaker was Colonel Loyd Lindsay. Besides having taken a distinguished part in the Crimean War, he has had good and very recent opportunities of judging Turkish things. Although he went to the East upon an errand of compassion, which does him honour, his views are far from being those of a humanitarian. Colonel Loyd Lindsay makes no effort to conceal his strong Turkish bias; he attacks Mr. Gladstone, and asks that Turkey should be maintained. Purely and simply maintained he could not wish it to be, for writing subsequently to the *Times*, he introduces a deserved eulogium upon the Turkish rank and file, with these remarkable words, "Withering for all things good, as I believe the Turkish rule and the Mahommedan faith to be." His proposal then, is that the Turkish authorities should be superseded by "English officials in the service of the Porte." If he supposes that this arrangement would prove effectual, any one who knows what is the degree of influence allowed to Europeans in the service of the Porte could tell him that he is mistaken. English officials would only be powerful for good if they were constantly supported by England. But thus to delegate the government of the country to a staff of English officials protected, supported, and of course controlled by England, is a plan which it would be difficult to distinguish from virtual annexation. Mr. Grant Duff also proposed that Anglo-Indian functionaries should be called in, but his statesmanlike instinct discerned that alone such an expedient would be worthless, and he suggested a combination, which, however grave the objections to which it may be open, possessed at any rate the double merit of being at once comprehensive and radical.

When we went to war in 1854 we had for allies France and Sardinia, the rising hope of Italian patriotism; we were besides supported by the approval, more or less avowed, of Austria, and by the sympathies of liberal and unofficial Germany. It is impossible to observe without misgiving that in the course upon which our Government has entered, we have found as yet no coadjutors except the Turks, the Magyars, and the Vatican. Of these, the Vatican is probably moved by its old jealousy of the Eastern Church, and by the hope of obtaining some assistance from the Porte in the dispute which has long been raging within the Roman Catholic Armenian communion at Constantinople. The Magyars are with us because, like the Turks, they exercise dominion over, and maladminister, though not in anything like the same degree, a large Slav population. They also appear to emulate the financial policy of the Porte;

and their securities, introduced by Messrs. Rothschild to the London market, may be bought at a price to yield a return of about fourteen per cent. It would be unjust to say that they blight the existence of their Slav subjects, but at any rate Slav interests of every kind would be better consulted under any other conceivable masters except the Turks. It is discouraging to see that with none of the great living forces of the Continent are we at this moment in unison, and that in an age believed to be one of progress we suddenly find ourselves in the camp of immobility.

The chronic misgovernment of the European provinces is therefore the matter upon which action has to be taken. Humiliating indeed would it be, if Europe, so largely responsible for the existence hitherto of the Ottoman State, were to lower her aim to demanding measures only of punishment and repression in Bulgaria. It is impossible to think without shame of the countrymen of Carlyle being content to require nothing more than that "steps should be taken to prevent the recurrence of those outrages." What is above all to be desired is that this opportunity should be used to obtain, in as far as may be practicable, a complete and final settlement. In the material order, it is necessary that the industries of the world, which have been languishing under a precarious peace, should be allowed to revive in a period of salutary repose and security. In the political order, the highest interests require that a question shall no longer remain open, which invariably, as in 1870, prevents all effectual concert and co-operation amongst the Powers and leaves us constantly exposed to the risk of a surprise or an adventure; and lastly, in the moral order, seeing how scandalously the Turks have abused the authority which they were allowed to exercise under the protection of Christian states, it is indispensable that exemplary satisfaction should be given to the offended majesty of Europe.

Looking at the question in this spirit and with these objects in view, we may dismiss at once as inadequate, impracticable, and illusory, the proposal which has been made to leave the Porte in possession of the government, subject to the control of the Powers, under stipulations guaranteed by treaty. Instead of effecting a settlement this cumbrous expedient would do nothing but multiply causes of jealousy and occasions of intrigue. The rivalry of ambassadors now concentrated at Constantinople would be disseminated through the provinces and crop up in the form of consular competitions, in every seat of local authority; leaving aside the consideration as to how far it is worthy of Europe, after recent events, to employ such agents, it is difficult to suppose the Turks capable of usefully undertaking the office. Statesmen, indeed, of high merit, like the late Aali Pacha, they may sometimes produce, but their

government is rigidly monarchical and theocratic ; like almost every Asiatic polity, it is the embodiment of a single idea, and is wholly unfitted to deal with the various, conflicting, and multiform principles, elements and interests which move and have their being in any modern and European community, however undeveloped it may be. There are many signs that the Turks are unable to bear the contact with Western civilisation and European circumstances. In that contact, they have already lost their distinguishing virtues ; and this explains the phenomenon observed by Mr. Forster, and accounts for their conspicuous failure to provide an efficient government even for their own Mahommedans in their own Asia. The one merit of their system lies in the omnipotence of the Sovereign Will, founded upon the perfect union and complete identification of Church and State. Rooted, as it is with them, in the theocratic idea, authority itself becomes demoralised if, by laws and institutions, it be limited as we limit, and circumscribed as we circumscribe it.

With much greater plausibility has it been proposed to grant autonomy, in some one of several forms, to each of the afflicted provinces. There is, however, an ambiguity in the use of the term, which deserves to be noted. It is employed sometimes to denote some kind of representative government, sometimes, and more correctly, to indicate the sort of relation to the Porte, in which Roumania and Servia have already been placed. Autonomy, in fact, has nothing to do with the character of domestic institutions. The Russian Empire and the North American Republic are both autonomous states. Were the Prince of Servia to subvert the Servian parliament and make himself an absolute monarch, Servia would continue to be autonomous, as against the Porte, although the Servians might perhaps be said to have ceased to be autonomous, as against their ruler.

“Free institutions are next to impossible in a country made up of different nationalities.” This is not the dogma of Machiavelli, or of any cynical politician ; it was written by the benevolent Mill. In the Turkish provinces, whose future we are considering, there is, besides the mixture of races, almost every circumstance which would render self-government inapplicable. The people are backward ; they have been long subjected to the most degrading misrule ; they probably entertain that deep distrust of one another, which absolute power, capriciously exercised, is wont to engender. I challenge any one to instance a single particular, in which our Indian subjects are not immeasurably better qualified for constitutional government than these unhappy Bulgarians and Bosnians. So powerful an instrument for good or for evil cannot be looked upon with indifference. It must be either an egg or a scorpion. If an egg, why should we refuse it to India ; if a scorpion, why should we offer it to the

Roumelian provinces of Turkey? But, in truth, those who thus propose to establish representative institutions in countries so little fitted to receive them, do so without any malevolent intention; they are only repeating one of those platitudes, which, in moments of emergency, politicians who do not see their way, are accustomed to produce from the dusty pigeon-holes of their minds.

There remains the plan of an absolute government by a Prince or Dictator. This undoubtedly would, in this case, be a preferable arrangement, for, as Mr. Mill observes, "there are conditions of society in which a vigorous despotism is in itself the best mode of government for training the people in what is specifically wanting to render them capable of a higher civilisation." It would be indispensable to the success of such a scheme that the prince should be supported by a foreign army. Mr. Forster has contemplated the possibility of a joint occupation; but joint occupations are perilous and of ill omen. The joint occupation of the Roman States by France and Austria, and the "Condominium," or joint occupation, of Schleswig-Holstein by Austria and Prussia furnished successively pretexts for the Italian and Prussian wars of 1859 and 1866. At best a joint occupation can only be a temporary expedient, and when it is ended we should find ourselves once again face to face with the old difficulty. If, on the other hand, the occupying force be supplied by a single power, the case would probably prove to be merely one of disguised annexation and conquest.

The object, it must frankly be avowed, of all these proposals is to satisfy the public conscience by removing the grosser scandals of Turkish administration, without adding to the influence of Russia. It is impossible, however, to be so cheaply and circumspectly philanthropic. An impartial consideration of the question will show that we have not here to deal merely, or even principally, with a demand for tolerable, or even for self-government. We have to encounter in a new shape and on a virgin soil, those national aspirations with which the history of the last thirty years ought to have made us familiar. The attempt to persuade us that we may, in this case, indulge liberal inclinations, without sacrificing, or rather, on the contrary, while even advancing our interest as the rivals or antagonists of Russia, ought not to be allowed to succeed. Those so reasoning, neglect the warnings of the history of the present crisis. Let there be a reformed and supervised Turkish administration, self-governing provinces, autonomous principalities, or federated republics; whenever Russia may give the signal, these Slav populations will all advance and help her to plant her standard upon the shores of the Bosphorus. The present insurrectionary movement began in the summer of 1875; it was not, as is commonly supposed, instigated by Russia; but had its origin chiefly in the

concert of Turkish with Austrian Slavs, not entirely, it is alleged, without the connivance of the local Austrian authorities, with a Slav general at their head, whose action was probably not very severely condemned at the Imperial Court of Vienna. Serbia has been acting all along in intimate union with the Slavs on the northern bank of the Save, or on the left bank of the Danube. The celebrated political and religious association, the Omladina, has perhaps more extensive ramifications in the border-lands of Austro-Hungary than in Serbia itself. In possession of her full autonomy, unmolested and unthreatened, Serbia would not have moved, had she not been impelled by what, for want of a better word, I must call the solidarity of the Slav race. The truth is, the Slavs in those regions cannot but see that, although forming a majority of the population in Austria, a majority in Hungary and a majority in European Turkey, they are a state nowhere. This being the case, the attraction to Russia is and must remain irresistible. Russia is at the head of their race, at the head of their religion, the highest expression of their undying hatred to the Turk.

In support of the feasibility of the schemes against which I am arguing, the example of Roumania has been cited. Mr. Gladstone, in general wonderfully accurate in his references to local circumstances in the East, has spoken of the success of Roumania in terms which seemed to some acquainted with the country, to be slightly exaggerated, and with a confidence in its presenting a barrier against Russian aggression, which appeared not only exaggerated but misplaced. But the circumstances of Roumania were peculiarly favourable to the experiment, which, after all, is only recent. The last ten years have been passed under the reign of a prince who has enjoyed all the prestige, and perhaps not the prestige only, of belonging to the house of victorious Cæsar, but even he has been once certainly, and probably more than once, so discouraged as seriously to contemplate abdication. In the next place, government in Roumania is facilitated by the fact that, while the peasantry stand in some respects on even a lower level than in Bulgaria, there is a wealthy and cultivated, though licentious territorial aristocracy. Lastly and above all, it must be observed that the Roumanians are not, except in a small admixture, of Slav origin, and that, in their language the predominant element is Latin. It is difficult to attach too much weight to this last peculiarity. The treasures of the Latin languages are easily accessible to them. French is perhaps more generally understood, it is certainly more fluently spoken at Bucharest, and even in other large Roumanian towns (of which, it should be noted, there are several) than in London. If it be true that their historical antagonism to Turkey and religious sympathy draw the Roumanians towards the Czar, they nevertheless resemble

the Greeks, and they differ from the Slav peoples in this, that they have for their culture an ideal and a type which are not Russian.

There are always some minds, which, under the pretext of resisting centralisation, prefer parochial to national institutions. There are in all countries local magnates, who do not like to part with any portion of their personal importance, and possibly reformers in older States may have encountered this obstacle to plans of beneficent legislation. But in all probability, when adroit Slav leaders discourse to the delighted Englishman of the blessings of local self-government and abound in the sense of their wishing to be free, before all things, in order that they may be independent of Russia, it means nothing more than that they have got the length of their visitor's foot, and know how to caress his foibles. It is not surprising that they should often succeed even with travelling members of parliament, for they have not always failed when dealing with wary and experienced men. The excellent Mr. Longworth, who for many years represented England at Belgrad, and who had much acquaintance with the East, was almost induced, by the Regent Blagnavatz then virtually at the head of the Servian State, to believe that Servia had no sympathy with Russia. The present Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Julius Andrassy, then the dexterous Premier of Hungary, although he was served by a very able agent, devoted to the interests, as it was said, to the separate interests of Hungary, was for a time led to indulge a like illusion. In the autumn of 1871, the public was startled by the sudden announcement that the young Prince was about to visit the Emperor of Russia. Speaking at that time to a foreigner with whom he frequently conversed, the Regent Blagnavatz said: "We have resolved to take the Prince to Livadia. The fact is, the German Consul-General lately returned and told us that we had nothing to expect from Berlin; well, with Germany indifferent, France powerless, Austro-Hungary hostile, and England Turkish, we have nothing left but to place our faith in Russia." The events of the present year have sufficiently proved how intimate have been the relations between St. Petersburg and Belgrad.

Possibly, if plans of this kind had been proposed twenty years ago, they might have been acceptable and efficacious, but we cannot be blind to the fact that the Slav populations have been deeply, and it must be added naturally, moved by the recent changes in Europe. The reconstitution of the Austrian monarchy on the dualistic system, according to which the Slavs, although, as I have before said, a majority in the empire, and in each half of it, were left absolutely without real influence or authority, could not but be mortifying to a race with any sense of dignity or self-respect. Again, it was impossible for the Slavs, impressionable as they are, to be unaffected by the

spectacle of Italy and Germany successively united, or to remain free from the strong contagion of national ambition. The most sanguine advocate of the various degrees and species of autonomy will not venture to hope that within any reasonable period such improvised states could ever be raised to anything like the level of those flourishing little kingdoms and duchies which were mediatised or annexed in 1866. Yet "Particularism" in Germany, where it was most popular and respectable, and "Municipalism" in Italy, where it was embodied in ancient and august municipalities, were subverted, in order that the ground might be cleared for the erection of great unified monarchies. The system now proposed is nothing but a novel, and at the same time posthumous attempt to transplant to an unprepared and unfavourable soil that withered system of particularist and municipal organizations; but after Solferino, after Sadowa, it will be impossible to endow them with vital energy.

There ought, then, to be no misapprehension as to the bearings of the question. In so far as, on general grounds of European policy, it may be found necessary or convenient to indulge the inclinations of the Slav peoples of Turkey, we must, as regards the part they may in future take in international affairs, be prepared to see them become the confederates of Russia. If for any reason it be thought unsafe to give such a contingent accession of strength to the Czar, it will be necessary to place the liberated provinces under the tutelage of some stronger and more efficient guardian than a Turkish pacha or an autonomous princeling.

So far as the immediate interest of these provinces is concerned, it is not difficult to discern their present requirements. What is above all things necessary is that they should be placed under a government strong, giving every guarantee of the permanence of its rule, leaving no prospect open of a change of masters—a government able to provide for the impartial administration of justice and for the security of life and property. It must be in a position to dispose of a body of able civil servants, and to establish an independent and cultivated, and, in order that it may be independent and cultivated, a salaried, priesthood. It must have great financial resources at its command, so as to be able to construct harbours in the Black Sea and at the head of the Strymonic Gulf, railways, urgently-needed roads, and before all, perhaps, to undertake the gradual restoration of the devastated forests. Ascending to a higher order, the new ruler must enrich his subjects with the advantages belonging to a powerful state. He must, by giving them a language, bring them into communion with a great people, and open new methods of culture. He must offer the producers markets, the writers a public, the civil, political, and military servants a career.

There are only four European Powers which would be qualified

by their military and other resources to fulfil the conditions indispensable for such a part. Of these England and France are clearly out of the question, although it is probable that the French would prove sympathetic rulers, and would find, in these members of the great Slav family, subjects gratefully receptive of their congenial legislation and culture. But neither England nor France could embark in a distant enterprise which, successful or not, could for long years bring to them nothing but charges, and expose them to risks which would effectually fetter their freedom of action. Only Russia and Germany remain.

I have left out of view, thus far, all considerations affecting the special interest of England, and yet that interest is of so great moment to the civilised world that we need not hesitate to discuss it without periphrasis or circumlocution. A recent traveller, M. Duret,¹ an able and impartial writer, in a work which deserves to be more widely known, offers a splendid tribute to the great achievements of our Indian rule. A country which is doing so good a work upon so extensive a scale, which is rendering such signal services to two hundred millions of men, has a right to be heard before anything is decided, which, however otherwise expedient, may tend either to embarrass its action or to impair its authority. Mr. Forster, in his recent speech, has succinctly demonstrated that our policy in Turkey ought not to be affected by the supposed desires of our Mussulman subjects in India. When the question is carefully examined, it will be found that our concern in European Turkey is limited to the possible danger which might threaten our communications with India by Suez, were Constantinople, the Bosphorus, and the Dardanelles to come into the possession of a great and independent Power. The government of Constantinople itself, by the Porte, is not open to any serious reproach, and, as Mr. Gladstone has admitted, might well be maintained by Europe in a European interest. But if important provinces were detached from Turkey, and became actually or virtually Russian, it would be difficult to look upon Constantinople as secure, and therefore we must contemplate the possibility of its falling into Russian hands.

It must be confessed that apart from the danger to our Indian route, there is much from the point of view of our own exclusive interest, which ought to reconcile us to the prospect of Russia becoming more largely identified with Europe. For us, it can hardly be politic to be driving her farther and farther into Asia, to leave her no scope for expansion excepting there, and to make her ambition exclusively Asiatic. The more we remove her from contact with Europe, the more she becomes unassailable, impalpable. In that lonely region and in that distant sphere she excites no European

(1) "Voyage en Asie," par Théodore Duret. Paris. 1876.

jealousy, and, therefore, in the event of our being involved in a conflict with her, we could expect no European aid, although our isolated and menaced position might well arouse and arm the slumbering animosity of rivals in either hemisphere. In Asia Russia has England for her only enemy, and an enemy deprived of allies.

Viewing the subject from higher ground and in a larger and more generous spirit, let us ask ourselves if it be really wise to yield nothing to national tendencies and aspirations, and to prevent Russia from obtaining a capital, where the Slav civilisation, no longer icebound, might freely develop, and taking rank in time with the Latin, Teutonic and mixed forms, now existing, contribute something to the sum of the political ideas of the world.

Were such considerations to prevail, the special interest of England might be secured by precautionary measures of defensive policy, by a military occupation, or by an eventual annexation. Some have proposed that we should seize upon Gallipoli and make ourselves masters of the Dardanelles, but if we had resolved that it would be just and politic to yield Constantinople, thus to retain in our own hands the key of the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, would be "to keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope." Crete, again, has frequently been suggested, but the strategic reasons must be very powerful to counterbalance the disadvantage of engaging once more in the government of unwilling subjects, and of departing from the policy to which we made the sacrifice of surrendering the Ionian Islands. It would be better in the event of the partition of the Turkish Empire to let Crete and some of the Greek provinces of the mainland be annexed to Greece, the Powers taking the opportunity to stipulate some salutary changes in the Greek Constitution, which only external influence is likely to effect. While these objections apply to the acquisition of Gallipoli and Crete, the occupation, and ultimately, perhaps, the annexation of Egypt is the measure of insurance most obviously indicated, being at once the most effectual from a military point of view and the least likely to lead to political inconvenience. In Egypt, we should be moving in a sphere cognate to that in which we have already succeeded. Our rule could only be beneficial to a people suffering under enormous exactions, which have, however, failed to avert financial disorder and bankruptcy. By the European Powers our establishment in Egypt, for which they are not unprepared, is not likely to be seriously questioned, if opportunely effected, inasmuch as the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, which was generally understood to point to such a result, has called forth no jealous remonstrance.

I have made no allusion to Austria, to whom the language of Lord Derby, and the frequent suggestions of the journals, may have encouraged us to look for some decisive action in the Eastern

question. But the fact is that Austria, although disposing of military forces, which, were she free to use them without anxiety or apprehension, would possibly enable her to confront Russia with success, is only by courtesy a great Power. Since 1866, and the adoption of the dualistic constitution, a State she cannot be called. The real position of the monarchy is accurately described in the following extract from a letter written in October, 1868, by an observant traveller: "The present activity in railway and other enterprise, and the general prosperity, must not be mistaken for proofs of a sound political condition. They are accounted for by the fact that in other countries there was not much more to do, and the turn of Austria was come. The superlative harvest of last year, with scarcity prevailing elsewhere, followed by the good yield of the present season, has provided the cash. As a State, Austria has been sensibly weakened by the recent changes. There used to be at any rate three great bonds of union amidst the general confusion, but now they are all, to say the least, considerably weakened. First, the Church, by the late anti-ecclesiastical legislation, and by the growing religious indifference. Still more injurious is, secondly, the unstatesmanlike substitution of a national for a professional army. Having been beaten by Prussia, they have jumped to the conclusion here that they ought to adopt the Prussian military system. Admirable in a homogeneous State, the Prussian Organisation is quite unsuited to the composite Austria. What is worst of all, the third great force that might have been trusted to keep the Monarchy together, the Crown, has been obliged to put its prerogatives into commission, or rather into two commissions, one at Vienna and one at Pest, speaking different languages and following different tendencies." We have been accustomed to contemplate the inconveniences which would arise from the concession of Home Rule to Ireland; but we must suppose Ireland almost a match for Great Britain in extent and population, we must suppose the Parliaments of London and Dublin of co-equal authority, and further the Irish Parliament speaking a language of its own and refusing to receive any communication in English, before we can have an idea, and then only an imperfect one, of the disorder created by the dualism of Austro-Hungary. As at present constituted, the Monarchy is composed of one bundle of nationalities, with its capital at Vienna, and of another with its capital at Pest, the object being apparently, in the first case, to subject the Austrian Slavs to the Germans, and, in the other, the Hungarian Slavs, more detrimentally to themselves and with less reason, to the Magyars. This nicely-balanced scheme of political injustice would probably be overturned by the addition of new Slav districts to the dominions of either Crown, and that is why the ruling Germans and Magyars, the latter however with far more

unanimity and emphasis than the former, have been from the first unwilling to entertain any projected annexation, while equally averse to the formation of a new independent State, which might excite a dangerous sympathy amongst the Slavs of their southern border. In the Cis-Leithan, or Austrian Empire, the antagonism to the Slavs is of a milder kind and may be explained in some degree by differences of political and religious sentiment; nevertheless, the Germans, although not dissatisfied with their present position, contemplate their eventual incorporation with the German Empire as a contingency preferable to making any important concession to the Slavs or even to submitting to any further exigencies of the Hungarian Magyars. On the other hand, however much they may at times have been disposed to listen to the adroit flattery of Prince Bismarck's agents, the Hungarian Magyars are well aware that no state of things which is likely to exist could be more favourable to their exclusive interests than the present. But that arrogant race, which brooks no equality, rebellious if it be not dominant, would infinitely prefer annexation to Germany to seeing the Hungarian Slavs invested with power corresponding to their superior numbers, or to the risk of Russian influence prevailing. Thus in each half of the Empire, the ruling section is only conditionally and provisionally contented, and it is obvious that upon such an allegiance with an "if," and upon such a patriotism with a "but," no solid authority can be built.

It might have been expected that this common aversion to the Slav element would in the recent complications, at least, have enabled the monarchy consistently to follow an unwavering line with confident strength. But the Emperor-King pursues different aims, and has adopted, as far as possible, another policy. He well knows that of all his subjects the Slavs, and especially those of the Roman Catholic Church, stand almost alone in attachment without reservation or afterthought to his throne and dynasty. If what disturbs Germans, and what terrifies Magyars, is the spectre of Slav encroachment, with him the skeleton in the cupboard is the German Empire. Not between him and either moiety of his monarchy can there subsist the firm friendship of the *idem velle* and the *idem nolle*. Both at home and abroad his dynastic interest is separate, and his personal policy divergent from that of each of his present Austrian and Hungarian cabinets. At home he would naturally like to see the Slavs reconciled, or rather preponderant; abroad he would desire to see Russia aggrandised, as a counterpoise to Germany. It is impossible not to pity the sorrows of this unfortunate sovereign, who deserved a more prosperous reign and a less adverse destiny. If we are to believe those who have enjoyed opportunities of approaching him, he possesses qualities which would have made him an incomparable chief of a free state, with blending and consistent elements,

and with settled institutions. Although seldom sustained by any sanguine hope, he is laborious almost beyond example, and patient; he may even be described as ascetic in the indefatigable discharge of his manifold duties, in which he is aided by rare attainments as an accomplished linguist, but yet his gloomy foreboding of calamity is probably a true presentiment; no happy intuition guides his monotonous steps, and no spark of genius illumines his difficult path.

It is only, therefore, as the executioner of the will of Germany that Austria, condemned by her distracted politics, to a satellite or vassal existence, could authoritatively interfere in a new distribution of the European possessions of Turkey, and I repeat that unless these provinces be left entirely to Russia, and in so far as they can be effectually withheld from coming under Russian control, they can only be German. But what, it may be asked, is the interest of Germany in the question, seeing that she is separated by an extensive tract of intermediate country from all contact with the Balkan peninsula? The answer is that Germany has never ceased to consider herself the heir in reversion of the Austrian Empire, or at least of such portions of it as were formerly included in the Germanic Confederation. It is possible that Prince Bismarck would be anxious, at present at least, and so long as his conflict with the Church continues, to avoid undertaking the direct government of a large additional Roman Catholic population; but in the chances and changes of the Eastern Question it is difficult to suppose that he would not gladly avail himself of any favourable opportunity which the necessities of Austria may offer, and recur to the proposal which he is believed to have already made in 1871, and seek to establish a customs, postal, telegraphic, and perhaps monetary union between the two empires. Whether or not this plan, which would involve the virtual mediatisation of Austria, or any other of a similar tendency, be now entertained, it is impossible to suppose that the great minister would tolerate any change essentially modifying the distribution of political power amongst the various races subject to the Emperor Francis Joseph's rule. He is known to have protested, five years ago, against the scheme by which Count Hohenwart, with no great felicity of conception or management, and when it was already too late, endeavoured to satisfy the demands of the Slav element. No one acquainted with the internal condition of Austria will believe that Germany would be indifferent to such an aggrandizement of Russia as would encourage the Austrian Slavs to adopt an attitude of defiance and compel a recognition of their rights. The German victories of 1866, and especially of 1870, produced a marked change in the bearing of the Austrian Germans, transferring, partially at least, their centre of political gravity from Vienna to Berlin; and it cannot be doubted that if Russia were allowed to exercise dominion

more or less direct over the countries between the Black Sea and the Adriatic, the attractive magnet of her power would be felt in almost every province of the Hapsburgh state, for in almost every one, with the considerable exceptions of Upper and Lower Austria, the Slav element is the more numerous, and this is even the case in Bohemia and Moravia, which are immediately contiguous to Germany. This being the case, it would probably have been more politic in our own Government to have been less precipitate in putting England forward as the champion of Turkey, and as the State chiefly or alone interested in checking the advance of Russia. Reserve and effacement on our part might perhaps have induced the Cabinet of Berlin to break through its mysterious silence—some might be inclined to say its sinister taciturnity.

However little one may be disposed to give way to the alarm excited by the prospect of Russia's extension and Pan Slavism, it must be evident that if the dissolution of the Turkish Empire were to lead to the acquisition immediate or indirect by Russia of the mouths of the Danube, Constantinople, and the rest of the Ottoman provinces, which, with the exception of the slight fringe of Austrian territory inhabited principally by Slavs with some Italians in the towns, extend to the Adriatic, such a Power being free to work upon the numerically preponderating and kindred element in the Austro-Hungarian Empire might become a source of possible danger to Europe. It would be otherwise, however, if Austria being actually or impliedly absorbed, Germany became herself an Adriatic and Danubian Power. In such a case, the absurd and distracting dualistic constitution would have ceased to exist, and a strong and respected government, giving every guarantee of permanence, and therefore leaving it possible to no foreign element in its midst to nurse the hope of escaping from its rule, would be able gradually to blend the Austrian provinces into a consistent whole, and at least to supersede where it failed to assimilate. In the firm grasp of so great an empire, extending from Dantzic and Hamburg to Trieste and Cattaro, far down the Adriatic, there would be no fear of Russia exercising any dangerous influence upon the Slavs at present governed from Vienna. Perhaps Germany might desire, by allowing Hungary to remain in a state of quasi-independence, by leaving Servia autonomous, and creating a zone of neutral territory down to the port of Salonica in the Archipelago, to prevent the immediate contact of the two empires along so extended a frontier. Such an arrangement would chiefly be regrettable in the interest of the Hungarian peoples, and perhaps in that of the inhabitants of the neutralized provinces. But partitions are proverbially difficult, and there are so few examples of one great and ambitious power aiding another, of anything like equal

rank, in designs of expansion and aggrandizement, that possibly even with Trieste, the Dalmatian harbours, and Salonica his, Prince Bismarck might be unwilling to yield the lower Danube and Constantinople. The most extravagant schemes which have ever been attributed to conquering Germany are certainly modest when compared with those which were present to the boundless view of the great Napoleon. Nevertheless, at a moment when he had the greatest interest in conciliating the Emperor of Russia, at the time of the memorable conferences of Tilsit, Napoleon would never bring himself to consent to Russia's extension southward beyond the line of the Balkans, and persisted in closing the hope of obtaining Constantinople against the eager vision of the sanguine Alexander. One emperor has already had reason to repent the trust that he placed in the luring suggestions of Prince Bismarck, and it may be that a later Alexander would do well to ponder the fate of a later Napoleon. It is bewildering to look along the vista of possible combinations opened by these events, nor is it as yet perfectly certain which may be the ambition which Europe, in a near future, will have most reason to fear and to combat.

But whatever the surprises and vicissitudes which the future has in store for us, it is something to be fixed in our opinions upon some particulars. It is something to apprehend correctly the real character of the Slav movement, and to have our attention directed to the limits within which it may be prudent to favour its progress. It is essential to realise the fact that there are now at least two things rotten in the European commonwealth, the Turkish Empire and the Austrian, and that comprehensive changes in the former must involve a radical reconstruction of the latter; that if it be necessary to guard against the undue expansion of Russia, we must not trust to constables so discredited as Turkish pachas or so feeble as improvised grand dukes, but must look for changes which, perhaps through the medium of a dependent Austria, would place the Slav provinces under the strong arm of German custody; and that if the supreme interest of Europe requires, as may occasionally be the case, that national aspirations should be controlled, repressed, or superseded, it is right and politic that the welfare of those whose desires are thus postponed should as far as possible be consulted, and that they should be placed in conditions favourable to their material and intellectual developments. To the Christian provinces of Turkey in particular, Europe owes a signal act of reparatory justice.

In the combinations which I have been supposing, and according to which the Ottoman Slavs might come partly under German, partly under Russian influence, it is not easy to determine which of these would, to the people, be the more beneficial. Germany, on the one hand, would bring a better government, a more enlightened adminis-

tration, an older and more advanced culture, a language richer in accumulated stores of every kind. The antipathy of Slav to German might prevent the new subjects from deriving the full benefit from the part and share that would be offered them in the many services and professions of so great a State and People, but it should be remembered that the Prussians themselves are not of pure German descent, that they are largely Slav, and that the province of East Prussia itself, of Polish origin, was never admitted to the old Germanic Confederation, which had its seat at Frankfort. Men of Polish nationality or extraction are frequently met with in every rank of the military and burcaucratic hierarchy. The honoured name of the Minister Radowitz is now borne by his son, one of the ablest members of the German diplomatic body, whose rising talents have already been distinguished by his discerning government, and perhaps it will be given to that Servian family to illustrate, in two generations, the Prussian land of their adoption.

In favour of Russia, on the other hand, it may be urged that she would bring, at first at least, a more congenial and sympathetic rule. She would have the great advantage of governing subjects already included within the pale of her National Church. Although the Russian administration is immeasurably superior to the Turkish, Russia being a younger nation than Germany, the Ottoman Slavs would find themselves joining a community less discouragingly in advance of their own. During the last twenty years, the Russian people, in almost every department of political and intellectual life, have moved on with rapid strides. Their independent village communities offer an admirable education in the practice of self-government; in many parts of the country, the peasants are in possession of allotments of land which might be envied by the corresponding class in countries of an older civilisation and of more liberal institutions. The recent passionate outburst of sympathy with Bulgaria, which is honourable to the Russian people, and will endear them still more to their kindred abroad, is not, I believe, the only, although it may be the most signal, indication of awakening public spirit. The Russian people are probably on the eve of some great political transformation. External events are likely to precipitate internal changes which have been long maturing. The liquid metal is in ebullition, and who knows into what new mould the seething mass will be cast?

We have looked upon the great Empires as supplying the most efficient agency for regenerating the Christian populations of Turkey. Were there no other merit in such a system, that of substituting for many dialects a single language, would be entitled to the greatest weight. There are many, I know, who take a different view, and who not only incline to the formation or the maintenance of small

States, but seem to revel in the prospect of each obscure *patois* being vamped up to the dignity of a recognised language. Even at a comparatively late epoch of national life, to uproot an unpromising dialect, however painful the process to the present, would generally prove beneficial to succeeding generations. But when the community is still infant, or at least inarticulate, there is no room for doubt or hesitation. A people inconsiderable in number, with a separate and obscure language, has to encounter the greatest hindrances to intellectual advancement. In such unpropitious circumstances, the scope of ideas is restricted, the sphere of exertion narrowed, the stature of the mind dwarfed. Into a language, for instance, which is that of a populous nation, even were it deficient in original works, the productions of foreign genius, in every department of literature, would be translated; but those who speak the dialect of a sparsely-peopled province, must be satisfied with Pinnock's Catechisms and Magnal's Questions,—with the meagre abridgment and the lifeless primer. One would have supposed that these were principles of elementary and unquestioned truth, but there are some who think that they are acting the part of enlightened philanthropy and statesmanship in encouraging provincial fondness for a provincial tongue. The increased importance and the greater prominence, which recent changes have given to the Hungarian language, has proved an abundant source of many evils; let us be spared a repetition of the error. Strange that liberal and cultivated minds should consider that expedient a useful method of elevating man, which jealous omnipotence employed to bewilder the nations and punish their presumption. There are men amongst us who would be always perpetuating and renewing the disaster of Babel. They would probably have voted for the maintenance of the Heptarchy. They would like to scatter into a hundred torpid rivulets the living waters of that proud Thames, whose broad stream carries the ships and the commerce of the world.

Let us hold, then, to our preference for the great Empires. The prejudice or the opinion in favour of small and independent States would be respectable, were it timely. There is every reason to anticipate that they will again have their day; but the time for them will not have come until the Great Empires shall have done their appointed work, until they shall have blended races, consolidated languages, diffused culture, until, in short, they shall have done for modern generations what the Roman Empire accomplished for mediæval Europe. Mr. Finlay has discovered and described the anarchical element which really brought about the ruin of that great agglomeration. What the disintegrating force may be before which the great Empires of modern times will fall, it is difficult to predict. It may

be the Church under a great Pope, or the rehabilitated Commune—the Commune in which, in the midst of its excesses, Prince Bismarck detected a germ of healthy life—or it may be the increasing power of the Jews.

The early solution of the Eastern question, in a sense favourable to civilisation and progress, depends chiefly upon Germany. If the present crisis be prolonged, or if the present dissensions be temporarily composed by a delusive compromise, it is to the reticence of Berlin that the mischief will be owing. The tutelage of poor and semi-barbarous countries brings no increase of military power, and indeed, for purposes of military aggression, it would be difficult to render Germany more formidable than she is. She has perhaps, at this moment, acquisitions in view more attractive than Bosnia and Montenegro; but in truth she owes some compensation to the world. To the States which she has hitherto incorporated in her empire, it cannot be said that she has brought any decidedly beneficial change. In the Saxonies and the Badens, and even in most of the less favoured States of the old Bund, there was little room for improved administration. In the opinion of many, German annexation has dimmed or extinguished the lights of some centres of culture which have rendered honourable service in the past. The three wars which, within a period of seven years, she waged, if she did not provoke, were perhaps indispensable to the establishment and consolidation of her empire; but the rise of her authority has been accompanied by oppressive additions to the military burdens of her own, and especially of other Peoples; and, what is worse, ever since the fall of Paris, Europe seems to be living in an atmosphere of rumours of wars, of restless intrigues, and of ubiquitous machinations. Let her now, by undertaking to govern and lift up some down-trodden branches of the human family, prove that her conquests and annexations may conduce to other and higher than merely selfish interests. Let Germany then advance, in her magnificent pride of energy and strength, in this accepted time and in this golden hour, in order that it may be said of her as of France, and with equal truth, that she has made great gifts to mankind.

RALPH A. EARLE.

THE RODIYAS.

THE Rodiyas of Ceylon appear to have attracted somewhat less of the attention of ethnologists than they may be fairly said to deserve, for they are in many respects a remarkable race of people, and one of which the language, no less than the distinguishing and peculiar characteristics, are fast disappearing before the advance of civilisation. They have been popularly supposed to be in some way connected with the Weddas, although the ethnological affinity of the two tribes was never precisely defined, and the descent of the Rodiyas has not been similarly pure and unbroken. The great antiquity, however, of both races is undoubted; but, whilst the Weddas are considered by the Sinhalese to be of most ancient lineage and the highest caste, and are consequently regarded with the utmost deference and respect, the Rodiyas, on the other hand, are treated with the most humiliating contempt and abhorrence in literal accordance with the significance of their name "Rodiya," which implies rubbish or filth.

The first historical mention which we have of the Rodiyas occurs, apparently, in the tenth chapter of the Mahawanso, the great Sinhalese chronicle, where they are referred to as Chandalas, five hundred of whom were employed by King Pandukábhaya as scavengers of his city Anuradhapura in the year 437 B.C. Two hundred more were appointed nightmen, one hundred and fifty carriers of corpses, and a similar number were employed at the cemetery. On the north-west of the cemetery the king established a village for these people, and they constantly performed their work under his directions. To the north-east of this Chandala village he established a village of Nichichandalas to serve as cemetery men to the low castes. The Rodiyas are mentioned in the Rajavali in the year 204 B.C., and in the Mahawanso (ch. xlii.) in the year 589 A.D. From the earliest times their social condition was the very lowest, a circumstance accounted for by various conjectures. Knox considered them to be a branch of the Weddas, who were degraded and made outcasts from society, because upon one occasion they served up human flesh to the king, in the place of venison, with which it was their duty to supply the royal table. But their robust appearance and tall figures at once show that they are an entirely distinct race from the Weddas, and also dispose of the theory that they were driven into the jungle on account of their leprosy. The tradition which they themselves have handed down, and which they believe, is that they are Sinhalese in origin, being descended from a daughter of King Perakumba, a name which is, I think, unknown in the Sinhalese chronicles, who

became enraged with his daughter for some reason or other, and gave her in marriage to a scavenger, and turned her and her offspring out of his city for ever.

At the present time they exist in numbers which, in the aggregate, perhaps exceed one thousand, and are believed to be decreasing in various parts of the island of Ceylon, but only in those districts which form what is known as the hill country. They live in separate communities, each of which is called a *kuppayama*, for they are not allowed to call their place of residence by the usual name, *gama*, or village, and they are found in Uwa, Sabaragamuwa and the seven Korales in several places. There is one *kuppayama* in Dumbara, and one in Kotmale, two in Walapane, one at Kadugannawa, and others in the Matale district; but all these localities are a long distance from each other, and thus give no ready opportunities for regular intercourse between their inhabitants. They nevertheless converse in the language which is wholly peculiar to themselves, and have identical customs and observances. In the time of the early Kandyan kings, as Sir Emerson Tennant has recorded, they were not permitted to cross a ferry, to draw water at a well, to enter a village, or learn a trade, as no recognised caste could deal or hold intercourse with a Rodiya. They do not, however, seem to have been, as he supposed, disqualified for cultivating land, although, for the most part, they were forced to subsist on alms or such gifts as they might receive for protecting the fields from wild beasts, or burying the carcasses of dead cattle; but they were not allowed to come within a fenced field even to beg. They converted the hides of animals into ropes, and prepared monkey skins for covering tom-toms and drums which they bartered for food and other necessities. They were prohibited from wearing a cloth on their heads, and neither men nor women were allowed to cover their bodies above the waist or below the knee. If benighted, they dare not lie down in a shed appropriated to other travellers, but hid themselves in caves or deserted watch huts. They could not enter a court of justice; and if wronged, had to utter their complaints from a distance. Many of these social restrictions have now been removed, although it must be confessed that in their general spirit they are still recognised; and it is stated by Sir Charles Marshall, a former chief justice of Ceylon, that so late as in the year 1834 a question arose whether a Rodiya, who was to be examined as a witness in one of the courts of justice in the southern parts of the island, ought not to prostrate himself on the occasion of taking the oath, in accordance with the ceremony which was represented to be prescribed by custom for persons of that class, and the matter was considered to be so doubtful and of so much importance that it was referred to the king's advocate, who consulted the chief justice upon the subject.

Notwithstanding the improved system of government which the English rule has introduced into the Kandyan provinces, and which has naturally tended to ameliorate the condition of the Rodiyas, their pursuits and habits remain practically the same as they ever were; while the whole spirit and feeling with which the Sinhalese people have always regarded them, is still seen in the way in which their very touch, and even their shadow, is avoided, and held to contaminate and render impure any object upon which it may happen to fall. The mendicant life which they have led for many centuries has made them averse from labour or industry, and they are universally reputed to be thieves; whilst the state of degradation to which they have been invariably subjected shows itself to-day in their instinctive habit of crouching or falling on their knees with uplifted hands to a man of any respectable Sinhalese caste. It is open to doubt whether, as Sir Emerson Tennant states,¹ "their appetites are omnivorous, and carrion is acceptable to them." I never found any indication of such a practice, and all the Rodiyas whom I questioned upon the point denied that they were ever addicted to it; but it is probable, as Mr. Simon Cassie Chetty has observed in his account of the Rodiyas, printed in the *Journal of the Ceylon Asiatic Society*,² that at the time when they were not permitted to hunt or shoot any game, they had recourse, of necessity, to the carcasses of animals which had died a natural death. The political and social position of the Rodiyas under the Kandyan dynasty, which terminated in the early part of the present century, is minutely explained in a MS. work by Sir John D'Oyley, entitled, "*A Sketch of the Constitution of the Kandyan Kingdom.*" The author, who evidently spared no pains in collecting his information, gives an account of the localities which they inhabited, and the lands which they severally possessed. Those who lived in the seven Korales were under the control of the first Adigar, or prime minister of the king, and all the others under the control of the second Adigar. But previously to the reign of King Raja Singha (1582—1592) there was only one Adigarship, and there were reputed to be only four Rodiya families in the hill country, whose duty was to furnish every year whips for the Adigar's use, kodisawaram, or tassels made of niyenda, to be appended to flags and banners, and ropes made of thongs for catching elephants. The Hirage Kankanama, or jailor, had the authority of appointing one of the Rekawal people to be Hulawaliya over the Rodiyas, and this Hulawaliya, or headman, appointed a Gasmanda from amongst the Rodiyas under his authority; and thus, as Sir Emerson Tennant says, although they were permitted to have a headman, his nomination was stigmatized by requiring the sanction of the common jailor. The Gasmanda

(1) "Ceylon," vol. ii. p. 190.

(2) Vol. II. No. 3.

was so called from the large rope or cable made of thongs, which he furnished for the service of catching elephants (*gaha*, a tree; *manda*, a noose). That was the largest kind of rope made for this purpose; the other Rodiyas of his kuppayama furnishing the smaller ropes. They were allowed to have only one slanting roof for each hut, and a cadjan screen with a hide on it for a door. They were never allowed to cross a river in a boat, nor to travel through a royal village, nor to walk on the embankment of a canal in the royal fields. Consequently the Rodiyas of Dumbara and of Uwa could have no communication with each other, and therefore those of the latter province were chiefly under the orders and control of the Dissawa, or chieftain of the district. When a Rodiya was accused of robbery or cattle stealing, the Hulawaliya made report thereof to the Hirage Kankanama, or jailor, who thereupon sent men to bring up the accused to the ferry on an appointed day, when not only the culprit was brought up, but all the rest of his kuppayama also were collected. The Hirage Kankanama went over, and the culprit being secured, some Rodiyas of another kuppayama were directed to punish him by flogging him with thorny twigs and hard knotted keppetiya sticks. The offender was then sent away to be confined in the stocks, with which each kuppayama was furnished. When accused of more serious crimes, such as seizing women of the Wellala, or highest caste, or of plundering villages, which they sometimes did in large numbers like banditti, the offenders were put to death by order of the Adigar. They were confined in stocks, and placed in an elephant track, where they died of starvation, unless trampled on and killed by elephants. When one or two Rodiyas only were to be put to death, persons of the same caste were employed as executioners; but when a whole Rodiya village merited destruction from being guilty of outrageous acts of robbery and plunder and seizing Wellala women, and the like, then persons of other castes surrounded the kuppayama, and destroyed all its inhabitants, without discriminating sex or age, the innocent or the guilty, as was once done when one Angammenna was Dissawa of Uwa. The Rodiyas of Paranagama were accused of having seized women from the Rata villages, and of having committed highway robberies, whereupon they were so chastised. Thirty were killed on that occasion, and only one Rodiya, with a few women and children, escaped. The kuppayama was then set fire to, and wholly destroyed.

Such, then, is an outline of the social condition of these people as it has existed from time immemorial, a condition of abject and complete degradation, the origin and reason of which is unknown. It has been perpetuated with a rigorous exactness, and acquiesced in by its subjects without any show of impatience, although the contrary might have been expected from a class of people amongst

whom the males have been commonly distinguished by a fine physique, whilst the females have become proverbial for their handsome features and superiority of form to their more favoured neighbours. These circumstances would alone seem to indicate a dissimilarity of race between the Rodiyas and the Sinhalese people, of whom they have commonly been assumed to be an integral portion. The dissimilarity is, however, more clearly shown when we analyze the physical characteristics, and the customs and the language of the Rodiyas.

A Rodiya is, as a rule, differentiated by a tall stature and a well-formed head, with straight and regular features; the nose is long, and not flattened, and the lips often thin, the countenance having generally an intelligent appearance, notwithstanding the constant aspect of humiliated servility which has been already explained; they speak in a peculiarly hollow, deep, and sing-song tone of voice, which is entirely foreign to the accent of the Kandiyans, and I have frequently been struck by the tendency amongst them to become, as I thought, rather prematurely grey-headed; they are not, as a rule, short-lived people, although a venerable-looking white beard, at the age of from forty to forty-five, is by no means uncommon, and this, as well as the other points which I have noticed, would at once enable any person, seeing them for the first time, to discriminate them from amongst a crowd of Sinhalese people. There exists in the Kandyan country a caste of persons named the Kinnarayas, to whom they bear a resemblance, although there is apparently no direct affinity between the two classes. They occupy a similarly degraded position, and it is worthy of remark that, although this degradation, with all its attendant disabilities, has been continued from the earliest ages, it has in no respect resulted in any sort of physical inferiority. Indeed the features and the head of an average Rodiya or Kinnaraya are nearly identical with those of the European races, and serve sufficiently of themselves to demonstrate the fact that neither people is, as has been supposed, ethnologically connected with the Weddas, a race exhibiting the most marked non-Aryan characteristics, and that the popular belief which asserted them to be merely Sinhalese outcasts or perpetually ostracised Kandiyans, is entirely erroneous. Specimens¹ of the crania of both classes further serve to show the resemblance of type between the two, and their divergence from the common forms of Sinhalese and Tamil crania. Their more striking features can, perhaps, be best indicated by the following measurements. The first instance is that of a Rodiya who died in old age; it is well authenticated, the skull having been procured by the nephew of its original owner. It is a well-filled skull and dolichocephalic, the cephalic index being 71. Traces of the frontal suture still remain. The minimum

(1) These are now deposited in the Museum at Oxford.

frontal width is 4 in., and the maximum 4·8. The extreme length is 7·4; vertical height, 5·7. The extreme breadth is 5·2; absolute height, 5·5. The next is that of a Rodiya named Paksawadiya, who had been, as was said, a medical man. In contour it resembles the Tamil and other skulls of Mongolian races, but by measurement it also is shown to be dolichocephalic. It has a sloping forehead, and a somewhat abrupt parieto-occipital dip, and is slightly asymmetrical, being flattened on the left parieto-occipital region. It is deficient in cranial curvature, resting on the occipital condyles, when the grinding surface of the teeth is placed in a horizontal position. The cephalic index is ·75, extreme length 6·7 in., and extreme breadth 5·05 in. One of the Kinnaraya skulls is that of an extremely aged person, probably a woman, much absorption having taken place in many parts. It is dolichocephalic, the cephalic index ·71, the maximum width being at the parietal tuberosities. The extreme length is 7·1 in., vertical height 5·3 in. The extreme breadth is 5 in. Another is of very much the same type, but belonged to a younger subject. It is ridged along the vertex with the maximum width at the parietal tuberosities, anteriorly to which it narrows very rapidly. It must have contained only a small brain, and belonged to an owner who, though probably a male, was of feeble muscular development. The cephalic index is ·68, extreme length 7 in., extreme breadth 4·8 in., and vertical height 5·1 in. The Kinnarayas, or mat-weavers, like the Rodiyas, are of an extremely low caste, but they have no recorded history of their own, neither do they speak any other language than Sinhalese; they exhibit the one marked point of difference from the Kandiyans, that they never tie up their hair, whereby alone they are easily to be distinguished from them. The question of social precedence between them and the Rodiyas is apparently still disputed, for they have told me that whenever a Rodiya and a Kinnaraya meet upon a road, they simultaneously endeavour to take a position respectively upon the top of an ant-hill or some other rising ground, and he who first succeeds in effecting this remains there in triumph whilst his pretentious rival passes by him upon lower ground. The Kinnarayas are extremely few in number, and nothing is known of their origin. They have every appearance of being a race distinct in itself, and it is not unlikely that they are the remnant of a tribe of more numerical and political importance in the early history of the country. They are popularly supposed to be a branch of the Sinhalese people, and the local tradition is contained in the following account, which may perhaps be best given in the original form in which it was detailed to me:—"It is said that Kinnaru first emigrated from India to Ceylon, and that because they did not allow their hair to grow in that country they still continue to observe the same practice, and that they are a quite different race from the

Sinhalese. As an evidence of it, it is known that both the males and the females were not permitted from a remote period to use any covering for the head, according to a well-known ancient Sinhalese poetical work called 'Kaanchi-Katawa,' that a prince who resided in Kaanchi Nuwara, in Ceylon, went down to India, and there got married to the daughter of a wealthy citizen called 'Kurumudali,' and sometime afterwards he came back to Ceylon, and got married to a princess royal; but that his former consort also came thither in search of him, and presented herself before him, claiming him as her husband, when a dialogue took place, and the princess royal exclaimed in derision, 'O! Kinnara woman, have you also a husband?' After a severe altercation between these two, the latter committed suicide by tearing out her tongue, and her father, having heard of it, prepared an armament, and came down to Ceylon to revenge the affront offered to his daughter; and that the old king, acting the part of a politician, postponed the hearing of the matter from time to time, till they became permanent residents of the place, and during this time, for their maintenance, they began to weave mats of different kinds of cords. And when the king was informed of it he allotted them lands to live in, and to go on with their trade. As they presented themselves at first before the king with their heads uncovered, because of their grief, so they also continued it as a practice afterwards. In appearance and some other traits of character they resemble the Sinhalese for the most part, but they are addicted to slovenly habits. They neither bathe frequently nor anoint their heads, and their dwellings are very small and unclean, and they would not learn letters." Such, then, is the tradition of the native people as they express it themselves.

The customs observed by the various communities of Rodiyas, so far as I have learned from my inquiries from representatives of the race in the different parts of the country which they inhabit, are identical in all their particulars, notwithstanding the considerable distance which usually separates each kuppayama or sept from the others, and the rarity of intercourse and communication between them. In religion they are Buddhists and devil-worshippers, but they are not admitted within the Buddhist temples. In accordance with the common custom of the Sinhalese, they resort to the practice of devil-worship in cases of illness, but the formula which they observe is strange and peculiar to themselves. A suitable place is prepared in the jungle, where a kind of altar is erected, the surface of which is made flat, and covered with the bark of plantain-trees. It is then scented with a sort of hard gum called dummala, and cooked vegetables arranged on a plantain-leaf are laid upon it. To this is added rice and flowers, and the blood of a red cock—which is considered to be of peculiar propitiatory efficacy, the blood of a hen or of a cock

of any different colour being deemed to have no value whatever for this purpose. The Kattadiya, or devil dancer, then recites a charm or song, and the cure of the sick person is supposed to be complete. The substance of the sacrifice is left to be eaten by birds or other animals. The devils who are in this way invoked for the cure of disease or illness, are of two sorts, being respectively known as the Gerre and the Meleyi devils, and this sacrifice is not unfrequently offered to them, for the Rodiyas have no system of medicine. The name is given to a child by its parents seven months after its birth, and if it can be afforded a feast is given in honour of the day. Their marriages are unattended with any peculiar ceremonies, polygamy, as well as polyandry, being not uncommon amongst them, and the character of the women is universally known to be immoral and disreputable. The Rodiyas do not, however, marry their sisters or their daughters, as is the case amongst the Weddas; and I have been assured by them that a man would consider it improper to remain even in his own house alone with his sister. They are supposed to be very skilful in fortune telling, but they probably practise the art merely as a cloak for begging. I have also seen their women attempting to walk on a kind of tight-rope, balancing a large brazen pitcher of water upon their heads, but without any very conspicuous degree of success. They boast of this nevertheless as one of their hereditary accomplishments, as well as of the art of spinning a large brass plate upon the tip of one of their fingers, a performance in which they display considerable dexterity. Until late years the Rodiyas are said to have used bows and arrows like the Weddas, but there is no trace amongst them at the present day of the use of such weapons, and in most of their habits of life they are gradually becoming assimilated to the Sinhalese. The feeling of the people, however, is too intolerant to admit their children to any participation in the benefits of education, such as is provided in the government schools. Their ignorance, therefore, is extreme; they are unacquainted with letters, and can rarely count above fifty—thus, whenever they desire to express the idea of a higher number than this, they repeat the word for fifty, twice or oftener according to the need of the case. There is no restriction now placed upon them in the manner of their dress, except that, observing the custom which long usage has established for them, they refrain from tying a handkerchief upon their heads. They are allowed to go from place to place along the regular roads like other people, to cultivate what land they please, and to possess any kind of domesticated animal. Their cattle also have been released from the necessity of wearing a cocoa-nut shell hung round their necks by a strip of hide, as an invidious emblem of distinction, and are now permitted to have their peculiar brand marks.

The ancient funeral customs of the Rodiyas seem to have been still preserved without any alteration. The dead body having been first washed is rubbed with oil. It is then laid flat and wrapped in a mat, or placed in a coffin if one can be afforded, and in this case the clothes of the deceased, with a chuman box, an areca nut-cutter, some bangles, some rings, and some money, are buried together with him. This is done, they say, because it is their custom, and because these articles will be profitable to the soul of the deceased person. After an interval of either seven days or fifteen days, or one month, the friends and relations of the deceased meet together in his house at a feast which is provided in his honour by the survivors of his family. The language of the Rodiyas is entirely distinctive and peculiar. The vocabulary which I have myself compiled, with as much accuracy as was possible, and after comparison of the colloquial dialects used in the several parts of the country, may, I think, be fairly taken to be an exhaustive list of the words with which at the present time they communicate with each other. It comprises, including proper names, and those of their dogs, which are not permitted to share in the nomenclature of the dogs of the Sinhalese people, between three and four hundred words, and I have no doubt that it was formerly more extensive than it is now, for many reasons have already been adduced to account for its decay and disuse. It is much to be regretted that no attempt had ever previously been made to record and preserve this remarkable language; it has been rapidly dying out for several years, and there is no Rodiya probably nowadays who is not thoroughly conversant with Sinhalese. I should, however, not omit to mention that Mr. Casie Chetty has given a list of rather more than one hundred of their words in his paper, to which I have previously referred; but many of these are unfortunately misprinted, and, judged by their English equivalents, some are decidedly wrong. It is astonishing how much ignorance and indifference has prevailed regarding this Rodiya language. One of the great Kandyan chiefs, a man of considerable intelligence and power of observation, who had lived within two miles of a large community of Rodiyas for thirty years or more, declared to me that he was not aware that they had any kind of language of their own, until I told him so; and to the majority of the natives who live in their vicinity, the words which they habitually use, as well as the mere fact that they possess a separate vocabulary, are equally unknown or ignored. Their language possesses no written characters or alphabet of its own, nor are there at the present time any words in it for the numerals, the Sinhalese equivalents being used, but the greater part of the words of which it is composed are of uncertain origin. They are not, like most of the words of the Wedda dialect, referable to old Sinhalese, nor to Sanskrit or Dravidian roots, and I am not aware of any Indian language to

which the Rodiya bears the least similarity. The few traces of grammatical structure which may be observed in the formation of the verbs, are clearly of late growth, and have been engrafted on the original roots from the Sinhalese forms. They invariably have the termination "nawa" in the present tense, although the root of the word is wholly unconnected with Sinhalese; as, for instance, the word signifying "I die," which is "Likwenawa," with a past participle, "Likwechcha," a dead person being called "Likwechcha palla."

It is worthy of remark that in some few instances the words which are used to express particular ideas in one part of the country, are entirely different from the words which denote the similar ideas in another part. A cat, for instance, is called by the Rodiyas of Kotmale—"himbussa," while those who live in Dumbara know it only by the name "buhakawanna"; "gigiria," which in Kotmale means a bason, in Dumbara, signifies the sun; "rabbota" is the word in the latter district for a book, whilst in the former it is "ilakkan galuwa." The word for hungry in the district of Uwa is "ninbaruwan," but in the other parts of the island it is "peggiritten." The occurrence of long compound words is not unfrequent, as, for instance, the word signifying a pestle and mortar, "atulukkanamatilla, lukkanawa," meaning I beat. A hoe or mamoty, "bintalawweterikarananaduwa." There are no songs or charms peculiar to the language, and however scanty and poor it may seem to be, it nevertheless suffices wholly for all the practical requirements of the intercourse of the Rodiyas with each other. Mr. Casie Chetty was inclined to think that it exhibited the relics of a language which was spoken by the ancestors of the Rodiyas, and since merged into the Sinhalese, and not a mere collection of slang as others supposed. Mr. L. de Zoysa Mudalizar, whose opinion upon a matter of this nature is of much value, was inclined to the belief that it was an artificial jargon invented by some one, and not the remains of a primitive language, the words, so far as he knew and remembered them, being neither of Aryan nor Dravidian origin, nor, indeed, resembling the vocabulary of any other nation he could think of. Other eminent Sinhalese scholars, however, whom I have had the advantage of consulting upon the subject, have thought that the language is one which has always been peculiar to the Rodiyas, and also that as such it goes far to prove them to be a race of people distinct in themselves from the Sinhalese. The balance of probability certainly appears to me to favour this latter view, especially when the circumstances under which it has been perpetuated, and the state in which we now find it, are taken into consideration; but the origin, development, and affinities of a language which possesses no literature, and is in one of the last stages of decay, is one of those problems which, however interesting it may be, will, nevertheless, probably remain unsolved for ever.

BERTRAM F. HARTSHORNE.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE storm, which for eighteen months past has been gathering in the East and every day becoming more threatening, appears to be on the eve of bursting. War between Turkey and Russia will be avoided only with extreme difficulty. While these lines are being written, English diplomacy is making a last effort to prevent a collision which may bring about an overturning of all Europe. Will it succeed? It is difficult to say.

The manifestations in favour of the Bulgarians have had two excellent results. In the first place they have proved once more to Europe that the English were ready to defend the sufferers from oppression; and, in the second place, they have led the English Cabinet to assume an attitude more in accordance with the real interests of England. Lord Derby, in a dispatch which has received unanimous approbation, has asked, through Sir H. Elliot, that complete reparation should be made to the wretched Bulgarians and their families, the exemplary punishment of the monsters who presided at the massacres, and, above all, institutions of a nature to prevent the renewal of similar atrocities. There is no foundation in the pretence that the manifestations in favour of the Bulgarians have had the effect of stimulating Russia to take up a more hostile attitude with regard to the Porte. It is quite clear that Russia's plans have been matured from the first, and that, secure of the support of Germany, she has always wished the autonomy of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria. Under the pressure of public opinion the Cabinet has formulated a programme of reforms, which has had the good fortune of gaining the adhesion of Russia, Germany, France, Italy, and even Austria. The Porte, instead of accepting these reforms with alacrity, has hesitated, and, without quite rejecting them, has offered general reforms applicable to the whole empire. Turkey was to be transformed into a constitutional state. There was to be at Constantinople a chamber of deputies and a senate, composed in equal numbers of Christians and Moslems. All were to be treated with justice, gentleness, and consideration. The Turkish Government itself declares that if it had the appearance of yielding directly to the demands of the Powers, it would provoke an uprising which might cost the lives of the foreign residents and even of the ministers themselves. But is not such a pretext for refusing the English proposals the most crushing condemnation of the Government which uses it? If the Turkish Government has not sufficient authority to make its subjects receive the reforms suggested by a friendly power, how can we for a moment believe that the promises now made by the Divan will ever be performed? Good-will may not wholly be wanting, it is real power and the means of practical realisation. The Porte is in a position out of which there is no issue. To defend itself it must appeal to Mussulman feeling in its most intense and excited form, it must employ as its agents the most fanatical and barbarous of its subjects, and at the same it must grant to the despised and abhorred Christians the same

privileges as to the true believers. It is like asking the familiars of the Inquisition to carry out an edict of toleration. In other words, it is to ask for the impossible. One may say of the Turks as of the Jesuits, *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*. The radical reforms proposed by Turkey have not been taken seriously by any Power. They have been regarded as a dead letter, and the governments most favourable to Turkey have regretted that she did not at once accept the English proposals. "It was a fault on her part," is generally said. No doubt of it. But could she help committing it?

Diplomatists have been profuse in schemes more or less sincerely designed to bring about an agreement. Russia adopted the English proposal of an armistice of six weeks, to which Turkey replied by offering one of six months. Evidently fearing a plot to deceive her, and convinced that no concessions will disarm her enemies, she refuses to modify her terms.

Thus we have come to point at which a collision seems nearly inevitable. Evidently, not because an understanding cannot be come to on the question whether the armistice is to last six weeks or six months. A compromise would be the easiest matter in the world. The danger comes from the fact that there is evidently a foregone intention to appeal to the sword. Preparations for war are announced on all sides. Corps of Cossacks several thousand strong are crossing Roumania in the direction of Alexinatz. These are not single volunteers but regular companies, under pretext of Autumn manœuvres. The reserves of the Roumanian army have been called up, and a treaty it is said has been concluded with the railways for the transport of two hundred and fifty thousand men with their arms and baggage. Russia is concentrating imposing forces in the south of her Empire and beyond the Caucasus. The warlike spirit has spread to Greece, where the newspapers talk of delivering their brethren of the neighbouring provinces, oppressed by the Turks. M. Comoundoros has explained to the Parliament that the Greek nation ought to make the necessary preparations, so that it might be ready to meet all emergencies. The army is to be reorganized, the old loans settled, and a new one of ten millions of drachmas made, of which one million would go for immediate armaments. The minister ended his discourse in language which implies that in the event of Turkey being dismembered, Greece intends to have her share. England is reinforcing her fleet in the Mediterranean, and sends her best generals to Gibraltar and Malta. All the Exchanges are in a state of panic and the funds falling.

Let us now attempt to penetrate to the bottom of this involved situation, and discover what will come of it. It must be by this time clear to everybody that Russia is determined to intervene in Turkey, either with or without the consent of England and Austria. Even were the question of the armistice settled, the further question of the guarantees offered by Turkey would be a stumbling-block. Consider Lord Derby's programme of serious reforms—a sort of administrative autonomy and equality to the Christians. Any one who knows Turkey will know that she never will be able to realise such radical reforms as these. Nothing but foreign intervention could carry them through. This cannot be seriously denied. In any case Russia will be sure to maintain this view, and use it as a pretext to justify

her intervention. If the insurrection in Bosnia has maintained itself, if Montenegro and Servia have declared war, if Roumania has claimed, or rather proclaimed, her independence, and if Greece in her turn rises, it is because they feel themselves supported by Russia: and if Russia has kept unflinchingly to a policy so decided, which one day must place her face to face with England and Austria, the reason is that she was sure of the support of Germany. It is as clear as day that Russia would never have advanced as she has if she had feared that she would have Germany against her. When the *Times* lately adjured Prince Bismarck to stop Russia, informing him that the interests of Germany (which possibly he knew as well as his Mentor) would not allow the Danube to become a Russian stream, that great journal threw away its pains. From the beginning of the insurrections in Herzegovina, Prince Bismarck has been quite aware of what would come out of them. He has met frequently this summer Prince Gortschakoff; the Emperor William has had long conferences with his nephew of Russia, and even lately sent to him General Manteuffel on a confidential mission. If, then, Prince Bismarck has not pronounced his veto, it is because he does not mean to do so. Rather, he has stimulated Russia to act, as each time that intimate communications have taken place between St. Petersburg and Berlin, the action of Russia has been more decided.

There can in fact be no doubt that Russia and Germany are working together at the present moment. It is for this reason that Austria allows herself to be led into a line of conduct that suits her not at all. If she thought that she could rely on Germany, she would long ago have resisted Russia to the face. Now she is reduced to a passive attitude, and even to take part in a policy distasteful to her rulers. If Germany and Russia were to agree to attack her, she would have feeble means of resistance, and even if England were willing to come to her help, could England do so effectually? What force could Great Britain lead into the heart of Europe, and what serious injury could she inflict on Russia, especially when the ice has closed up the Gulph of Finland? The only efficacious ally which Austria could find would be France, by the latter attacking Germany on her flank, while the forces of the latter were engaged in Bohemia, or in the centre of Germany. But France appears to be decided on observing an absolute neutrality, whatever happens. There is an official note published in the *Agence Havas*. "All that has been said for some days concerning alliances and engagements taking in regard to a possible war, is *absolutely false*. France is exclusively and resolutely devoted to the work of domestic re-organization, and will not allow herself to be seduced from her retirement." And the organ of M. Gambetta uses identical language.

Austria knows therefore well enough that she cannot reckon on France. The latter knows also that she cannot even indirectly venture to oppose Germany without being at once attacked by the latter, who evidently seeks a pretext to resume her designs of the Spring of 1875. Austria is at the present moment in a state of isolation and is forced to follow the lead of Russia, and she will allow the latter to occupy Bulgaria without drawing the sword. We said it six months ago, and we repeat it now, Austria

would have done better for her own interests had she in the first instance placed herself at the head of the Slavonic and anti-Turkish movement, in accepting the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina or even in occupying those provinces. The Magyars do not desire any increase of the Slave element in the empire, but they are struggling against the nature of things and the march of history. The Slaves are in a majority in the Empire Austria-Hungary, which sooner or later must become a second Slavonic empire or disappear. Its centre of attraction will for the future be Pesth. Its course is well marked out, it is to advance towards the Black Sea and the Balkan, and thus effect a counterpoise to Russia. If Austria refuses she will be crushed between her two powerful neighbours.

The actual object of Russia is probably therefore to set up in the Turkish provinces little independent principalities, like Servia, under her protectorate, and even to enlarge Greece if the latter succeeds in acquiring a part of the neighbouring territory. Is this a result to be deplored? In no wise. Sooner or later it is inevitable, and of all solutions it is the best. It has succeeded well in Roumania and Servia. In Bulgaria and Bosnia the difficulty is greater, because of the larger Mohammedan population. But a Christian prince with a few troops could very well maintain order there. Such little states connected by a federal link would have no wish to let themselves be absorbed by the Muscovite giant—whose yoke is not so pleasant to bear. This is besides the sole possible issue. Whether we like it or not we must accept it.

In this connection we are forced to ask, what are the views of the Sphinx of Varsin? Nobody knows them, and the most out-spoken of statesmen has, on this occasion, kept a stern silence. Prince Bismarck lately said to a diplomatist who was talking to him on Eastern affairs, "I see plainly what is the interest of Russia and of Austria. I do not see what is the interest of Germany. If you can tell me I should be much indebted to you." The curtain is drawn in front of plans which are wished to be concealed. Obviously the very destiny of Germany is at stake in this Eastern crisis. Let us try and see behind the curtain if possible.

Germany had decided on a war with France in the spring of 1875, under the pretext that the armaments of the latter threatened her security. Why did Prince Bismarck expose his country to intolerable odium which could not fail to attach to an unprovoked attack on a country which only wanted peace to heal her recent and cruel wounds? History shows us that great changes in the relative size and influence of States, have never taken place without protracted wars, and there is little probability that a war of six months' duration would suffice to turn little Prussia into a powerful empire, dominating all Europe. Sooner or later, an alliance between Russia, France, and Austria is a contingency almost certain. This is the peril which threatens Germany. How is it to be avoided? Evidently by attacking singly one by one the future enemies and allies before they have time to come to an agreement of mutual support. The first blow was to be aimed at France. We all know how the Emperor Alexander put a stop to this scheme. But it was an object of the highest importance to Prince Bismarck to repair the fault he had com-

mitted of prematurely showing his hand, and how was he to do this? By enticing Russia into the Eastern embroglio, so that she should of her own will be ready to do in 1876 what she had refused the year before. The insurrections in Herzegovina and Bosnia which led to the Andrassy Note, then the Berlin Memorandum, the war begun by Servia, the at first disguised and then open intervention of Russia—all this series of events contributed to the desired opportunity. Let a collision result from them between Russia and Austria, and Prince Bismarck has his hands as free as they were eighteen months ago. Eastern affairs have avenged him of the check he received in 1875. He is now the arbiter of Europe. Russia with her hands full in the East has now need of his help. What will he make of his tremendous power?

He may content himself with a Platonic support of Russia, and have the satisfaction of saying that he is paying his debts of 1870; watch her involve herself in all the difficulties of an expedition or of a conquest beyond the Lower Danube. Will he act thus? It is not probable, as such a course would offer small future security to Germany. Or he may resume his plans of 1875, and again attack France, extort more milliards, and annex more provinces. But the milliards have impoverished Germany instead of enriching her, and the annexation of more territory alien in tongue and against geographical convenience would be absurd. Let us bear in mind that France cannot be killed because of her unity. But that is not true of Austria, and here we have a third possibility. As she is composed of three different nationalities, she is susceptible of a definitive partition. The German provinces, and even Bohemian, would be rapidly absorbed in the Prussian Empire, of which Hungary would be an inevitable dependency. In return, Russia might temporarily take Galicia, Roumania, and what she could in Turkey. Thus Germany, aggrandised by nearly the whole of Austria, would be in a position at a future date to resist even a Franco-Russian alliance. Lastly, we may conceive a fourth line of action which would imply certainly more courage than honesty in Prince Bismarck, and that is, to suppose he means to profit by Russia's embarrassments, to reinstate a grand Poland as a bulwark against the northern giant.

On weighing all these contingencies one is forced to regard the absorption of the Austrian Empire as offering the best chance to Germany of escaping the dangers which the future is certain to prepare for her. As soon as Germany is guaranteed against the danger of a Russian, French, and Austrian coalition, the motives which actuated Prince Bismarck in his designs on France in 1875 will have ceased to operate.

However we look at it the future is very dismal. The war may perchance be localized and nothing but the autonomy of the Turkish Provinces be the result. But in that case how would Germany be paid for her support of Russia? On the other hand the war may spread, and a general reconstruction of the map of Europe be effected after frightful struggles. Beside the tremendous problems presented by Eastern affairs, the rest of European politics offer but slight interest. The recent partial elections to the Chamber in France, however, are not without significance. They have shown once more that the struggle for the future lies between the Repub-

licans and the Bonapartists. Wherever the latter meet a Legitimist or a Moderate Monarchist they win the day. The partisans of Monarchy, therefore, ought either to renounce their political ideal and become converts to the Republic, or else vote and act with the adherents of the Empire which they attacked so violently but the other day. French Conservatives are reduced to choose between a frank acceptance of republican institutions, which they moderate while they maintain them, and a return of the Empire with all its dangers and shame. This situation cannot fail to fortify the Republic, but only on the condition that the extreme does not frighten the country. The electoral contest in Italy does not promise to be very animated, and the ministry is suré of an easy victory. The distinguished leader of the opposition has declared that in the present position of affairs his party was too remote from office to be called upon to trace a political programme.

The exact state of English public opinion on the Eastern question at this time may well be an almost inscrutable problem for foreign observers, and even home critics are not unlikely to misinterpret its signs. There is a comparative lull in the active agitation of a few weeks ago, and there is a distinct change in the attitude of a portion of the London press, which unfortunately is too often assumed to represent national sentiment, when it only interprets the particular opinions current at the London clubs, and among the few hundred superior persons who think and write on these matters for the rest of London.

A short time back the *Times* allowed itself to be carried away by the universal indignation, and was as strongly anti-Turkish as the *Daily News* itself. Now it is so intensely anti-Russian as to have lost its keener sense of Turkish atrocities in its more recent fear of Russian aggression. Which is the truer expression of the national mood, or are both the accurate representation of the changing phases of popular opinion and the successive humours of an inconstant multitude?

Let us examine the facts more closely. Two definite conclusions result from every meeting, and from every speech on the popular side during the recent agitation: one, that the English people will never again grant its support to prop the failing empire of the Turks; the other that they desire that the whole influence of England shall be used to prevent the possibility of a repetition of the outrages which have filled their minds with horror and indignation.

There is not the slightest reason for supposing that the nation has swerved one jot from either of these conclusions. The speech of Lord Beaconsfield at Aylesbury was accepted as a defiance of popular opinion and a denial of the popular demands; and had the matter rested there, the storm would have soon gathered to a head. But the speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Wakefield, and of Lord Derby to the deputation from the Guildhall, though unsatisfactory and indefinite, were still conceived in a totally different spirit to the after-dinner display of the Prime Minister, and they had the effect of transforming the discussion from one about principles into one about details.

Much was hoped from the opportunity afforded to Mr. Bright at Manchester (September 27), but unfortunately the great orator was more intent on proving that the vast majority of his countrymen were wrong in 1854, than in encouraging them to persist in right in 1876. Mr. Bright is unable to see that there is any difference in the cases, and he almost insists on extorting a confession of error and an apology from those who differed from him twenty years ago, before he will allow them to agree with him in the present crisis.

There is reason to fear that the effect of the speech has been bad, and instead of convincing every one that we were wrong in the Crimean War, it has made some Liberals doubt whether they may not have been premature in their present altered views.

The general result is that a period of agitation has given place to a period of expectation. Keen foreign politicians, and students who have closely followed these transactions from the first, see clearly that the policy of Lord Derby, as disclosed in the correspondence presented to Parliament, and more obscurely hinted at in his speeches, is diametrically opposed to the results which the Nation has so imperatively demanded; and they may be excused if they infer from the silence of the public, that their desire for these results has become less anxious, and that the objects so clamorously sought for a short time ago are already fading from their minds. Such an inference would, however, be incorrect. The national will is set as strongly as ever, the object sought is the same, and the new direction which has been given to our Eastern policy will be maintained. But the political atmosphere is hazy, and the straight course is not clearly in view. When the clouds lift and the way is known, if the English nation finds that it has been betrayed into a false position by its so-called statesmen, there will be a new revelation of popular feeling, as startling to the politicians of Pall Mall as the one which they are now engaged in forgetting; and whose significance they have only partially appreciated.

What are the probabilities of such an event? We are compelled to confess ourselves as much in the dark as any. Tory policy has already been modified: it may be entirely changed in accordance with the national will. Tory government exists always on sufferance, and so long only as its members are content to carry out a moderately liberal policy. It is permitted to them to hold Conservative opinions but not to give them effect.

At the commencement of the insurrection in the Herzegovina, it is perfectly clear what those opinions were. The Conservative ministry consistently desired to preserve the *status quo*, serenely indifferent to the proof which was showered upon them that the existing government of the Turks was for all its Christian subjects a state of intolerable tyranny, oppression and insult, varied by occasional outbursts of exceptional fanaticism and outrage. Lord Derby's indignant displeasure with those who would disturb this normal condition of brutal violence and wrong is very instructive. His expressed opinion has been that the insurrection must be put down as a preliminary to negotiations, and every diplomatic effort has been exhausted to convince the Powers of the propriety of allowing the Suzerain to crush his ungrateful subjects. The Bulgarian massacres were a stroke of ill-luck for which Lord Derby must owe a grudge to Providence.

The Turks too literally accepted his advice to put down insurrection, and proceeded in a rough and ready fashion with none of those refinements which the Foreign Secretary would no doubt have suggested, had he been consulted about the details. This indiscretion on the part of our amiable ally upset all calculations. It has distinctly forced the hand of diplomacy and entirely changed the situation.

Now, all are agreed, in words at any rate, that security must be taken against the possibility of such another shock to the conscience of Europe as is involved in putting down an insurrection in the nineteenth century, and in the presence of newspaper correspondents, as it might have been put down, without observation, some few hundreds of years ago. And not only so, but all are also enlightened by these events as to the true nature and character of Turkish rule, under which it has been possible for men to commit these crimes, and to receive honour and reward for their villainy. Everything now turns, therefore, on the nature of the securities to be demanded. And here the Government seems to have thought most of sparing the feelings of the Porte, while the English people have been chiefly concerned to protect the lives and the honour of those who have the misfortune to be its subjects.

Omitting all details, two suggestions stand out prominently for the settlement of the question. The first involves the concession of certain privileges to the Christians by the Sultan, and especially of some kind of purely local self-government, with a right reserved to the Great Powers to secure the execution of the promised reforms.

This has been supported less on its own merits, than by arguments tending to show that all other alternatives are impracticable. The most important contribution in its favour has been made by Mr. Forster, in whose laboured speech at Bradford it is impossible not to recognise all the characteristic qualities of the statesman to whom we owe the education compromise of 1870, and the subsequent disruption and defeat of the Liberal party. Once more he stands apart from the principal members of his party, and speaking from a Radical pulpit preaches Conservative doctrine. We cannot but admit the gravity of this new defection, and regret the complications to which it may give rise. There was some hope that we might have seen the last of Mr. Forster's compromises; but it appears that the old Adam has not yet been expelled, and that Mr. Forster will still seek safety in a middle course, and find his reward in the applause of the Conservative party.

"If," says the right hon. member for Bradford, "Lord Derby is, as I trust he is, on behalf of the Government, pressing for this joint action" (i.e. action by the six Powers to compel the Sultan to give them what Mr. Forster calls a treaty right to share in the government of his subjects), "I hope the country will support him in it, and that we shall have no party feeling, and no attempt to prevent him having that support of the people of England which the Government ought to have in every foreign question of this moment."

The six Powers have already been unable to agree even on a definition of local self-government, and it is easy to see how illusory is the hope of

any concert between their representatives if they were charged with the execution of a series of complicated reforms. But besides this, there is a fatal objection to Mr. Forster's proposal—namely, that either the reforms promised will be inadequate, and the subjects of the Porte will be again handed over to the tender mercies of their tyrants, or, if the reforms are sufficient for the security of the Christian population, they will be as stoutly resisted on behalf of the Sultan as the proposals of Mr. Gladstone himself; and the pressure which would be necessary to carry them would be more than sufficient to secure the independence of the oppressed provinces. For Mr. Forster's plan supposes an interference with the Turkish Government throughout the whole of the empire, and amounts to little less than treating the Sultan as a minor, and instituting a joint regency of the six Powers. Mr. Gladstone is at once more moderate and more wise; and seeing that the disruption of the empire, though gradual, is certain, he is content to deal with the circumstances as they arise, but on principles which may be applied to every subsequent convulsion. To say, as Mr. Forster appears inclined to do, that the Christian populations are unfitted for self-government, is only to repeat the stock argument of all opponents of liberty in every time and country, falsified though it always has been by the experience of freedom; while the assumption that because a most bigoted and fanatical minority has cruelly oppressed an unarmed majority, therefore this majority will be unable to preserve order, when restored to its rights, and placed in a position to defend itself, is unworthy of a man of Mr. Forster's common sense, and shows that in his readiness to differ with Mr. Gladstone he has not paused to select his reasons.

It must not be forgotten, in considering Mr. Gladstone's position, that his view has been generally adopted by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, whose knowledge of the Turks and their subjects is not likely to betray him into the support of impracticable schemes.

On the whole Mr. Gladstone's plan is clearly the one which has commended itself to the majority of the English people, and if he could be induced to place himself distinctly at the head of the movement for promoting its success, the agitation would gather new force and energy under his direction, and all indistinctness of aim would disappear. It is worth notice, in this connection, that Liberals as independent in their action as Mr. Cowen at Newcastle, Mr. Peter Taylor at Brighton, Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, and Mr. Potter at Rochdale, have agreed in urging Mr. Gladstone to assume the leadership, and have expressed their belief that all differences on less urgent questions should be at least postponed in favour of united action in the present crisis.

It only remains to consider the attempt by a certain class of politicians to arouse the old dread of Russian aggression, and to secure pro-Turkish action under cover of resistance to a Muscovite advance on Constantinople.

None of these gentlemen have thought it necessary to prove, in set propositions that, even if such an advance did occur, it would constitute a real danger for this country; nor have they attempted to show that such possible danger might not be averted by other means than a war with Russia, in defence of Turkish imbecility and cruelty. Neither has it been considered

worth while to examine the right, or the power of England, permanently to exclude the fleet of a great Power from the Mediterranean by treaty provisions which must be felt as a standing insult and humiliation by a high-spirited people. Yet if the peace of Europe depends on the perpetual maintenance of such arbitrary restrictions, it ought to be evident that it rests on very frail support, and it might be wiser to try at once to devise some *modus vivendi* with greater promise of endurance. If foresight of this kind may not be hoped for from our statesmen, at least it requires no special training to grasp the fact that the very best barrier which we can erect against the alleged ambition of Russia would be created by the frank acceptance of her offer to assist in forming independent and possibly federated states between her territories and the supposed objects of her policy :—and in the friendly relations which we should cultivate with these states, established by our assistance and with our concurrence, we should find a better security for peace than in the alliance of a tottering and discredited empire.

On the whole it may safely be concluded that, notwithstanding the vacillations of a portion of the press, neither the conservative sympathies of the Government, nor the attempt to revive the old diplomatic traditions, will be successful in changing the fixed determination of the majority of the English nation to recognise our responsibilities to the Christian populations of the East, and to use all the influence of this country to secure their virtual independence from the hateful tyranny by which they have been so long and so grievously oppressed.

If the Government had shared the sympathies of the nation, and had made the safety and welfare of the Christians a prominent object of their policy from the first, they would have found themselves in accord with Russia, and might have checked any idea of selfish aggrandisement on her part by taking joint action for the independence of the provinces.

In this direction lay the best hopes of avoiding an European war, and not in obstinate adherence to the old traditions concerning the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. But now that Russia is launched on a policy of separate interference, it may well happen that her aims will be extended as time goes on, and we shall then find that the selfish policy of our Government has precipitated the result which they have been so anxious to avoid.

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A VISIT TO LAPLAND, WITH NOTES ON SWEDISH
LICENSING.

I.

NONE who have had experience of travel in Swedish Lapland are likely to deny to it the charms of perfect freshness and originality. The almost primitive character and habits of the people, the singular conditions of their life, the unique splendour of the scenery, the bright intoxication of the air, and the glory of the arctic sunsets, are all a constant source of pleasure and surprise. For the angler there is almost unlimited trout and grayling fishing, with possibilities of salmon; and for the sportsman abundance of ptarmigan, willow grouse, hares, and wild fowl of all descriptions; while the cost of living, not indeed sumptuously, but sufficiently well, may be covered by two or three shillings a day. Unfortunately these advantages can only be reached by routes so little tempting to the ordinary tourist that it appears from the visitors' book at Quickjock that only three hundred persons in twenty years have braved the discomforts of the approach. Now, however, that Norway is becoming hackneyed ground, and that all its available streams are rented and preserved, it is possible that the attractions of Lapland may yet counterbalance the well-founded objections to the Gulf of Bothnia. At the present time the trip cannot be recommended to ladies, unless they are willing to put up with more than the usual inconvenience and discomfort of out-of-the-way travel; but for men, willing to rough it a little, there is no hardship or difficulty greater than those with which most sportsmen must be already familiar.

Stockholm, the starting point of the expedition, may be reached direct by Hull and Gothenburg; or, if the land route be preferred, through Calais, Cologne, and Hamburg, and thence, either through Jutland to Friedrickshavn, and across the Cattegat to Gothenburg, or by Kiel and Korsoer to Copenhagen, and thence by Malmö to Stockholm. For bad sailors the last route is to be preferred, as in

the other cases the traveller must make the acquaintance of either the Skaggerack or the Cattegat, or of both; and he will probably find that their names are not rougher than their waters, and that they are in fact the most diabolical cross-seas on the face of the globe. The captain of the little steamer which plies between Gothenburg and Friedrickshavn, who has spent the greater portion of his life in ocean ships, informed us that he never dared to go below when the Cattegat was rough, but found his only safety from sickness in the fresh breeze on deck.

The distinctive beauty of Stockholm is in its situation. Built partly on islands in Lake Malar, it is intersected in every direction by the waters of the lake and of the Baltic, and with its busy quays, broad streets, handsome buildings, pleasant gardens, and clear atmosphere, is certainly one of the brightest and most charming capitals in Europe. The streets are still enlivened by the gay costumes of the peasants, especially those of the nearest provinces; it is said, however, that their use is gradually dying out before the advance of railroads and other enemies of the picturesque.

The Swedes are undoubtedly a fine race; many of the men are very tall, and the women are almost universally refined-looking and graceful in their carriage. A crowd of Swedes might at any time be mistaken by an Englishman for a crowd of the better sort in his own country; and in character there is the same resemblance to a high average English standard. The middle and trading classes have great sympathy with the English nation and its institutions, and are ready at all times to express and prove it; the aristocracy and higher ranks of society are more inclined to favour French manners and customs, but this is due to the influence of the Court and to the origin of the Royal Family. Every educated Swede reads and probably speaks English well, and with very slight, if any, foreign accent. English newspapers and books of all kinds are largely read, and English literature is a prominent branch of study at the high or middle-class schools, of which, as of all other educational institutions, there is an ample supply in Sweden. All along the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, in every little town of a few hundred, or at most of two or three thousand, inhabitants, there is a large school of this description, with a full staff of masters, lektors, and assistants, provided according to a fixed scale, and forming part of the general organisation for national instruction. We met several of these teachers, and found them extremely well informed and intelligent men, speaking English, French, and German, and accepting for the communication of these acquirements salaries which would be deemed totally inadequate in any other and richer country. They were all home-taught, by books and not *vis à voce*, and hence, though well qualified to translate English into Swedish, they found

it more difficult to reverse the process and to interpret their thoughts into elegant English. "The weather is deplorable," said one of these gentlemen; "it makes for the melancholy, and influences on the humours."

The fees charged in the schools are moderate, and such as to induce a general acceptance of the educational advantages offered by the class for whom they are intended. Primary education in Sweden is free and compulsory, though it is seldom necessary to recur to the interference of the magistrates. The Swedes cannot be made to understand the beauty of our English system, by which a national service, undertaken on the distinct ground of its importance to the whole community, is made unpopular by a charge extorted from the persons whose ready and voluntary acceptance of the service is the object desired. They argue that the State, as a whole, is bound to secure to all its citizens the opportunity of acquiring at least the elementary knowledge which is requisite for its security and general well-being, and that it is the function of the State to offer this instruction free of charge before it attempts to compel any individual to avail himself of it. They attribute the almost universal prevalence of primary instruction in their country to the existence of these free schools, and point to their wide popularity as sufficient evidence of the fallacy of the proposition, so often taken for granted in England, that the poor do not value education which is paid for out of the general taxation of the community.

Steamers leave Stockholm for Haparanda, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, two or three times a week, calling on the way at the ports on the west coast. Against a head-wind these boats roll and pitch in an extremely provoking fashion; but during the summer months the voyage is generally a smooth one. The boats carry stores to the towns on the route and bring back tar, which, with wood, and iron from the mines of the great Gellivara Company—now the sole property of an English merchant—constitute the chief trade of the gulf. The coast navigation is extremely intricate and difficult, the steamer winding its way for hours through the fiords and among innumerable rocky islets. On one occasion we bumped over a sunken rock, and, if one may judge by the composure of the captain, this must be no infrequent occurrence, though it smashed all the crockery laid out in the saloon and greatly alarmed the passengers. At night, and on the occasion of a fog, progress is impossible, and the steamer is brought to and anchored till daylight or clear weather.

Our destination was Luleä, which is reached in about seventy-two hours from Stockholm, and is a town of some two thousand inhabitants, situated at the mouth of the great river of the same name. The harbour, after the difficulties of the entrance are surmounted, is a fine

one, and many English and other ships lie here, loading timber; it is floated down the river from the forests, and cut into planks or made up into frames for doors and windows at the saw-mills in the town and neighbourhood.

The houses are almost entirely built of wood, and are in many cases shops and warehouses as well as dwelling-houses, although there is little display of goods in the windows. There is a large school, attended by the youths from all the surrounding district, as well as by those resident in the town itself. Luleä is the seat of the government of the province of Norbotten, which includes the whole of Lapland, and has a population of 80,000, scattered over 1,932 square miles of country. The governor, who has no sinecure, being required to visit personally his immense district several times a year, is provided with an official residence and a salary of 12,000 Swedish crowns, or about £650 per annum.

On arriving at the inn, which is good and clean, and makes up some forty beds, one is struck with a peculiarity of all similar places in Sweden, namely, the apparent indifference to visitors exhibited by the proprietor. No head waiter, with attendant circle of porters and chambermaids, awaits the arrival of the guest. The luggage is put down at the entrance, and the traveller must seek for himself his rooms and the information he requires; while the landlord, with his hands in his pockets, regards his efforts from a window with languid curiosity. There is no intentional incivility, but it appears not to be the custom to welcome the coming guest, although to speed the parting guest there is abundance of hand-shaking and hearty good wishes. The curious custom of the *Smörgos* prevails at these inns, and indeed everywhere throughout Sweden; it consists in a standing refreshment provided at a side table free of charge, and comprising bread and butter, cheese, caviare, dried fish and reindeer flesh, sausages, and other similar delicacies, to be taken immediately before each regular meal, and washed down with *branvin* and other neat spirits. In connection with this performance the Swedes have an objectionable habit, which may be called the community of forks, as the same implement passes rapidly from mouth to mouth and from dish to dish; the rights of private property are flagrantly disregarded.

From Luleä a succession of three small steamers, each making its passage to the bottom of considerable rapids, carry the traveller some ninety miles up the Luleä River to its junction with the Little Luleä at Storbachen, and across the frontier of Sweden into Lapland, which commences about ten miles below the confluence. The scenery is extremely striking, especially towards the end of the road. The river is a noble stream, never narrower than the Thames at Westminster, and expanding at intervals into broad

stretches of water which, shut in by the windings of the river, present the appearance of considerable lakes. The banks are lined with the pine forests for many miles, and the dark green of the firs and larches is varied by the brighter foliage and silver bark of the birches, which grow in considerable numbers among the other trees. At intervals, gradually getting longer as the distance from Luleä increases, the villages or settlements of the Swedish farmers break the uniformity of the scene, and the wooden houses and out-buildings, painted bright red, with the windows and doors picked out in white, and surrounded by small clearings with patches of yellow barley and green pasture, stand out brightly against the sombre background of the forests, and give animation and warmth to the landscape. It is difficult to convey the peculiar fascination of this scenery. It is due especially to the sharpness and contrast of colour, the bright clear blue of the sky giving definiteness to the outlines of the trees and hills, and bringing into marked relief all the incidents of the view. There is something bracing in the very appearance of the landscape, to which the noble river is an ever-fitting foreground.

At Storbachen the river has to be exchanged for the road, and a country cart holding two persons, and with or without an apology for springs as chance may determine, carries the tourist along the banks of the Little Luleä to Jockmock, a distance of some thirty miles. This drive is in itself a unique experience. The road after wet weather is cut up into deep ruts, in and out of which the cart plunges with a violence most discomfiting to its occupants, who are bruised and pounded without the possibility of resistance. It must be admitted that the process detracts from the pleasure of the excursion, which in other respects is extremely interesting. The route lies for the whole day through the almost trackless forests. Hardly a human being is to be met in these immense solitudes, and the silence is only broken occasionally by the note of some strange bird or the movement of the wind through the trees. In many places forest fires have ravaged the country for great distances, and everywhere there is a vista of blackened stems or falling trunks. In contrast to this desolation, where the fire has not passed the ground is carpeted with most luxuriant mosses and lichens in all the tints of green and red and yellow, while an occasional clearing, though at very rare intervals, relieves from time to time a sense of utter loneliness by the evidence it gives of the neighbourhood of human beings.

The forests cover nearly one-half of the whole surface of Sweden, and constitute an important part of the wealth of the country and the revenue of the Government. In past times they were very carelessly managed, and in many cases were sold outright and without

conditions to merchants, who ruthlessly cut down the timber with sole regard to their immediate interests. The pine is of very slow growth, increasing only one inch in diameter in ten years, and reaching twelve to fourteen inches in a century; and the wholesale destruction of young wood has left large tracts desolate and unprofitable for an indefinite period. The soil is excessively poor, consisting of sand with the thinnest possible coating of vegetable mould, so that no ordinary cultivation is possible.

Now the forests are strictly looked after, and no land is sold; but the right of cutting wood, limited to trees of ten inches and upwards in diameter, is let for a term of years and by tender, at so much per tree. In the remote districts the royalty is about 1s. 3d. per tree, and the lessees have in addition to carry out works for deepening the rivers and keeping them clear of all obstructions. Twenty years ago the value of trees on the ground was not more than three-pence or fourpence apiece.

From Jockmock to the end of the journey at Quickjock the mode of travelling and the scenery are again changed. The head-waters of the Little Luleä are a series of large lakes, from six to thirty miles long, and varying in breadth from two miles to seven or eight. These in turn are fed by two mountain rivers, which join their floods at Quickjock, and pour the united stream into the uppermost lake. They are traversed in long open boats made of very thin wood, and rowed by two or three men, according to the weight of luggage and the length of the journey. These boats are unprovided with seats, and the passengers have to squat at the bottom back to back, or crowded side by side; and as very little movement would be sufficient to swamp so frail a craft, the limbs get cramped and stiffened, and the journey becomes very fatiguing. With a high wind the broadest lakes become rough and dangerous, and on one occasion we shipped so much water that it seemed doubtful whether our expedition would not come to an untimely end. Each lake is connected with the next by strong rapids, in some cases rising into small waterfalls, and to avoid these it is necessary to disembark, when the luggage is carried on the shoulders of the rowers through the pine forests to the next lake. Throughout this part of the trip the silence can almost be felt, and becomes at last oppressive. No living thing is seen for hours except occasional flights of wild birds, or a solitary heron disturbed by the passage of the boat. Hills, gradually developing into mountains, and finally covered with snow as the neighbourhood of Quickjock is reached, shut in the scene, and the slopes of these are covered almost entirely with stunted pine, the birch having nearly disappeared. There is, however, no lack of colour, as the firs in the sunlight present many shades of the darker greens intermingled

with a rich brown where some disease appears to have attacked the trees. A large sweep of pine forest thus spread out in an amphitheatre of hills and seen from a great distance might be mistaken for an expanse of heather and fern, browned by the autumn rains and sun, though of course the brighter purples are absent from the Lapland view.

In the summer months there is perpetual daylight in all these regions, and the midnight sun is visible for some time in June. When we were there in September it was light till nine or ten o'clock, and never absolutely dark. The sunsets were most gorgeous, dark masses of purple clouds being lit up with the intensest hues of gold and crimson as the sun went down behind them, a glowing ball of fire. On one occasion the effect was heightened by the appearance of the eastern sky, which shaded off from deepest rose at the zenith, through delicate gradations of pinks and purples, into a lovely pale pure blue, in the midst of which the full autumnal moon shone gloriously.

The fishing in the lakes is exceedingly good, and very large trout, and even salmon, may be caught with the minnow and other spinning bait. For fly-fishing the best places are the rapids between the lakes, through which the boat is screwed in and out in an extremely clever and dexterous way by the boatman, who takes advantage of the shelter of every rock and stone as he passes from one to the other, while the stream shoots by. In favourable weather an angler may easily land a hundredweight of trout and grayling in a day's sport, the fish running from half a pound to two pounds in weight. The flies sold by the London makers should be supplemented by some of a smaller size for bright weather and clear water; one with a body of yellow silk and greyish brown wings is said to be very killing.

The distance from Jockmock to Quickjock, the two principal villages on the route, is about ninety miles, and is performed in three days. Each of these places has a church, a school, and a post-office, and Jockmock is said to have a shop, though we could not find it. They are really collections of small wooden huts, vacant during the summer months, but occupied in the long winter by the Laps, who then come down from the mountains with their reindeer. Quickjock especially is in a delightful situation, facing a beautiful lake, and sheltered by mountains of noble outlines and grand proportions. At Jockmock there are some fine falls, not unlike the Rheinfalls at Schaffhausen, though in a very different setting. The resting-places or stations between these two villages are not inns in the usual sense of the word, but the houses of the Swedish settlers or immigrants into Lapland, one of which at each settlement is destined for the reception of the occasional guests.

These settlements consist of two or perhaps four houses, with the necessary outbuildings, and seem generally inhabited by the several members of the same family. Some of them have existed a considerable time, and are occupied now by the grandchildren or great-grandchildren of the original settlers. Originally the Government granted free gifts of land, but they have now ceased to do this, and the number of the settlers does not appear to be receiving many additions from outside. The houses usually consist of two or more large rooms on the ground-floor with lofts above, and vast chimney hearths in one corner, in which the logs of pine, some two or three feet in length, are piled upright when a fire is wanted; being lit, they burn up in a few minutes into a roaring fire which gives out an intense heat. The family live chiefly in the kitchen, and this and the guest-chamber are about twenty or thirty feet square, and furnished with a kind of sofa bedstead which pulls out so as to afford a sleeping accommodation of about 5 feet 6 inches by 3 feet. The kitchen itself is not over clean, nor are the personal habits of the people without reproach in this respect; yet the guest-chamber, the linen, and the crockery leave nothing to be desired.

The houses are surrounded by a small clearing, where the settlers cultivate for their own consumption sufficient oats and other grain, hay, and potatoes. They sow their corn in June, and so rapid is the growth under the influence of the lengthened days that they reap the harvest in six or seven weeks afterwards, and sometimes get two crops in their short season. The cultivation is restricted to the actual wants of the settlement, as the difficulty of transit precludes the possibility of a market for the surplus. Cattle and ponies, and sometimes sheep and poultry, are kept at each station, but the food of the family is limited to fish—which is dried for winter use—milk, black or rather brown flat bread, and dried reinflsh, with an occasional change in the shape of game or wild fowl killed on the hills or lakes. Everywhere, even in the poorest houses, the most excellent coffee is obtainable; the green berries being roasted over the fire and ground whenever a cupful or more is wanted.

In the winter, when the lakes and rivers are all frozen, and the ground is covered three or four feet deep with hard snow, the settlers go long distances on snow-shoes and in sledges, and bring up from Luleä what stores they may require. The money for such purchases is gained by winter labour in the forests, where the trees are felled and dragged to the water's edge, to be thrown in and floated down to Luleä when the ice breaks up. At this work a team of one horse and two men can earn about 40s. a week, which is considered large wages in this part of the world. The legal tariff for a boat in summer is 1 kronor (1s. 1½d. English) for each man for seven miles, with no allowance for back fare; and a small *dricks penningar*, or

pour-boire, added to this will make them supremely grateful, and ensure the generous donor many hearty shakes of the hand.

The settlers cannot afford to be ill, as the nearest doctor lives at Luleä, almost a week's journey from Quickjock. In ordinary cases they depend on their own resources, but in any serious illness the Luleä medico is sent for and is obliged to attend, being paid a small salary of £200 a year by Government on this condition. Midwifery is performed by women. Crimes of any kind seem to be very rare; and though every settler carries a most ugly-looking dagger-knife suspended from his belt, its use appears to be confined to purely pacific purposes. The most common offences are against the forest regulations, and the observance of these is superintended by an officer who has his head-quarters at Jockmock. On fête days, at this latter village, a patrol is selected by the Governor of Luleä from among the steadiest of the settlers, and to him the preservation of order is entrusted.

The men are physically a fine race, and are generally honest and industrious, with an air of independence and straightforwardness. Like the poorer Swedes elsewhere, they are greatly given to the use of tobacco in all forms; and besides smoking and chewing in the usual approved methods, they actually eat large quantities of snuff, helping themselves, as the Highlanders do, with a horn spoon from a box. The women have pleasant faces with rather refined expression. There is a strong family resemblance among them, and the type consists in large grey eyes, brown hair, rather fair complexions, a free carriage, and not ungraceful figure, though with full waists and large hands and feet. The older women look worn, but never have the haggish and almost brutalised look which is not uncommon in old women in other countries who have led hard outdoor lives. The general expression of countenance is somewhat pathetic, though they seem contented with their strange, solitary, and joyless life; and we could never get any of them to confess that they would care to change it, nor even to complain of what, as it appeared to us, must be the terrible monotony and hardship of the long dark winter. In looking at these settlements and considering the nature of the life we seemed to understand more clearly the position and circumstances of the emigrants who are gradually pushing farther and farther along the shores of the great rivers of the American continent, and carrying into the solitudes of the immense forests of the West the proofs of Anglo-Saxon courage, endurance, and pertinacity.

At some of the stations we saw specimens of the original inhabitants of the lands within the Arctic Circle, in the persons of Lap men and women of uncertain age, about four feet high, and dressed in skins with blue conical caps on their heads. In Norway it is said

that the Laps are looked upon and treated as an inferior race, the pariahs of the North; but in Swedish Lapland there is no appearance of such distinctions. The comfort and even safety of the settlers depend so much on their good relations with their neighbours that they have remained on terms of equality and friendship. Intermarriages are not uncommon, and many of the present settlers show signs of the mixture of the races.

The population of Swedish Lapland is said to include 4,000 persons of true Lap race, and in some districts this number is increasing. The children born in the mountains die fast, but those who remain in the villages are healthy. Provision is made for their instruction, and in common with the children of the Swedes they all learn to read and write, though, judging by the absence of books at the settlements, they reap little advantage from their instruction. The Laps were converted to Lutheranism some hundred years ago, and are said to be strict religionists. At the present time some kind of revival is going on among them, a faint reflex of the Moody and Sankey movement in this country and America.

They depend for their living entirely upon their reindeer, which they take up into the mountains all the summer, feeding them in the villages during the winter, when the rein-moss, which is their ordinary food, is no longer obtainable in the woods. This migration is rendered necessary by the habits of the reindeer, which must be near snow to keep in health. When on their summer excursions, the Laps live in tents made of rein-skins, lying at night round a fire in the centre, a hole being left in the roof for the passage of the smoke. Their food consists of rein-flesh, fish, and game, and they keep a pot, like the gipsies, constantly on the fire, into which are thrown all contributions in the way of edibles, which are thus stewed down together into a thick rich soup. In the winter they move about on their snow-shoes, in the management of which they are extremely adroit, shooting down the hills and in and out of the trees with immense swiftness and precision. On these shoes they hunt down both wolves and bears when these animals, which are now getting scarce, cross their path; they kill them with their spears and knives, getting a reward of 50 kronor from the Government for each head killed. The sale of spirits is strictly prohibited in Lapland, as some years ago their immoderate use was decimating the population; but kegs of branvin are still occasionally smuggled across the borders, and produced on the occasion of fêtes and holidays. The Laps have shrewd, almost cunning faces, and, though small in stature, possess great bodily strength and endurance. Their habits are extremely dirty, and they appear never to change their clothes till they fall to pieces.

II.

One of our chief objects in visiting Sweden was to inquire on the spot into the operation of the licensing laws of the country, and especially to make a personal acquaintance with the system adopted in Gothenburg, where the trade in spirits is carried on by a company for the sole benefit of the community, to whose use all the profits are devoted. We had introductions to gentlemen of influence in Stockholm and Gothenburg; and we lost no opportunity of ascertaining local opinion with regard to the working of this system and the question generally. The novel experiment of carrying on public-houses on behalf of the municipality, by managers who are practically public officials, and who have no interest in the profits of the sale, is evidently attracting increasing interest in England; and we heard of many visitors who had preceded us with a similar object. Some of these inquirers, who have since published the result of their investigations, appear to have misunderstood altogether the scope of the experiment and the object of its promoters. They discovered that very large quantities of spirits are still sold in Gothenburg, and that a great number of drunken persons are yearly arrested by the police—facts which are sufficiently evident from all the statistics which have been published on the subject—and thereupon they hastily pronounced the system to be a failure and unworthy of further consideration.

But the advocates of the scheme in Sweden—and these are the whole of the educated classes, with the exception of the distillers—say that as they never were sanguine enough to expect the absolute suppression of drunkenness as the result of any practicable legislation, so this is not the test by which their success in more limited aims is to be finally judged.

“Experience has convinced me,” said one of the ablest supporters of the Gothenburg system, “that there is absolutely only one way by which drunkenness can be put down, and that is by the entire prohibition of the *use* of intoxicating drinks. But such a measure is utterly impracticable, and you have therefore to consider how the evils attendant on the consumption of liquor may be reduced to a minimum. This is the object which we hope we are gradually accomplishing by our plan. We have done a great deal already, we have secured the possibility of doing more; and, as our experience increases, we are continually trying to supplement and extend our previous efforts.”

The persons who have so readily convinced themselves of the futility of the Gothenburg system are usually advocates of the Permissive Bill, and it is strange that they should have neglected the evidence, which is also afforded by Swedish experience, of the same kind of partial failure in the practical working of that measure as they trace in the results of the Gothenburg system. Each commune in Sweden has the right of fixing periodically the number of

licenses, if any, to be granted in its district. The governor of the province may reduce, but cannot increase this number. Availing themselves of this power, many country communes have refused to have any licenses; and thus in the province of Gothenburg, with a rural population of 170,000, there are only ten licensed houses. But no single *town* (and the experience is suggestive of what would happen in England) has ventured to carry restriction so far, as the feeling of the people, and especially of the working classes, will not warrant such an extreme measure.

In the country districts, however, the result has been undoubtedly satisfactory, and such as to encourage the members of the Alliance to seek a similar power in this country; but they must not estimate its advantages too highly, or assume that it will entirely remove the evil any more than any other limited measure. The police returns at Gothenburg show that out of 2,234 apprehensions for drunkenness in 1874 no less than 724 were of countrymen coming into the town on market days; and it is said to be a regular thing with many of them to make a periodical expedition to the nearest place where spirits are sold, in order to gratify their craving. On these occasions their previous enforced abstinence is compensated for by extraordinary potations. In addition to this, spirits are bought wholesale by the peasants and kept for home consumption; and even in Lapland, where the sale is strictly prohibited over the whole country, we were told that there was never any lack of liquor on special occasions. These facts should moderate the hopes of those who insist on regarding the Permissive Bill as the complete specific against intemperance instead of what it really is, one of several instruments by which the temptation to drunkenness may be reduced to a minimum and its attendant evils greatly diminished.

In estimating the real value of such a novelty as the one introduced by the Gothenburg Bolag, or Company, it is surely right to attach great weight to the opinions of observers on the spot, who may be supposed to have got over the first shock with which all strange experiments are received, and to be now in a position, after more than ten years' experience, to judge of the results impartially, and without the prejudice of which a casual visitor has not time to divest himself.

Now Swedish opinion is singularly unanimous on the point. Again and again we were assured that, although there was some opposition at the commencement of the plan, it has long ceased; and the advantages of the system are now admitted by everybody except the manufacturers of liquor, whose continued hostility may be accepted as a satisfactory indication of the probable diminution of consumption, which cannot be proved in any other way, since the statistics do not give the means of accurately comparing the total

sales of spirits now with the sales before the Bolag was started. But provincial governors, the clergy of all ranks, members of municipal corporations, and the press, not in Gothenburg only, but throughout the country, unite in general commendation of the system and the results which have flowed from its adoption. At the present time arrangements similar to those in Gothenburg are in force in fifty-seven other towns, including Norrköping, Calskrona, Upsala, Jonköping, and Lund; and in the capital itself, with a population of 140,000, the Town Council, by a majority of three to one, have determined on the adoption of the system, which is to come into force on October 1st, 1877. This resolution has followed on an elaborate report by a special committee of the municipality of Stockholm, appointed to consider the best means of reducing the intemperance which unfortunately prevails. This report points out at great length, and with very full illustrations, the extreme difficulty of arriving at just conclusions from statistics which vary in different towns and at different times, and are affected by a great number of very complex influences; but it expresses the conviction that such statistics are still valuable as a comparative measure of the increase and decrease of drunkenness, if compiled for a period embracing a sufficient number of years, during which there is no reason to suppose that the action of the police has been to any considerable extent changed.

The committee select, as periods for such comparison, the twelve years 1851-62, and an equal period embracing the years 1863-74: in the first of which there were three years of good harvests and trade, seven average, and two bad; and in the second, two good, seven average, and three bad. They find that the proportion of drunkenness to the population increased about 5 per cent. in the latter period.

But a similar comparison in the case of Gothenburg shows a diminution of drunkenness of more than 50 per cent. in the second period of twelve years, during ten of which the new system has been in operation. The report goes on to say:—

“The results obtained in Gothenburg appear to us by no means surprising, but most natural. It is clear that as the consumption of branvin is dependent on the desire for stimulants and the power of satisfying that desire, and also the desire of gain on the part of the seller, the consumption must decrease in proportion as one of these influences ceases to operate; and as the law does not allow such a monopoly to a company unless the whole of the profits are devoted to public purposes without gain to any individual, we cannot but believe that such a company in Stockholm would cause a diminished consumption of spirits, as it has done in Gothenburg. But if, contrary to all probability, such should not be the case, so many advantages in other respects would, in our opinion, result from the adoption of the Gothenburg system that we have no hesitation in recommending it. What are these advantages?”

“In such a company the managers of the houses where spirits are sold

derive no profit from their sale and have no interest in promoting it; therefore it may be considered certain that they will not disregard the rules of the company not to sell spirits to those under age, to those who have already drunk to excess, or to those who seem to wish to make the public-house their continual resort. It is clear that as the managers will derive all the profit they can from the sale of food, malt liquors, &c., and none from the sale of spirits, they will do all they can to promote the former, and thus the object of changing the public-houses and dram-shops into eating-houses will be promoted.

"Nothing can have greater influence in counteracting the injurious effects of public-houses on morality and order than if the management is in every respect satisfactory. The manager must therefore not only conduct it sufficiently well to escape legal liability, but in addition must show he possesses that firmness, zeal, and discretion which are required in his difficult position between the demands of the consumers on the one hand and his duty to the community on the other. In the present state of the trade it cannot be expected that all license-holders shall possess such qualities, still less subject themselves to pecuniary sacrifices to procure such managers, or dismiss them for faults which have escaped the notice of the police, although unfitting them for their position as regards the good of the community, as they would thereby risk diminishing the number of their customers and their profits. But we have every reason to expect that a company zealous for morality, temperance, and order, and in a position not to grudge the cost, will endeavour to obtain suitable managers, and immediately dismiss those who are careless and inattentive to these objects. Experience proves that the larger, cleaner, and lighter the public-house, the less attractive it is to the drunkard, and those who most originate immorality and disorder. It is readily conceded that late police regulations have done much good; but they cannot be applied to the numerous houses possessed by the holders of the old class of privileges for life, and not subject to the conditions of those licenses which are sold by auction: this would be remedied by a company who would procure the most suitable premises without regard to cost, and regulate their number and distribution only with regard to the good of the community."¹

Gothenburg is a fine handsome town, with all the appearance of great and increasing prosperity. Situated upon the estuary of the Gotha River, a few miles from the sea, it is intersected by broad canals, which, with wide streets on each side, give a space and openness to the principal thoroughfares that is rarely seen in other towns. Large saw-mills, iron-works, and breweries, with other manufactures, give employment to a great number of workpeople; while the shipping business collects, in the neighbourhood of the quays, the same class of population as is to be found in our own ports of Liverpool, Hull, or Bristol. In walking through the streets, both by day and night, we saw no drunken persons; but probably should have had a different experience if our visit had coincided with a holiday or fête. The rules of the police are stringent, and all persons seen to be the worse for liquor are summoned, and if necessary locked up till sober. To account for the number of such cases, in spite of the regulations observed, the following reasons were given. In the first place, at least one-third of

(1) "Report of Committee of the Municipality of Stockholm," translated by David Carnegie, Esq. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

the drunkenness reported by the police is attributable to strangers and country people coming from outside. Then the food of the working class is so light, consisting chiefly of fish and milk diet, that comparatively small quantities of spirits are sufficient to turn their heads. The old race of habitual drunkards has not yet died out, and their repeated convictions, under the strict supervision adopted, account for many entries in the register of the police. It is hoped that the new generation will show fewer of these victims to a chronic disease. Till very recently, when a park has been opened for the people, Gothenburg has been absolutely without any public provision for the innocent recreation of its inhabitants, and the practice of public-house drinking has thus been stimulated by the absence of any countervailing attraction. And, lastly, the so-called temperance houses, where beer and wine are sold, and which are not under the regulations or the control of the Bolag, are supposed to be the source of much drunkenness, as the liquors provided by them are frequently adulterated or mixed with spirits, and in this form become the most certain cause of intoxication. There is some question of including these houses in the operations of the Bolag, and it appeared to us that the experiment will be altogether incomplete till this has been done. At present licenses are granted freely in those cases to all persons who can bring a certificate of respectability, and thus stand on a similar footing to our licenses to sell off the premises, which cannot be refused by the magistrates except to notoriously bad characters.

We visited the public-houses both by day and night, and in different parts of the town, paying most attention to those in the worst districts, and remaining till nearly nine o'clock, when all are closed. The hours of work are very early in Gothenburg, and the workmen do not remain out late, so that after nine o'clock the streets are almost deserted. Generally speaking, the houses are plain and uninviting, and the accommodation consists of a bar, a room answering to the bar-parlour of English houses, an eating-room or mat-sal, and another for customers of rather a better order. It is part of the system that each house shall be an eating-house as well as a drinking-shop; and in the rooms set apart for this purpose no drinking is allowed without eating, *i.e.* the drink is only served as the ordinary accompaniment to the meal. A bill of fare and tariff of prices is fixed in the room. A plate of soup is charged 10 oere, or $1\frac{1}{4}d.$; a plate of meat and potatoes, or fish and potatoes, 25 oere, or $3d.$; and we had practical demonstration that these viands were of good quality and ample in quantity. In the superior room the charge for a plate of meat was 50 oere, or $6\frac{1}{4}d.$; but this included the luxury of table napkins and a better service. The managers, who in some cases derive their sole remuneration from the

profit on these sales, and on coffee, tea, &c., and in all cases are partly dependent on them, do a considerable business, one man telling us that he had taken 77 kronor (about £4 7s.) in the day for food alone.

The drinking proper is done in the bar-room, and standing. The Swedes do not sit down to booze like our English drinkers, but toss off their glass of neat branvin at one gulp, and then walk away—to return again for another after a short interval if not satisfied with the first supply. The bar-parlour is occupied by customers who come rather for society than for drink, and who sit chatting at little tables, with generally a glass of brandy-and-water before them.

During the day we saw no one drunk; but at night, and in the worst districts, we observed two or three men in each house who had had more than was good for them. There was not the least disorder, however, and we noticed that when these men applied to be served again they were invariably refused, if there was the least unsteadiness in their appearance, and told to go home. In two cases they were turned out of the shop. We were accompanied in our inspection by Mr. Elliot, the chief of police, and when, on one occasion, we expressed a wish to see the lower class of houses, we were assured that the one we were then in was the worst in the town, being near the quays and frequented by the lowest part of the population. In bygone times, and before the introduction of the new system, it was as notorious among the sea-going people as some of the dens in Rotterdam are now, and was the resort of prostitutes and bad characters, and a scene of constant riot and disorder. Now it will compare favourably with many a public-house, reputed respectable, in London and our large provincial towns. In this house there seemed to be little demand for food, and the sale of branvin averaged forty kans, or twenty-four gallons, per day. We noticed here, as elsewhere, that not a single woman was among the customers, and we understood that the presence of prostitutes was strictly forbidden. Mr. Elliot is a strong supporter of the Bolag system, and assured us that its introduction had most materially contributed to the good order of the town, in which there is at present very little serious crime of any kind.

Besides the ordinary supervision of the police, there is a special inspector appointed by the Bolag to see that all its regulations are observed and that there is no fraud on the part of the managers; but since the establishment of the company there has been only one case necessitating the dismissal of a manager. The profits made by the Bolag, and now devoted to public uses, are enormous, and the financial success of the undertaking has actually formed part of the indictment brought against it by the more extreme advocates of temperance. These profits, however, are due in part to the immense

saving in the cost of management effected by the large reduction in the number of separate houses, and still more to a considerable increase in the price of spirits, which has been made chiefly in the hope of restricting the consumption. As, however, a fair-sized glass of neat spirits is still to be obtained for one penny, it may be doubted whether many people are restrained from drinking by considerations of economy.

Licenses in Sweden are put up to auction and let to the highest bidder. When the Bolag started in 1865, their tender was 60,000 kronor per annum; but on the last occasion they were driven up by the competition of a Stockholm distiller to 360,000 kronor per annum. The actual profits have been 140,000 kronor in excess of the original tender; and the total advantage of the system to the ratepayer, as compared with the former state of things, when possibly the tenders were let too low in consequence of the absence of free competition, is represented by 440,000 kronor, or nearly £25,000 per annum.

The promoters of the company had one great advantage over the advocates of any similar plan in this country, and that is, that they had no vested interests to deal with, as the licenses in Sweden expire every three years, and are then let anew, with any fresh conditions that may be thought desirable. But in Stockholm there are a number of perpetual and life licenses in existence, granted before the change in the law, and which will have to be extinguished by payment of compensation. In consequence of this the Stockholm authorities anticipate only a moderate profit in the first instance, and are guided in their recommendations by their hopes of social and moral improvement.

In the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for May, 1876, the present writer suggested the modifications which appear to be necessary before the Gothenburg system could be applied in England; and a visit to the town has strengthened the belief that, with these changes, the plan would work very considerable and beneficial results in this country.

Putting aside the thorough-going supporters of total prohibition, who would absolutely abolish the sale throughout the length and breadth of the country, there is no other class of temperance reformers who may not hope to gain from this system the objects they seek. Thus the friends of the Permissive Bill would secure the local right of veto, which is the cardinal principle of their measure. The Sunday Closing Association might confidently expect the closing of the houses on Sunday, a result which has invariably followed the adoption of the Gothenburg system in Sweden. A great reduction in the number of houses; the entire prevention of adulteration; the removal of all extraneous temptation, such as is now offered by the garish attractions of our gin-palaces, and by the music, the gambling,

and the bad company which are permitted or winked at in so many cases; the restoration of the victualler's trade to its original intention, and the provision of alternatives and substitutes for the intoxicating drinks to which the traffic is now confined; the observance of the strictest order, and the certainty that all police regulations, now too often a dead letter, or enforced only by the employment of detectives, will be invariably obeyed—these are results which all friends of temperance are united in desiring, and which are proved to follow the adoption of the principle that the sale of strong drink is a monopoly which can only safely be entrusted to the control of the representatives and trustees of the community, and which should be carried on for the convenience and advantage of the people, and not for the private gain of individuals.

The experiment may be tried on a large scale in this country, and these advantages may with certainty be secured if two conditions be observed: first, that Parliament will adopt the principle above defined, and secondly that it will undertake to determine a fixed scale on which the existing interests may be bought up and transferred. This last point is imperative, since without it no corporation would be justified in entering upon what would be a gigantic speculation without settled data. The experience of open arbitration has been so disastrous in the case of public bodies, and the claims made before and allowed by such tribunals have been so monstrous and extortionate, that no prudent municipality would risk any large undertaking on such terms. There can, however, be no real difficulty in deciding, once for all, how many years' purchase of proved profits ought to be given by a community desirous of recovering the rights which have been most unfortunately suffered to slip away in the course of recent licensing legislation. The original intention of Parliament was to give only one year's property in a license to its holder; and now that Parliament, by its *lâches*, has allowed this annual tenancy to become a freehold, it is not too much to ask that it should take the trouble to arbitrate as between its constituents and the publicans, and declare by statute the basis on which the community may re-enter on its rights.

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

CROSS AND CRESCENT.

WHATEVER else is doubtful in this time of suspense, one thing is not doubtful. The existing rule of the Porte is scandalously evil, and its system abominably corrupt. Other governments in Europe have their special evils; one is weak, another corrupt, another oppressive, and a fourth sanguinary; but the Ottoman rule combines every evil in its worst form: it is usually corrupt, feeble, barbarous, capricious, and capable of horrible cruelty. It gives no regular protection to life or property; its system of taxation is little more than plunder legalised; the first duties of a government are left undone; industry is treated as if it were treason; and the insurrections its oppression produces are periodically crushed by massacre, outrage and terrorism. And the whole of this system of misgovernment and tyranny seems to exist for the sake of a small official class, many of whom are the vilest of men. It is a waste of words to describe further this shocking disorganization of society, for a thousand witnesses have proved it; and none attempt to gainsay it.

But then this picture, black as it is, is very far from the whole truth. In the first place, it is oppressive not to the Christians alone. It is a system oppressive to all who live under it, both Mussulman and Christian subjects; although in many provinces the Christian races are victims of a second oppression. Evil as the system is, it is certainly not worse than that of other Asiatic governments, at least in its effect upon the people it rules. No one has pretended to say that the condition of the Bulgarian peasant is at all to be compared in misery to that of the Egyptian fellaheen, the victims of a system in which the English money-lender and the British government more or less indirectly participate. It is hardly contended that the government of Persia is much in advance of that of the Sultan in energy, enlightenment, and honesty; and the Shah is our excellent friend and ally. The ruthlessness of the Pashas is, perhaps, not greater than that of the Mandarins at a time of imperial anarchy; and the chaos in Bosnia and Bulgaria has hardly ever equalled that of Japan in the last days of the Daimios and Ronins. So that in denouncing this Ottoman government it is as well to remember that we mean simply that it still retains its old Asiatic type.

But further than this. The Ottoman rule, as it is, is not much worse than that of European governments at their worst in evil times. The condition of Bulgaria at this moment is not more heart-rending than was the condition of Ireland after the rebellion of 1798, or of Poland after the close of the last insurrection. It is

not so dreadful as is often that of a black population where the planters have stamped out some abortive riot. The iniquity of the Sultan's government is not deeper than that of King Bomba. The chaos of it is not equal to that in which Spain has found herself more than once within this century. There is in Turkey no tyranny so vast, so cemented by custom and law, as was that of the ancient noblesse in France and in parts of Germany before the revolution. The Christian rayah of the Balkan is hardly worse off than were the Russian serfs down to recent memory; than were negro slaves in the swamps of the Mississippi; than are the coolies whom Englishmen and Americans export and oppress. The lawlessness of Roumelia is hardly greater than has been, in living memory, the lawlessness of Sicily, of Cuba, of Carolina, of Ireland. Perhaps the closest of all parallels to the rule of the Porte was in the worst days of the temporal power of the Pope; when it neglected everything which a government ought to do, and did everything which a government ought to avoid. Nay, more, the latest observers have told us that the actual peasant of Bulgaria is at this moment better fed, better housed, better clothed than the peasant of England or Ireland, in spite of the beneficent rule we enjoy. He is better off than the Russian mujik which he seems destined to become. It is certain that he is a prosperous and fortunate being if compared with the peasant of the Nile, the subject of our excellent friend the Mussulman Khedive of Egypt.

Now these cases do not at all prove—they are not intended to suggest—that the Ottoman rule as a whole is no worse than its neighbours in Europe. There is this great difference: that we are not responsible for the Asiatic governments, as we are for the Turk. And no government in Europe is so steadily bad. We do not suppose that any government in Europe, at least in this century, has united so consistently all the evils of the Ottoman system; its apathy, its venality, its stupidity, its ferocity. But it is clear, first, that it is a government of the common Asiatic type; secondly, that European nations have exhibited in turn flagrant examples of all of its evils, and now and then all of them together. The government, vicious and wicked as it is, is not altogether different from Eastern governments which we treat as allies, and do not propose to annihilate. It is not altogether different from what Christian and European governments have occasionally been. And lastly it is not so grinding to the welfare of its subjects as some systems we have known, negro slavery, serfdom, and peasant destitution, which may not be the work of any government at all; but which certainly have been the outcome of Christian institutions, and were maintained by a Christian people.

The practical question, however, is not what is the exact moral culpability of the Ottoman system? but how does it make it our duty to interfere? Nor is this quite so easy a matter to answer as some people think. Here is a state which for centuries has been the ally of European states, an odiously corrupt and cruel government, as corrupt and cruel as was that of the old Bourbons, as unscrupulous as that of the later Bourbons; with a dominant race who have held their lands and their rule for three centuries, almost as oppressive as the feudal noblesse of the last century, as ferocious as the Russians in Poland in our own day, or as the Protestant loyalists in Ireland in the days of our grandfathers. It needs little to show what are the evils we incur when foreign nations sweep away any dominant race, destroy any oppressive government, or put down a system of religious injustice. England, indeed, attempted in 1793 not to sweep away, but to restore, the French noblesse, bag and baggage, with their marshals and their governors, their intendants and their farmers-general, their provosts and their *gens-d'armes*. The French Republicans interfered to sweep away aristocracy and monarchy from many neighbouring nations, and landed in Ireland in the name of humanity to put down the ascendancy of the bloody ruling class. We can all see how thoroughly questionable in principle is interference of this kind. If ever there was a case for just interference it might be said to be that to put down the atrocious system of slavery. Yet we all know that the remedy would be worse than the disease. An era of general aggression and lawlessness would follow from the doctrine that, given a dominant class, oppression, and misgovernment, it is the right or duty of foreign nations to step in and crush it by arms. It is a doctrine which will scarcely be established in the public law of Europe by the rulers of Ireland and of Poland. It is true that no single case of oppression in Europe is now so desperately evil as is that of Turkey; and in some of these cases of oppression the government may be well-intentioned. But a Europe which accepts the extinction of Poland, the annexation of Lorraine, the massacres of French Republicans, and the barbarous civil wars of Spain, is hardly yet competent to inaugurate the reign of justice and mercy—at least by steel and gunpowder.

But it is easy to overstate even the corruption of this Turkish government. Every single opinion in this unhappy business needs to be modified; and the Sublime Porte itself is not absolutely and inevitably evil. The pretence that the whole story of Ottoman rule is one unbroken tale of blackness, is a simple outburst of fanatical rhetoric. The spirit of Turkish ascendancy is at best but a sinister type; but it has spared the rival tribes and sects within

its limits centuries of anarchy and strife. The sectaries, as we see, Catholics, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, pursue each other with bitter hatred, which the Turkish authority alone prevents from bursting into religious war. The empire is the seat of almost as many antagonistic sects as England itself; and unfortunately Eastern sects do not confine themselves to a war of tongues, but the contemptuous toleration of the Turk at least forces them all to keep the peace. The rivalries and feuds of the complex races within the empire are, if anything, yet more intricate and fierce; Hellen, Slavonian, Albanian, and the rest, being madly jealous of each other. So that men who know the vehemence of strife between sects and races in the empire have been heard to assert, that with all their griefs against the Turk, and each thirsting for mastery for itself, the Ottoman rule is still the one which would be accepted as the least galling to all; in fact the only one possible, as it divides them least. This was possibly true of the past; it explains the historical existence of the Porte.

Nor is the Turkish government in itself uniformly and always corrupt. It is a bit of theological malice which tries to persuade us that all Mussulmans are wild beasts, and the Turkish Empire a hell upon earth. Men of sense well know that there are still some within it, as there have always been, desirous of raising it to better things. The misfortune is that they are so few, and, in the prevalent corruption, so powerless for good. But the fact remains, as our own generation has seen, that there are always amongst the rulers of Turkey one or two men quite as honest and quite as capable as the average officials of Europe. The Ottoman Empire, like so many ancient empires, does still exhibit in its decay incredible powers of momentary vitality; and if it is unlikely, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility, that a group of capable statesmen might yet be borne to power by fortunate circumstances. The idea that the religion of Mahomet breeds nothing but Ezzelins and Borgias is a stupid piece of religious intolerance.

Now, if the Turkish Empire stood isolated from Europe altogether, an island in the Atlantic, it might, perhaps, be left to work out its own destiny; as we have to leave Cuba, as we have to leave Hayti. It would be simply the case of a dominant race, yet capable of maintaining its rule, grievously oppressive and corrupt, but only as a matter of degree more corrupt and oppressive than other dominant races. Europe has never adopted the doctrine that it is the duty of foreign nations to invade their neighbours wherever they find an oppressive government or race. And there are some who assert that there is no more pretence for Europe to interfere with the misgovernment of Turkey than there is to intervene in the misgovernment

of Mexico, or the oppression of the planters in the West. To this we reply, that Turkey is not isolated from Europe; but very closely bound up with it by all kinds of ties—of religion, race, interest, political tradition, and geographical connection. The possession of the Danube, the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, and the Archipelago is a matter of vital moment to all the powers of Europe; the oppression of Christian races in Turkey is, and for a century has been, a source of endless agitation to the neighbouring states; and, above all, the existence of the empire is from day to day the standing work of European policy. It is mere self-deception for Englishmen of the absolute *laissez-faire* school to repeat that this country cannot undertake to set the world to rights, and must simply decline to interfere with Turkey. The *status quo* in the East does not mean not interfering. It means interfering to maintain a very active but veiled support. Ever since the Crimean war at least, the existence of Turkey has been due to the fact that the Western powers oppose the extinction of the Porte; to the conviction above all that the whole strength of England would be thrown into the scale before the Turks should be driven into the Bosphorus. The one direct question of the day is this:—Is England prepared to recognise and renew this standing engagement, and especially is she willing to renew it without conditions?

Here then, to go no farther, we have a dilemma of almost endless complexity. It is precisely such a case as that which exercised the ingenuity of the great statesmen of Elizabeth, when they drew out a double table of reasons *pro* and *con* for the adoption of some policy or project. Every argument has its answer; every answer its rejoinder. The result we see in the clash of passion which for months has divided our statesmen and our parties, our journals and our discussions. On the one hand, it is said,—Here is a government of extreme corruption, injustice, and cruelty. On the other hand, many other governments are, or have been, almost as bad; and the world would be a scene of violence, if bad governments are to be constantly overthrown by their neighbours. But the special evil of this government is that it is the rule of a dominant race in manners, language, law, and religion, opposed to their subjects or victims. It is replied,—But there are too many such cases—Poland is one—and the evils of interference usually outweigh the advantages. But the crimes of this oppression disturb all neighbouring states, and Europe heaves and shakes on the verge of convulsion in consequence of it. That may be; but Europe must show that it is not about to deepen the convulsion, and extend the area of war. But this dominant race is the common oppressor of all Christian races. It is too true; but a war to extirpate a particular religion is an evil even greater

than oppression and misgovernment. But one nation at least is determined to make an end of this oppression. True, so it seems; and that nation cannot clear itself of the charge that it is about to make a war which is a mixture of crusade and war of conquest. But the oppression would not exist at all, unless the nations of the West were giving it a virtual or moral support. To which it is replied that the nations of the West have been only labouring to avert what is either anarchy or conquest, the opening of a strife which must end in the general confusion of Europe. And so on, through an endless succession of counter propositions.

Now without affecting any sort of judicial solution to this tangle of constant rejoinders, the preponderance of judgment inclines towards real but qualified interference. The dangers of the *status quo* are now at least distinctly greater than the dangers of action. The arguments that the Ottoman rule is abominably evil; that whilst it remains unchanged and uncontrolled, Eastern Europe must continue in hopeless ferment; that Russia most certainly opens war unless it is controlled; that the existence of this rule is practically the work of ancient and continuing interference:—these arguments would seem now to overpower the risks of entering on a course of which no man can foretell the end, of proclaiming the doctrine that evil governments are to be controlled by foreign neighbours. We may hope then that, in spite of the unpardonable bluster of our Premier about the integrity of the Porte, it may yet be possible to rescue its subjects from the worst of their sufferings; to circumscribe the area of the evil which it works; to force it, whilst it belongs to the European family of nations, to conform itself somewhat to European conditions. It is idle any longer to dream of the *status quo* in Turkey as a guarantee for the peace of Europe, for it is become its principal disturbing cause. Nor need any thought of the nominal independence of the Porte stay the nations of the West from wringing from it any guarantee for peace and better government which policy or force can extort, within the limits we next proceed to consider.

The limits of all efforts for the welfare of the subjects of Turkey—limits to overstep which, we say, would bring evils worse than the disease—are briefly these. To destroy the Ottoman rule, and then to crush and keep in subjection the dominant Turkish race; to offer the Turkish Empire as a simple prize for conquest; to proclaim a war of religion, and to drive all Mahometans as such from their power and possessions in Europe—these, we advisedly say, are evils of such menace, so iniquitous in principle, so sanguinary to execute, so rife with incalculable disorder to the peace of Europe and to the relations of humanity, that we will not accept them as remedies—

no, not for the chance they promise us of thus ending the sufferings of the rayahs ; no, not though our souls are wrung by the blood and crimes of Batak.

No man who will calmly consider these risks can venture to call them imaginary. Gentlemen from platforms and pulpits may roundly assure us that they only ask Lord Derby to put an end to the rule of the Porte. But men who think calmly well know, that before the Porte is abolished, the Turks must be crushed in a bloody, lengthy, extended war ; that before such a war can be successful, it must become a war of religion, of Cross against Crescent ; and that when such a war is ended, the vast empire of the Ottomans can only be left as the spoil of some conqueror or conquerors, who in turn will be the danger and terror of Europe. These are the things which we refuse to join in—to extirpate, expel, or crush a race of some millions ; to open a new war of religion ; to abet a new era of conquest. It needs but little to convince us how near we are to any or all of these projects, in the elastic name of humanity and civilisation.

Men talk of getting rid of the Turks—with or without their bag and baggage—as if it were done, so soon as Lord Derby and Lord Salisbury had signed a piece of paper. But one would think that the course of the war had made one fact clearer than it was before. Turkey has proved herself to be still a military power. However rotten the empire may be, it has still some fight left in it, some cohesion, some energy. The merits of the Servian army may be low indeed ; still, when we come to put together all the difficulties which the Turkish government has met, we find a power that yet must be reckoned with. Bankrupt, harassed by the Great Powers, and threatened by an invasion of almost all its smaller neighbours ; ill-provided with roads, material, or officers ; she has yet succeeded in carrying on war in three or four very difficult districts at once, and in protecting her immense and scattered territory from invasion and insurrection. If the Servian army was contemptible in itself, it was large at the outset, and it had the advantage of some generals of excellent quality, and a splendid nucleus of Russian volunteers. The Montenegrins are consummate mountain warriors. In both cases the defence and the invasion had to be carried on in a most difficult country and under most unfavourable local conditions. We have seen what enormous sacrifices and how many years it cost Spain to crush a few thousand Carlists in a mountain country. And we see what disasters befall the brave Egyptian army in their petty Abyssinian campaign. But the war with Servia and Montenegro forms only part of the difficulties which Turkey has had to meet. Greece, the islands, and Roumania had to be watched in Europe ; and all the tribes, sects, and latent insurgents of the empire. Russia

had to be watched in Asia; the Black Sea and the *Ægean* had to be guarded; and the heterogeneous levies drilled, equipped, and transported great distances under every kind of embarrassment. Two Sultans had to be deposed; ministers have been assassinated; and for months the empire has struggled on with latent revolution and insurrection within. Reduce to their lowest the results which Turkey has achieved, the fact remains undoubted: that, in the midst of almost every difficulty and disaster which can beset a state, she has in a few months utterly crushed a most formidable invasion. The most strenuous believer in the corruption of the empire must reluctantly admit that it has still a power of defence, such as, in the last resort, might prove a very formidable force.

There can be no doubt now about the fighting quality of the Turkish soldier. The disciplined troops, apart from the brutal marauders, have every excellence of the warrior—discipline, endurance, sobriety, alertness, and perfect fearlessness. The common Mussulman linesman toils and dies without a murmur; believing in his own God, and practising his own religion with a reality unknown to the modern Christian. He is devout, unblenching, obedient; burning with zeal for his faith and his sovereign; not wantonly inhuman, but entirely ready to be ruthless, when he is told to crush the enemies of his creed. Europe has had a glimpse of that fanatical and ferocious hero with whom our ancestors had such dreadful battle, and may see what that being is like, the murderous and fearless trooper who followed to the death some bloodthirsty captain of the old times: Richard of the Lion Heart, or Edward the Black Prince; Claverhouse's band, or the Chouans of La Vendée; or any other famous fighting savages, who thought it a pious work to slaughter and lay waste in the name of what they called their God and their king. Modern Europe, which has outgrown belief in its religion, as well as the passions of its religion, is aghast to see the fury of men who believe in their religion and mean to fight for it. The ferocious soldier whom we have seen in Servia is only a man who seriously does believe in the God of battles: so far on a par with the Russian fanatic, he may be a trifle more barbarous. But indignation at his ferocity should not blind us to his qualities; for these are principal factors in the problem. Of the mixed races of Turkey in Europe the Turks alone possess the qualities of force and of command. It is a fact to be counted with, and all the indignation in the world will not alter it. As a simple matter of strength the average Bulgarian of the plain is no match for his Turkish master, any more than is the Servian, or the Greek, or the Armenian. This survival of fighting and dominant power in the Turk will explain (as nothing else can) the continual resuscitation

of the Ottoman Empire. A hundred years ago, it seemed as weak as it is now; even weaker and nearer to ruin. Again and again, it has been driven from the Danube, and again and again it returns; and after countless defeats and disasters in those very valleys and mountains, the Crescent was the other day again in full cry for Belgrade.

This disposes of the old idea that Turkey is merely a geographical expression, that its government has no longer any resisting power left. The Turks would evidently fight Russia, or Europe itself, before they recross the Bosphorus. Putting aside the invasion of other neighbours and internal insurrection, it would probably strain the resources of Russia herself to make a successful conquest of Turkey. It is far from clear that the Russians believe there is nothing but a military parade between them and the Golden Horn. The Turks, it is certain, regard the control of their own home provinces as equivalent to their own existence in Europe. The fact, then, is as proven as any fact can be, that if the rule of the Osmanlis in Europe is to be annihilated, it can only be by war; and such a war must be one of desperate ferocity, of unknown extent, and possibly of long duration. It follows that those who call for the extinction in Europe of the Ottoman Empire, for the expulsion of its civil and military officials, bag and baggage, across the Bosphorus, are simply calling for a most bloody and most widespread war.

Now about this there ought to be no sophistication. The anti-quarian and theological fire-eaters who yearn for the reign of Tzimisces and the true Cross are possibly prepared for a bloody war. But perhaps politicians who simply intend to take the liberal view, and exhibit their hatred of oppression, do not precisely contemplate war as the result. Yet war is the inevitable consequence of what they demand. To strip the Turks of all but nominal empire in Europe, to plant Servians in Bulgaria, in Thessaly, in Epiros, and to shut the Turks in Byzantium, as the Pope was restricted to Rome, if this is to be done, it can only be done by fighting.

Unhappily it is not a simple matter of fighting. The destruction of the government of Abdul Hamed (a very easy matter) would not suffice. The Turks in Europe are many millions, and they are supported by ten times as many millions in Asia. They have to be crushed as a dominant class; and when they have been crushed they have to be kept in subjection. In effect they would have to be dispossessed of their lands, and driven as a race into Asia. It is more than another Poland which has to be partitioned; it is an Eastern religion and a settled race which have to be thrust out. Turn it how we will, this is simply the cry of the ancient crusades. And which of the nations of Europe can decently pretend that it is

entitled to act as the avenging Providence? Though no European power has reached to such height of misgovernment, oppression, and periodical ferocity as stamp the rule of the Porte, few of the powers of Europe are so clear of these offences as to justify their proclaiming a crusade. As to Russia, if her government is somewhat less oppressive than the Ottoman, and her type of Christianity superior to the creed of the Prophet—and both have been doubted—her record of cruelty is not reassuring. If we sum up all the deeds of blood and rapine which have been wrought in Poland since the days of Catherine, in the secular wars with the Turks, in wars with Caucasian races and Tartar tribes, in massacres in Warsaw, in stormings of Ismail, in slaughter of Circassians, down to the order but the other day to exterminate the Yomuds, we shall conclude, perhaps, that the roll of Turkish atrocity is somewhat more red, more revolting, more enormous, than the roll of Russian atrocity; but the difference, after all, is one of degree.

It is a fearful and humiliating thought, how often is the whole tale of history stained from page to page with deeds of blood and horror. Some dreadful incident impels our attention to a particular race or a single epoch, and we are appalled to see the wickedness and ferocity its inner history displays. It is as if with a magnifying glass we look into some turbid drop of animal life, and are aghast to see what fierce and raging monsters torture and prey upon their fellows. We forget how many a page of history can reveal to us this scene of strife, when we fix our eyes upon its crimes in detail. We may go through the whole black catalogue of crime and cruelty which has stained even Christian nations in our quite modern times, and summon one after another before the bar of outraged humanity. How many hecatombs have been slain and provinces desolated in purposeless cruelty; what tales of slaughter, of burning, torture, rape, and rapine, raging round the civilised world in the dynastic wars and wars of plunder; in wars of religion, of party, and race; in savage rebellions, and yet more savage repressions; all the horrors of the French Revolution, of the Irish Rebellion, of Parisian insurrections! If we remember all that was done at Nantes and Wicklow, at Badajoz and Warsaw, Milan and Pesth, Madrid and Paris; if we think of the slave-trade and the slave system, hardly yet extinct in Christian nations, to say nothing of what has been done in Algiers, and in Hindostan, in China and Japan, in Cuba and in Carolina—*quæ caret ora cruore nostro?*—we may well wonder which of the nations of Europe is called upon to extirpate the Turks as monsters of cruelty and oppression.

We do not, by one word, seek to dull the sense of horror which filled the world at the story of the Turkish crimes. We do not

pretend that any single instance of the like in the slightest degree reduces their enormity. But we learn that the crimes in Bulgaria differ in degree, and not in kind, from the crimes of Christian nations; and that none of the nations of Europe have the moral right to enter on a crusade. Every one of them in turn, when pressed by desperate perils, has asserted the ascendancy of race or class with frightful cruelty; and most of them are capable of doing it again. It may be, notwithstanding, their duty to combine, that cruelty may be checked and oppression cease. But when we are asked to extirpate a dominant oppression, it is as well to know where we are to stop. If the Turks are to be expelled from Europe, why are the Russians to be endured in Poland, or the Germans to be endured in Lorraine? Some may say, Why is any dominant race to be endured, which misgoverns, or is hateful to a people of different religion? When we look into these questions, and all that they suggest, we see that the proposal to root up the ascendancy of the Turks in Turkey is at bottom a form of the doctrine that Mussulmans as such are to be driven out of Europe. Now this is to resort to the principle of a crusade. And a crusade such a scheme would be or become. For no military occupation or diplomatic manœuvre would end the reign of Islam in Europe. It would become a crusade, merciless, prolonged, ever-extending; involving unknown horrors and dangers not to be foreseen. The Turk with his back to the sea would die hard; and die like a Moslem.

The difficulty of extirpating Turkish ascendancy is not simply the difficulty of getting rid of the Turk, short of a sanguinary war; it is the difficulty of knowing what is to be put in his place. Every one scouts the idea that the divided and crushed subject-races are yet fit to form independent states. Practically there is but one issue now ready for the succession of the Ottoman; and that is absorption in Russia. But even assuming that the people are to gain by this change, no one can doubt the alarm with which Hungary, Austria, and Germany herself, would see the south-eastern quarter of the Empire of the Hapsburgs engulfed in a Russian enclave. One who follows out the complexities of Austrian politics, with its three great races and their many subdivisions; the intricate way in which Austrian politics are interlaced with the politics of Germany; who will count up the jealousies, suspicions, hopes, hatreds, and ambitions, the traditions and the interests interlocked with each other in the tract between the Baltic and the Danube, —such an one will doubt if Russia can enter on the inheritance of Turkey without preparing for Europe a long era of bloodshed.

Such were some of the dangers which so long kept practical men from admitting the possibility of a new departure of Eastern policy.

But the events of the present year have finally closed the established *non possumus* of the ancient policy. To struggle for the *status quo* in its rigidity, the integrity and independence of the Porte, as the treaties of Paris so hopefully decreed, is a policy that has now at least three capital defects: it is shocking to our self-respect, it makes war inevitable, and it would be certain to fail. We are far away from the epoch of the Crimean war. The Ottoman rule is being assailed not from without but from within; its enormities have forfeited all claim to sympathy; the attack comes now not from the designs of the Russian government, but from the agitation of the Russian people. Lastly, without France the defence of the Ottoman Empire is palpably impossible. Words will not do it, and we have no armies. Something must be done, and on a great scale; and that beyond securing a high road to India; for the danger to Europe is greater now than it was at the date of the Crimean war; and we have to deal no longer with the designs of an ambitious Czar, but with the religious excitement of the Russian people. In 1854, what we met was dynastic conquest; in 1876 it threatens to be a popular crusade; and the latter, on the whole, is a deeper evil than the former.

The entrance on the scene of the Russian people would alone forbid us to treat the Eastern question with the mystic words, *laissez faire* and non-intervention. We are so much accustomed to denounce the Russian greed of empire, and the Machiavellian conspiracies of her rulers, that we do some political injustice to the Russian people and the government of the Czar. Our entire judgment on the question must be perverted, if we shut our eyes to the fact which so many proofs have established, that the Russian people is stirred to its depths by irrepressible sympathy with the Christians of Turkey. The people of Russia, as being semi-civilised and semi-Oriental, are moved by zeal for religion and race with a fervour that is hardly conceivable by Western industrialist nations. It would be wrong to forget that the Russians are as capable of fanaticism for the Cross as Moslems of fanaticism for Islam; and if the Russian fanaticism is somewhat less violent, it is a great deal more constant. We so instinctively decry religious and national enthusiasm as political forces, that we run the risk of underrating their influence in ruder societies. The agitation of the people in Russia may not yet amount to a crusade, but it is evidently real and perfectly intelligible. There are no doubt intriguing committees and crazy enthusiasts about race, as active and as mischievous in Russia as in any part of the world; but allowing to the full for the agitation which skilful managers can always stimulate or simulate, we can see real signs of popular sympathy with the Christians of Turkey—a sym-

pathy which the agitators merely inflame, and which the government is unable to control. We have seen the fever of excitement which shook the northern provinces of Italy so long as the southern were under Austrian, Papal, or Bourbon tyranny ; and there is no ground to think that the sympathy of the Russian people with their brethren in Servia and Bulgaria is a whit less real than the feeling of the men of Turin, Milan, and Genoa, for the victims of Haynau, Pius, and Bomba. If the victims are neither so near, nor belong to the same nation, on the other hand their sufferings appeal more keenly to the imagination and to religious zeal. It is a strange instance of the force of national jealousy that Englishmen who understood and applauded the career of Garibaldi, should sneer at the Russian enthusiasm for the Christians of Turkey. But inasmuch as the Russian people are far more religious, or rather more theological, than the Italian—are in a far lower state of civilisation, and thus more liable to the stupid fanaticism of race—as the Christians of Turkey are not only of kindred race but of the same creed : we have every ground for believing that their sympathy with their brethren across the Danube is of a more passionate kind than any we have seen in Italy. When D'Azeglio and Cavour, Ricasoli and Minghetti, insisted that the good government of Italy was impossible whilst Austrian and Papal and Bourbon oppression kept up a ceaseless agitation in the peninsula, their plea was allowed as unanswerable by the public opinion of Europe. There are indications enough that the government, indeed the very crown, of Russia is becoming a matter at stake, so long as the religious and national superstitions of the Russian people are kept in constant excitement by the spectacle of Mussulman oppression.

It is idle to grumble at a feeling which is certain to endure, and even to increase. The feeling itself may be ill-informed, and grossly one-sided ; but the national fanaticisms of eighty millions have to be counted with as they cannot be reasoned with. It is exceedingly likely that the Russian government, in its intrigues or in its weakness, from time to time does something to stimulate this feeling ; it is quite certain that adventurers—military, literary, and diplomatic—play upon it as a thriving trade. Russian officers, like Prussian officers, or British officers (the craving is not confined to one army, nor to two), undoubtedly crave for fresh careers ; the Russian professor and journalist, raving about the Panславonic race and its destiny, is perhaps more violently and more sincerely crazy about his career than the Prussian professor and journalist maundering about the Teutonic destiny, perhaps even than the Old English professor, grinding his teeth over the paramount claims of Wessex to the homage of mankind. But when we have made all the needful

deductions for the Chauvinism of Russian soldiers, the intrigues of Russian officials, and the bluster of literary agitators, the solid fact remains that the Russian people cannot be kept quiet in sight of Turkish misgovernment, and their sympathy with the Christian victims is becoming an overpowering force.

It is simply jealousy and prejudice which set down every movement of Russian opinion to the orders of the government. It needs no private intelligence to convince us how false is the popular ideal of the imperial autocrat. Instead of the absolute monarch of common imagination, fixed as fate, omniscient, irresistible, serene as an Olympian deity, mysteriously faithful to the will of Peter the Great, and contriving all things by inspired decrees, the real Czar is a puzzled, overworked, irresolute gentleman of benevolent intentions and confused views; anxious unto death about his vast trust, fearing everything, suspicious of his ministers, timid about himself, and uneasy about his throne; dragged hither and thither by intriguers whom he cannot shake off, and checked at every turn by currents of opinion which he cannot comprehend. If the truth were known, there are probably few first ministers in Europe more harassed, uncertain, and insecure than the Czar; having less of a definite policy, less free to fashion events, and more insecure of power. It seems certain that he of all men least desires to take up the traditions of Catherine, knows best how loose is the organization of the huge empire that he nominally governs, and has the best cause to dread its further extension and fresh engagements. Perhaps these wild raids across Asia, into which his soldiers drag him, and this Turkish crusade, in which his diplomatists entangle him, to him alone of all Russians come home in the silent hours of distrust with a weight of sickening dread. There is something quite pathetic in the picture we form of the kindly, indolent, nervous man, worried by gigantic responsibilities and never-ending business, dreading the enterprises which he dares not to refuse, and overmastered by men whom he is afraid to trust. In this place of vast power of which he has lost the mastery, in this necessity for enterprises for which he has no heart, in this situation which forces an irresolute man to take great resolves, there is much about Alexander II. which is ominously like Napoleon III. His personal position is not quite so precarious, and his personal vanity is in no way so tempted; but the parallel is too close to be quite reassuring.

Those who know Russia best are continually reminding us that she is not so strong as she looks. The vast changes which a generation has produced are yet far from quietly settled; the unwieldy empire shows signs of the inevitable sundering which one day awaits it. Men never will sufficiently admit that she is still half

Asiatic; that the civilisation which is the life of Western nations cannot be forced to order upon the Muscovite, but becomes a weakness instead of a strength. The anarchical democracy, the national rodomontade, the scientific militarism, the exotic industrialism, the principal boasts of Russian progress, are far from signs of a great future, or infallible proofs of strength. No one can doubt that the enormous armies of Russia would suffice to crush Turkey if it could be done in a single campaign; but there is very great reason to doubt if the gigantic machine of war into which Russian life is drained, is safe from internal collapse or could meet an obstinate strain. We have often heard the story of some over-trained athlete, who with the muscular system of a Hercules broke down from want of vital power. It would be to surrender their place as civilised powers if the Western nations regard Russia as the irresistible Colossus, the inevitable mistress of Eastern Europe. On the contrary there is every reason to hope that the races of Eastern Europe may work out their own destiny quite outside of an overgrown empire.

Now some would console themselves with the thought that the extension of Russia to the south will diminish her strength, increase her vulnerability, and advance the hour of her ultimate dissolution. In the long run all this may be true; and the more farsighted of Russian statesmen may dread the day when she shall achieve her ancient dream. But the prize is too splendid for prudence and foresight to reject; and the immediate effect of its possession would give such a semblance of overwhelming preponderance that the rest of Europe could never see it with composure. The extension of the Russian Empire will be as menacing as was the extension of French empire in the days of Napoleon. And though his monstrous ambition was the certain prelude to the ruin of France, it was none the less alarming to Europe. The possession of Constantinople, even although it made certain the downfall of Russia, would not be less dangerous for the season to the peace and freedom of the world.

At the same time the question of the Bosphorus is one of those which nature and man, history and geography, have combined to render perplexed. On one side, as on the other, the case seems unanswerable. On the one hand, when we look at it from the Russian point of view, the case stands thus:—A great power, which aspires to foremost rank as a maritime nation, is so situated by nature that its land opens both into the northern seas as well as into the southern seas of Europe; yet its fleet in the northern is locked in for more than half the year by winter ice, and its fleet in the southern seas is permanently locked in by public law. On the Black Sea she commands a vast range of seaboard, with every appliance for naval

purpose—fine harbours, unequalled cruising-grounds, and a favourable climate. Yet here she is cooped up by treaties and national jealousies. Her Baltic fleet and arsenals are paralysed by winter; her Euxine fleet is paralysed by international ban. Nature and the course of her history have given her in the Black Sea the grandest naval station which the world can produce. She is burning to develop and make use of its resources; and she is forbidden to use it by the suspicions of her neighbours. If in the depth of winter a great crisis were suddenly to arise requiring Russia to despatch a fleet for the instant protection of her world-wide interests, she has not in Europe a single available arsenal from which to despatch it; not a single ship but what is dependent on hospitality for a roadstead. Physically she might have a splendid fleet at Sebastopol, with nothing between it and its intended destination; but European treaties bar the way. As the Russians pointedly say, it is not so much Constantinople they want as the free use of the Dardanelles. And indeed we may wonder what would be the feelings of Englishmen if they found all exit from the British Channel and St. George's Channel closed to them by fiat of their foreign rivals?

The case on the other hand seems no less unanswerable. If Russian fleets issuing from the ports of the Euxine are to pass at will down the Bosphorus, Constantinople becomes a subject city. Constantinople is far more to Turkey than London is to England or St. Petersburg to Russia; and a navy which has free passage up and down the Bosphorus could destroy it in an hour. It is clear that England could not exist as a sovereign state if the French navies had absolute freedom of sailing up the Thames, and if Parliament sat on the issues of peace and war beneath the guns of foreign ironclads. Nor would Russia be a free agent if the English fleet had a right of way up the Neva to the walls of the Czar's palace. So that if Russia is to have free access to the Mediterranean, *ipso facto* the existence of Turkey is placed at her mercy. We all know how precarious is the independence of Denmark, and yet Copenhagen is not so much exposed as Constantinople, is not so vital to Denmark, and is not at the mercy of her one ancient enemy. The result is a dilemma only too real and insoluble. Either a great state is to forego one of her grandest physical advantages by sentence of her national rivals, or the very existence of her ancient enemy is left to her simple goodwill.

Even this is but a small part of the difficulties that arise from the unique geographical conditions of Eastern Europe. If we assume the dream of Russian enthusiasts fulfilled, that Russia had simply succeeded to the possession of Turkey, we should find her endowed with a power which would seriously threaten the rest of Europe. If

to the whole of the shores of the Euxine she united the Bosphorus, the Propontis, and the Hellespont, and the shores and islands of Greece and of the Archipelago, she would simply possess a basis of maritime war to which nothing else in the world can compare, and which would far surpass all the other naval stations and resources of all the other powers put together. She could easily make the Hellespont as impassable to attack from the south, as if it were crossed by a break-water of granite. Behind this impervious gate the Propontis and the Euxine would form a station, compared with which all the stations in the world are of trifling value, being port, arsenal, roadstead, practising-ground, and naval station all in one; a vast natural harbour, with its sally-port absolutely secure, within which fleets could be built, equipped, trained, and exercised until the order was given to sweep down the straits. If to this array of natural advantages we add the opportunities of the countless islands and roadsteads of the Levant, we get a combination of physical resources for naval supremacy to which everything else in the world becomes quite insignificant.

The result is, that whether we turn to Russia, or to Turkey, we get a series of problems which have long defied a solution. On the side of Turkey, is the chronic insurrection which its misgovernment causes; the difficulty of substituting another government except by conquest; the impossibility of tolerating the Ottoman rule; the fact that the Ottoman race can only be dispossessed by war. On the side of Russia, is the agitation of the Russian people, which has now gone too far to be stemmed except by solid guarantees; the imminence of agitation to end in a crusade; the certainty that the Russian navy cannot be permanently forbidden to pass the Bosphorus; the prospect of Russia's ascendancy if she holds it; the fear that new Russian conquests may be merely a fresh danger to their neighbours, and a fresh oppression to their subjects. It is difficult to see what real gain it would be to the nations that lie between the Pruth and Cape Matapan, to have the privilege of swelling the Russian conscription, of being harried to pay the Russian taxes. The rule of the Czar is not marked by capricious injustice and periodical slaughter like that of the Sultan; but its pressure on the daily life of the peasant is almost as heavy, more systematic, more far-reaching, more jealous in surveillance. Some of the races of Turkey might, at least for a time, be gainers in changing the Porte for the Czar—the peasants of Bulgaria, for instance, if they were torn from their homes would not be burnt in them, or not so often; but the people of Roumania, Servia, and Greece, might be even worse off than they are. The gain at any rate would be too doubtful to risk so vast an experiment: Besides,

there is not the slightest evidence that these nations and races one and all desire a Russian Nirvana. And yet they might all go together, if they go at all, home to the bosom of holy Russia. - And when they had gone, we should have to await in the Catholic and Mussulman races absorbed; in the non-orthodox Churches persecuted; in the Albanian mountaineers and the Greek democrats; a new catalogue of Polands and Circassias, more Warsaws, and more deportations to Siberia.

All this is apart from the just alarm which would agitate Europe to find the Eastern Mediterranean in the hands of a power so vast and so restless as Russia. Even if Austria could lie by and see Russia in possession of Bulgaria and Servia, if Germany could consent to make the Danube a Muscovite river, if England could see unmoved, the fleets of the Czar riding in the Golden Horn, no one can doubt that in the long run the simple accession to Russia of the whole of Turkey in Europe must involve a general and protracted war. The possession of Eastern Europe and the Eastern sea *en bloc* by any one power, and that power Russia; of the whole tract and its seaboard from Sebastopol to Cape Matapan, from the Danube to Crete; of the islands, straits, and inland seas this space comprehends:—this is a supremacy so vast that it is the duty of Europe as a whole, as it has ever been, to prevent it. It is not a matter of English interests alone, or of the road to India. It concerns the very existence of France, of Italy, of Austria, of England, as maritime powers; it must really disturb the dog-slumber of Prince Bismarck himself. It is not, and it never should be represented as, a special jealousy of the British flag. The cry of national selfishness—let the Russians seize Turkey, and we will seize Egypt—is the very thing to invite the catastrophe, which is one common to all Europe. It is a cause to be made a fixed point of European policy, in which England may fairly take a leading part; but which it would be neither just nor wise that she should treat as her sole concern. And if the Western Powers together cannot make this respected as a cardinal point of their common policy, cannot guarantee it by policy rather than by arms, it is idle to talk about statesmanship or public law at all. It is quite within the duty and the traditions of all the states of the West to say to Russia: We will not permit you in Europe a vast career of conquest, the consequences of which may be so formidable to us all.

But when this general danger is provided for, there need be no flying to arms at every step that is won by Russia, or every step that is lost by Turkey. A rigid adherence in politics to the old moral rule—*principiis obsta*—is not always a policy of wisdom. On the contrary, the progress of events is so slow, is interrupted so

often by uncalculated chances, that to be ever preventing dangers is sometimes the surest way to produce them. A good policy has often been ruined by pedantic adherence to its form, when its substance may be otherwise secured. It is in the nature of things that Russia should advance at least for a time; and it is in the nature of things that Turkey should finally disappear. In this time of re-settlement it may well be considered if Russia can be longer debarred from the Dardanelles; if some scheme for this object be beyond the reach of human skill. It would be the height of folly to make a *casus belli* of any infringement of the integrity of Turkey. Whatever else may have come of the events of the past year, at least they have set aside the tradition of the old school—that the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, *as such*, is any part of English policy. That the Eastern Mediterranean should not be a Russian lake must be the policy not only of England, but of all the Western states. That the rule of the Sultan should be stereotyped as it is, can be the policy of no rational being. And it is stereotyped so long as it is the uniform conviction of the East that England will not suffer encroachment on the empire of Othman. The scheme which some still cherish, which verbally at least was put in the Premier's notable game of brag—that England must fight before the territory or the sovereignty of the Sultan shall lose a jot—is a scheme of profligate obstinacy. There are at least three grounds upon which it is finally condemned. First: there is not the remotest chance left for settling the Eastern question without infringing the sovereign, if not the territorial, rights of the Sultan. In the next place: to maintain them by arms (if it could be done) would destroy any hope of improvement in his government; would be directly perpetuating a most infamous system. Thirdly: as a mere matter of force, it is beyond the utmost resources of England to defend the Ottoman crown intact. Things have come to that point, that Russia must win some guarantees for the Christians of Turkey, or cease to be a great power. Things have come to that point that the north-western provinces of Turkey can no longer be kept under their actual rule. And things have come to that state that the actual rule of the Sultan is little more than chronic civil war.

There are thus three things at least which have to be dealt with—the need to satisfy (without war) the just agitation in Russia; the need to restore peace to the provinces of Turkey; the need to force the Porte to change its system, or to reduce the area of its scandalous misgovernment. It cannot be beyond the powers of human wisdom to satisfy these three points; indeed, there are probably several ways in which they may be more or less accomplished. They are the avowed objects of Russia, and probably the real objects

of all the Western nations. In any scheme which seemed to secure them, we have no longer to ask if it impaired the dominions and the independence of the Porte. It is inevitable that any scheme should do this : and it seems to be on all sides acknowledged. The integrity and independence of the Porte, in the old Palmerstonian sense, now has no other meaning but protracted anarchy or gigantic war—probably both together.

It is no part of our present purpose to consider any programme whatever for securing these ends. On the contrary, we said at the outset it is idle for journalists and essayists to attempt it. They are matters for arrangement, and give and take, varying with the events of the day and the resolves of certain persons ; and the means of weighing the conditions and problems are possessed only by the cabinets concerned. But the world outside can judge what are the things to be sought, and what are the dangers to be avoided. And the dangers to be avoided would seem to be these. In securing the protection of the Turkish subjects we will do nothing—(1) To hand over Turkey, directly or indirectly, to Russia ; (2) To drive the Turks to a war of desperation for their existence ; (3) To abandon the Turkish provinces to simple anarchy and a war of races. Short of this we will support anything that is really demanded by the agitation in Russia, by the oppression of the provinces and the misgovernment of the Porte. To those who call upon Europe to sweep away the empire of the Porte, the simple answer suffices, that Europe has nothing to put in its place. It might be easy to destroy the government of the Sultan by a joint attack on Constantinople ; but to leave the rival races in presence of each other, and all in presence of the Turks, still the strongest of all, and yet free to regain their ascendancy by arms : this would indeed be a general invitation to anarchy and bloodshed. To those who call upon us to end all difficulties by welcoming the absorption of Turkey in Russia, the answer is that the gain does not seem to balance the cost. The Russian system of government is itself not so free from corruption, barbarism, and oppression, that for the sake of spreading its blessings we need welcome a conquest which the races to be conquered do not seem to desire, which would be a compound of crusade and spoilation, and which would fill Europe with distrust and alarm. From all sides we hear, and not least from Russian liberals themselves, to what lengths of venality, chicanery, and malversation the Russian official world has risen. From Poland and Siberia, from the Caucasus and from Khiva, comes the tale of ruthless ferocity with which she has ever suppressed those who resist her. And from the days of Catherine to the days of Kauffmann, history is red with the roll of massacres which holy Russia had perpetrated on the followers of Mahomet.

Once for all we protest against a welcome being given to a new crusade on any pretext of indignation at oppression and outrage. And a crusade it will be, if England abets Russians now in wreaking on the Mussulman their ancient sectarian hate. The Russians at this moment are seething with the fury of religious passion, a passion which their rulers are unable to check, which they adopt as their own most "sacred mission." If Russia is now launched upon Islam, it can only be in a religious war; a religious war it has already been in Servia; and a religious war it must yet more violently become, with the one watchword of "Down with the bloody Turk in the name of the Cross."

We trust that Englishmen may not abet a policy at once so ludicrous and infamous, as a war for the extension of Christianity. No doubt the wildest fanatic from a platform or a pulpit is not at all prepared to advocate an extension of Christendom by the sword. But, when all the pretexts are stripped off, that is the real effect of calling upon Russia to destroy the empire of the Turk. Men and women who would shrink from the proposal to kill men because they will not turn Christians, are calling upon Russia to drive the Turks out of Europe on the ground that they are Mussulmans. When we analyse the arguments for destroying the Turkish rule they always rest on an ultimate basis of antipathy to Mahometan religion; and those who are foremost in putting down this particular case of race oppression are those who applaud the oppression of race elsewhere.

That it is not any special tenderness of humanity, no great political end by which they are stirred, is evident from the fact that this cry of "Down with the bloody Moslem," comes mainly from those who never trouble themselves about oppression and massacre by Christians; who for the most part care nothing for politics, or see all politics through theological lenses. And the very Christians who witnessed unmoved the iniquities of Christian slaveholders, of opium wars, and Polish massacres, who loudly exult over the slaughter of French infidels, and who thank God that the Irish Catholics are slowly melting away, are ready to charge all who decline to adopt their crusade with coldness of heart and sympathy with oppression.

On this our ground is clear. We abhor all sorts and kinds of bloodshed and outrage, nor have we ceased to raise our voice against all the injustice and cruelty which white men practise on black; and Christians on pagans, Mussulmans, or Buddhists; against the mercantile aggressions of the unscrupulous trader; the wars of ascendancy in all parts of the world; and the savage vengeance of retrograde governments. We give their true names to all such crimes. Nor have we been slack to make known our horror at

the crimes of Turkish oppression. We neither extenuate them nor seek to forget them. The imagination can conceive nothing more enormous; nor is anything more certain than their cause—the accumulation of misgovernment increasing through ages. But when we are called on to put all other thoughts aside, to destroy the infamous system by the sword, to avenge the crimes by overthrowing the race amongst whom they were done, to open a new religious war upon their faith—when men, some under the excitement of religion, some under the spell of historical partizanship, and some for the sake of a popular cry, ask us to declare four millions of men enemies of the human race simply as Turks and as Mahometans, outlaws who are to be hunted out of Europe in the name of Christ and general humanity—well, we who have not lost our heads decline to act upon such impulse. We have no special sympathy with the religion of Mahomet; we are not blind to the fact that it is the most concentrated of all theologies, and we condemn theology altogether. We are not slow to point to its vices, its absurdities, its inhumanity (they are those of theology made fierce and fanatical). Nor do we pretend that Islam is the equal of that Christianity on which we stand, and out of the materials of which all our hopes have been built up. We are not blind to the vices of Mussulman life; but we say that the followers of the Prophet, even the Turks in Europe, have still some noble qualities which we would were more common among Christians. We see the ingrained corruption of the Ottoman rule, and the reckless barbarity with which it is familiar; but we see corruption and barbarity, less only in degree, on many sides about us, and we hesitate to believe they will be cured by the general *melée* of war, and least of all by a war of religion.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE LAW OF HONOUR.

It used to be one of the most familiarly received of historical anecdotes, that Francis the First of France, after his overthrow at Pavia, wrote to his mother to say "All is lost, save our honour." The tale is now discredited as a matter of fact; but it is one of those tales which, if they are false, prove almost more than if they are true. That such words should have been put into the mouth of a certain man, that it should have been universally felt that, when put in his mouth, they were in character, shows that the saying, though it may be historically false, is still dramatically true. Whether Francis did talk about honour or not at one particular time, the currency of the tale points to Francis as a man who would naturally have talk about honour on his lips. And this at least dramatic truth of the story suggests an important question. What is "honour," what is its nature or its value, when Francis the First could lay claim to it?

It would perhaps have been possible to go back to an earlier period of history for another example of the same difficulty. What can be the nature, what can be the value, of that kind of virtue, that form of good faith, which was systematically practised by William Rufus? Perhaps William Rufus would not be so easily accepted as Francis the First as the type of the honourable or chivalrous character. William Rufus stands out in popular conception, as he does also in sober truth, as one of the most hateful characters in English or in any other history. He stands out as the oath-breaker, the treaty-breaker, the man given up to the foulest vices, the general oppressor of every class, the man who, without a sign of intellectual scepticism, delighted to proclaim himself as the enemy and the blasphemer of the God in whom he had not ceased to believe. Such is the common conception of the Red King; and it is a conception which, as far as it goes, is fully borne out by the facts of his history. But this side of him does not make up the whole man. Besides the fact that William Rufus was, whenever he chose to be either, not only a great captain but a great ruler, there is also some reason for looking on him as the first recorded gentleman. He is certainly the first recorded man by whom the doctrines of honour and chivalry are constantly and ostentatiously put forward as his ruling principles of action. When we look more narrowly into the actions of the Red King, we see that they were guided by a law, though that law was neither the law of God nor the law of his kingdom. The law of Rufus was the law of the knight and gentleman, the law of honour.

Reckless both of justice and of mercy, he was quite capable of generosity. Reckless of his oaths to his people and of his treaties with princes, when he pledged his word as "probus miles"—as "an officer and a gentleman"—then he kept it faithfully. He not only kept it himself, but he cast aside with scorn the suggestion that a knight who had passed his word could ever break it. When reproached with his repeated breaches of his promises to the nation which had saved his crown for him, he answered that no man could keep all his promises. But this one class of promises, promises made in the character of knight and gentleman, Rufus always did keep. The popular conception of his character leaves out this side, the chivalrous side of it, just as the popular conception of Francis the First dwells mainly on the chivalrous side of his character, and puts out of sight its general blackness both as a man and as a king. Francis is rather a popular character with ordinary readers of history, while Rufus is certainly the opposite. But Rufus in his own day seems to have had to some extent the same reputation as Francis. Men who condemned his private and public crimes still half admired the quality which in his own day was called his magnanimity. The difference between the lasting reputation of the two kings is probably owing to the different relations in which each of them stood to the received religion of his time. Francis, in the eyes of many of his contemporaries, half atoned for his crimes and vices by the merit of his religious persecutions. Rufus added to his crimes and vices a form of irreligion which was almost peculiar to himself. Again, in doing wrong to all classes, he did wrong to churchmen also, and churchmen had, in his age, the best means of making their wrongs known to the world. That Francis was a patron of art and literature, while Rufus bears no such character, is a difference in the times rather than in the men. The builder of the first Hall of Westminster was a patron of art, as art was understood in his time. As for literature, while in the days of Francis its patronage was the fashion among kings and princes, in the days of Rufus the learned Henry stood out as something without a parallel in Western Europe. Altogether, allowing for the difference of their times, the two men were perhaps not quite so unlike as they seem at first sight. And in the point with which I am now chiefly concerned they stand or fall together. Each is a type of the man who has the formulæ of honour and chivalry on his lips. From their examples we may perhaps learn what honour and chivalry are really worth.

What then is the real nature of the qualities called honour and chivalry? What is the real character of the knight or gentleman, who makes honour or chivalry his rule of actions? One thing strikes us at first sight, that the word "honour" and the word "gentleman" have both of them acquired rather singular secondary mean-

ings. Honour is primarily the tribute of respect which man receives from others. In its secondary sense, it has come to mean a rule by which a man guides his own actions, even when those actions are not likely to bring him any honour. We should perhaps look on conduct as specially honourable, if it was done with a certainty that it could never be known, and therefore could never be honoured. Again, with regard to the man who is supposed to have a special regard for honour, the knight or in more modern language the gentleman, it is singular that a word which in itself simply means a certain social rank should have come to be so completely identified with certain moral or *quasi*-moral qualities. In itself, to say that a man is no gentleman is no more of an insult than to say that he is no nobleman. Both propositions might equally express an undoubted fact as to a man's rank in life. Yet there is probably no one, however lowly his rank, who would not think himself insulted if he were told that he was no gentleman. But to call a man by way of insult no nobleman, would be so purely meaningless that the phrase has most likely never been used by any one to any one.

Both these usages of language are instructive. They are far more than mere caprices. It is quite certain that many people, when they speak of honour as a rule of action, have no thought at all of receiving honour as a reward for honourable actions. It is quite certain that, in the use of the word "gentleman," the notion of mere social rank is often quite forgotten. Men will often say, by way of praise, of a man who is not a gentleman by rank, that his conduct is that of a gentleman. They will call him one of "nature's gentlemen" and the like. The point which is really instructive is that words can be used in this kind of way. Words often depart widely from the etymological meanings with which they started; but they commonly still carry some trace of those etymological meanings about them. "Honour" could never have come to be spoken of as a rule of conduct, a rule of conduct which, in particular cases, often puts the opinion of others out of sight, unless that rule of conduct had been first of all defined by the opinion of others, and by the honour which others were likely to pay to those who acted according to that opinion. "Gentleman" could never get a meaning almost irrespective of rank, if it had not in its first use simply expressed rank, if it had not at the beginning marked out men of a certain rank as the exclusive possessors of certain qualities. If a tinker shows delicacy of feeling, or any of the other qualities which are supposed to distinguish the gentleman, and on the strength of it the tinker is pronounced to be a gentleman by nature, those who use such a phrase most likely take credit to themselves for altogether ignoring artificial ranks. And so, in their own feelings for the moment, they very possibly do. But the form of words which they

use is none the less the strongest possible witness to the strictest theory of artificial ranks. To say that the tinker is a gentleman by nature implies a certain degree of surprise that the conduct by which he earns that name should be found in any one who is not a gentleman by rank.

I have not the least doubt that not a few people will at once cry out at this way of putting the matter. They will say that what they mean by a gentleman is something irrespective of birth or rank. They will say that many a man who is not a gentleman by birth or rank is a gentleman by conduct, and that many a man who is a gentleman by birth or rank is not a gentleman by conduct. They do not see that such a way of speaking is the best proof of the truth of what I am saying. The ideal gentleman by conduct, though he may not in every case coincide with the gentleman by rank, yet assumes the gentleman by rank as his starting-point. He is what the gentleman by rank is not always, but what he always ought to be. He is what the gentleman by rank ought to be, not in the character of an honest man, a pious Christian, a good citizen, or any other, but distinctly in his character of gentleman. The more people try by using this kind of language to wipe out the distinction, the more they assert the distinction, the more they assume the gentleman by rank as a standard of conduct. That is to say, they set up a certain artificial rank as a model, as a type—at least a probable type—of certain qualities, to which men of other ranks are honoured by being compared. They would see the absurdity of saying that a man acted like a duke, earl, baron, or baronet, because duke, earl, baron, and baronet are confessedly mere artificial ranks. But “gentleman” is in its origin as purely an artificial rank as any of the others. Only, as it happens to be the rank which includes all the others, it is the one which has been taken as a standard. We do not say that a man acts as a duke or a baronet, because dukes and baronets are only varieties of the larger class of gentlemen, and it is in their general character of gentlemen that they are all expected to act.

It is then, I say, the artificial rank of gentleman, the rank which includes all higher artificial ranks, which is taken by a large class of people as setting the standard of conduct. Every man of that rank is expected as a matter of course to act in a particular way. If any man of lower rank acts in the same way, it is a kind of work of supererogation for which he deserves the special honour of being compared to the favoured rank, perhaps of being deemed to be personally raised to it. It makes no difference that the artificial rank of gentleman is not so easy to be defined now as it once was. Defined or undefined, it is still assumed, assumed as a certain *quasi*-moral standard. Frank Gresham, the honest young squire in Mr.

Trollope's novel, is most characteristically made to say of the overbearing peer, "Were he ten times Duke of Omnium, he cannot be more than a gentleman, and, as a gentleman, I am his equal." Frank Gresham, in such a state of mind, might well have gone on to say that some dukes were not gentlemen, and that many men below his own class of squire were gentlemen. And such language might sound, and might be meant to sound, as not a little levelling. In truth no language is more oligarchic and exclusive. A certain artificial rank, whether that of duke or simple gentleman does not matter, is set up as a *quasi*-moral standard. If any others who do not belong to that artificial rank are thought to have reached its standard of conduct, their highest reward is to be received as its adopted members. No way of speaking more distinctly starts from the exclusive standing-ground of an artificial class.

Now if for "gentleman" we substitute any such form of words as "honest man," "good citizen," "loyal subject," "good Christian," or "good Mussulman," we at once find ourselves in another range of ideas. These various formulæ have important differences among themselves; but they have one great point of at least negative agreement. None indeed but the first simply contemplates man as man; all the rest contemplate man as a member of some political or religious society, bound to other members of that society by common political allegiance or common religious belief. But they all agree in this, that none of them has any reference to exclusive artificial rank. Each name may with equal ease belong to the highest or to the lowest rank. Our duke and our tinker may either of them be honest man, good citizen, or good Christian, as either of them may be the opposite. And in applying those names to either of them, there is no paradox, no second intention, nothing of that peculiar kind of meaning which is implied if we say that a particular duke is not a gentleman or that a particular tinker is.

All this leads us up to the fact that there are at least four distinct standards of human conduct, four distinct ways of looking at human actions with the object of praise or blame. I do not mean that all four are always kept distinct in practice. On the contrary, in a great many cases all four prescribe exactly the same line of conduct, and a man may often be sorely puzzled to say which he has followed as his own guide in any particular case. Of these four standards—I am far from saying that there may not be more than four; but these four they certainly are—the first is that of abstract morality, the doing or abstaining from a thing simply because it is right or wrong in itself, without regard to any law or sanction of any kind. Questions as to the origin of moral sentiments, whether they are innate or revealed or the growth of hereditary habit, do not concern me here. It is enough for my purpose that we have moral senti-

ments, however we came by them. It is enough that, as a matter of fact, men do sometimes act from a conviction that such a course is right or wrong in itself, without thinking either of the law of the land or of the law of God or of the opinion of other people. To conduct coming under this head, conduct of which abstract right and wrong is the standard, we properly apply such words as virtuous, moral, honest,¹ and the like. The outward acts may be exactly the same as those which one or more of the other standards would have prescribed; but the motive is different. By virtuous conduct, as we mean something which has no reference whatever to the opinion of others, so we mean something which has just as little reference to either civil or religious sanctions.

Another standard is conformity to the law of the land, the duty of the good citizen, the loyal subject, or whatever else we may call him, according to the diversities of forms of government. By this of course I mean something quite different from mere submission to the law through fear of the punishments which the law can inflict. I mean obedience to the law strictly as a matter of duty, even though punishment is not at all likely to follow on its breach; I mean much the same as what is implied in the scriptural phrase of obeying, "not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake." Now it certainly is difficult wholly to separate this standard of action either from the moral standard on one side or from the religious standard on the other. We can hardly conceive a man, careless of the moral standard, careless of the religious standard, and yet strictly conforming to the law of his own political society on some higher principle than that of fear of punishment. As a rule, those who obey the law of the land strictly and conscientiously do so because they hold such obedience to be either a moral or a religious duty. Still obedience to the law of the land is separable in idea both from the religious and the moral standard. We can ideally conceive a man, though most likely no such man ever existed, who strictly shaped his conduct according to the law of the land, without any reference to any standard beyond it. And, at all events, the law of the land does often prescribe a course of action which would not be obligatory according to either of the other standards taken alone.

The third standard is the religious one. According to this standard, the course of action to be followed is determined, neither by an abstract sense of right nor by the provisions of the law of the land, but by a law which is supposed to have been put forth by

(1) Etymologically "honest" and "honourable" are the same thing. Both came from "honor," and that, philologists tell us, is the same as "onus." And in the English of a few centuries back, the use of the two words was not so distinct as it is now. But in modern usage it is plain that the two words have quite different meanings, and that they severally belong to distinct standards of action according to the division which I have laid down.

divine authority. For my purpose there is no need to seek for cases either in extinct religions or in living religions which are far away from our ordinary experience. I need not go beyond the range of the great monotheistic religions, Jewish, Christian, and Mahometan. These all agree in setting forth conformity to the divine will as their standard of action. They prescribe obedience to a law; but it is to a law put forth by a divine and not by a human lawgiver, a law whose sanctions are to be found, not in this world but in another.¹ But, just as in the case of the good citizen or loyal subject conforming to human law, something more is meant than mere conformity to the divine will for fear of divine vengeance. I conceive that any teacher of Judaism, Christianity, or Mahometanism, in any of their higher forms, would say that the good Jew, the good Christian, or the good Mussulman was bound to conform to the divine will simply as the divine will, without regard to consequences. And such a teacher would, I conceive, add that conformity to the divine will in no way takes away the duty of conformity to the abstract standard of right, though he would probably add that it was part of the divine attributes that the divine will should be the highest manifestation of abstract right.

Now it will, I think, be plain without any argument to prove it that the standard of action set up by the knight, the gentleman, the chivalrous man, the man of honour, is something different from any of these three. His ideal is clearly different from that either of the purely moral man, of the good citizen, or of the good Christian. And I think that we may safely say that it differs more widely from any one of those three than any one of those three differs from the other two. This ideal is in short conformity to a fourth standard, the so-called Law of Honour. As in the case of the other three standards among themselves, the actions prescribed by the law of honour will often be the same as those which are prescribed by some or all of those three standards. But the motive for doing them is more palpably distinct from the motives which belong to any of the other three standards than any of those motives are from one another. It is not merely that the law of morals, the law of the land, and the law of God, agree more nearly with each other in the course of action which they prescribe than either of them agrees with the law of honour. The difference of motive stands out more palpably. A man really may not know which of the other standards led him to a certain action; as soon as the feeling of honour comes in, the dis-

(1) The fact that in the earliest Hebrew records there is no reference to a future state of rewards and punishments does not here concern me. Judaism, in the form which it has taken at least from the time of the Babylonian Captivity, clearly relies on the sanctions of another world, just as much as Christianity or Mahometanism. The Sadducees may in truth have been an Old Hebrew, but he was a heretic in the eyes of the dominant orthodoxy of the Pharisees.

tion makes itself quite conscious. Morals, law, religion, are all closely intertwined together; honour stands apart, distinct from all, sometimes hostile to all. We do not expect the law of the land to enforce every point of morals by legal sanctions; but we do expect that it shall not ordain anything immoral.¹ If the law of any country does ordain anything immoral, we pronounce the law of that country to be so far evil, to be so far, in the phrase of our forefathers, *unlaw*. So again, we expect any system of religion, not only to ordain nothing immoral, but actually to enforce every point of morality as a religious duty. If it does otherwise, we say either that that religion is so far false in itself or else that its teaching has been misunderstood on that particular point. But the law of honour is not in the least expected to enforce every point of morals. It is not even expected to forbid all conduct that is contrary to the standard of morals. Indeed we are not very much surprised if it in some cases prescribes conduct which morals, law, and religion agree in condemning. The object of the other three standards is to supply, each within its own range, a complete standard of conduct. Each professes to keep things in a certain harmony, to moderate and regulate all the tendencies and impulses which make up human nature, so that no virtue shall be exalted at the expense of others. Any moral or religious code which so sets up one virtue as to be careless about others, we pronounce to be imperfect on the face of it. But this is what the law of honour does in its own nature. It picks out a few particular virtues and is careless about the others. In so doing it goes far to turn its favourite virtues into vices; and there have been times and places where it has prescribed conduct which is positively vicious.

And, more than this, there is always a lurking, sometimes an open, hostility between the standard of honour as a motive and the motives which are supplied by the other three standards. Honour is very often distinguished from law, and put in opposition to it. Sometimes it puts on the air of something nobler and finer than law, as something which goes beyond law and follows more excellent ways than law prescribes. Sometimes it comes into direct collision with law; and, when it does so, the man of honour will commonly say

(1) I say to *ordain* nothing immoral. This is the clear duty of every commonwealth. But it is equally clear that it is not necessarily the business of any commonwealth directly to punish vice as such. I say "not necessarily," because one might conceive very simple forms of society in which the state might rightly reward virtue as virtue, and punish vice as vice. And I say "directly," because, though it is not necessarily the duty of a commonwealth to punish vice as such, its legislation should clearly be, as far as possible, directed to the encouragement of virtue and the discouragement of vice. But the immediate and necessary business of every commonwealth is, not to punish vice as an offence against morality, but to repress vice when it becomes crime against the common good. Morality forbids a man to get drunk, even quietly in his own house; but he does not become a proper object for state punishment until, by going out into the public road, he makes his drunkenness disgusting and dangerous to others.

that law must go to the wall. And what is true of the conflict between honour and law is also true of the conflict between honour and either religion or morals. The man of honour, the man who makes honour his chief standard of action, will very often, as I have said, do exactly the same things as the moral man, the good citizen, or the religious man. But he will in some cases do things which all of them will condemn; and, even when he acts as any of them would act, he acts from a motive which is distinctly different from any of theirs. Nay more, he is apt to look down upon any of their standards as something low, dull, prosaic, unworthy of so exalted a being as himself. Threaten the mere man of honour, the man who always has honour and not right upon his lips, with an appeal to the law of the land, and it is at once seen how between the standard of honour and the standard of law there is a real and inherent, though not always open, antagonism.

Now what is this standard of honour, this law of the knight, the gentleman, the chivalrous man, which stands in so many respects apart from the law which binds the virtuous man, the good citizen, or the religious man? The difference is expressed in the name: the standard of the other three is in all cases submission to law of one kind or another. It is obedience to real authority of some kind; whether the authority of our own consciences, of the commonwealth of which we are members, or of the religion which we profess to believe. But the standard of honour is submission, not to law but to opinion. It is submission, not to any real authority, but to something of the man's own setting up. It is in truth not submission to a law binding on all, but merely deference to the opinion of a particular class. Its sanction is not the approbation of a man's own conscience, not the punishment inflicted by a temporal or an eternal ruler, but dishonour, disgrace, the bad opinion of men, in truth the bad opinion of some particular class of men. The honourable man is he who acts in that way which in the opinion of the class to which he belongs is held to be deserving of honour. The punishment which he fears is the loss of honour, that is, the loss of the good opinion of that class.

It follows therefore that there may be many standards of honour, according as different lines of conduct may, among different classes of people, be held to deserve honour. Thus there is said to be, and I do not doubt that there is, such a thing as "honour among thieves." But what we are now practically concerned with is that form of the law of honour which takes as its standard the opinion of the class known as gentlemen. The man of honour, as far as we are concerned with him, is he who does that which is held among gentlemen to be worthy of honour, and abstains from doing that which is held among gentlemen to be worthy of dishonour. His standard is the opinion of gentlemen; his sanction is the fear of losing the approval of gentlemen. That is to say, the standard of

honour is a class standard ; it is one which is not, like morality, law, and religion, open to all men ; it is confined to the class of gentlemen. It belongs only to those who belong to that class by birth and have done nothing to forfeit their privilege of birth, or else to those who have, so to speak, been in some way chosen into that class from other classes. It belongs exclusively to a class which undoubtedly has many and great merits, but which no less undoubtedly leaves a large mass of moral, religious, and law-abiding people outside its pale. It is a standard which has undoubtedly changed a good deal at different times, and its most modern changes have commonly been for the better. That is to say, the law of honour has in many points drawn nearer to the law of conscience ; we may indeed suspect that in some cases the word honour has sunk into a mere formula, and that men have really been guided by conscience in their hearts while they have had the name of honour on their lips. Still, even now, the law of honour and the law of conscience are clearly distinct from each other, and there have been times in which they have been much more distinct than they are now. But in all times the law of honour has followed the standard which has been fixed by the class of gentlemen for the time being. By whatever degrees the standard of the gentleman comes nearer to the standard of the honest man, so much the better for the gentleman. But the two standards still remain distinct in idea. As I have already said, morality, law, religion, and honour will often prescribe exactly the same course of action ; they will in fact prescribe the same course of action whenever law, religion, and honour have not gone astray. But the four classes of motives still remain distinct, and the motive of honour still retains its peculiar characteristic of starting from the special standard of one particular class of men.

This then is the great and essential difference between the other three standards and the standard of honour. The other three are universal ; the standard of honour is partial, and what some people call sectional. Morality requires of every man the practice of every virtue. So does every form of religion which discharges one main duty of religion, that of enforcing morality by fresh sanctions. So does the law of the land, so far as it is concerned with the matter. It may not enforce every virtue by penal sanctions, because to enforce virtue as virtue is no part of its business ; but any legislation that deserves the name requires all classes of subjects or citizens alike to obey the rules which it lays down for the common good of all. But what the law of honour teaches is, not that all men should practise all virtues, but that certain classes of men should practise certain virtues. The moral and the religious code aim at absolute moral perfection. No one of course ever reached absolute moral perfection ; but he who really aims at it at least gets so near to it that he does not willingly acquiesce in imperfection. But the law of honour does

not even aim at moral perfection ; it willingly acquiesces in imperfection ; if certain arbitrarily chosen virtues are practised, it is careless as to the practice of the others. As the standard of honour has changed at different times, so the virtues chosen, and the definition of those virtues, have differed at different times. But, speaking generally, we may say that the law of honour, as such, has commonly been satisfied if men practise the virtues of courage and truthfulness, and if women practise the virtue of chastity. To say this is no doubt taking an ideal standard ; it is putting the law of honour at its very best ; there certainly have been times and places when the word honour has been largely on men's lips, but when this standard has been far from being reached or even aimed at. But that this is the ideal standard of the law of honour is plain from common usages of language. A woman's honour always means her chastity.¹ A man's honour means either his courage or his truthfulness. So with the opposite phrases ; a woman's dishonour means her unchastity. Those are the primary meanings of the words honour and dishonour as applied to a woman ; if they are applied to her practice of any other virtues or vices, it is in a kind of secondary way. So a man's dishonour always implies some breach of the law either of courage or of truthfulness in some shape or other. He is dishonoured by running away in battle ; he is dishonoured by an intentional fraud ; he is not dishonoured by conduct of other kinds which the moralist looks on as at least equally bad. As for the point of truthfulness as an element in honour, we shall perhaps find, if we look into the matter very minutely, that a man's honour is primarily his courage, that it is his truthfulness only secondarily, in those cases in which it needs courage to be truthful. Or perhaps it is truthfulness when truth is pledged in the special character of a man of honour, as in the partial truthfulness of William Rufus. It is certainly not truthfulness in exactly the same sense in which truthfulness is prescribed by abstract morality. It might be an extreme case when Francis the First, the other pattern of honour, is reported to have said—again it matters little whether he really said it or not—that he had never lied except to women. He forgot indeed to add the cases in which he had betrayed princes and commonwealths which trusted in his good

(1) In common speech too her "virtue" has exactly the same meaning. A woman who was guilty of every kind of vice except unchastity would by many people be called "strictly virtuous." This may be because, on any showing, chastity is the most distinctive and characteristic female virtue. But it rather comes of an euphemistic way of speaking, like that odd perversion of words by which many people apply the words "moral," "immoral," "morality," and the like, to one class of virtues and vices only. Certain it is that "virtue" applied in this sense does not exactly answer to "honour" applied in the same sense. For there is no male equivalent, as there is in the case of "honour." We sometimes hear of a man's "virtue giving way" and the like, commonly in cases of temptation by the offer of money, promotion, or something of that kind. But here the word seems to be used in a secondary sense, by a metaphor borrowed from the "virtue" of a woman.

faith ; but this again was the mere prosaic duty of a king, not the more poetical and sentimental business of a man of honour. So in Captain Marryat's novel, Peter Simple says of Captain Kearney, who was given to lying in the form of romantic stories, "He would not tell a lie, that is such a lie as would be considered to disgrace a gentleman." O'Brien answers, "All lies disgrace a gentleman." But perhaps Peter was right ; it is not every kind of lie which disgraces the gentleman as such. O'Brien, though he used the word "gentleman," was unconsciously supplementing the standard of honour by the standard of morality. But even if we define the standard of honour so as to take in all truthfulness, it is still only a partial standard. Chastity in the one sex, courage and truthfulness in the other, are admirable qualities as far as they go. But they do not by themselves make up the whole of moral perfection.

The weak point of the law of honour then is that it does not cover the whole range of right and wrong, but that it picks out certain virtues for exclusive, and therefore exaggerated, cultivation. I say exaggerated cultivation, because, though, in the strict sense, the exaggerated cultivation of any virtue is impossible, yet the exclusive cultivation of any virtue practically comes to its exaggeration. As a matter of addition and subtraction, no one can be too brave, too chaste, or too truthful.¹ As a matter of proportion, it is easy to be too much of any of the three. That is to say, a man may give to those virtues such an exclusive regard as to be careless about all others. He may so pique himself on the particular virtue which he does practise as to make it practically a vice. And this is what the law of honour tends to. The honourable man and the virtuous woman, according to the narrow standard of honour and virtue, may be really as far from that harmony of virtues which make up moral perfection as men and women who may have gone astray on the points in which they have kept right, but who may be their moral superiors on some other points.² And it is curious contradiction that the virtue which the law of honour specially enforces on one sex is not enforced by it on the other. The man who brings a woman to dishonour is not thereby necessarily dishonoured himself.

(1) No man can be too brave ; he may be too daring. The brave man is the man who is daring at the right times and places and at no others. He is thus distinguished from the coward, who is not daring at the times and places where he ought to be, and from the foolhardy man, who is daring at the times and places where he ought not to be. So no man or woman, married or unmarried, can be too strict in observing the real law of chastity. But the conduct by which some of our early kings and queens won the honours of saintship was no following of the real law of chastity, but was as distinct a breach of moral duty as any act of unchastity.

(2) This must be taken with the qualification that, in all times and places, those who fly directly in the face of the standard of their own time and place, who fail in the particular virtues which that standard specially insists on, often receive a general moral shock which is likely to make them go wrong in other points also.

A thousand anecdotes might be told to show the distinction between the conventional law of honour and the eternal law of conscience on this and on other points. When Admiral Herbert told James the Second that his "honour and conscience" would not allow him to pledge himself to vote for the repeal of the Test Act, the king answered, "Nobody doubts your honour, but a man who lives as you do ought not to talk about his conscience."¹ James herein showed singular ignorance of human nature on more than one point;² but his words imply what is certainly true, that a man who is careless about many of the duties imposed by conscience may be strictly scrupulous about those among them which are also imposed by honour. More than one page in our criminal annals will supply us with instructive instances of the working of honour as, so to speak, a kind of local conscience. Criminals of a higher rank than usual have been known to talk about their honour almost at the moment of their crimes. It would be easy to quote several instances, older and newer, in the case of various kinds of offences, forbidden by morality, but seemingly not forbidden by honour. Some people may think that such men are shamming. It is far more likely that they are not shamming at all. It is perfectly possible that their code of honour did not condemn those particular ends, but that it did condemn certain other acts. It is quite possible they might be as safely trusted not to do those acts which their code of honour did condemn as a really virtuous man might be trusted not to do the acts which they do. The faith of such a man, pledged as "*probus miles*," like that of William Rufus, would very likely have been strictly kept. Such an argument in no way proves anything in extenuation of the doings of the "honourable" perpetrators of any crime; it only shows how very imperfect the code of honour is, and with what ugly departures from the common law of morals it is quite consistent.

Now when cases of this kind are set before any one who is in the habit of talking about honour, he will and very likely at once cry out that such men are not specimens of the real man of honour, that their standard of honour must be a false one, and that his own standard of honour is something quite different from theirs. And when you ask him what his standard of honour is, he will often

(1) Macaulay, "History of England," ii. 208.

(2) Herbert's answer was a good one. "To this reproach, a reproach which came with a bad grace from the lover of Catharine Sedley, Herbert manfully replied: 'I have my faults, sir; but I could name people who talk much more about conscience than I am in the habit of doing, and yet lead lives as loose as mine.'" Yet there is no reason to doubt that both James and Herbert did act from conscience on some points, however much they may have disobeyed their consciences on other points. There is no greater mistake than, because a man's conscience acts only partially or because he obeys it only partially, to fancy that he has no conscience at all.

tell you something which pretty well takes in the practice of every moral virtue. With such a standard of honour there is no fault to be found, except that it is a pity to give it a false name. If honour implies the practice of all morality, why not call it morality and not honour? But the truth is that William Rufus and his later followers are historically right, and that the man whose honour is co-extensive with morality is historically wrong. The law of honour, as understood by William Rufus, is the real original law of honour; what the other man calls by the same name is not the law of honour, but something a great deal better, to which he would do well to give its real name. We sometimes ask what is meant by a "true gentleman," and we get for answer a description of a man who is morally perfect. If so, why give him a false name? Why not call him the honest man that he really is? Such a portrait may be the portrait of a virtuous man in any time or place; it is not the portrait of the historic "gentleman" at the time when gentlemen first began to be heard of. The truth is that the law of honour, the standard of the gentleman, is, in its origin, the law of an exclusive and overbearing military oligarchy. It is the law of William Rufus and of men like William Rufus. It is the law which binds, not men as men, not citizens as citizens, but members of an exclusive order as members of that exclusive order. Its standard is the opinion of that order; its code, the law of honour, prescribes what is deemed to be worthy of honour by the opinion of that order. It prescribes certain forms of courage, certain forms of truthfulness, often such fantastic forms as to go far towards turning those virtues into vices. I have always specially delighted in the story of the knight who, for love of his lady and in discharge of his vow, rode up and drove his spear into the gate of the enemy's castle, and who, as he went back, having thus gloriously preserved his honour, was cut down by the plebeian hands of a butcher. Here is chivalry developed to the point of lunacy. The man is not even rash or foolhardy; for rashness or foolhardiness may consist either in miscalculation or in yielding to a mere impulse of daring. He simply goes, for the sake of his honour, to do a thing which is the act of a madman and of no one else. He is not a good soldier; for the duty of a good soldier is to do all that in him lies, according to his degree, to advance the enterprise on which he is engaged. But the taking of the castle was in no way advanced by the knight running his lance into the gate. All that he did was to risk, and to lose, for no purpose a life which might have been useful for the business in hand. This kind of thing is genuine chivalry; it is the fantastic notion of honour, the grotesque distortion of the two isolated virtues of courage and truthfulness, carried to its natural development. This is chivalry; this is the carrying out of the standard of the chivalrous class, the class who go to battle

on horses and despise those who go on foot. We must not have the name of chivalry transferred from pranks like these to which it really belongs to actions which deserve much better names. I have heard the name "chivalrous" applied to such deeds as that of Sir Philip Sidney when he bade his friends give the water to the other man rather than to himself. But that was not chivalry; it was something much better, Christian self-denial. Nor was there any chivalry in such an act as that, which, in different forms, is told of David, Alexander, and several other captains, how they refused to drink water or enjoy some other luxury which their men could not share with them. Such an act might spring from a mere generous impulse; it might spring from a noble and far-seeing policy, or from some compound motive in which those two elements are inextricably mixed together. But there is nothing in it of chivalry, nothing of the fantastic class-feeling to which that name really belongs. Chivalry is not the virtue of the soldier; it is not the virtue of the general. It is the fantasy of a class of men, of a class of soldiers, who are led by it to do things which are no part of their duties, either as men or as soldiers. The knight who was killed by the butcher may have had it written on his tomb that he carried out the character of a man of honour to the last. Compare this with the true standard of military virtue. On the tomb of the three hundred at Thermopylai it was not written that they had done anything as men of honour. It was written that they lay there in obedience to the Laws of Sparta.¹

The standard of chivalry then, the standard of honour, the standard of the knight and gentleman, is not only at its best very imperfect, but it is apt to run into vagaries which have no ground either in law and morals or in common sense. But more than this, it is apt to become positively wicked. As a purely class feeling, prescribing at its best only those virtues which are thought becoming in an exclusive class, it naturally led to utter recklessness towards all who did not belong to that class. The contempt of the gentleman for the *roturier*, his recklessness of the rights of the *roturier*, were the natural offspring of the chivalrous standard. It is with a feeling of pride that one has to use a French word to express one's meaning on this subject. The English tongue has no words to express an idea the

(1) I have purposely chosen an illustration from a people among whom there was in some points a near approach to the standard of honour. The Spartan standard was a class standard, the standard of the full Spartan citizen, as distinguished from the Helot or even the *Perioikos*. And it was a standard which was largely enforced by opinion; nowhere were honour and disgrace more keenly felt than at Sparta. But there was this essential difference between Spartan honour and the honour of chivalry, that Spartan honour was strictly measured by the standard of the law of the land, while the honour of chivalry is careless about the law of the land, and may be actually opposed to it. It was never written on the tomb of any chivalrous hero that he died in strictly conforming to an Act of Parliament. But something which exactly answers to such a formula was written on the tomb of the Three Hundred.

full developement of which was never known in England in the very worst times. Chivalry and the class distinctions which are inseparable from it, the distinctions out of which it rises and which it continues, spring out of something most foreign to law ; but in many lands they have drawn law over to their side and have established those distinctions by law. But the boast that "the law of England has never recognized gentlemen," though it perhaps goes a little too far in the letter, is not untrue in the spirit. It is certain that we have had less of chivalry and its follies than most other Western countries. A number of circumstances helped to keep chivalry in England in some degree of order. With us the gentleman might give himself endless airs, and might do some real mischief ; but other classes had, in the very worst times, better protection against him than they had anywhere out of the Forest Cantons. The full developement of chivalry comes out in one side of the Black Prince. He shows an ostentatious deference to a royal captive ; he spares and honours the knights who fight valiantly against him ; he slaughters unarmed citizens without regard to age or sex. This is true chivalry ; courtesy and deference towards men of a particular rank, brutal contempt for all others. That was one side of Prince Edward ; in a French prince it would most likely have been the whole of him. But Edward, chivalrous in France and Aquitaine, came back to England to act a part better than that of chivalry, to work for the real interests of his country in the more prosaic character of a peer of Parliament.

Again, when the law of honour really was the law of honour, when men went wild about fancied points of honour, the natural consequences followed. When honour was wounded, blood must be shed to avenge it. Duelling, in the latest form of it which many of us can remember, was bad enough ; the "affair of honour" was a foul breach of law and morals. Still the more modern duel was a comparatively harmless survival from the times when the finished gentleman was always fighting and killing somebody, and sometimes killing people without even the ceremony of fighting. The chivalrous ages, the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth centuries, as they were ages specially rich in adulteries, were also ages specially rich in murders. The knight of romance, the knight who never existed, may be a very noble character ; but go to the courts of the successive Valois to see what the chivalrous knight was in real life. In England we were never quite so bad as that, simply because in England the chivalrous idea never had its own way quite so unrestrainedly.

The fact is that the chivalrous idea is one which arose in times when two classes of men went far to divide the rule of the world between them. The knight with his class standard of chivalry

exactly answered to the monk with his class standard of sanctity. The monk, like the knight, picked out some particular virtues for a distorted degree of admiration which almost turned them into vices. Of course the knight and the monk picked out quite different virtues ; but in both cases there is the same imperfect moral standard, the same failure to grasp the harmony of the whole moral character. Now monks did a vast deal of good in their time, and knights did some ; but they generally did it by doffing the character of knight or monk for the time. The monk who taught or civilized or reclaimed wastes or did any kind of good to other people—all which many monks did in the very highest degree—was in truth not acting at all in his proper character of a monk. The immediate object of the monk is, not the spiritual or temporal advantage of others, but what might be called a selfish anxiety for the well-being of his own soul. The monks were teachers and civilizers in so far as they ceased to be monks, though at the same time it is perfectly true that it was only their position as monks which enabled them to act as teachers and civilizers. And so, without picking out cases of extraordinary virtue like Saint Lewis, many a man of chivalrous times and with his head full of chivalrous ideas, did a great deal of good in whatever proportion he ceased to be chivalrous. So far as he stepped beyond the charmed circle, so far as he showed disinterested courtesy or kindness to any one of a rank below his own, so far he departed from the chivalrous standard to follow the higher standard of right. Monks and knights did not become so wholly monks and knights but that they remained men, often good and useful men. And the monastic and chivalrous ideals never could divide mankind between them while such an important place was held by the burghers and the secular clergy, two classes of men who, with plenty of faults and with no lack of exclusive class feeling, still kept up the dominion of law and common sense in opposition to the fantastic standards at each end. Those two fantastic standards had not only an analogy ; they had a real affinity to each other. Many a knight at the end of his days tried to make his soul by turning monk. To pass from the chivalrous extreme to the monastic extreme was easier than to stay in the world and to live the life of an honest and peaceable man in the world.

But it will be asked, how does all this bear on modern notions of honour and the standard of the modern gentleman ? First of all, it may be answered that honour and chivalry in the true sense, in the bad or exclusive sense, are even now far from being dead. Duelling, the direct and characteristic offspring of the chivalrous spirit, the open and deliberate flying in the face of all law and all morals, is extinct in England, but it has not been extinct so very long, and it is by no means extinct throughout the civilized world.

And, as long as it exists among any civilized people, so long is the false standard of honour, honour as distinguished from, often opposed to, law and morals, a thing not of the past but of the present. And there is undoubtedly a large class of people who have a standard of honour, a standard of the gentleman, which is certainly very different from any standard of abstract morals, and which commonly piques itself on a certain contempt for the law of the land. There are many in whose eyes it would certainly be set down as showing a lack of gallantry and high spirit to respect an Act of Parliament as an Act of Parliament, and to set obedience to it before obedience to some conventional rule. There are still those in whose mouths the words "honour" and "gentleman" always suggest something exclusive, something overbearing. And this standard of honour and gentleman is the real historical standard; those who follow it are the true modern representatives of William the Red and Richard the Lion-hearted. But, as I before said, there are many who use the same words in a far better sense, in whose mouths "honour" seems simply to be another name for "right," and "gentleman" to be simply another name for a virtuous or honest man. A man is said to have "acted like a gentleman," when he has simply done what a true standard of morality would declare to be the duty of a man of any rank. For instance, it is often held to be a special sign of a gentleman to show regard to the feelings of others, especially to the feelings of persons below his own rank. It is a kind of climax of gentlemanly behaviour to do nothing which shall offensively remind the inferior of his inferiority. Now the man who can do this certainly does something which is in every way admirable. But in truth he is following a standard which is the exact opposite of the historical standard of the gentleman. He is practising in the highest degree the moral virtues of kindness and courtesy—for true courtesy, as distinguished from conventional fripperies, is a moral virtue—but he is doing the exact opposite to what the "probus miles" of chivalrous days would have done. The courtesy of the "probus miles" extended only to the men and women of his own rank. It does not follow that he was always cruel or harsh to his inferiors, though he lay under great temptations to become so. He might be kind to a peasant, as he might be kind to a dog; but he would perhaps sooner think the dog than the peasant entitled to equal rights with himself.¹ Courtesy, the courtesy which makes a temporary equality, towards any of the excluded classes, was simply impossible. It was well if mere lack of courtesy was all. I have seen somewhere, though I cannot lay my hand on the place, some one in Froissart's age described as "a very cruel man; he

(1) "My horse is a gentleman," says William Mallet in Lord Lytton's "Harold;" nor is the sentiment either out of character or wholly untrue.

'thought no more of killing a gentleman than of killing a peasant.' This may be mere exaggeration or caricature; but it is the exaggeration or caricature of a real feeling.

In short the gentleman, in that common modern use of the word in which the gentleman is hardly to be distinguished from the virtuous man, is no representative of the historic gentleman of chivalrous times. He does not belong to the school of William Rufus or Francis the First, but to a school which is a great deal better. Even if he makes honour and not morals his standard, the difference will be mainly in the standard, not in the course of action which the standard prescribes. And very often, if you examine into his notion of honour, it really cannot be distinguished from conscience or morals, even though he may sometimes shrink from talking about conscience or morals. That a name which first meant such an one as William Rufus should come to express so different a character is a curious piece of survival. An exclusive military aristocracy set the standard. Other people thought it fine to be called by their name and to have their actions compared to theirs. And in England, where the distinction of the gentleman was wholly social and not political, the barrier of exclusiveness was more easily broken down. Manners softened; exclusiveness was weakened; as the class of gentlemen was less and less strongly marked, the standard of the gentleman departed further and further from the original standard. But through all changes the name has gone on, till, in many mouths, it has lost all trace of its original meaning, and has come to mark, not so much the fact of a particular social rank as the possession of particular moral qualities. On the other hand, there still are other uses of the word which do very distinctly remind us of its origin. But the further the gentleman goes away from the ideas which originally attached to his name, the nearer does he come to the higher standard of the honest man.

Burke, as all the world knows, complained that the age of chivalry was past. Perhaps, even according to his idea of chivalry, there was no great reason to lament that it was past. But Burke would hardly have admitted Arnold's doctrine that the spirit of chivalry was the spirit of the devil. If so, it must be the spirit of the grotesque mediæval devil, not of the sublime devil of Cædmon and Milton. To one who knows what so-called chivalry really was, it seems not only evil but contemptible. It was a grotesque caricature of certain virtues taken out of their due relation to other virtues. The only thing that can be said for it is that even its false standard was better than the utter absence of any standard at all. And it may be that there have been times and places when this was the only other alternative. He who introduces a regulated system of duelling among a people who are given to indiscriminate throat-cutting does certainly, if the duelling

really displaces the throat-cutting, work a great immediate reform. The question indeed remains whether such a partial reform is more likely to lead the way to a more thorough reform or to hinder it; but the improvement at the time is undoubted. And there is the further fact that the experience of chivalrous times shows that duelling and throat-cutting may very well go on side by side. In our own day, while we no longer hear of duels among gentlemen, we do sometimes hear of fights among men of other classes. And, if there must be fights, it is doubtless better that those fights should be carried on according to certain rules, that the fight should be what is called fair. But when we are told, as we sometimes have been told even from the judicial bench, that there is no great harm in a fight provided it be fair, the false standard of honour comes in instead of the standard of law and morals.¹ The utmost that honour at its best can do is to regulate what law and morality altogether forbid, to keep what is essentially evil from sinking to the very lowest level of evil. Morals, law, religion, aim, or at least profess, not merely to look after evil and to keep it from being the lowest evil, but to take good and try to raise it to the highest good.

Still we may say thus much for the rule of honour and chivalry that any check, any standard, is better than no check and no standard. It was better that William Rufus should keep his word sometimes than that he should never keep it at all. And his fantastic standard of the "probus miles" constrained him to keep it sometimes. And, if we compare Rufus with Henry the Second, in whose strange mixture of good and evil, of greatness and pettiness, there is not a spark of chivalry, we can see one or two particular crimes of Henry from which Rufus' chivalrous feelings might have kept him back. Chivalry is not the worst thing that can be; and, as such, it may, in very bad times, have kept things from being still worse. But that is all that can be said for it. Its standard is imperfect, and, even when it prescribes the right action, it does not prescribe it from the right motive. The law of honour, the standard of the gentleman, may do for those who cannot rise to the higher law of right, the higher standard of the honest man. For such it is doubtless better than nothing. So the check which an old French Parliament or a Turkish Sheikl-ul-Islam exercised on the will of a despot was doubtless better than no check at all. But the law of honour stands as far

(1) Neither law nor morality has anything to do with the "fairness" of a fight. Neither of them waits to see whether a fight is fair or not. It is enough for either of them that there is a fight. For an act of violence done in a moment of provocation great excuse may be found. For a fight, that is, for an act of violence deliberately planned, there can be no excuse whatever. It is a breach of law and morals done wittingly and with malice aforethought. Unless the fight can be shown to have been done, on one side at least, in the only shape which can justify fighting, namely in strict self-defence, the fight, whether fair or unfair, is a crime in all who join in it, though, if it be an unfair fight, it may possibly be a greater crime.

below the law of right as such a Parliament, such a Sheikl-ul-Islam, stands below a real representative assembly. Lord Macaulay's Earl of Peterborough had "an abundance of those fine qualities which may be called luxuries, and a lamentable deficiency of those solid qualities which are of the first necessity." "He had brilliant wit and ready invention without common sense, and chivalrous generosity and delicacy without common honesty."¹ Given the solid qualities, the fine qualities are an admirable addition, and the highest standard of morals will lead to the cultivation of the fine qualities as well as the solid ones. Chivalry, even in its ideal, cultivated the fine qualities at the expense of the solid ones. Duke Robert of Normandy refused to attack Winchester because the Queen was lying in child-bed within its walls. But for her presence, the city might have been assaulted, stormed, sacked, burned, without remorse. That was chivalry; it was regard to a single person of exalted rank. The law of right bids a man count the danger and suffering which must fall, not on one person, but on hundreds and thousands, before he draws the sword at all. But, if his conscience tells him that the cause in which he draws it is one so righteous that it justifies exposing hundreds and thousands to such a risk, he should not, merely for the sake of one, draw back from any operation by which the righteous cause can be promoted. Still we here see the better, perhaps because the earlier, side of chivalry. There is generosity, though a fantastic generosity. But what chivalry really was we learn from its boasted model, the Knight without Fear and without Reproach. It shows the morals of chivalry that the Knight without Reproach has won himself the fame of superhuman virtue, simply by abstaining from an act of extreme and superhuman scoundrelism. It shows how little chivalry was able to realize even the higher military ideal, when the Knight without Fear could, rather than give up an inch of aristocratic exclusiveness, sink to the part of a coward. Knights and gentlemen might enjoy the sport of battle, as they might enjoy the sport of the chase or the tourney. But when hard, burthensome, dangerous work was to be done, that might be all very well for plebeian *lanzknecchts*; the gentlemen of France could not risk their blood in such dangers or march by the side of such ignoble comrades. The men who died in obedience to the laws of Sparta may have been as hard masters to their helots as ever French gentleman could be to his villains. But they at least did not send their helots on enterprises from which they shrank themselves. The law of Sparta was doubtless in many points as defective as any code of honour. Still it was for the reality of law, not for the shadow of honour, that her children gave their lives.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

(1) "History of England," iv. 754.

A STUDY OF DIONYSUS.

I.—THE SPIRITUAL FORM OF FIRE AND DEW.

WRITERS on mythology speak habitually of the *religion* of the Greeks. In thus speaking, they are really using a misleading expression, and should speak rather of *religions*; each race and class of Greeks—the Dorians, the people of the coast, the fishers—having had a religion of its own, conceived independently of the objects that came nearest to it and were most in its thoughts, and the resulting usages and ideas never having come to have a precisely harmonised system, after the analogy of some other religions. The religion of Dionysus is the religion of people who pass their lives among the vines. As the religion of Demeter carries us back to the cornfields and farmsteads of Greece, and places us, in fancy, among a primitive race, in the furrow and beside the granary; so the religion of Dionysus carries us back to its vineyards, and is a monument of the ways and thoughts of people whose days go by beside the winepress, and under the green and purple shadows, and whose material happiness depends on the crop of grapes. For them the thought of Dionysus and his circle, a little Olympus outside the greater, covered the whole of life, and was a complete religion, a sacred representation or interpretation of the general human experience, modified by the special limitations, the special privileges of insight or suggestion, incident to their peculiar mode of existence.

Now, if the reader wishes to understand what the scope of the religion of Dionysus was to the Greeks who lived in it, all it represented to them by way of one clearly conceived yet complex symbol, let him reflect what the loss would be if all the effect and expression drawn from the imagery of the vine and the cup fell out of the whole body of existing poetry; how many fascinating trains of reflection, what colour and substance would therewith have been deducted from it, filled as it is, apart from the more awful associations of the Christian ritual, apart from Galahad's cup, with all the various symbolism of the fruit of the vine. That supposed loss is but an imperfect measure of all that the name of Dionysus recalled to the Greek mind, under a single imaginable form, an outward body of flesh compacted together, closing in, as its animating soul, a whole world of thoughts, surmises, greater and less experiences.

The student of the comparative science of religions finds in the religion of Dionysus one of those many modes of primitive tree-worship which, growing out of some universal instinctive belief that trees and flowers are indeed habitations of living spirits, is found

almost everywhere in the earlier stages of civilisation, enshrined in legend or custom, often graceful enough, as if the delicate beauty of the object of worship had effectually taken hold on the fancy of the worshipper. Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* shows in what mists of poetical reverie such feeling may still float about a mind full of modern culture, the feeling we too have of a life in the green world, always ready to assert its claim over our sympathetic fancies. Who has not at moments felt the scruple, which is with us always regarding animal life, following the signs of animation further still, till one almost hesitates to pluck out the little soul of flower or leaf?

And in so graceful a faith the Greeks had their share; what was crude and inane in it becoming, in the atmosphere of their energetic, imaginative intelligence, refined and humanised. The oak-grove of Dodona, the seat of their most venerable oracle, did but perpetuate the suspicion that the sounds of the wind in the trees may be, for certain prepared and chosen ears, intelligible voices; they could believe in the transmigration of souls into mulberry and laurel, mint and hyacinth; and the dainty *Metamorphoses* of Ovid are but a fossilised form of one morsel here and there, from a whole world of transformation, with which their nimble fancy was perpetually playing. "Together with them," says the Homeric hymn to Aphrodite, of the Hamadryads, the nymphs which animate the forest trees, "with them, at the moment of their birth, grew up out of the soil, oak-tree or pine, fair, flourishing among the mountains. And when at last the appointed hour of their death has come, first of all, those fair trees are dried up; the bark perishes from around them, and the branches fall away; and therewith the soul of them deserts the light of the sun."

These then are the nurses of the vine, bracing it with interchange of sun and shade. They bathe, dance, sing songs of enchantment, so that those who seem oddly in love with nature, and strange among their fellows, are still said to be *nympholepti*; above all, they are weavers or spinsters, spinning or weaving with airiest fingers, and subtlest, many-coloured threads, the foliage of the trees, the petals of flowers, the skins of the fruit, the long thin stalks on which the poplar leaves are set so lightly that Homer compares to them, in their constant motion, the maids who sit spinning in the house of Alcinous. The nymphs of Naxos, where the grape-skin is darkest, weave for him a purple robe. Only, the ivy is never transformed, is visible as natural ivy to the last, pressing the dark outline of its leaves close upon the firm, white, quite human flesh of the god's forehead.

In its earliest form, then, the religion of Dionysus presents us with the most graceful phase of this graceful worship, occupying a place between the ruder fancies of half-civilised people concerning

life in flower or tree, and the dreamy after-fancies of the poet of the *Sensitive Plant*. He is the soul of the individual vine, first; the young vine at the house-door of the newly married, for instance, as the vine-grower stoops over it, coaxing and nursing it, like a pet animal or a little child; afterwards, the soul of the whole species, the spirit of fire and dew, alive and leaping in a thousand vines, as the higher intelligence, brooding more deeply over things, pursues, in thought, the generation of sweetness and strength in the veins of the tree, the transformation of water into wine, little gush by gush; noting all the influences on it of the heaven above and the earth beneath; and shadowing forth, in each pause of the process, an intervening person—what is to us but the secret chemistry of nature being to them the mediation of living spirits. So they passed on to think of Dionysus (naming him at last from the brightness of the sky and the moisture of the earth) not merely as the soul of the vine, but of all that life in flowing things of which the vine is the symbol, because its most emphatic example. At Delos he bears a son, from whom in turn spring the three mysterious sisters Ceno, Spermo, and Elais, who, dwelling in the island, exercise respectively the gifts of turning all things at will into oil, and corn, and wine. In the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, he gives his followers, by miracle, honey and milk, and the water gushes for them from the smitten rock. He comes at last to have a scope equal to that of Demeter, a realm as wide and mysterious as hers; the whole productive power of the earth is in him, and the explanation of its annual change. As some embody their intuitions of that power in corn, so others in wine. He is the dispenser of the earth's hidden wealth, giver of riches through the vine, as Demeter through the grain. And as Demeter sends the airy, dainty-wheeled and dainty-winged spirit of Triptolemus to bear her gifts abroad on all winds, so Dionysus goes on his eastern journey, with its many intricate adventures, in which he carries his gifts to every people.

A little Olympus outside the greater, I said, of Dionysus and his companions; he is the centre of a cycle, the hierarchy of the creatures of water and sunlight in many degrees; and that fantastic system of tree-worship places round him, not the fondly whispering spirits of the more graceful inhabitants of woodland only, the nymphs of the poplar and the pine, but the whole satyr circle, intervening between the headship of the vine and the mere earth, the grosser, less human spirits, incorporate and made visible, of the more coarse and sluggish sorts of vegetable strength, the fig, the reed, the ineradicable weed-things which will attach themselves, climbing about the vine-poles, or seeking the sun between the hot stones. For as Dionysus, the *spiritual form* of the vine, is of the highest human type, so the fig-tree and the reed have animal souls, mistakable in the thoughts of a later, imperfectly remembering age, for mere embodiments of animal

nature ; Snubnose, and Sweetwine, and Silenus, the oldest of them all, so old that he has come to have the gift of prophecy.

Quite different from them in origin and intent, but confused with them in form, are those other companions of Dionysus, Pan and his children. Home-spun dream of simple people, and like them in the uneventful tenour of his existence, he has almost no story ; he is but a presence ; the *spiritual form* of Arcadia, and the ways of human life there ; the reflexion, in sacred image or ideal, of its flocks, and orchards, and wild honey ; the dangers of its hunters ; its weariness in noonday heat ; its children, nimble as the goats they tend, who run, in their picturesque rags, across the solitary wanderer's path, to startle him, in the unfamiliar upper places ; its one adornment and solace, the dance to the homely shepherd's pipe, cut by Pan first from the sedges of the brook Molpeia.

Breathing of remote nature, the sense of which is so profound in the Homeric hymn to Pan, the pines, the foldings of the hills, the leaping streams, the strange echoings and dying of sound on the heights, " the bird, which among the petals of many-flowered spring, pouring out a dirge, sends forth her honey-voiced song," " the crocus and the hyacinth disorderly mixed in the deep grass"—things which the religion of Dionysus loves—he joins the company of the Satyrs. Amongst them, they give their names to insolence and mockery, and the finer sorts of malice, to unmeaning and ridiculous fear. But the best spirits have found in them also a certain human pathos, as in displaced beings, coming even nearer to most men, in their very roughness, than the noble and delicate person of the vine ; dubious creatures, half-way between the animal and human kinds, speculating wistfully on their being, because not wholly understanding themselves and their place in nature ; as the animals seem always to have this expression to some noticeable degree in the presence of man. In the later school of Attic sculpture they are treated with more and more of refinement, till in some happiest moments Praxiteles conceived a model, often repeated, which concentrates this sentiment of true humour concerning them ; a model of dainty natural ease in posture, but with the legs slightly crossed, as only lowly bred gods are used to carry them, and with some puzzled trouble of youth, you might wish for a moment to smooth away, puckering the forehead a little, between the pointed ears, on which the goodly hair of his animal strength grows low. Little by little, the signs of brute nature are subordinated, or disappear ; and at last, Robetta, a humble Italian engraver of the fifteenth century, entering into the Greek fancy because it belongs to all ages, has expressed it in its most exquisite form, in a design of Ceres and her children, of whom their mother is no longer afraid, as in the Homeric hymn. The puck-noses have grown delicate, so

that, with Plato's infatuated lover, you may call them winsome, if you please; and no one would wish those hairy little shanks away, with which one of the small Pans walks at her side, grasping her skirt stoutly; while the other, the sick or weary one, rides in the arms of Ceres herself, who in graceful Italian dress, and decked airily with fruit and corn, steps across a country of cut sheaves, pressing it closely to her, with a child's peevish trouble in its face, and its small goat-legs and tiny hoofs folded over together, precisely after the manner of a little child.

There is one element in the conception of Dionysus which his connexion with the satyrs, Marsyas being one of them, and with Pan, from whom the flute passed to all the shepherds of Theocritus, alike illustrates, his interest, namely, in one of the great species of music. One form of that wilder vegetation, of which the Satyr race is the soul made visible, is the reed, which the creature plucks and trims into musical pipes. And as Apollo inspires and rules over all the music of strings, so Dionysus inspires and rules over all the music of the reed, the water-plant, in which the ideas of water and of vegetable life are brought close together, natural property, therefore, of the spirit of life in the green sap. I said that the religion of Dionysus was, for those who lived in it, a complete religion, a complete sacred representation and interpretation of the whole of life; and as, in his relation to the vine, he fills for them the place of Demeter, is the life of the earth through the grape as she through the grain, so, in this other phase of his being, in his relation to the reed, he fills for them the place of Apollo; he is the inherent cause of music and poetry; he inspires; he explains the phenomena of enthusiasm, as distinguished by Plato in the *Phædrus*, the secrets of possession by a higher and more energetic spirit than one's own, the gift of self-revelation, of passing out of oneself through words, tones, gestures. A winged Dionysus, venerated at Amyclæ, was perhaps meant to represent him thus, as the god of enthusiasm, of the rising up on those spiritual wings, of which also we hear something in the *Phædrus* of Plato.

The artists of the Renaissance occupied themselves much with the person and the story of Dionysus; and Michelangelo, in a work still remaining in Florence, and in which he essayed with success to produce a thing which should pass with the critics for a piece of ancient sculpture, has represented him in the fulness, as it seems, of this enthusiasm, an image of delighted, entire surrender to transporting dreams. And this is no subtle after-thought of a later age, but true to certain finer movements of old Greek sentiment, though it may seem to have waited for the hand of Michelangelo before it attained complete realisation. The head of Ion leans, as they recline at the banquet, on the shoulder of Charmides; he mutters in his

sleep of things seen therein, but awakes as the flute-players enter, whom Charmides has hired for his birthday supper. The soul of Callias, who sits on the other side of Charmides, flashes out; he counterfeits, with life-like gesture, the personal tricks of friend or foe; or the things he could never utter before, he finds words for now; the secrets of life are on his lips. It is in this loosening of the lips and heart, strictly, that Dionysus is the *Deliverer*; and of such enthusiasm, or ecstasy, is, in a certain sense, an older patron than Apollo himself. Even at Delphi, the centre of Greek inspiration and of the religion of Apollo, his claim always maintained itself; and signs are not wanting that Apollo was but a later comer there. The pediment of the great temple was divided between them—Apollo with the nine Muses on that side, Dionysus, with perhaps three times three Graces, on this. A third of the whole year was held sacred to him; the four winter months were the months of Dionysus; and in the shrine of Apollo itself he was worshipped with almost equal devotion.

The religion of Dionysus takes us back into that old Greek life of the vineyards, as we see it on many painted vases, with much there as we should find it now, as we see it in Benozzo Gozzoli's mediæval fresco of the *Invention of Wine* in the Campo Santo at Pisa—the family of Noah, presented among all the circumstances of a Tuscan vineyard, around the press from which the first wine is flowing, a painted idyll, with its vintage colours still opulent in decay, and not without its solemn touch of biblical symbolism. For differences, we detect in that primitive life, and under that Greek sky, a nimbler play of fancy, lightly and unsuspectingly investing all things with personal aspect and incident, and a certain mystical apprehension of unseen powers, beyond the material veil of things, now almost departed, corresponding to the exceptional vigour and variety of the Greek organisation. This peasant life lies, in unhistoric time, behind the definite forms with which poetry and a refined priesthood afterwards clothed the religion of Dionysus; and the mere scenery and circumstances of the vineyard have determined many things in its development. The noise of the vineyard still sounds in some of his epithets, perhaps in his best-known name—*Iacchus*, *Bacchus*. The masks suspended on base or cornice, so familiar an ornament in later Greek architecture, are the little faces hanging from the vines, and moving in the wind, to scare the birds. That garland of ivy, the æsthetic value of which is so great in the later imagery of Dionysus and his descendants, the leaves of which, floating from his hair, become so noble in the hands of Titian and Tintoret, was actually worn on the head for coolness; his earliest and most sacred images were wrought in the wood of the vine. The people of the vineyard had their feast, the little or country *Dionysia*, which still lived on, side by side with the greater ceremonies of a

later time, celebrated in December, the time of the storing of the new wine. It was then that the potters' fair came, *calpis* and *amphora*, together with lamps against the winter, laid out in order for the choice of buyers; for Keramus, the Greek Vase, is a son of Dionysus, of wine and of Athene, who teaches men all serviceable and decorative art. Then the goat was killed, and its blood poured out at the root of the vines; and Dionysus literally drank the blood of goats; and, being Greeks, with quick and mobile sympathies, "superstitious," or rather "susceptible of religious impressions," some among them, remembering those departed since last year, add yet a little more, and a little wine and water, for the dead also; brooding how the sense of these things might pass below the roots, to spirits hungry and thirsty, perhaps, in their shadowy homes. But the gaiety, that gaiety which Aristophanes in the *Acharnians* has depicted with so many vivid touches, as a thing of which civil war had deprived the villages of Attica, preponderates over the grave. The travelling country show comes round with its puppets; even the slaves have their holiday;¹ the mirth becomes excessive; they hide their faces under grotesque masks of bark, or stain them with wine-lees, or potters' crimson even, like the old rude idols painted red; and carry in midnight procession such rough symbols of the productive force of nature as the women and children had best not look upon; which will be frowned upon, and refine themselves, or disappear, in the feasts of cultivated Athens.

Of the whole story of Dionysus, it was the episode of his marriage with Ariadne about which ancient art concerned itself oftenest, and with most effect. Here, although the antiquarian may still detect circumstances which link the persons and incidents of the legend with the mystical life of the earth, as symbols of its annual change, yet the merely human interest of the story has prevailed over its earlier significance; the *spiritual form* of fire and dew has become a romantic lover. And as a story of romantic love, fullest perhaps of all the motives of classic legend of the pride of life, it survived with undiminished interest to a later world, two of the greatest masters of Italian painting having poured their whole power into it; Titian with greater space of ingathered shore and mountain, and solemn foliage, and fiery animal life; Tintoret with profounder luxury of delight in the nearness to each other, and imminent embrace, of glorious bodily presences; though both alike with consummate beauty of physical form. Hardly less humanised is the Theban legend of Dionysus, the legend of his birth from Semele, which, out of the entire body of tradition concerning him, was accepted as central by the Athenian imagination. For the people of Attica, he

(1) There are some who suspect Dionysus of a secret democratic interest; though indeed he is *liberator* only of men's hearts, and *λευθερεύς* only because he never forgot Eleutheraë, the little place which, in Attica, first received him.

comes from Bœotia, a country of northern marsh and mist, but from whose sombre, black marble towns came also the vine, the musica' reed cut from its sedges, and the worship of the Graces, always so closely connected with the religion of Dionysus. "At Thebes alone," says Sophocles, "mortal women bear immortal gods." His mother is the daughter of Cadmus, himself marked out by many curious circumstances as the close kinsman of the earth, to which he all but returns at last, as the serpent, in his old age, attesting some closer sense lingering there of the affinity of man with the dust from whence he came. Semele, an old Greek word, as it seems, for the surface of the earth, the daughter of Cadmus, beloved by Zeus, desires to see her lover in the glory with which he is seen by the immortal Hera. He appears to her in lightning. But the mortal may not behold him and live. Semele gives premature birth to the child Dionysus; whom, to preserve it from the jealousy of Hera, Zeus hides in a part of his thigh, the child returning into the loins of its father, whence in due time it is born again. Yet in this fantastic story, hardly less than in the legend of Ariadne, the story of Dionysus has become a story of human persons, with human fortunes, and even more intimately human appeal to sympathy; so that Euripides, pre-eminent as a poet of pathos, finds in it a subject altogether to his mind. All the interest now turns on the development of its points of moral or sentimental significance; the love of the immortal for the mortal, the presumption of the daughter of man who desires to see the divine form as it is, on the fact that not without loss of sight, or life itself, can man look upon it. The travail of nature has been transformed into the pangs of the human mother; and the poet dwells much on the pathetic incident of death in childbirth, making Dionysus, as Callimachus calls him, a seven months' child, cast out among its enemies motherless. And as a consequence of this human interest, the legend attaches itself, as in an actual history, to definite sacred objects and places, the venerable relic of the wooden image which fell into the chamber of Semele with the lightning-flash, and which the piety of a later age covered with plates of brass; the *Ivy-Fountain* near Thebes, the water of which was so wonderfully bright and sweet to drink, where the nymphs bathed the new-born child; the grave of Semele, in a sacred inclosure grown with ancient vines, where some volcanic heat or flame was perhaps actually traceable, near the lightning-struck ruins of her supposed abode.

Yet though the mystical body of the earth is forgotten in the human anguish of the mother of Dionysus, the sense of his essence of fire and dew still lingers in his most sacred name, as the son of Semele, *Dithyrambus*. We speak of a certain wild music in words or rhythm as *dithyrambic*, like the dithyrambus, that is, the wild choral-singing of the worshippers of Dionysus. But Dithyrambus seems to have been in the first instance the name, not of the hymn, but of

tho god to whom the hymn is sung; and, through a tangle of curious etymological speculations as to the precise derivation of this name, one thing seems clearly visible, that it commemorates, namely, the double birth of the vine-god; that he is born once and again; his birth, first of fire, and afterwards of dew; the two dangers that beset him; his victory over two enemies, the capricious and excessive heats and colds of spring.

He is *πυριγενής*, then, fire-born, the son of lightning; lightning being to light, as regards concentration, what wine is to the other strengths of the earth. And who that has rested a hand on the glittering silex of a vineyard slope in August, where the pale globes of sweetness lie, does not feel this? It is out of the bitter salts of a smitten, volcanic soil that it comes up with the most curious virtues. The mother faints, and is parched up by the heat, which brings the child to the birth; and it pierces through, a wonder of freshness, drawing its everlasting green and typical coolness out of the midst of the ashes; its own stem becoming at last like a tangled mass of tortured metal. In thinking of Dionysus, then, as fire-born, the Greeks apprehend and embody the sentiment, the poetry, of all tender things which grow out of a hard soil, or in any sense blossom before the leaf, like the little mezereon-plant of English gardens, with its pale purple, wine-scented flowers upon the leafless twigs in February, or like the almond-trees of Tuscany, or Aaron's rod that budded, or the staff in the hand of the Pope when Tannhäuser is saved.

And his second birth is of the dew. The fire of which he was born would destroy him in his turn, as it withered up his mother; a second danger comes; from this the plant is protected by the influence of the cooling cloud, the lower part of his father the sky, in which it is wrapped and hidden, and of which it is born again, its second mother being, in some versions of the legend, Hyé, the Dew. The nursery where Zeus places it to be brought up is a cave in Mount Nysa, sought by a misdirected ingenuity in many lands, but really, like the place of the carrying away of Persephone, a place of fantasy, the oozy place of springs in the hollow of the hillside, nowhere and everywhere where the vine was "invented." The nymphs of the trees overshadow it from above; the nymphs of the springs sustain it from below; the *Hyades*, those first leaping mænads, who, as the springs become rain-clouds, go up to heaven among the stars, and descend again as dew or shower upon it; so that the religion of Dionysus connects itself, not with tree-worship only, but also with ancient water-worship, the worship of the *spiritual forms* of springs and streams. To escape from his enemies Dionysus leaps into the sea, the original of all rain and springs, whence, in early spring, the women of Elis and Argos were wont to call him, with the singing of a hymn. And again, in thus commemorating Dionysus

as born of the dew, the Greeks apprehend and embody the sentiment, the poetry, of water. For not the heat only but the solace of it, the freshness of the cup—this too was felt by those people of the vineyard, whom the prophet Melampus had taught to mix always their wine with water, and with whom the watering of the vines became a religious ceremony; the very dead, as they thought, drinking of, and refreshed by, the stream. And who that has ever felt the heat of a southern country does not know this poetry, the motive of the loveliest of all the works attributed to Giorgione, the *Fête Champêtre* in the Louvre; the intense sensations, the subtle, far-reaching symbolisms, which in these places, cling about the touch, and sound, and sight of it? Think of the darkness of the well in the breathless court, with the delicate ring of ferns kept alive just within the opening of it; of the sound of the fresh water flowing through the wooden pipes into the houses of Venice on summer mornings; of the cry *Acqua fresca!* at Padua, or Verona, when the people run to buy what they prize, in its rare purity, more than wine, bringing pleasures so full of exquisite appeal to the imagination, that, in these streets, the very beggars, one thinks, might exhaust all the philosophy of the epicurean.

Out of all these fancies comes the vine-growers' god, the *spiritual* form of fire and dew. Beyond the famous representations of Dionysus in later art and poetry, the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, the statuary of the school of Praxiteles, a multitude of literary allusions, epithets, local customs, carry us back to this world of vision, unchecked by positive knowledge, in which the myth is begotten, among a primitive people, as they wondered over the life of the thing their hands helped forward, till it became a kind of spirit, and their culture of it a kind of worship. Dionysus, as we see him in art and poetry, is the projected expression of the ways and dreams of this primitive people, brooded over, and harmonised, by the energetic Greek imagination; the religious imagination of the Greeks being precisely a unifying, or identifying power, bringing together things naturally asunder, making, for instance, for human body, a soul of waters, for human soul, flesh of flowers; welding into something like the identity of a human personality the whole range of man's experiences of a given object, or series of objects; all their outward qualities, and the visible facts regarding them, all the hidden ordinances by which those facts and qualities hold of unseen forces, and have their roots in purely visionary places.

Dionysus came later than the other gods to the centres of Greek life; and, as a consequence of this, he is presented to us in an earlier stage of development than they; that element of natural fact which is the original essence of all mythology being more unmistakably impressed upon us here than in other myths. Not the least interesting point in the study of him is, that he illustrates very

clearly, not only the earlier, but also a certain later influence of this element of natural fact, in the development of the gods of Greece. For the physical sense, latent in it, is the clue, not merely to the original signification of the incidents of the divine story, but also to the source of the peculiar imaginative expression which its persons subsequently retain, in the forms of the higher Greek sculpture. And this leads me to some general thoughts on the relation of Greek sculpture to mythology, which may help to explain what the function of the imagination in Greek sculpture really was, in its handling of divine persons.

That Zeus is, in earliest, original, primitive intention, the open sky, across which the thunder sometimes sounds, and from which the rain descends, not only explains the various stories related concerning him, but determines also the expression which he retained in the work of Pheidias, so far as it is possible to recall it, long after the growth of those stories had obscured in the minds of his worshippers his primary signification. If men felt, as Arrian tells us, that it was a calamity to die without having seen the Zeus of Olympia; that was because they experienced the impress there of that which the eye and the whole being of man love to find above him; and the genius of Pheidias had availed to shed, upon the gold and ivory of the physical form, the blandness, the breadth, the smile of that; the mild heat of it still coming and going, in the face of the father of all the children of sunshine and shower; as if one of the great white clouds had composed itself into it, and looked down upon them so, out of the midsummer noonday; so that those things might be felt as warm, and fresh, and blue, by the young and the old, the weak and the strong, who came to sun themselves in the god's presence, as procession and hymn rolled on, in the fragrant and tranquil courts of the Olympian temple; while all the time those people consciously divined in Zeus none but the personal, and really human, characteristics.

Or think, again, of the Zeus of Dodona. The oracle of Dodona, with its dim grove of oaks, and sounding instruments of brass to husband the faintest whisper in the leaves, was but a great consecration of that sense of a mysterious will, of which people still feel, or seem to feel, the expression, in the motions of the wind, as it comes and goes, and which makes it indeed seem almost more than a mere symbol of the spirit within us. For Zeus was indeed the god of the winds also; Æolus, their so-called god, being only his mortal minister, as having come, by long study of them, through signs in the fire and the like, to have a certain communicable skill regarding them, in relation to practical uses. Now, suppose a Greek sculptor to have proposed to himself to present to his worshippers the image of this Dodonæan Zeus, who is in the trees and on the currents of the air. Then, if he had been a really imaginative sculptor, working

as Pheidias worked, the very soul of those moving, sonorous creatures would have passed through his hand, into the eyes and hair of the image ; as they can actually pass into the visible expression of those who have drunk deeply of them, as we may notice sometimes in our walks on mountain or shore.

Victory again, *Niké*, associated so often with Zeus, on the top of his staff, on the foot of his throne, on the palm of his extended hand, meant originally, science tells us, only the great victory of the sky, the triumph of morning over darkness. But that physical morning has its ministry to the æsthetic sense also, though unaware. For if *Niké*, when she appears in company with the mortal, and wholly fleshly, hero, in whose chariot she stands to guide the horses, or whom she crowns with her garland of parsley or bay, or whose names she writes on a shield, is imaginatively conceived, it is because the old skyey influences are still not quite suppressed in her clear-set eyes, and the dew of the morning still clings to her wings and her floating hair.

The office of the imagination then, in Greek sculpture, in its handling of divine persons, is thus to condense the impressions of natural things into human form ; to retain that early mystical sense of water, or wind, or light, in the moulding of eye and brow ; to arrest it, and imprison, or rather set it free, there, as human expression. The body of man, indeed, was for the Greeks, still genuine work of Prometheus, and its connection with earth and air asserted in many a legend, not shaded down, as with us, through innumerable stages of descent, but direct and immediate ; in direct contrast to our physical theory of our life, never fading, dream over it as we will, out of the light of common day. The oracles with their messages to human intelligence from bird, or spring, or vapours of the earth, were a witness to it. Their story went back, as they believed, with unbroken continuity, and in the very places where their later life was lived, to a past, stretching beyond, yet continuous with, actual memory, in which heaven and earth mingled ; to those who were sons and daughters of stars, and streams, and dew ; to an ancestry of grander men and women, actually clothed in, or incorporate with, the qualities and influences of those imposing objects ; and we can hardly over-estimate the influence on the Greek imagination of this mythical connection with them, at not so remote a date, and of the solemnising power exercised by them over their thoughts. In this intensely poetical situation, the historical Greeks, the Athenians of the age of Pericles, found themselves ; it was as if the actual roads on which men daily walk, went up and on, into a visible wonderland.

With such habitual impressions concerning the body, the physical nature of man, the Greek sculptor, in his later day, still free in imagination through the lingering influence of those early dreams, may have more easily infused into human form the sense of sun, or

lightning, or cloud, to which it was so closely akin, the spiritual flesh allying itself happily to mystical meanings, and readily expressing seemingly unspeakable qualities. But the human form is a limiting influence also; and in proportion as art impressed human form, in sculpture or in the drama, on the vaguer conceptions of the Greek mind, there was danger of an escape from them of the free spirit of air, and light, and sky. Hence, all through the history of Greek art, there is a struggle, a romantic *Streben*, as the Germans say, between the palpable and limited human form, and the floating essence it is to contain, as really as the vase its perfumes, only more subtly. On the one hand, was the teeming, still fluid, world, of old beliefs, as we see it reflected in the somewhat formless theogony of Hesiod; a world, the Titanic bigness of which is congruous with a certain sublimity of speech, when he has to speak, for instance, of motion or space; as the Greek language itself has a primitive copiousness and energy of words for wind, fire, water, cold, sound, attesting a deep susceptibility to the impressions of those things, yet with edges most often melting into each other. On the other hand, was that limiting, controlling tendency, identified with the Dorian influence in the history of the Greek mind, the spirit of a severe and wholly self-conscious intelligence; bent on impressing everywhere, in the products of the imagination, the definite, entirely conceivable human form, as the only worthy subject of art; less in sympathy with the mystical genealogies of Hesiod, than with the heroes of Homer, ending in the perfectly humanised religion of Apollo, the clearly understood humanity of the *war-men* in the Æginetan marbles. The representation of man as he is, or might be, became the aim of sculpture, and the achievement of this the subject of its whole history; one had opened the eyes, another the lips, a third had given motion to the feet; in various ways, in spite of the retention of archaic idols, the genuine human expression had come, with the truthfulness of life itself.

These two tendencies, then, met and struggled, and were harmonised in the supreme imagination, of Pheidias in sculpture, of Æschylus in the drama. Hence, a series of wondrous personalities, of which the Greek imagination became the dwelling-place; beautiful, perfectly understood human outlines, encompassing a strange, delightful, lingering sense of clouds and water and sun. Such a world, the world of really imaginative Greek sculpture, we still see, reflected in many a humble vase or battered coin, in Bacchante, and Centaur, and Amazon; evolved out of that "vasty deep;" with most command, in the consummate fragments of the Parthenon; not, indeed, so that he who runs may read, the gifts of Greek sculpture being always delicate, and asking much of the receiver; but still, visible, and a pledge, to us, of creative power, as to the worshipper, of

the presence, which, without it, had more vaguely haunted the fields and groves.

This, then, was what the Greek imagination did, for men's sense and experience of natural forces, in Athené, in Zeus, in Poseidon ; for men's sense and experience of their own bodily qualities—swiftness, energy, power of concentrating sight, and hand, and foot, on a momentary physical act—in the close hair, the chastened muscle, the perfectly poised attention of the *discobolus* ; for men's sense, again, of ethical qualities—restless idealism, inward vision, power of presence through that vision in scenes behind the experience of ordinary men—in the idealised Alexander.

To illustrate this function of the imagination, as especially developed in Greek art, we may reflect on what happens with us in the use of certain names, as expressing summarily, this name and that for me—Helen, Gretchen, Mary—a hundred associations, trains of sound, forms, impressions, remembered in all sorts of degrees, which, through a very wide and full experience, they have the power of bringing with them ; in which respect, such names are but revealing instances of the whole significance, power, and use of language in general. Well, the mythical conception, projected at last, in drama or sculpture, is the name, the instrument of the identification, of the given matter ; its unity in variety, its outline or definition in mystery ; its *spiritual form*, to use again the expression I have borrowed from William Blake—form, with hands, and lips, and opened eyelids—spiritual, as conveying to us therein, a soul of rain, or of a Greek river, or of swiftness, or purity.

Again, think what the effect would be, if you could associate, by some trick of memory, a certain group of natural objects, in all their varied perspective, their changes of colour and tone in varying light and shade, with the being and image of an actual person. You travelled through a country of clear rivers and wide meadows, or of high windy places, or of lowly grass and willows, or of the *Lady of the Lake* ; and all the complex impressions of these objects wound themselves, as a second animated body, new and more subtle, around the person of man or woman left there, so that they no longer come to recollection apart from each other. Now try to conceive the image of an actual person, in whom, somehow, all those impressions of the vine and its fruit, as the highest type of the life of the green sap, had become incorporate ; all the scents and colours of flower and fruit, and something of its curling foliage ; the chances of its growth ; the enthusiasm, the easy flow of choicer expression, as its juices mount within one ; for the thing is eloquent, too, in word, gesture, and glancing of the eyes, as seeming to flow from some soul of vine within it. As Wordsworth says,

“Beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face ;”

so conceive an image into which the beauty "born" of the vine has passed; and you have the idea of Dionysus, as he appears, entirely fashioned at last, by central Greek poetry and art, and is consecrated in the great festivals of the *Winepresses* and the *Flowers*.

The word wine, and with it the germ of the myth of Dionysus, is older than the separation of the Indo-Germanic people. Yet, with the people of Athens, Dionysus counted as the youngest of the gods; he was also the son of a mortal, dead in childbirth, and seems always to have exercised the charm of the latest born, in a sort of allowable fondness. Through the fine-spun speculations of modern ethnologists and grammarians, noting the changes in the letters of his name, and catching at the slightest historical records of his worship, we may trace his coming from Phrygia, the birthplace of the more mystical elements of Greek religion, over the mountains of Thrace. On the heights of Pangæus he leaves an oracle, with a perpetually burning fire, famous to the time of Augustus, who reverently visited it. Southwards still, over the hills of Parnassus, which remained for the inspired women of Bœotia the centre of his presence, he comes to Thebes, and the family of Cadmus. From Bœotia he passes to Attica; to the villages first, at last to Athens; at an assignable date, under Peisistratus; out of the country, into the town.

To this stage of his town-life, that Dionysus of enthusiasm already belonged; it was to the Athenian of the town, to urbane young men, sitting together in the banquet, that those expressions of a sudden eloquence came, of the loosened utterance and finer speech, its colour and imagery. Dionysus, then, has entered Athens, to become urbane like them; to walk along the marble streets in frequent procession, in the persons of noble youths, like those who at the *Oschophoria* bore the branches of vine from his temple to the temple of *Athéné of the Parasol*, or of beautiful slaves; to contribute through the arts to the adornment of life, yet perhaps also in part to weaken it, relaxing ancient austerity. Gradually his rough country feasts will be outdone by the feasts of the town; and as comedy arose out of those, so these will give to tragedy. For his entrance upon this new stage of his career, his coming into the town, is from the first tinged with melancholy, as if in entering the town he had put off his country peace. The other Olympians are above sorrow. Dionysus, like a strenuous mortal hero, like Hercules or Perseus, has his alternations of joy and sorrow, of struggle and hard-won triumph. It is out of the sorrows of Dionysus, then, of Dionysus in winter, that all Greek tragedy grows; out of the song of the sorrows of Dionysus, sung at his winter feast by the chorus of satyrs, singers clad in goat-skins, in memory of his rural life, one and another of whom, from time to time, steps out of the company to emphasise and develop this or that circumstance of the story; and so the song

becomes dramatic. He will soon forget that early country life, or remember it but as the dreamy background of his later existence. He will become, as always in later art and poetry, of dazzling whiteness; no longer dark with air and sun, but like one *ἑσκιατροφής*, brought up under the shade of Eastern porticos or pavilions, or in the light that has only reached him softened through the texture of green leaves; honey-pale, like the delicate people of the city, like the flesh of women, as those old vase-painters conceive of it, who leave their hands and faces untouched with the pencil on the white clay. The ruddy god of the vineyard, stained with wine-lees, or coarser colour, will hardly recognise his double, in the white, graceful, mournful figure, weeping, chastened, lifting up his arms in a great yearning. Only, in thinking of this early tragedy, of these town-feasts, and of the entrance of Dionysus into Athens, you must suppose, not the later Athens which is oftenest in our thoughts, the Athens of Pericles and Pheidias, but that little earlier Athens of Peisistratus, which the Persians destroyed, which some of us perhaps would rather have seen, in its early *naïveté*, than the greater one; when the old image of the god, carved probably out of the stock of an enormous vine, had just come from the village of Eleutherae to his first temple in the *Lenæum*, the place of the winepresses, near the *Limnæ*, the marshy place, which in Athens represents the cave of Nysa; its little buildings on the hill-top, still with steep rocky ways, crowding round the ancient temple of Erectheus and the grave of Cecrops, with the old miraculous olive-tree still growing there, and the old snake of Athené Polias still alive somewhere in the temple court.

The artists of the Renaissance have treated Dionysus many times, and with great effect, but always in his joy, as an embodiment of that glory of nature to which the Renaissance was a return. But in an early engraving of Mocetto there is for once a Dionysus treated differently. The cold light of the background displays a barren hill, the bridge and towers of an Italian town, and quiet water. In the foreground, at the root of a vine, Dionysus is sitting, in a posture of statuesque weariness; the leaves of the vine are grandly drawn, and wreathing heavily round the goodly hair of the god, suggest the notion of his incorporation into it. The right hand, holding a great vessel languidly and indifferently, lets the stream of wine flow along the earth; while the left supports the forehead, shadowing heavily a face, comely, but full of an expression of painful brooding. One knows not how far one may really be from the mind of the old Italian engraver, in gathering from his design this impression of a melancholy and sorrowing Dionysus. But modern motives are clearer; and in a *Bacchus* by a young Hebrew painter, in the exhibition of the Royal Academy of 1868, there was a complete and very fasci-

nating realisation of such a motive; the god of the bitterness of wine, "of things too sweet;" the sea-water of the Lesbian grape become somewhat brackish in the cup. Touched by the sentiment of this subtler, melancholy Dionysus, is anything similar in sentiment to be actually found, we ask, in the range of Greek ideas?—had some antitype of this fascinating figure any place in Greek religion? Yes; in a certain darker side of the double god of nature, obscured behind the brighter episodes of Thebes and Naxos, but never quite forgotten, something corresponding to this deeper, more refined idea, really existed; the conception of Dionysus Zagreus; an image, which has left indeed but little effect in Greek art and poetry, which criticism has to put patiently together, out of late scattered hints in various writers; but which is yet discernible, clearly enough to show that it really visited some Greek minds here and there; and discernible, not as a late after-thought, but as a tradition really primitive, congruous with the original motive of the idea of Dionysus. In its potential, though unrealised scope, it is perhaps the subtlest dream in Greek religious poetry, and is at least part of the complete physiognomy of Dionysus, as it actually reveals itself to modern culture.

The ultimate scope of the thought of Dionysus, a dual god of both summer and winter, became, as we saw, almost identical with that of Demeter. The Phrygians believed that the god slept in winter and awoke in summer, and celebrated his waking and sleeping; or that he was bound and imprisoned in winter, and unbound in spring. In Elis and at Argos, we saw how the women called him out of the sea, with the singing of hymns, in early spring; and a beautiful ceremony in the temple at Delphi, which, as we know, he shares with Apollo, described by Plutarch, represents his mystical resurrection. Yearly, about the time of the shortest day, just as the light begins to increase, and while hope is still tremulously strung, the priestesses of Dionysus assembled with many lights at the shrine, and there, with songs and dances, awoke the new-born child after his wintry sleep, waving in a sacred cradle, like the great basket used for winnowing corn, a symbolical image, or perhaps a real infant. He is twofold then, a *Döppelgänger*; like Persephone, he belongs to two worlds, and has much in common with her, and a full share of those dark possibilities which, even apart from the story of the rape, belong to her. He is a *Chthonian* god, and, like all the children of the earth, has an element of sadness; like Hades himself, he is hollow and devouring, an eater of man's flesh, *sarcophagus*, the grave which consumed unaware the ivory-white shoulder of Pelops.

And you have no sooner caught a glimpse of this image than a certain perceptible shadow comes growing over the whole story; for in effect we have seen glimpses of the sorrowing Dionysus all along.

Part of the interest of the Theban legend of his birth is that he comes of the marriage of a god with a mortal woman ; and from the first, like merely mortal heroes, he comes within the sphere of human chances. At first, indeed, the melancholy settles round the person of his mother, dead in childbirth, and ignorant of the glory of her son ; in shame, according to Euripides ; punished, as her own sisters allege, for impiety. The death of Semele is a sort of ideal or type of this peculiar claim on human pity, as the descent of Persephone into Hades, of all human pity over the early death of women. Accordingly, his triumph being now consummated, he descends into Hades, through the unfathomable Alcyonian lake, according to the most central version, to bring her up from thence ; and that Hermes, the shadowy conductor of souls, is constantly associated with Dionysus, in the story of his early life, is not without significance in this connection. As in Delphi the winter months were sacred to him, so in Athens his feasts all fall within the four months on this and the other side of the shortest day, as Persephone is a third part of the year in Hades. Son or brother of Persephone he actually becomes at last, in confused, half-developed tradition ; and even has his place, with his dark sister, in the Eleusinian mysteries, as Iacchus, a prince or a captain of souls ; where, on the sixth day of the feast, in the great procession from Athens to Eleusis, we may still realise his image, in that age, with its close connection of religion and art, presumably fair, moving up and down above the heads of the vast multitude, as he goes, beside "*the two*," to the temple of Demeter, amid the light of torches at noonday.

But it was among the mountains of Thrace that this gloomier element in the being of Dionysus had taken the strongest hold. As in the sunny villages of Attica the cheerful elements of his religion had been developed, so in those wilder northern regions people continued to brood over his darker side, and hence a current of gloomy legend descended into Greece. The subject of the *Bacchæ* of Euripides is the infatuated opposition of Pentheus, king of Thebes, to Dionysus and his religion ; his cruelty to the god, whom he shuts up in prison, and who appears on the stage with his delicate limbs cruelly bound, but who is finally triumphant ; Pentheus, the man of grief, being torn to pieces by his own mother, in the judicial madness sent upon her by the god. In this play, Euripides has only taken one of many versions of the same story, in all of which Dionysus is victorious, his enemy being torn to pieces by the sacred women, or by wild horses, or dogs, or the fangs of cold ; or the mænad Ambrosia, whom he is supposed to pursue for purposes of lust, suddenly becomes a vine, and binds him down to the earth inextricably, in her serpentine coils.

In all these instances, then, Dionysus punishes his enemies by repaying them in kind. But a deeper vein of poetry pauses at the

sorrow, and in the conflict does not too soon anticipate the final triumph. It is Dionysus himself who exhausts these sufferings. Hence, in many forms, reflexes of all the various phases of his wintry existence, the image of Dionysus Zagreus, *the Hunter*—of Dionysus in winter—storming wildly on the dark Thracian hills, from which, like Ares and Boreas, he originally descends into Greece; the thought of the hunter concentrating into itself all men's forebodings at the departure of the year at its richest, and the death of all sweet things in the long-continued cold, when the sick and the old and little children, gazing out morning after morning on the dun sky, can hardly believe in the return any more of a bright day. Or he is connected with the fears, dangers, hardships of the hunter himself, lost or slain sometimes, far from home, in the dense woods of the mountains, as he seeks his meat so ardently; becoming in his chace almost akin to the wild beasts—to the wolf, who comes before us in the name of Lycurgus, one of his bitterest enemies, and a phase, therefore, of his own personality, in the true intention of the myth. This transformation, this image of the beautiful soft creature become an enemy of human kind, putting off himself in his madness, wronged by his own fierce hunger and thirst, and haunting, with terrible sounds, the high Thracian farms, is the most tragic note of the whole picture, and links him on to one of the gloomiest creations of later romance, the were-wolf, the belief in which still lingers in Greece as in France, where it seems to become incorporate in the darkest of all romantic histories, that of Gilles de Retz.

And now we see why the tradition of human sacrifice lingered on in Greece in connection with Dionysus, as a thing of actual detail, and not remote, so that Dionysius of Halicarnassus counts it among the horrors of Greek religion. That the sacred women of Dionysus ate, in mystical ceremony, raw flesh, and drank blood, is a fact often mentioned, and commemorates, as it seems, the actual sacrifice of a fair boy torn in pieces, fading at last into a symbolical offering. At Delphi, the wolf was preserved for him, on the principle by which Venus loves the dove, and Hera peacocks; and there were places in which, after the sacrifice of a kid to him, a certain mimic pursuit of the priest who had offered it represented the still surviving horror of one who had thrown a child to the wolves. The three daughters of Minyas devote themselves to his worship; they cast lots, and one of them offers her own tender infant to be torn by the three, like a roe; then the other women pursue them, and they are turned into bats, or moths, or other creatures of the night. And fable is endorsed by history, Plutarch telling us how, before the battle of Salamis, Themistocles offered three Persian captive youths to Dionysus *the Devourer*.

As, then, some put their fears of winter into Persephone, so others

into Dionysus, a devouring god, whose sinister side, as the best wine itself has its treacheries, is illustrated in the dark and shameful secret society, described by Livy, in which his worship ended at Rome, abolished by solemn act of the senate. He becomes a new Aidoneus, a hunter of men's souls; like him, to be appeased only by costly sacrifices.

And then, Dionysus recovering from his mid-winter madness, how intensely these people conceive the spring! It is that triumphant Dionysus, cured of his great malady, and sane in the clear light of the longer days, that Euripides in the *Bacchæ* sets before us; still really Zagreus; though he keeps the red streams and torn flesh away from the delicate body of the god, in his long vesture of white and gold, and fragrant with all Eastern odours. Of this I hope to speak in another paper; let me conclude this by one phase more of religious custom.

If Dionysus, like Persephone, has his gloomy side, like her he has also a peculiar message, for a certain number of refined minds, seeking, in the later days of Greek religion, such modifications of the old mythus as may minister to ethical culture, to the perfecting of the moral nature. A type of second birth, from first to last, he opens in his series of annual changes, for minds looking out for it, the hope of a possible analogy between the resurrection of nature, and something yet unrealised, reserved for human souls; and the beautiful weeping creature, vexed by the wind, suffering, torn to pieces, rejuvenescent again, like a tender shoot of living green, out of the hardness and stony darkness of the earth, becomes an emblem, or ideal of chastening, and purification, and of final victory, through suffering. It is the finer, mystical sentiment of the few, projected from the coarser and more material religion of the many, and accompanying it, through the course of its history, as its ethereal, less palpable, life-giving soul, and, as always happens, seeking the quiet, and not too anxious to make itself felt. With some unfixed, though real, place in the general scheme of Greek religion, this phase of the worship of Dionysus had its special development in the Orphic literature and mysteries. Obscure as are these followers of the mystical Orpheus, we yet certainly see them, moving and playing their part in the later ages of Greek religion. Old friends with new faces, though they had, as Plato witnesses, their less worthy aspect, in appeals to vulgar, superstitious fears, they seem to have been not without the charm of a real, inward religious beauty, with their neologies, their new readings of old legends, their sense of mystical second meanings, as they refined upon themes grown too familiar, linking, in a sophisticated age, the new to the old. In this, we may perhaps liken them to the mendicant orders in the Middle Ages, with their florid, romantic theology beyond the bounds of orthodox tradition, and

giving so much new matter to art and poetry. They are even a picturesque addition to the exterior of Greek life, with their white dresses, their dirges, their fastings and ecstasies, their outward asceticism and material purifications. And the central object of their worship comes before us as a tortured, persecuted, slain god, the suffering Dionysus, of whose mythus they have their own special, mystical, esoteric version. That version, embodied in a supposed Orphic poem, the *Occultation of Dionysus*, is represented only by the details that have passed from it into the almost endless *Dionysiaca* of Nonnus, a writer of the fourth century; and the imagery has to be put back into the shrine, bit by bit, and finally incomplete. Its central point is the picture of the rending to pieces of a divine child, of whom a tradition, scanty indeed, but harmonious in its variations, had long maintained itself. It was in memory of it, that those, initiated into the Orphic mysteries, tasted of the raw flesh of the sacrifice, and thereafter ate no flesh more; and it connected itself with a strange object in the Delphic shrine, the grave of Dionysus, a sort of coffin, or cinerary urn, with the inscription, *Here lieth the body of Dionysus, the son of Semele*; which stood near the golden image of Apollo, and the sacred tripod on which the Pythia sat to prophesy.

Son, first, of Zeus and Persephone, whom Zeus woos in the form of a serpent, the white, golden-haired child, the best-beloved of his father, and destined by him to be the ruler of the world, grows up in secret. But one day, Zeus, departing on a journey, in his great fondness for the child delivered to him his crown and staff, and so left him, shut in a strong tower. Then it came to pass that the jealous Hera sent out the Titans against him. They approached the crowned child, and with all sorts of playthings enticed him away, to have him in their power, and thereupon miserably slew him, hacking his body to pieces, as the wind tears the vine, with the axe *Pelekus*, which, like the swords of Roland and Arthur, has its proper name. The fragments of the body they boiled in a great cauldron, and made an impious banquet upon them, afterwards carrying the bones to Apollo, whose rival the young child should have been, thinking to do him service therein. But Apollo, in great pity for this his youngest brother, laid the bones in a grave within his own holy place. Meanwhile, Hera, full of her vengeance, brings to Zeus the heart of the child, which she had snatched, still beating, from the hands of the Titans. But Zeus delivered the heart to Semele; and the soul of the child remaining awhile in Hades, where Demeter made for it new flesh, thereafter was born of Semele, a second Zagreus, the younger, or Theban, Dionysus.

WALTER H. PATER.

(To be continued.)

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

THE reaction of morbid disappointment which followed the French Revolution has left its traces in history and literature; traces too deep and too universally diffused to be accounted for by the idiosyncrasies of individuals. The note of religious scepticism, of negation absolute and relentless, had been struck by the mighty hand of Goethe; Byron chimed in with the shrill laugh of self-consuming irony, Leopardi with the harmonious tones of his beautiful sadness. Alfred de Musset, Lenau, Heine, Poushkin, Petöfi, followed at intervals, and in countries widely remote from each other, but all were pervaded by the same sense of grief and scattered illusion. What appeared to them as their individual grief, caused by individual misfortune, was in reality the "grief of the world," *Weltschmerz*, as one amongst their number has significantly called it.

Schopenhauer is the philosophical exponent of the psychic conditions thus indicated. In the polished surface of his prose the darkness of despair becomes more intense, more tangible. With a power of language, sometimes more poetic than poetry itself, he combines trenchant sharpness of logical reasoning. With these formidable weapons he attacks the stronghold of your most cherished illusions, and scatters to the winds not only your hopes and beliefs but your very desire of personal happiness. It is this feature of his system which, chiming in with the general mood of his age, has given Schopenhauer a popularity far beyond that usually awarded to abstract philosophers. Yet it seems to me that the idea of morbid pessimism which Schopenhauer's friends and enemies love to associate with his name is not organically connected with the great results of his speculative research. The fuller explanation of this seeming paradox, against which I have no doubt the cry of heresy, philistinism, and other complimentary epithets will be raised by the fanatics of the school, I must leave to a later occasion. Suffice it to say here that I am not alluding to the mere protest against that silly optimism which believes the laws and wonders of the cosmos to have been arranged by a loving providence for the especial benefit of the human race. In this latter sense Schopenhauer shares the appellation of pessimist with Voltaire and every great thinker of old and modern times.

I have called Schopenhauer the philosophical exponent of the period of disappointed exhaustion subsequent to the exciting events of the revolutionary epoch. It must, however, not be thought that he himself took a particularly lively interest in the political side of

the question, or was moved to patriotic indignation by the subjection of his country to Napoleon's iron will. Schopenhauer was all his life a stranger to national predilections, and amidst the noise of the invading French army preserved sufficient equanimity to work out one of his most abstruse metaphysical problems. There is, however, a strongly personal element in his philosophy, as there is indeed in all philosophy of a truly creative order. Schopenhauer is a *subjective* philosopher, κατ' ἐξοχήν; the connection between his life and his work is intimate and inseparable. A brief sketch of the former will therefore be necessary before the exposition of his philosophic labour can be entered upon.

Arthur Schopenhauer was born February 22, 1788, at Danzig, at that time a free city of the German Empire. His father was a wealthy merchant, and one of the most important citizens of the small Republic, to whose institutions he was passionately attached. When, in 1793, Danzig was annexed to Prussia, he emigrated to Hamburg, regardless of heavy pecuniary losses incurred by the change of domicile. The elder Schopenhauer was altogether a remarkable man, free from the narrow prejudices of his country and time, and far above the ordinary level of culture common amongst his class. He paid prolonged visits both to France and England, and for the free government of the latter country he entertained the highest regard. It was indeed his intention to give to his hoped-for son and heir the privilege of English citizenship, for which purpose he took his wife to London during her pregnancy. Her weak health, however, obliged him to return home, and to this circumstance alone it is due that England cannot add to the names of Bacon, Locke, and Berkeley that of the greatest thinker of the present century. In spite of this mischance the younger Schopenhauer inherited from his father a strong predilection for the language and institutions of this country. He was perfectly familiar with the great works in its literature, and quotes the English philosophic writers, both of the past and present, with a frequency and knowledge not commonly found among German scholars. Even the more familiar idiom of the English language he mastered to an astonishing degree, owing perhaps not a little to his daily habit of reading the *Times* newspaper, which had been strongly recommended to him by his father; "because from that paper," the elder Schopenhauer used to say, "one can learn everything worth knowing." At one time Schopenhauer seriously thought of undertaking, or at least supervising, the translation into English of Kant's works; and I have seen a long and elaborate letter on Goethe's theory of colour, written by him to Sir C. Eastlake, in perfectly grammatical and all but idiomatic English.

To return to the elder Schopenhauer, he combined, with his

excellent gifts as a merchant and man of the world, some less desirable peculiarities, which unfortunately were to some extent also transmitted to his son. Amongst these may be mentioned particularly a certain morbidness of temperament, frequently intensified to a paroxysm of dread at some impending calamity. His sudden death, in 1804, by a fall from the upper storey of his warehouse in Hamburg, was indeed ascribed by rumour to a fit of despair caused by some imaginary loss of property. According to our philosopher's pet theory, will and its appendages, such as temper, passions, and instincts of volition, are inherited from the paternal parent, while the mother contributes the softening and guiding light of the intellect. In his own case this rule holds good with regard to his father, to a less extent with regard to his mother. Johanna Schopenhauer is well known as the author of travels, novels, and other miscellaneous literature. Married to a man by many years her senior, and for whom, according to her own confession, she could feel no absorbing passion, her sentimental nature remained undeveloped. Hence, perhaps, her perpetual restlessness, to be satisfied only by frequent change of scenery and friends. Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton, and many other political and literary celebrities count among her more or less casual acquaintances. Her more permanent connection at a later period with Goethe and the Weimar circle is well known to the student of literature. According to all accounts she seems to have been an amiable nature, open to new impulses and affections, but wanting in depth. This impression is confirmed by her works, which are amusing and full of observation, but without literary merit in a higher sense. Her relations to her son will have to be mentioned in the further course of these remarks.

Being the only son of a rich merchant, Schopenhauer's early education was naturally arranged with a view to his adopting his father's profession. The international principle was at the same time strictly adhered to, the very name of Arthur being chosen because its spelling is identical in the English, French, and German languages. At the age of nine he was sent to one of his father's mercantile friends at Havre, with whose son he contracted a tender friendship. When after two years he returned to Germany he had become, in accordance with his father's intention, a perfect Frenchman, and spoke his own language with difficulty.

About this time the first decided signs of aversion to his mercantile pursuits began to show themselves, much to the mortification of the elder Schopenhauer. The boy expressed an ardent desire for some scientific calling, too ardent and too persistent to be withstood by force. Milder forms of resistance were applied. The choice was left to the youth between entering at once a *gymnasium* (preparatory school for the university), and accompanying his parents on a tour

through Europe; the meeting again of his friend in Havre being held out as an additional attraction in the latter project. Affection and curiosity at last prevailed over scientific aspiration. In 1803 the Schopenhauers started for England, where their stay was prolonged over six months, during which time the parents made a tour to Scotland, while Arthur was left at the boarding-school of a clergyman in Wimbledon, near London. It was here that Schopenhauer acquired his perfect knowledge of the English language, and it was here also that he first imbibed the almost fanatical hatred of English bigotry frequently vented in his writings. In a letter to his parents written at this time he exclaims with boyish emphasis, "Oh that the torch of truth might *burn* through these darknesses!" In her reply the mother gently sympathises with him on account of the large dose of Christianity he is made to swallow. A good deal of Schopenhauer's bitterness against Anglicanism and other modern developments of the Christian faith ought in fairness to be charged to the Wimbledon parson.

On their way back the family passed through Switzerland, where the grandeur of the Alps left a lasting impression on the young philosopher, delightful traces of which are discernible in his writings.

About a year after his return to Hamburg, the prospects of Schopenhauer's career were essentially changed by the sudden death of his father. For a short time he continued, from a feeling of piety, the career chosen for him by his deceased parent; but soon the longing for higher aims became irresistible, and, at a comparatively advanced age, he entered upon a thorough course of classical training. He used to tell in later years, with justified pride, that he began his study of Latin at the age of nineteen, and acquired the language in six months. It ought to be added that as a Greek and Latin scholar he had few superiors in Germany, besides which he spoke French, English, and Italian with perfect ease, and translated a book from the Spanish.

In 1807 Schopenhauer joined his mother at Weimar, to complete his preparatory studies for the university under the celebrated Passow. Johanna Schopenhauer and her daughter Adele had by this time become general favourites with the Weimar celebrities. Not long after the death of her husband, the widow had removed to the intellectual centre of Germany. She arrived just before the battle of Jena and the occupation of Weimar by the French troops, and the anxious days passed with her new acquaintances greatly furthered their intimacy. In his mother's drawing-room Schopenhauer met such men as Goethe, Wieland, Grimm, Prince Pückler, and the two Schlegels, all attracted by the lively conversation and elegant hospitality of the charming widow. Arthur, however, did not reside with his mother. For at this period already the insuperable antagonism of their natures had become apparent.

Much has been said and written about the unfortunate quarrel between mother and son, and particularly the conduct of the latter has been severely commented upon. There were undoubtedly faults on both sides, but the ultimate cause of their dissension lay too deep to be measured by the ordinary scale of moral responsibilities. The differences of character were radical; no amount of mutual bearing and forbearing could have prevented the continual grating and clashing of these antagonistic natures. Johanna Schopenhauer's character has already been sketched in outline. We can imagine her at Weimar, basking in the sun of a small court, hero-worshipping in a mild way, retailing sentiment and small-talk, writing love-stories for the almanacs, wholly occupied and contented with the enjoyment of the hour. On the other hand we see the youth, full of thought, pondering over problems of deepest import, imbued with the sadness that accompanied his genius, solitary in the crowd, and too proud to hide his contempt of its petty cares and interests. How could harmony spring from such a union? Let us see how the mother herself states her case, not unfairly from her own point of view.

"It is necessary for my happiness," she writes to Arthur, "to know that you are happy, but not to witness it. I have always told you how difficult it is to live with you, and the more I consider you, the more this difficulty seems to increase, at least as far as I am concerned. Indeed, I confess, as long as you are what you are, I would sooner make any sacrifice than bring my mind to it. I do not deny your good qualities, and what repels me does not lie in your heart, not in your internal but in your external being, that is, your opinions, your utterances, your habits; in short, our views of life totally disagree. Moreover, your moroseness, your complaints about inevitable things, your dark faces, your bizarre assertions resembling oracular utterances, against which one is not allowed to say anything—all this oppresses and disturbs my good humour without being of any use to yourself. Your unpleasant manner of discussion, your lamentations over this stupid world and the misery of mankind, give me bad nights and evil dreams."

Spoken like a woman of the world, but decidedly wanting in that motherly love which endures and forgives, or indeed in that womanly intuition which discerns the signs of maturing genius in the morbid symptoms of boyish arrogance or despondency. The entire absence of appreciation of her son's great intellectual power on the part of Johanna Schopenhauer is painfully discernible in her whole conduct, and could not but irritate the proud spirit of the youth. When, at a later period, he presented to his mother the first-fruit of his philosophic labour, she thanked him with a bad joke, which elicited an angry retort on his part. Other circumstances of a graver nature added fuel to the flame of discord. Schopenhauer accused his mother of neglecting the memory of his father, and his indignation came to a climax when by her mismanagement he found himself in danger of being deprived of his moderate competency. Schopenhauer at no time of his life was a miser in the ordinary sense; his extreme liberality on all occasions

where charity was needed by relations or strangers sufficiently proves the contrary. But he justly regarded moderate wealth as the safeguard of his scientific independence. To make his philosophy lucrative, or, what is the same, agreeable to the powers that be, he felt himself equally unable and unwilling. The loss of his property was therefore one of those calamities which he dreaded with that all but insane terror inherited from his father and vainly combated by reason. In this case, moreover, his apprehensions proved but too well founded. On the breaking of a bank at Danzig, to which his mother had entrusted her money without security, she lost almost the whole of her own and her daughter's property. Schopenhauer himself escaped serious loss only by previous caution and a great effort of energy when his suspicion became realised.

I have mentioned these circumstances at some length, because from them I derive a grave defect in Schopenhauer's thought and feeling—the want of love. His nature was undoubtedly sad, and little tending towards a charitable view of men's faults. But we all know how such harshnesses may be toned down and the sting taken out of them by the tender sympathy of a refined woman; much more of a loving and beloved mother. With such influences brought to bear upon him in early youth, Schopenhauer would perhaps never have become an amiable member of society, with a talent for taking things pleasantly; but I doubt whether his cynicism of despair and his misanthropy, or cataphronanthropy as he preferred to call it, would ever have been developed to the degree now so painfully observable in his works.

Another by no means pleasant feature of Schopenhauer's writings—traceable, I think, to the same unfortunate circumstances—is the low opinion he holds, or pretends to hold, of woman. Personally, the philosopher was by no means insensible to the charms of love. We hear of a tender attachment which retained him in Venice for many months; and of Madame Jagemann, the beautiful actress in Weimar, he exclaimed enthusiastically, "I should have liked to marry this woman if I had found her breaking stones on the high road." Nevertheless, he takes a pride in vilifying the sex collectively wherever an occasion offers. The chapter, *Ueber die Weiber*, in the second volume of *Parerga und Paralipomena*, contains the most caustic remarks on female weaknesses that ever fell from a misogynist's pen. Byron, Chamfort, and Huarte, Eastern and Western sages, are ransacked, and supplemented by the author's own observations, in a manner exceedingly amusing but for its occasional coarseness and for the feeling, which never leaves the reader, that all this savage railery is but the discord of a sensitive nature marred by personal misfortune.

Woman, according to Schopenhauer, is emphatically the No. 2 of the human race, inferior to man in mental, moral, and physical capabilities. From her subordinate position in antique and Eastern life she has been removed by Old French gallantry and "Germano-Christian idiocy" to a sphere of artificial equality with, nay, superiority to man. Hence the intolerable arrogance of the "lady" of modern civilisation. Woman is entirely incapable of large conception, her range of vision being circumscribed by the narrowest bounds of subjective feeling. She always remains a child, and ought never to be wholly withdrawn from the guardianship of man, be it father, husband, or son; nothing can be more monstrous than to leave children and their inheritance to the care of their mother (this sentence in Schopenhauer's mouth is, alas! but too significant). Not even the appellation of "fair" is conceded to the sex courteously so denominated. It ought to be changed into "unæsthetical." For the love of art frequently affected by women is in reality but a means of attracting the admiration of men. Unselfish enthusiasm is altogether above their nature.

So much of this unpalatable mixture of "much error and a faint spark of truth," in which the intellect of a great man has run to waste in the most deplorable manner. Fortunately for us and Schopenhauer, these whimsical lucubrations have no connection whatever with the essence of his doctrine, and need therefore not detain us longer.

In 1809 Schopenhauer went to the University of Göttingen, where he studied chiefly physical science, history, and philosophy, and became intimate with his fellow-student Baron Bunsen. In 1811 the fame of the celebrated Fichte attracted him to Berlin; his *a priori* admiration of that philosopher, however, soon turned to contempt, caused partly by the hollow emptiness of his doctrine, partly by the sham pathos with which such oracular phrases as "It is, because it is as it is," were delivered. Schleiermacher, the second star of the university, did not fare much better at our philosopher's hands, who shortly but significantly describes him as a "parson" (*Pfaffe*). His utter contempt for Hegel and the official philosophers of his training is but too well known to the most occasional reader of Schopenhauer. It will be best at once to comprehend, and have done with, this unpleasant subject.

Leaving the absolute merits of Hegel, Schelling, Fichte, and other philosophers undecided, it is impossible to deny that the abuse scattered upon them broadcast by Schopenhauer is, to say the least, in exceedingly bad taste. According to him the professional sages holding the philosophical chairs in German universities are, with few if any exceptions, a mercenary crew, thinking and expounding exactly what their paymaster the Government tells them to think and

expound. "*Primum vivere deinde philosophari*" is their supreme maxim, to which all scruples of conscience, personal or scientific, have to yield. Hegel, the arch-humbler, is the inventor of this official state-philosophy. The pure doctrine of Kant appears hideously distorted in his writings, in so far as they can be said to convey any meaning at all. For it is his chief trick (*Kniff*) to cover his ignorance and want of genius with a veil of obscure phraseology at which the reader stands aghast, doubtful whether his own or the writer's reasoning faculties are at fault. The smaller fry—Schopenhauer continues—are naturally leagued together by common fears and interests. Members of their clique are systematically cried up, while outsiders—that is, non-Professoren der Philosophie, or, indeed, all original thinkers—are as invariably abused or silenced to death. Here, again, we touch upon personal grounds. It is well known how Schopenhauer's chief work was for a long time utterly neglected by professional critics. But let us not for that reason ascribe his undoubtedly exaggerated animadversions to the vulgar spite of an unsuccessful writer. An original thinker may claim a commensurate share of notice, favourable or unfavourable, and the withholding of this notice in periodicals which, at the same time, lavished praises on mediocrities of their own school, looks remarkably like what lawyers call malice prepense. In such a case the argument *e silentio*, so generally and so justly suspected by the historian, is stronger than volumes of positive evidence; and great allowance ought to be made for a proud nature retaliating in a style not always strictly within the bounds of literary decorum. It is, moreover, impossible to deny that many of Schopenhauer's charges, although too sweeping in their application, are undoubtedly founded on truth. It is certain that much teaching of official philosophy has been and is still going on at German universities; equally certain that many of the chairs in these universities have been for a long time monopolised by more or less slavish disciples of Hegel. Nor can any reader of that philosopher's works blind himself to the fact that many of his high-sounding sentences contain a comparatively small residuum of sense; nay, that he systematically invented a language abominable with regard to style, and detrimental to science by the easy opportunity it offers to the dullard of clothing his commonplaces in the garb of unfathomable wisdom. Schopenhauer instinctively abhorred obscurity or timid duplicity of any kind. His intellect is piercing, and his language lucid and forcible to a degree attained by few German writers, philosophic or otherwise. Friends and enemies admit him to be one of the greatest masters of German prose since Goethe, and no one at all familiar with metaphysical questions can fail to perceive the gist of his reasoning. It is, indeed, one of Schopenhauer's greatest merits to have divested philosophical

science of the cant of the schoolroom, and he might have justly applied to himself those admirable words occurring in a letter from Bolingbroke to Swift, in which the palm is awarded to those philosophers "who strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the bounds of every well-constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others."

After these remarks the candid reader must decide what amount of violence ought to be deemed justifiable, or at least excusable, in an ardent lover of truth who happens to be at the same time a man of transcendent genius. Only one more circumstance—not hitherto sufficiently attended to by German critics—I should like to mention, which in some measure seems to account for the personal aversion felt by our philosopher almost at first meeting to both Fichte and Hegel. Schopenhauer, as we have seen, was by descent and education a gentleman and man of the world. He had seen many men's cities, and could converse on equal terms of social ease, and in their own languages, with the Frenchman, the Englishman, the Italian. At the same time he was extremely sensitive, and felt the want of that perfume and charm of life, good manners, with more than ordinary acuteness. Now the German professor, as a rule, does, or at least did not at that time, count the graces amongst his numerous accomplishments, and neither Hegel nor Fichte was in this respect above the level of their class. I am far from believing that Schopenhauer would under any circumstances have become an admirer of Hegel's Absolute Reason, or of Fichte's Absolute I; but that the concrete I of the professor did not to some extent intensify the odiousness of that other transcendental *ego* I am by no means prepared to affirm.

Returning now to our philosopher's career, we find that his quiet studies at Berlin have been interrupted by the threatening approach of the French army after the battle of Lützen. Schopenhauer retired to a secluded village in Saxony, where he finished his philosophic treatise, *Ueber die vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom zureichenden Grunde*, a careful and profound investigation of the law of causality in its various applications, on the ground of which he received his degree as Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Jena. The winter of 1813-14 he passed in Weimar, where the mighty individuality of Goethe exercised its potent spell on the young philosopher. The poet was at that time chiefly occupied with his theory of colours, and was delighted to find an intelligent listener to his favourite doctrine. Schopenhauer soon afterwards published a brochure, in which, with due respect for Goethe's experimental research and genius, the imperfections of his theory from a philosophic point of view are candidly laid bare. The reciprocal benefits derived by these two great men from their temporary intimacy were

naturally not of equal value. Goethe's character and intellect at that time were too firmly established to receive strong impulses from new ideas, however potent; but to Schopenhauer the poet appeared as the highest type of perfect manhood, whose genius he worshipped to the last with never-abating enthusiasm. Goethe, however, did by no means fail to appreciate the great powers of his younger friend's mind. He speaks of him as "a remarkable head," "difficult to recognise;" and the almost melancholy resignation with which he mentions the young philosopher's dissent from his theory on important points, shows how he felt the loss of such a proselyte. Some years later, when Schopenhauer's chief work appeared,—

"Goethe received it with great pleasure" (I quote from a letter of Adele Schopenhauer to her brother, then in Italy), "cut the thick volume in two, and began reading it immediately. After an hour he sent me the inclosed bit of paper, and bade me tell you that he is greatly obliged to you, and believes the whole book to be good. Being always successful in opening books at the most remarkable places, he found and read with great pleasure the two passages marked by him" (viz. on the piece of paper alluded to; one of these passages the reader shall see in the following). . . . "He says he is looking forward to a whole year's pleasure, for he is going to read it from beginning to end, and thinks that time will be necessary. . . . He particularly likes in your book the clearness of exposition and style, although, he says, your language is different from that of other people, and one must get used to calling things by the names you want them to have; but after having once learned that a horse is not called horse, but *cavallo*, and God perhaps *Dio*, or something else, one can read well and easily. . . . I hope soon to see him again alone, and perhaps to hear something more satisfactory. You, at least, are the only author whom Goethe reads in this manner and with so much serious interest."

Whether this more satisfactory communication was ever received we cannot tell; certain it is that Schopenhauer suspected Goethe of never having finished the book.

It was also during this stay at Weimar that Schopenhauer deeply entered into the spirit of Old Indian wisdom and religion. Together with Plato, Kant, and some of the French and English philosophers of the eighteenth century, the holy books of Buddhism were at once the favourite companions of his leisure hours and the objects of his most arduous thought.

In the spring of 1814 Schopenhauer left Weimar for Dresden, where he remained for the next four years mainly occupied with the composition of the great work of his life. He wrote with the eagerness and absorption of a youthful mind confident of its own power, and driven to utterance by what Goethe would have called dæmonic impulse. He himself in his old age looked back with melancholy regret on the fervid inspiration of his youth, saying that the work impressed him like that of another man. In the autumn of 1818 the manuscript was in the printer's hands, and the author on his way to Italy. Perhaps he wished to avoid the annoyance

of adverse criticism; perhaps he looked forward to the surprise of a great success on his return. In either case his expectations remained unfulfilled. The "World as Will and Representation,"¹ undoubtedly the greatest production of abstract philosophy since Kant, was received by contemporary criticism with all but unbroken silence. A few insignificant notices appeared in the newspapers, and Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, with the instinct of the poet, recognised the kindred flame in Schopenhauer, whose work he compares to "a deep melancholy lake in Norway, surrounded by a dark wall of steep rocks, which never reflects the sun, but, in its depth, the starred sky at mid-day." None of the renowned philosophers of the day condescended to utter a word of recognition or even of blame, with the honourable exception of Herbart, who, although diametrically opposed to his doctrine, acknowledged the importance of Schopenhauer's system. Commercially, the book was a dead failure, and when, in 1844, the author reissued his work with a second supplementary volume, the greater part of the first edition was unsold.

Schopenhauer in the meantime revelled in the beauties of Italian art and nature. Antique sculpture and architecture he worshipped in preference to mediæval developments; to the beauties of painting, of colour in particular, he seems to have been comparatively less sensible. Of Italian poets he most admired Petrarch, while Dante appeared to him too didactic, and Boccaccio a mere *conteur*, to whose world-wide fame he could never reconcile himself. His love of modern Italian music, and its most gifted representative, Rossini, also dates from this period. At the same time he tasted the brimming cup of life's pleasure. At Venice he lingered in the bondage of love; in Rome and Naples he freely mixed in the society of young Italians and Englishmen, his command of many languages acting as an introduction to the most distinguished circles. Surely this man, with his strong individuality, his wide sympathy, his aristocratic bearing, was not fit to be a yoke-fellow of the ordinary pedant of a German lecture-room. Yet such for a time seemed to be his destiny. Alarmed by the threatened loss of his property, already alluded to, Schopenhauer returned to Germany with a view to finding some lucrative employment as a haven of refuge in case of need. In the spring of 1820 he began a course of lectures on philosophy in the University of Berlin, at that time the scene of Hegel's and Schleiermacher's triumphs. Be it that this competition proved too powerful for the young beginner, or that the nature of

(1) The German title is "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung." In former quotations of the book I have Englished the last word by "Imagination," being guided more by the idiomatic peculiarities of the two languages than by the rules of philosophic terminology. But the *consensus doctorum* does not support my suggestion.

his system was found unpalatable, certain it is that Schopenhauer's success as a lecturer did not in any way surpass that of his literary efforts. Perhaps his failure was mainly due to his own want of diplomatic reticence. He always had the courage, one might almost say the recklessness, of his opinion, and in his inaugural lecture he boldly inveighed against the sophists who, by their obscure, barbarous language had fatigued and blunted the zeal for philosophic study roused by Kant's mighty speculations. Such allusions, but too well understood in the proper quarters, were of course not likely to rouse benevolent feeling in official bosoms. Altogether the atmosphere of Berlin, physical and intellectual and social, was not to the taste of Schopenhauer, and his stay in the university, which lasted with many interruptions more than ten years, was productive of little scientific result and of less personal enjoyment. Much of the morbid bitterness in his later writings may be traced to the many disappointments of this period.

In 1831 he left Berlin definitely, the immediate cause being the approach of the cholera, one of the bugbears of Schopenhauer's fancy, which on a former occasion had driven him in mad flight from one city to another. Two years later he settled in Frankfort-on-the-Main, never to leave it again except on short journeys. His life there was one of almost absolute seclusion. He had no friends, and did not wish to make any; his interest in local affairs was null; and although he dined at the table-d'hôte of the best hotel, he seldom engaged in conversation, or, if he did, was soon silenced again by the commonplace replies he received in nine cases out of ten. For his talk, although never dull or abstruse, was always on high questions of literature, art, or philosophy. Small talk in the ordinary sense he despised. The only companions of his solitude were his poodle and his books. With the former he lived on terms of intimacy, observing with keen interest its canine individuality; only in cases of exceptional ill-behaviour the opprobrious epithet of "man" was applied to it. Reading was the main occupation of Schopenhauer's life, for he did not write much, and only when urged by real inspiration. The results of his thought and study, noted down on pieces of paper, were carefully classified and kept in separate books. Each of these books or parcels had a label attached to it indicative of the contents, or of the time and circumstances of their origin. Some of these titles are curious, and characteristic of the author; for instance, "Travelling-book," "Cogitata," "Spicilegia," "Senilia," "Cholera-book" (that is, book written on his flight from the cholera), and the like. In this extreme accuracy, which also extended to the keeping of his accounts, we recognise the merchant's son.

The treasure of information acquired by his unwearying study

Schopenhauer at long intervals deposited, and gave to the world, in his books. The chief labour of his life was done, and his system established. But further to elucidate the single parts of this system, and to glean new evidence from the various fields of modern scientific discovery, Schopenhauer never grew tired, addressing his words to future generations for want of contemporary listeners. For the books¹ published by him for a long time shared the fate of his *opus magnum*; that is, all but total neglect. His name as an author was absolutely unknown. Polite people, on being accidentally introduced to him, used to ask if he was a son of the celebrated Johanna Schopenhauer; much to his disgust one may imagine.

This state of things lasted for eighteen years. In pronouncing the number, one hardly realises the weary length of time from lonely day to lonely day; the contempt of men, the bitterness of disappointment amassed during such a period in a proud ambitious mind, vainly trying to spurn the success which fate refused to grant.

This success came at last, and from a quarter from which it had been least expected, and perhaps most coveted. This quarter was England. In 1851 Schopenhauer published in two volumes his *Parerga und Paralipomena*, best described as a collection of essays and remarks on a variety of topics more or less closely connected with his philosophic system. This work is a mine of deepest wisdom, and at the same time one of the most entertaining books ever written. Its literary merits, both as regards manner and substance, were so striking as to make the policy of silence hitherto observed by Schopenhauer's adversaries a matter of impossibility. But the attention thus created would most likely soon have subsided again had it not been for a foreign voice suddenly and loudly raised in testimony of the neglected philosopher's merits. Such voices are listened to with particular eagerness in Germany. I am alluding to a paper called *Iconoclasm in German Philosophy*, and published in the *Westminster Review* of April, 1853. It soon transpired that the author was Mr. John Oxenford, the well-known dramatist, critic, and scholar. The article is masterly in all respects, combining perfect grasp of the subject with lucid exposition and interesting treatment. It may be called without exaggeration the foundation of Schopenhauer's fame, both in his own and other countries. For now suddenly the prophet was acknowledged by his people. The journals began to teem with his praise; enemies entered the arena, and were met by champions no less enthusiastic; and before long the Sage of Frankfort became one of the sights

(1) I subjoin the titles of these unsuccessful works, with their dates of publication: "Ueber den Willen in der Natur," 1836; "Die beiden Grundprobleme der Ethik," 1841; second edition of "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung," with an additional second volume, 1844.

of that ancient and renowned city. Schopenhauer received the incense so tardily offered at his shrine with a sort of grim self-complacency. Visitors he treated with politeness, reserving the protective measures of rudeness and abrupt turning of the back for extreme cases of boredom or insolence. The following remarks by an accomplished French writer, M. Foucher de Careil, by no means a *quand même* admirer of Schopenhauer, convey a lively picture of the senescent philosopher's personality and surroundings.

"Il occupait quand je le vis" (in 1859) "le rez de chaussée d'une belle maison sur le quai de *Schöne Aussicht*; sa chambre était aussi bibliothèque. Un buste de Goethe y frappait tout d'abord les regards; une servante et son caniche formaient toute sa domesticité. . . . Sa vie confortable et simple était celle d'un sage qui se conduit par maximes. Tout y était réglé par une prévoyante économie de ses forces et de ses ressources. . . . Il espérait que son régime de saine activité le ferait vivre jusqu'à cent ans, quand la mort le surprit à soixante-dix [it ought to be soixante-douze] ans. . . . Quand je le vis pour la première fois à la table de l'hôtel d'Angleterre à Francfort, c'était déjà un vieillard, à l'œil d'un bleu vif et limpide, à la lèvre mince et légèrement sarcastique, autour de laquelle errait un fin sourire, et dont le vaste front estompé de deux touffes de cheveux blancs sur les côtés, relevait d'un cachet de noblesse et de distinction la physionomie pétillante d'esprit et de malice. Ses habits, son jabot de dentelle, sa cravate blanche rappelaient un vieillard de la fin du règne de Louis XV.; ses manières étaient celles d'un homme de bonne compagnie. Habituellement réservé et d'un naturel craintif jusqu'à la méfiance il ne se livrait qu'avec ses intimes ou les étrangers de passage à Francfort. Ses mouvements étaient vifs et devenaient d'une pétulance extraordinaire dans la conversation. . . . Il possédait et parlait avec une égale perfection quatre langues: le français, l'anglais, l'allemand, l'italien et passablement l'espagnol. Quand il parlait, la verve du vieillard brodait sur le canevas un peu lourd de l'allemand ses brillantes arabesques latines, grecques, françaises, anglaises, italiennes. C'était un entrain, une précision et des saillies, une richesse de citations, une exactitude de détails qui faisait couler les heures; et quelquefois le petit cercle de ses intimes l'écoutait jusqu'à minuit sans qu'un moment de fatigue se fût peint sur ses traits ou que le feu de son regard se fût un instant amorti. . . . Un allemand qui avait beaucoup voyagé en Abyssinie, fut étonné de l'entendre un jour donner sur les différentes espèces de crocodiles et sur leurs mœurs des détails tellement précis, qu'il s'imaginait avoir devant lui un ancien compagnon de voyage."

For a fuller account of Schopenhauer's biography and character I must refer the reader to the valuable work by Dr. Gwinner,¹ one of the few intimate friends of his latter years; also to the personal reminiscences of him contained in a work on Schopenhauer by Drs. Lindner and Frauenstaedt.

To my own sketch of Schopenhauer's life I have only to add the date of his death, September 20th, 1860, and the fact that that much-desired boon *euthanasia* was granted to him. His housekeeper found him one morning after breakfast reclining on his sofa, lifeless. Death had come to him as a friend indeed, unannounced and uninvited, but welcome.

(1) "Arthur Schopenhauer aus persönlichem Umgang dargestellt," 1862.

Perhaps the reader may think that I have with undue length dwelt upon a life great in purpose but small in incident, and exceedingly sad withal. But it seemed important to trace to their personal and temporary sources certain features of Schopenhauer's work, to which as a rule too much weight is attached in comparison with the great metaphysical truths first announced in his system. This system itself I have neither power nor wish to condense within the limits of a review article. I should indeed refrain from all attempts at exegesis if the freedom with which I have spoken of the weaknesses and prejudices of the man did not make it incumbent upon me to insist with equal emphasis on the transcendent merits of the philosopher. This shall be done briefly and in a straightforward manner, without deviatory side-glances at kindred or controversial phases of contemporary thought, and with as little as possible of that technical jargon which Schopenhauer himself has so largely succeeded in supplanting by the language of common sense.

In his Critique of Pure Reason the great Kant has proved the absolute impenetrability by our knowledge of the essence of things. Our sensual and intellectual organs are not adapted to such knowledge. To perceive at all we must attach to the objects of our perception certain conditions and relations, which in reality are the functions of our own brains, making such perception possible. That is, in order to become aware of objects, we must regard them in their sequence after one another (time), in their various positions of co-existence (space), and finally in their mutual relations of cause and effect (causality). The ideality (*i.e.* objective non-reality) of time, space, and causality taught by Kant is the final death-blow of the *a priori* dogmatism of former systems. For our intellect (using the word in the most general sense), limited by the conditions alluded to, can never go beyond the appearances of things, the phenomena. To whatever extent the exact sciences may learn the various qualities of these phenomena, there always remains and must remain a residuum of unknown essence, independent of space, time, and causality, and unaltered and undiminished after all the definable qualities alluded to (for instance, in the case of matter, weight, extension, &c.) have been deducted. This unknown essence Kant calls the "thing in itself" (*Ding an sich*), thus pronouncing the final and total bankruptcy of human reason in matters metaphysical. For what positive idea is it possible to connect with this or the still more nebulous though grander-sounding terms which later philosophers have used? Is not the "thing in itself" in reality a decorous disguise of the great unknowable, the x in the metaphysical equation of the universe?

Schopenhauer, who thus far has in essentials followed Kant, here steps in, and solves the riddle of the sphinx by the simple formula—

x = Will. This transfers us at once from the indefiniteness of metaphysical terminology to the firm reality of human consciousness. We recognise the identity of our own being with the essence of all beings, and the great mystery of the world seems a total mystery no more. The accession to our store of philosophic knowledge accruing from Schopenhauer's discovery seems to me to be incalculable. To lay open its source and import to the reader will now be my task.

All things, Schopenhauer says, we observe and observe only through the medium of time, space, and causality, with one single exception—ourselves. It is true that our body, in so far as it lives and acts, and that which makes our body live and act, our will, are objects of our own perception in the ordinary sense. But apart from this perception, we are conscious of a vital principle in ourselves absolutely identical with the essence of our own being, and quite independent of and beyond our ordinary means of observation. This vital principle of the human organism is called Will; it is ever present to our mind, is perceived or rather felt by us independently of time, space, or causality; it is indeed the immanent essence of our life, the "*Ding an sich*" of our being.¹ This recognition of our own being by dint of self-intuition, Schopenhauer justly calls the only possible metaphysical or philosophic knowledge in the proper sense of the word. With every change or motion of this Will, he proceeds to show, a corresponding change in our body is indissolubly connected. Every movement of our hand, every beat of our pulse, are the effect of the action of our will, independently of our own consciousness of such action. Our body itself, with its nerves and fibres, its blood and its brain, is indeed nothing but this Will become conscious, and observing itself through the *principium individuationis*.

With the aid of this knowledge of our being, we now look at the world around us to find that the macrocosm of the universe is only the repetition on a gigantic scale of our own tangible identity. We perceive an infinity of outward forms, organic and inorganic; plants and birds and beasts and men all fashioned after the manner of our own body, or at least submitting to the same laws of material existence. The essence or noumenon of our own body we know to be Will; what, then, can be the one substratum of the universe but the same Will in its various stages of consciousness and individuation? There is only the alternative between the acceptance of this reality and the theory of absolute egoism, which, as Schopenhauer observes, cannot be metaphysically disproved, but has never

(1) It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the reader of the vital difference between Will and Volition. Volition is the temporary action of the will in accordance with a particular motive brought to bear upon it. It is therefore subject to time and causality, a phenomenon in short, while Will is the noumenon or essence.

been seriously started out of a madhouse. Will, then, Will one and universal, eternal and unchangeable in essence, although multiform in its temporal appearances, is the key-note of the harmony of the spheres, the essence of which all the wonders of the world, from the colossal immovability of a granite rock to the subtle texture of the human brain, are only signs and forms.

Let the reader pause here for a moment to realise the deep metaphysical import of this discovery. It establishes the long sought-for unity of the world, it fills up the chasm formerly dividing mental and material forces, and at the same time it enables us, from the safe retreat of our own existence, to glance fearlessly at the enormous heaving and struggling of the universe in which we are no more entire strangers. It must not be thought that this ideal unity can be deduced from any previous system, or that Schopenhauer has only changed the name of universal Force or Law into Will. Of force or law we know nothing, of Will everything; *we are Will*. Besides, why introduce a difference of term where identity of essence is all-important? And how are we to know where force ends and will begins? Organism or consciousness are no criteria in the matter, as will be seen presently. Spinoza says of a falling stone, that if it were conscious it would ascribe its movement to spontaneous action. Schopenhauer adds that the stone in thinking so would be right. For the law of gravity to which it obeys, and the motive which points out to human will the object of its desire, are convertible terms.

But I am anticipating. *Natura non facit saltus* was one of Schopenhauer's favourite maxims. To come from the stone to the individual action of human will, we must pass through the innumerable gradations of inorganic, organic, and animal life. All these Schopenhauer regards as the various stages of the "objectivation" —*sit venia verbo*—of the Will. The history of the world is but the history of the struggle of Will for consciousness and individuality. To attain this it fashions itself into a thousand forms, all tending towards the same goal, and all reckless of the existence of the lower types, of which they themselves are further developments. Stone and plant, animal and man, are the landmarks of this unceasing current of desire. In man, at last, Will obtains the highest stage of its objectivation. It becomes object proper because the self-conscious subject has been created.

This, then, is what we discover in looking at ourselves and the surrounding world, through the medium of Schopenhauer's philosophy. Will and interminable desire are the essence of our being, and the same desire is at the bottom of the phenomena of the world. These phenomena themselves, although we recognise their essence by analogy, surround us with bewildering horror. Everywhere we see struggle for existence, species devouring species,

race contending against race;¹ even the brute earth seething and bubbling with internal fire ready to burst forth at any moment. Such is the spectacle of Will in contest with itself, and devouring its own children with insatiable hunger. Surely this is not a bright picture, and Schopenhauer has painted it with the sombrest hues of despair. He lays bare the revolting cruelty of nature, which at the cost of inconceivable individual suffering creates new types only to abandon them again to the universal doom of destruction. And the same tragedy is repeated in our bosom. Here, also, desire follows desire never fulfilled, or bearing disappointment and ever new desire in its very fulfilment. Here, also, quietude and contentment are vainly sought for, the very nature of Will being unrest and insatiable longing.

The beauty and grandeur of Schopenhauer's language, rivalling the highest efforts of poetry, the force and vividness with which he depicts the nothingness and misery of existence, the halo with which he surrounds the sufferings of man as the truest and noblest aspirations of his being, all this has vastly contributed to carrying his name far beyond the circle of metaphysical inquirers. But is there no escape from this sea of troubles, no compass to guide us to a haven of rest? Schopenhauer has pointed out such a way; he names one, and only one, all-healing balm for the wounds of mankind, and the name of his panacea is self-negation. We must retrace our steps for a moment. It has been shown that will in its lower forms is all but void of consciousness. It blindly pursues its struggle for individualisation, and all its latent intelligent force (barely sufficient to account for the apparent teleology in nature) is consumed in this one aim. But the case is different in the human organism. Here Will at last has become conscious of itself, and its own miseries are mirrored in the intellect. By dint of this intellect Will is now enabled to paralyse to some degree its own action; it can intensify this intellectual or contemplative power to such a degree as at last to become a calm looker-on at its own deeds. By thus renouncing itself in its highest stage of conscious development, Will may at last find that freedom from suffering, that quiescent contentment which

(1) Readers who may be struck with the affinity of Schopenhauer's doctrine to certain theories of modern science (an affinity much closer than would appear from my hurried sketch), I must remind that the German philosopher's chief work was written before 1818. But even if this precedence could not be established, Schopenhauer's claim to originality would not be in any way affected. He stands altogether on a higher level than is attainable to physical science, whose results he uses for his metaphysical purpose in the same measure as those of psychology, history, comparative philology, or any other empiric discipline. He reasons where they observe, or, at best, classify. This ought to be particularly remembered in a country where scientific men proper are apt to assume not only the name but also the function of philosophers. Why the skilful handling of the microscope or of the vivisector's knife should entitle a man to speak *ex cathedra* on metaphysical questions it is not easy to perceive.

is for ever denied to its affirmative efforts ("Bejahung und Verneinung des Willens zum Leben"). Consistently carried out, this leads to the absolute deadening of individual desire, to be met with only in certain phases of Buddhism and Christianity; and Schopenhauer by no means hesitates in adopting the extreme consequences of his doctrine. The highest stage at once of happiness and sanctity he is prone to acknowledge in the monk of the order of La Trappe, or still more in the Indian devotee who in passive contemplation awaits the dissolution of his embodied will to enter the realm of divine non-existence, Nirwana.

It is to this part of Schopenhauer's philosophy that I was chiefly referring when speaking of the influence of his time and of his own personal feeling on the development of his system. In his dark picture of human suffering he seems purposely to blind himself to the intense though transitory enjoyment of success long desired and well earned by arduous labour. A strong man conquering difficulties may rejoice in his power, and if his will be guided and subdued by the higher motives of love and self-sacrifice, if in short he be a hero in the true sense of the word, we surely are justified (on Schopenhauer's own grounds) in exalting his virtue above the impassive selfishness of a besotted monk or fakir.

There is one other means, Schopenhauer continues, of temporarily emerging from the toil and struggle of will into the purer calm of contemplation; this means is art. The artist and he who genuinely loves art contemplate the thousandfold formations of nature and life without desire. Artistic gift, according to Schopenhauer, is the power of divesting things from their accidental surroundings, of discovering in the continual change of individual phenomena the lasting essence of the type. Genius proper is the highest degree of this intuitive knowledge, which asks no more for the how and the when and the where, but merely for the what. This "what" Schopenhauer identifies with the idea in Plato's sense. The Platonic idea he considers to be the last stage of objectivated (I again apologise for the barbarous formation) Will previous to its becoming phenomenon. The idea lies beyond time, space, and causality, and is, therefore, not observable by our senses; but this does not preclude its metaphysical reality, a reality quite as undeniable and almost as tangible as the individual phenomena which are its subdivisions. Nature herself is continually struggling for the embodiment of this ideal type, but attains it rarely or never. How, then, can art hope to realise this archetypal beauty of form?

"People believe by imitating nature. But how can the artist know the works of nature that are beautiful and worthy of imitation amongst those that are not, unless his anticipation of the beautiful *precedes experience*? Moreover, has nature ever produced a perfectly beautiful human being? It has been said

that the artist must collect the beautiful single parts of various individuals, and compose with them a beautiful whole;—a perverse and thoughtless opinion. For we ask again, How is he to recognise that such forms are beautiful and others the reverse? *A posteriori* and from mere experience the recognition of the beautiful is impossible; it must always be at least partly *a priori*. . . . The fact of our appreciating human beauty on seeing it, and of the artist recognising it with such distinctness as to be able to reproduce it without ever having seen it, and to surpass nature herself; this fact is explained by the other fact that we *ourselves* are that Will, the adequate objectivation of which in its highest development is thus appreciated or discovered. . . . True genius discovers in the single phenomenon its idea. He understands the half-uttered words of nature, and himself pronounces clearly her stammered utterance. He impresses the type of beauty, vainly attempted by her in thousandfold formations, on his hard marble, and places it before nature, saying, as it were, 'See here what it was thy desire to express.'"

This is one of the two passages which the greatest artist amongst poets, Goethe, especially admired in the work of the greatest poet amongst philosophers. This testimonial alone ought to be sufficient to protect Schopenhauer from the suspicion of exaggerated idealism in art. He does not undervalue the necessity in artistic production of experience external and internal, of realism as we should say; but this realism ought always to be illumined by the supernal light of ideal intuition. Neither does he confine this requirement of a typical background to representations of the beautiful or harmonious proper. Sir John Falstaff or Mrs. Gamp are realisations of Platonic ideas, no less than the Madonna della Sedia or the Venus of Milo. With the above remarks, I would ask the reader to compare Schopenhauer's discoveries with regard to the æsthetical basis of music treated by me on a former occasion in these pages (see Article on R. Wagner, *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, March 1, 1872).

And here my task draws to a close. I have endeavoured, as well as my power and my space would permit, to point out the main features of Schopenhauer's system. Much had necessarily to be omitted, much to be touched lightly, which for its full elucidation might have required as many pages as I had words to give it. The more attractive or popular sides of the philosopher's thought I have neglected on purpose, thinking it unnecessary to bribe my readers with such intellectual small change. I shall be satisfied if thinking men in this country, who hitherto perhaps have known little more of Schopenhauer than his name, may be induced by my remarks to follow up the traces of reasoning here vaguely indicated.

F. HUEFFER.

P.S.—A few weeks after these pages were written and sent to the Editor, an English work on Schopenhauer, by Miss Helen Zimmern (published by Messrs. Longman), made its appearance. I am glad to call the reader's attention to her interesting and accurate account of the philosopher's life, founded on the books by Gwinner, Lindner, and Frauenstaedt, and supplemented by copious extracts from his own writings.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

NEARLY all public writers and speakers in England, and indeed in Germany and the Austrian monarchy also, seem to take it for granted, that the ruling and permanent motive of Russian policy is the desire for territorial aggrandisement. Most of them further assume that this policy, so dangerous to her neighbours, and supposed to be so specially dangerous to English power in the East, can only be resisted by supporting the Turkish Empire, as the state most directly threatened and least able to sustain an attack. Having been led, in the course of a journey undertaken this autumn through Russia and the Black Sea countries, to question both these assumptions, I desire to examine them, and that with reference rather to the course of Russian history generally, and to the character of the Turkish administrative system, than to the events of these last few weeks or months. My object is not so much to establish any positive conclusions as to show the unsoundness of the premises on which are based many of the doctrines most frequently and confidently put forward in our recent discussions on these topics; and this, I venture to hope, may be done without any desire or tendency to serve party interests. Properly understood, the question of our action in the East is altogether apart from English party politics, and a man's judgment of it ought to be quite unaffected by his view of our subjects of difference at home.

Let me say at starting that I am in no sense an advocate or even an apologist of Russia. Like most English liberals, I had been accustomed to regard her, ever since the fatal day of Vilagos when she crushed the independence of Hungary, as the archfoe of political progress, the incarnation of political evil. Even now, her further advance over the provinces of the Turkish Empire would, as it seems to me, be a great misfortune for those provinces, for herself, for the world. But the Russia of 1876 is not the Russia of 1849. Just as we have come to look differently upon Austria since her acceptance of constitutionalism after 1866, and upon Prince Bismarck since he shook himself loose from the feudal party in Prussia, so we must learn to recognise the changes that have passed in Russia since the accession of Alexander II., changes more rapid than any other European country has undergone in an equally short space. And in any case we ought surely to unlearn the habit, not more unfair than it is unwise and misleading, of putting, as a matter of course, the worst construction upon every word or act of Russia. I do not therefore attempt, nor desire, to argue that the policy of the Russian Government has been, or is now, a disinterested policy. I do not deny, that there is a party, a strong

party, which bankers after further conquests, and dreams of some day reaching the Bosphorus. But what I hope to show is, firstly, that the recent history of Russia affords far less evidence of a passion for territorial aggrandisement than is commonly believed here; secondly, that such aggrandisement would be distinctly injurious to her; thirdly, that her present action is sufficiently explainable without the hypothesis, so generally accepted in England, that her aim is the seizure of European Turkey; and fourthly, that the actual condition of both Asiatic and European Turkey clearly shows that the worst possible way of checking Russia is to try to maintain the *status quo* there, to allow the Porte to go on expecting support from us, and to teach the subject Christian populations that it is to the Czar, and to the Czar alone, that they have to look for deliverance from intolerable misgovernment.

It is natural that any one who sees on the map the Muscovy of the sixteenth century, as it was under the Czar Ivan the Terrible, and compares it with the Russian Empire of to-day, should be astonished at the vast and rapid territorial growth of this state, a growth paralleled only by that of Roman and English dominion.

The alarm, however, which this comparison causes ought to disappear when it is understood how these vast territories have been acquired. By far the larger part have not been conquered at all, but simply colonized or occupied. Not only Siberia but the whole north-east of European Russia and a great portion of the south-east have come under Russian rule almost without a musket-shot, because these regions were inhabited by savage wandering tribes who had no hold on the soil, and made no objection to the advent of settlers. Some of them, such as the Tchouvasses, Mordvins and Tcheremisses of the Volga, are already half Russianized; others, like the Samoyedes and Kirghiz, remain pagan or Mohammedan; but all are on perfectly good terms with their governors, and seem, indeed, never to have had anything to complain of. Other large districts, such as the Tatar Khanates of Kazan and of the Crimea, have, indeed, been conquered, but conquered almost of necessity, being held by semi-civilised Mohammedan states between whom and the Muscovite frontier population it was found practically impossible for peace to subsist.¹ Georgia was not conquered at all, but handed over to the Czar by its last king, who could not defend it against his Mohammedan neighbours. The only acquisitions, therefore, on which the charge of deliberate aggression can be based are those of Finland and the Baltic provinces, Poland, the south-western provinces conquered from Turkey, and the districts recently occupied in Turkestan (omitting the trifling conquests in Transcaucasia made from Persia). A few words may suffice for each of these.

(1) I pass over all this the more briefly because it has been admirably set forth by Mr. D. M. Wallace in an article in this Review for last August.

All these territories, except Turkestan, were conquered when conquest was still the order of the day in Europe, and regarded as the natural reward, even where it had not been the original object, of a war. Our present sentiment, which condemns the transference of a population to the rule of a victorious alien state, is extremely modern, and far from universally dominant: witness the case of North Schleswig and the general desire of the French, in and before the summer of 1870, to annex the purely German districts on the left bank of the Lower Rhine. In the case of Finland, Russia had this excuse, that while it was held by a foreign power St. Petersburg, lying close to the Swedish border, was at the mercy of an invading force. Finland, moreover, has, ever since her submission, been treated with singular consideration. She retains her laws, her two languages, her metallic currency. Her free constitution, never abolished, has of late years been recalled to active life; no attempt has been made to Russify her people or institutions; she spends all her own revenues and costs Russia a considerable sum besides. The story of Poland offers a sad contrast to this generosity, and it is mainly her cruelties there that have drawn on Russia the aversion of Western Europe. Nothing can excuse those cruelties, worse even than those of which we were guilty in Ireland in 1798; or the French in Algeria. Several points, however, may deserve to be noticed. One is, that in the original partition of Poland Russia did no more than was done by Austria and Prussia. A second is, that there existed an ancient and bitter hatred between Russians and Poles, dating from the days when the latter, then the stronger power, had nearly crushed the national existence of Russia. Further, the democratic party in Russia in 1863, seeing in the division between the peasantry of the Lithuanian provinces, who had no Polish sympathies, and the nobles who had, an opportunity of inflicting a blow upon the nobility generally, hounded on the Government against the insurgents. And the Government itself was stimulated to greater harshness by its fear of the revolutionary spirit which had made Warsaw an outpost. To stamp out the conspiracies which were always simmering there, seemed to them necessary for the safety of Russia itself.

The acquisitions of Asiatic territory made in 1828 from Persia and in 1829 from Turkey were less considerable than might have been expected, considering the weakness of the beaten party. We need not set this down to generosity—generosity was not a feature in the character of Nicholas—it was due to the sense that annexations were not really for the conqueror's interest, who had enough on his hands already. The war of 1828-29 was not a war of aggression, but arose out of the conduct of Turkey towards the Greeks, and though the Turks were reduced by the second campaign to complete helplessness, not an acre of land in Europe was demanded as the price of peace.

It is mainly the more recent advances of Russia in Central Asia that have excited the attention of Europe and the suspicions of England. Yet nothing can be more natural than these advances, and England is the country which ought best to understand this, since the causes are almost exactly the same as those which drew us on from conquest to conquest till we became masters of India; or as those which have similarly drawn on the French in Algeria, and the Americans over the land they had reserved for the Indian tribes. A civilised state with semi-civilised states or predatory nomad races on its frontiers cannot stop where it will. With the former it makes treaties; the treaties are broken; it is obliged to punish, and can often only punish, by annexing, or by assuming a protectorate which comes to almost the same thing as annexation. With the latter no treaty can be made, and the civilised power must therefore protect its borders by stationing troops along them, and must chastise every inroad by pursuing the marauders on their homeward way, perhaps for great distances. This is found so expensive and troublesome that a regular expedition is undertaken; the offending tribe is defeated, and to prevent fresh irruptions forts are erected and garrisons stationed in its country, which thus becomes reduced to submission. This advance involves a contact with fresh tribes, who molest the peaceable natives or the civilised settlers by their inroads; and the same process is repeated, the line of outposts always moving forward, and the line of settled subject country following it. In some such way as this has the frontier of Russia advanced from the river Ural to the banks of the Upper Oxus and the Thian-shan mountains. One of the most distinguished officers in the Russian service, a man whose veracity no one could dream of questioning, assured me that the archives of the War Office at St. Petersburg were full of directions to the generals commanding on the Turkoman steppes, forbidding them to engage in fresh wars or annex fresh territory; but that the nature of things had been too strong for the War Office, and had carried the Cossack outposts steadily forward. Something, I think, must also be allowed for the desire of the frontier generals to find occupation for their troops, and to distinguish themselves by conquest, just as Cæsar advanced against the will of the Senate, and our Indian generals or statesmen in spite of the East India Company. And it is no doubt also true that the extension of territory has been regarded with a certain pleasure by the unthinking majority of the Russian people, more particularly by the army, everywhere the home of chauvinism. But one may well believe that the Government has not desired, much less designed, these advances, for they bring nothing but expense and responsibility. Turkestan is a poor country, quite unable to pay the expense of managing it; the Central Asian trade which it opens up is of no great consequence, so thinly peopled are all these

countries; and in case of a European war the necessity of wasting troops in this remote corner of the empire might be seriously felt.

That Russia, finding herself at the north foot of the Hindoo Koosh (which she may probably reach before long), would in the event of a war with England use her position there to annoy us by stirring up the Afghans or hill tribes of the Punjab frontier, or even by intriguing with the native princes of India itself, is probable enough. But it is quite another thing to fancy, as so many people in England do, that she is going to the Hindoo Koosh for that express purpose. Had she wished either to menace India or to increase her Asiatic dominions by war, there was, there still is, another course open to her. That course, not more costly in the first instance, and far more profitable in the long run, is to annex Persia, a country with no army, no fleet, and hardly any government; a country of great natural resources, with a splendid geographical position between the Caspian and the Indian Ocean, inhabited by a population far less warlike and fanatical than the Turkomans, industrious and settled, though reduced by misgovernment to a point far below its natural level; a country moreover from which India could be threatened much more effectively than from Khiva or Bokhara. Needless to say that we could not have saved Persia, and that she could not have defended herself: six or eight regiments would be enough to overrun the whole kingdom.

That Russia has during the last three centuries extended her borders farther and faster than any other European state is undeniable. But then she is the only European state that could so extend itself. The settler who lives on the edge of the wilderness may take in as much land as he pleases, while a proprietor in Kent or Normandy cannot push his fence six inches back without risking a lawsuit. And in her extensions to north, east, and south, where she found either unoccupied lands or races inferior to her own, she has really played the part of an improving and civilising power.

Territorial extension, however, which marks a period, sometimes a long period, in the history of almost all great states, always comes sooner or later to an end, sometimes, as with most of the countries of modern Europe, because there is no longer room for it, sometimes also, as in our own case and that of the United States, or as of Rome in the time of the early emperors, because it is believed to be no longer for the interest of the state itself. Twenty years ago we used to have panic-fits about the extension of the United States. We now know that they do not desire either Canada or Mexico or the Antilles, and have even neglected chances of getting a footing in the two latter. Similarly, we have ourselves repeatedly refused to found new colonies or annex new territories in the East, though the world does not yet credit us with such moderation.

Now Russia seems to have reached this point, when for her own interest further territorial growth ought to stop. How far she sees this herself, I shall inquire presently; meantime let me endeavour to state the grounds for believing that she would only injure herself by attempting to incorporate the provinces of Turkey, for example, or to wrest from us any part of India.

Russia has already more land and vaster natural resources than she needs or can deal with. Not to speak of the mineral riches of Siberia, still only half opened up, or of the fertile countries along the Lower Amour, or of Turkestan, or of Transcaucasia with so many sources of wealth only requiring capital for their development, she has in the southern part of European Russia, between the Dnieper and the Ural River, a region of unsurpassed fertility, not a third or fourth part of which is now under cultivation, and which could probably support a population as large again as that of the present European dominions. In this vast tract, which one may call the "Great West" of Russia, colonization does indeed go on, and now the faster since railways have been made through it; but it goes on with nothing like American or even Canadian speed, and at the present rate another century will not see the country even fairly well settled. People in Western Europe often talk of Russia as "overflowing with men," of her "teeming millions," and so forth. The truth is that she is the most sparsely populated of civilised states, with the possible exception of Sweden, and that her population increases slowly. She is a child in the shoes of a giant. Instead, therefore, of grasping at fresh territories which she is not able either to occupy with settlers or develop by an expenditure of skill and capital, it is her interest to concentrate all her energies on her internal growth, to fill up her empty spaces, improve her communications, train her people to add the higher forms of skilled industry to those comparatively rude and raw handicrafts which, speaking broadly, alone at present thrive among them. One cannot travel through the country without seeing that this policy, already to some extent begun, will make her more prosperous and more powerful than any course of conquest could possibly do.

Further, Russia is at this moment unfitted to assimilate or administer new territories, and notably such territories as the Turkish. So large an empire as hers is already requires a great multitude of officials, and the supply of good officials is far below the demand. I do not speak merely of corruption, which every one in Russia asserts to be so widely spread—for of its existence a stranger has no means of judging—but of incompetence for the higher administrative functions. Russia, it cannot be too often repeated, is a new country, where civilisation has but recently taken root. Great efforts have been made, and made with much success—for the people is not only a quick but a really gifted one—to spread

education and rear up a cultivated class. But that class is still small, compared with the whole population, or compared with the same class in France, Germany, or England. And even in those who have been to the university, culture is not the same thing as it is in educated men in those above-named Western countries, where it rests, so to speak, on a basis of hereditary cultivation going back for centuries. If, then, a sufficiently qualified bureaucracy is now wanting in European Russia, how much greater would the deficiency be in the countries west and south of the Euxine, where several half-civilised races live intermingled, differing in religion and language, hating one another, depending entirely on their governors for the impulse which is to pacify, elevate, discipline, and, in fine, civilise them? Highly qualified men, morally as well as intellectually, are needed to deal with the problems which such countries present. We believe that we send such men to India; but we are able to do so because the class from which they come is, in an old and over-peopled country like this, unusually large. In Russia such men are too few, and they are likely to be still fewer, for at present the tendency of educated youth there is quite away from official life, towards the professions or towards employment under such local authorities as are independent of the central Government.

In the dominions conquered by Russia, such as Transcaucasia, everything depends upon the bureaucracy, everything is referred to it, everything proceeds from it. What impulses to civilisation are to be given must be given by it, for there are few individual settlers, and they do not affect the country in the least. Now with excellent intentions and considerable efforts, the bureaucracy has so far been able to do but little to improve or develop the later Russian conquests. Order is not yet secure in them, and they are so far from paying their way that they constitute a serious drain on the imperial revenues. They will not pay till they are civilised; and civilisation cannot be introduced by ukase. With all this work on her hands it would be folly for Russia to attempt the larger and more difficult task of assimilating Bulgaria, Roumelia, and Anatolia.

There are other reasons in the internal conditions of Russia proper why she should refrain from entangling herself with new difficulties. The emancipation of the serfs has raised as many problems as it seemed to solve, and no one can yet say how it may end. Serious reforms in the Church are talked of and likely to be before long undertaken. The finances of the empire, exhausted by the construction of so many railways, which have not yet begun to be remunerative, require the most careful nursing. Moreover (and this is a reason to which the enlightened liberals of Russia attach great weight) the addition of new territories obviously incapable of constitutional government would impede or delay that creation of free representative institutions which is the great and the most

difficult, question of the future for Russia, and towards which some cautious steps have already been taken. The power of the central Government is now felt to be too great, and every extension of the districts which can only be ruled despotically by the central Government will necessarily throw more upon it.¹

It may be answered: Supposing all that has just been urged to be true, it does not follow that the Russian Government or people see it to be true. They may not believe in this alleged incapacity to find administrators, or they may think that the same course of aggrandisement which has brought them to their present point of greatness will carry them on with full sails over the difficulties of the future: *tu ne ceda malis, sed contra audentior ito*. Or, even while admitting that the development of their internal resources and the creation of representative institutions is the surest path to prosperity, they may be too much seduced by the brilliant prize that seems to lie within their grasp, too much intoxicated by a sense of their "historic Pan Slavonic mission," to be able to halt when the voices of race and religion call them on.

This is a matter on which no one, no, not a Russian himself, can speak with confidence. The sentiment of a nation, the policy of a Government, change from day to day, and change from causes beyond prediction. Two or three remarks however may be ventured for the sake of clearing away a prevalent misconception.

It is commonly fancied, not only in England but in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy (where jealousy of Russia is even hotter than among ourselves), that what is called Pan Slavism is the pervading passion of the Russian people and the guiding star of Russian foreign policy. No greater mistake. Pan Slavism is a theory, a doctrine, a sentiment, what you will, which has been taken up by a certain party in Russia, composed chiefly of such of the nobility as live in Moscow, of officers in the army, of a certain number of journalists and students. It has absolutely no hold on the peasantry, who would not even know what it meant, and very little on the merchants. It is repudiated by the advanced or socialistic

(1) Of course all that is said here as to the present unfitness of Russia to annex the provinces of Turkey applies with tenfold force to India, as being far more distant and having far fewer elements of national affinity to start from. That Russia may some day wish to menace us through her proximity to India is possible enough. But that she will attempt, within any time one can presently foresee, to conquer India for herself, with all that she has on her hands already, and with the possibility of conquering Persia always open to her, is an opinion which would scarcely seem to require refutation. As to the interest of England in keeping Russia out of Constantinople, two grounds are commonly assigned. Some say that once there she could conquer Asia Minor and Syria, forgetting that she can do so now from Transcaucasia. Others say that she may block our path to India through the Levant. No doubt, if we lose the command of the sea; but if we lose that we shall probably anyhow lose India too. It would certainly be a misfortune for the world (including Russia herself) if she seized Constantinople. But the injury to England in particular would have nothing to do with India: it would consist in the stoppage of our trade with the Black Sea countries and Northern Persia.

democrats. It is in fact the doctrine of a party, not of the nation, of a party like that which in England would have us go to war for the Turks, or like that which in France desires to restore by arms the temporal power of the Pope.¹ That it exerts considerable influence is undeniable, but that influence is rather declining than increasing, and at this moment draws what appears to be its strength from a source that is really quite different—the religious sentiment of hatred to Islam. The wisest heads in Russia, and particularly those who surround the present emperor and reflect his moderation, see through the vague and flimsy notion, a wild inference drawn by ignorance and vanity from misconceived premises, that the largest Slavonic state is necessarily or naturally called upon to unite all Slavonic races under one sceptre. And though they may occasionally use this spectre to frighten their neighbours, they have far too sound an appreciation of what is practical in politics to be influenced by it themselves.

Similarly with regard to the supposed desire of all Russians to possess Constantinople. One may hear some irresponsible talk on the subject from private people: expressions of a belief that sooner or later the Czar will plant the cross on St. Sophia, and that all South-eastern Europe will own the Muscovite faith and rule, while England and Austria gnash their teeth in the distance. Just such irresponsible talk one may hear from Germans about the necessity of annexing Holland, or even of gathering England and Scandinavia into the great Pan-Teutonic Empire. Just such idle hopes one may hear Spaniards express of the incorporation of Portugal. Just such was formerly the vapouring language of Americans about Canada and Mexico. A boy when he looks at a map fancies that the most powerful countries are those which cover the largest space, and it is wonderful how many of us remain boys in this regard. There are plenty of foolish persons in Russia as elsewhere, who fall into this vulgar confusion of bigness with greatness. But there, as elsewhere, sensible men see not only that Russia at Constantinople would be weaker and more exposed than she is now, but that she would run some risk of ceasing to be Russia at all, and would be led away into new paths whose end no one could see, and where the true interest of the old Russian people would soon be lost sight of.

The active sympathy shown by the Russian nation with the Herzegovinians and Servians during the last few months has been taken in some quarters as conclusive evidence of its passion for conquest. No assumption can be more gratuitous. It would have been strange indeed if a people among whom religion is an infinitely more potent force (the only one that moves all classes) than in any other

(1) Two assumptions are constantly made by our Russophobicists, which are perhaps less absurd as applied to Russia than they would be to a popular government, but still quite baseless: firstly, that Russia is one, instead of being divided into parties like ourselves; secondly, that she has one deep-laid unchanging scheme of policy, to which she adheres through all changes of circumstance.

part of Europe, had not sympathized with its co-religionists in their struggle, not against ordinary enemies, but against the very enemies before whom Russia had lain prostrate for two centuries, and with whom she had maintained a long, doubtful, though ultimately successful, warfare for three centuries more. The hatred of the Russian people to Mohammedans is almost as striking a feature in their national history and character as it was in those of the Spaniards of the sixteenth century, among whom its origin had been precisely the same. It is almost as deep a feeling as their devotion to the Orthodox Church; it is, in fact, with them a part alike of their religion and their patriotism. No one can understand the attitude of Russia in these questions without allowing for the intensity in her people of this combined sentiment—the result of her whole history—of sympathy with Christians of the orthodox rite and faith, and hatred to their Mussulman rulers. In the present instance there was added to these feelings a wrath and horror at the cruelties perpetrated by the Turks, which were not indeed more deep or genuine than the indignation those cruelties called forth in England, but were all the fiercer because it was commonly believed in Russia, down to the middle of September last, that Europe generally, and England in particular, were viewing those cruelties with complete *sang froid*, and that they had not in the least affected the traditional English friendship for Turkey. These things being so, one has no need either of Panslavistic theories or the lust for conquest to explain that passionate outburst of feeling in Russia this summer which the Czar and his advisers have found it so hard to resist. It pervaded, it still pervades, all classes, even down to the peasantry who know and care nothing about politics. It would make it far easier for the Government, despite its financial embarrassments, to undertake a war against Turkey now than at any time within this century. People have compared it to our sympathy with the Garibaldians in 1859, or to that of the Germans for the Holsteiners in 1863. But it is, by the nature of the case, infinitely stronger than in either of those instances (in which, nevertheless, plenty of volunteers were found ready to start), and may best be likened to the feeling wherewith the English people heard in 1641 of the terrible massacre of the Protestant colonists of Ulster, a feeling which bore no small part in bringing on the great Civil War.

It is no part of my purpose to discuss the recent policy of Russia. Whether it has been selfish and tortuous, or whether the Government has honestly endeavoured to restrain the fanaticism of its subjects and co-operate with the other Powers for the benefit of the Christians in Turkey, is a matter of present political controversy, and I desire here to keep as much as possible upon historical ground. But however its rulers may use the enthusiasm of the Russian people, the fact of that enthusiasm and

its grounds ought to be known and weighed, for they are most important elements in the problem before us.

Without professing to see farther into a millstone than the rest of the world, one may incline to believe that whatever be the dreams or schemes of the party of advance in Russia, and whatever the possibility that the Cabinet of St. Petersburg may ultimately, more or less, adopt them, its present policy is directed, not so much to the acquisition of territory as to the extension and strengthening of its influence in Turkey, both upon the Porte itself and upon the subject Christian populations, so as to establish, in fact, a sort of protectorate over the Sultan and his dominions. Such a protectorate might be sought either from selfish or disinterested motives; doubtless it is sought from both. But be this as it may, be Russia's object the extension of her dominions or only the extension of her influence, the question how she may best be met—checked, if you will—is not, substantially, very different. On this question a few words may be said in conclusion.

The influence of Russia over the Christians of Turkey and her power for aggression, so far as it depends on that influence, is held to be derived from two sources. One is, their belief that she, and she alone, sympathizes with their sufferings, and is prepared to help them. This is a real and potent cause. The other is their sense of nearness to her in blood and religion, the feeling of Slavs for Slavs, of Orthodox Eastern Christians for one another. This cause has some force; but a force both much more limited in area and weaker within that area than is usually ascribed to it. Let us see how both may be met.

It is, or ought to be, superfluous to add a particle of fresh evidence to that which is already before Europe of the misgovernment of the Turkish provinces and of the utter incapacity of the Government for reform. Every Frank you meet in Anatolia or Roumelia or Constantinople itself, however much he may prefer (as he usually does) the individual Turk to the individual Greek or Armenian, tells you that things are certainly no better than they were twenty years ago, in the days of the Crimean war, that they are probably worse, that it is useless to expect any reform from the Porte, that all the promises it makes will and must be broken—must, because there are neither men fit to carry out reforms, nor is there any force at headquarters to compel them to do so. It is really hardly necessary, in order to get any idea of what Turkish government is, to do more than sail down the Bosphorus and count the magnificent palaces, rich with marble without and sumptuous decorations within, that line its shore, palaces erected by Sultan Abdul Aziz out of the money he borrowed in the West while his own revenue was

diminishing, the oppression of the provinces increasing, the most necessary public undertakings lying unfinished. But wherever one goes in the Turkish Empire one hears the same story of the inhabitants oppressed by exactions, of wanton cruelties perpetrated by the officials and the tax-farmers, of land dropping out of cultivation because the people cannot pay the taxes, of the decline of trade, of the decrease of wealth even among the richer families, of mines unworked, because the functionaries from whom the concession must be obtained break faith or demand extravagant bribes. In a disorganized and dying empire it usually happens that a provincial governor or satrap makes himself independent and establishes a government stronger if not better than the one he has revolted from. The Porte guards against this danger by changing its local governors very frequently; and what is the result? A good governor—for there are good governors even in Turkey—is taken away just when he has begun to know something of his district, and all the sooner if it is suspected that he is popular there. A bad one—and considering the nature of the Court influences by which they are appointed, it is not surprising that most of them should be heartily bad—makes the most of his short tenure by squeezing every piastre he can out of his wretched subjects, whether by way of taxes or bribes or of plain downright extortion. And in both sets of cases all continuity and regularity of administration, all possibility of carrying out reforms, is destroyed by these frequent changes.¹

From the unspeakable misery which this misrule causes, the Mohammedan population suffers, not indeed so much as the Christian, because the former have more chance of protection from the courts of law, may carry arms, and are less liable to be robbed or bastinadoed by a brother Muslim, but still quite enough to entitle them to our earnest sympathy. It is surely a mistake in dealing with this question, to endeavour to set creed against creed, and enlist

(1) It is unnecessary to discuss whether this incapacity for reform is due to religion, or to race, or to both; but a protest may be made, in passing, against the notion that the Turks deserve to be driven out of Europe because they are Asiatics, as if the Magyars, for instance, were not Asiatics in almost the same sense as the Turks. For the matter of that, the Mohammedan population of the Turkish Empire are not, ethnologically speaking, Turks at all, any more than we are Normans or the modern Spaniards Visigoths. There are places in Asia Minor where you may see a few true Turks still remaining, just as in the valleys of the Asturias you may occasionally find villages where blue eyes and light hair show the permanence of a Gothic type. But the Muslims of Turkey are probably one of the most mixed races in the world, the children of those subjects of the Byzantine Empire who embraced Islam at first, or have been subsequently converted to it; of slaves brought into the empire; of janizaries; of the upper class of Turks by Georgian, Circassian, Mingrelian, Greek, Slavonic mothers. And the contrast is great indeed between the heavy, languid, flabby faces of the Turkish royal family, for instance, with their drooping eyelids and rounded sensual outlines, and the firm, hard, angular, bony features, small, fierce, restless eyes, and well-knit frames of the genuine Turks or Tatars of the Aral or Caspian steppes.

European feeling on behalf of the Christians only. It is also a mistake to make the indictment against the Porte appear to rest on isolated acts of cruelty and revenge, however hideous. It rests upon a long course of misgovernment, persevered in after repeated warnings, which has reduced some of the richest countries in the world to beggary, which makes the lives of their inhabitants wretched, which produces the state of society wherein massacres like that of May last become possible.

Notwithstanding these facts, which might be supposed to have by this time become pretty well known in the West, people talk about the integrity of the Turkish Empire, the importance of maintaining the *status quo*, &c., &c. Now, you cannot maintain the *status quo*. As a great German writer has somewhere said, there is in the moral and political, as in the material world, no such thing as a *status quo*. All is change and motion, if not from worse to better, then from better to worse. You may keep Turkey unscathed by foreign invasion. You may aid the Sultan to suppress revolts within. But you will not thereby, no, nor by exacting a hundred promises of reform, arrest that sure and steady though silent process of decay which has been going on for the last century or more, and makes the Government more and more powerless for everything but evil. You cannot prevent the empire from one day falling to pieces, after another era of silent oppression varied by revolts and massacres. You may make that era longer, but it will end at last, and when it ends, the hatred of Muslim and Christian, more bitter now than twenty years ago, will probably have become more bitter still.

It is their impatience of this tyranny and their belief that while the other Powers—England and Austria especially—desire simply to maintain the *status quo*, Russia alone is willing and able to help them, that has accustomed the Christians of Turkey to look to Russia, and has given her the influence she now enjoys. Nothing can be more natural, nor do we need either secret societies or Russian emissaries (though for aught I know Russian emissaries may be at work, like moles, on every Bulgarian farm) to account for so simple a phenomenon. These poor people are surely not to be cut off from all hope: and what conceivable loyalty or duty can they owe to a ruling caste and Government which calls them and treats them like dogs? Which of us, under such a Government, would not intrigue, and rebel too whenever he got the chance? The only way to remove this disposition to turn to Russia is to remove its cause, that is, to improve the internal condition of the Turkish Empire. As regards the largest part of that empire, where the government of the Sultan must be suffered to subsist, because there is nothing to put in its place, the only really effective measure would be to appoint European commissioners, not only to watch and stimulate the ministry

at Constantinople, but to reside at all the principal seats of provincial government and see that the pashas and kadis do their duty. But there are districts where it is fortunately possible to go somewhat further, outlying tracts where the Christians are in a large majority, and which may therefore be practically withdrawn from Turkish administration, even if left nominally subject to the Sultan, as Roumania was and Servia is. Thus Thessaly and Crete might go to Greece, not because Greece has deserved them—what have practical politics to do with deserts?—but because it will be better for all parties: Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina would acquire a species of qualified independence, under the guarantee of the great Powers, and be no longer ruled and pillaged by Turkish officials and tax-farmers. It is in these last-named provinces that the anti-Turkish and pro-Russian feeling is strongest; for in them the Christian population is largest, and lying nearer to Russia they are naturally more inclined to look to her as a deliverer. If she devours Turkey, they will be the first mouthful; if she attacks Turkey, their sympathy will be a considerable aid to her. Our Russophobists ought therefore to think it more specially important to do something to relieve the wrongs of these provinces, although those who hold that we have also a duty in the matter will not rest content without trying to assuage the misery of the inhabitants, Muslim as well as Christian, of Roumelia and Asia Minor.¹

The other source of Russian influence over the Christians of Turkey lies, or is supposed to lie, in Pan Slavism. Now, whatever Pan Slavism may be in Russia itself, outside of Russia it is a mere phantom, a spectre evoked to terrify Magyars and Germans, but which vanishes when you approach it. Over whom is it supposed to have power? Not over the Roumans, who are no Slavs, who are excessively afraid of being absorbed by Russia, and have shown not a spark of sympathy all these last months for their Bulgarian and Servian neighbours. Not over the Slavic subjects of Austria, who are nearly all Roman Catholics, and therefore far more repelled from Russia by religion than they can be attracted to her by the

(1) It is often said that the Porte will not consent to any sweeping changes or limitations of its power. The truth is that the Porte, like other Oriental Governments, will consent to anything if it is pressed hard enough, but to nothing while it thinks it can delay the evil day by professions and promises, and above all, while it has still got a friend left, ourselves, whose jealousy and suspicion may be played upon. If it saw that England was foremost (as the Crimean war gives her a right to be foremost) in exacting strict terms, its tone would soon change. There is no patriotism anywhere in Turkey, least of all in the official class. Among them there is only self-interest, and with self-interest one can always reckon. There is indeed plenty of fanaticism, active among the priests, dormant, but liable to be roused in a moment, among the lower class. But the officials could easily, if they wished, carry out all the changes the Powers may demand, without exciting this fanaticism. Of course they now use it as a weapon, and a terrible weapon it is, against any demands of the Powers.

fantastic sentiment of race. The Poles, of course, and the Czechs hardly less than their Polish brethren, heartily hate Russia; the other Austrian Slavs sometimes use her to frighten the Magyars, but they know well enough that they are far better as they are than they would be under Muscovite rule, and that with the aid of the Germans and their own numerical preponderance they can hold their own against the Magyars. It is by no means solely or even chiefly due to the prohibition of the Government that hardly a volunteer has gone from among the Slavs of Austria to help the Servians. Coming to Turkey itself, the Greeks and Armenians have of course no Slavonic sympathies; the Greeks, indeed, have quite different visions of their own—visions of a Greek Empire upon the Bosphorus. As to the Christian Slavs, Servians, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Montenegrins, Bulgarians (including for the sake of the argument, the Bulgarians among the Slavs), the Panslavistic propaganda has made no progress among the mass of them: its doctrines are known only to some few journalists and politicians. They are, however (except the Bosnian Catholics), drawn to Russia by ecclesiastical sympathy. They are proud of her as a big elder brother. They are grateful to her for what encouragement she has given them. They would rather be under her rule than the Sultan's, but they have otherwise no desire to be absorbed by her. We have just marked how soon ill-feeling sprang up between the Servians and their too powerful friends. The Bulgarians would be very sorry to see their lately won ecclesiastical independence sacrificed, as it certainly would be, to the Russian desire for ecclesiastical uniformity and centralization. Once delivered from Turkish oppression, the Bulgarians and Bosnians would have no more desire to come under the Russian conscription, the Russian customs system, the vexatious Russian police supervision, than the Servians or Roumans have now. Any kind of independence would seem preferable—why be swallowed up and forgotten in that monstrous state, like snow-flakes in a river? Panslavism would soon have no more power over the Slavs of the Danube than Pan-Teutonism has over Swedes or Dutchmen.

Whichever way the question is regarded, the conclusion appears to be the same, that the best way of stopping Russia is to remove as far as possible the grounds which justify her interference, and substitute the Powers collectively, and England not least conspicuously among them, for Russia alone as the protecting influence to which the subject populations have to look. One part of this is to exact from the Porte all such reforms in the administration of its provinces generally as it is possible for the watchful presence of European commissioners to see carried out. The other is to erect in the north of European Turkey a group of semi-independent principalities whose interest it will be to maintain and strengthen their separate national life, and which will, in fact, constitute a barrier against the

farther advance of Russia in that direction. Of course there will be plenty of intrigue and corruption in such principalities, as there is in Roumania now (whose people, by the way, are in every respect inferior to the Bulgarians), and very likely Russia will have a finger in such intrigues. But two facts will remain: the condition of the inhabitants will be better than it is under the Porte, and instead of looking to Russia to send her troops in among them, they will have every motive to keep her at arm's-length.

This is putting the case from the most anti-Russian point of view, and assuming her motives to be merely selfish—an assumption that seems to me thoroughly wanton and unfair. True it is that some of the bolder spirits in the Russian party of aggression would regret the loss of a fulcrum by which they worked on the subjects of the Porte, and by which they could also stimulate at times the enthusiasm of their more ignorant fellow-countrymen, thereby winning for their cause a strength not its own. This weapon, this passionate sympathy for Christians oppressed by Muslims, which makes Russia at the present moment really formidable, they would lose, to the world's gain. But many of the best and wisest people in Russia (including, one may well hope and believe, the emperor himself) would be heartily glad to see substantial reforms carried out in Turkey and the frontier provinces liberated, both for the sake of the subject Christians, and because they feel that a large part of their own people would thereby be led to turn their aspirations into a healthier channel and think more of developing intellectually and materially the Russia they have got, than of adding to her new provinces which could only be a source of weakness.

Whatever be Russia's real designs—as to which I will only repeat that I have not sought to prove that they are unselfish, but only that we shall certainly err by assuming them to be dishonest, and by ignoring the mighty popular forces that are at work pressing the Czar onward—one thing seems tolerably clear. The mistake of England has been in leaving to Russia all these years, and more especially since the insurrection broke out in Herzegovina, the sole championship (whether real or apparent) of good government and the welfare of the Christian population in Turkey. What the consequences of that mistake have been during the last six months; how it has divided us at home in a way that would have been impossible had the whole truth been known; how it has made our policy waver in the eyes of foreign nations; has kept Austria afraid to rely on us; has incensed all Russia, and emboldened her war party; has encouraged the Porte to refuse what it would otherwise have conceded, and made it believe that in the last resort it can always play upon our fears for Constantinople—these are questions which it is beyond the scope of the present article to discuss.

JAMES BRYCE.

A MEDIÆVAL SPANISH WRITER.

How is it that the early history and literature of Spain, a country so rich in both, are still such unfamiliar subjects in England, even to those readers who have a considerable knowledge of historical text-books, and a general acquaintance with the main literary features of the Middle Ages? Of late, since the study of our own early English work and of Chaucer has become a prominent and important one, the literary material remaining to us from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in France and Italy has been eagerly ransacked for means of illustration and comparison, and we have learnt to read Chaucer, not only in the light of his sources, but of his contemporaries generally. Little or nothing, however, has yet been brought forward with a like object from the side of Spain—Spain with a vernacular literature dating at least from the middle of the twelfth century. The sixty-six years between 1284 and 1350, between, that is to say, the death of Alfonso the Wise and the accession of Peter the Cruel, saw in Italy the production of the *Divina Commedia*, and the rise of Petrarch and Boccaccio; in England the births of Chaucer and of Langland; in France the completion of the *Roman de la Rose*, the composition of the *Roman de Renart*, and the appearance of a troupe of fashionable song-writers such as Machault and Granson, the masters of Chaucer's youth, or Deschamps his panegyrist. Is there really nothing in Spain at the same time which is worth recovery, worth putting by the side of any or all of these national developments, for illustrative and comparative purposes?

As a matter of fact, there is a great deal. The period of Spanish literary history which answers best indeed to the period of Chaucer and his school in England, or to that of Petrarch and Boccaccio in Italy, is not these sixty years, but the reign of Alfonso X. Under Alfonso's hands the infant literature of Castile, whose first rude up-growths are to be sought in the *Poema del Cid*, in the monkish legends of Berceo, and in various anonymous poems of uncertain date, sprang into sudden life and luxuriance. Nearly a hundred years before a similar edict was issued by Edward III.'s government, Alfonso ordered all public instruments to be drawn up in the vernacular, and himself threw aside Latin for Spanish in all the works, historical, literary, and scientific, which he either undertook or set on foot. As the king of a mediæval state, Alfonso's claims upon the respect of posterity are by no means

great, but as the patron and guiding spirit of a small circle of literary men, most of them Orientals, he is one of the most remarkable figures of the Middle Ages, and the literature of Castile received from him the same initial stimulating impulse, as did the literatures of England and Italy, in very different ways, from Chaucer and Dante. When he died the first great literary outburst of Spain was over. We have nothing like the brilliancy or the comprehensiveness of Alfonso's circle again till we come to the fifteenth century and the reign of John II. At first sight, the time which immediately followed his death appears one of exceptional gloom and disturbance. The consequences of Alfonso's political blunders are evident at every turn, while the influence of what was real and beneficent in him—the impulse given by him to thought, to literature, to civilisation—is hard to trace amid the darkness of incessant civil war. As we read the accounts in the chronicles of the long minorities of Ferdinand IV. and Alfonso XI., we are apt to think on the one hand that the general development of the nation, its advance in common with the rest of Europe, was practically at a standstill for fifty years, and on the other hand that the work and genius of Alfonso had left few direct traces behind them. But if we look closer we shall discover signs of steady literary development, of a steady increase in literary material, and a steady improvement in literary forms and methods throughout the whole period; and at the same time in the advance of education, in the prevalence of Oriental ideas and modes of composition, in the growing value for culture which can be perceived even among the turbulent nobility, whose fathers deposed Alfonso X.—the lasting inheritance which Spain had received from the hands of her learned king, becomes more evident year by year. In various books of the time now extant, notably in the poems of the Archpriest of Hita,¹ this advance of the fourteenth century upon the thirteenth, this natural growth from the childishness of Berceo towards the full stature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, is very strongly marked. The Archpriest's poems are racy of the soil, Spanish, individual; they are the best parallel that Spain can make to the *Canterbury Tales*; they are full of the religious temper of the fourteenth century, and ridicule the same abuses which roused Wyclif or pointed the moral of the Pardoner's Prologue. More than this, they have something of the dawning love of beauty for beauty's sake which brought about the eternal spring landscape and May morning in French poetry and in Chaucer, and which has given us the exquisite

(1) The title of archpriest seems to answer tolerably closely to that of rural dean in our own time and country. It is fully explained in Ducange, under *Archipresbyter*. Hita was a place of some importance, and, besides an archpriest, boasted an *alcalde mayor*, with civil jurisdiction over two or three of the neighbouring villages.

description of the God of Love in the Romance of the Rose. The book belongs to the general literary history of Europe in the fourteenth century, and is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of it.

In the Chronicle of Alfonso XI., drawn up in the reign of Henry II., the successful rival of Pedro the Cruel, there is a passage describing the general condition of the country at the close of Alfonso's minority, which reminds one somewhat of the famous description in our own English Chronicle of the state of things under Stephen.

"At that time," says the Chronicle, referring to the year 1322, "there were diverse opinions and diverse customs in the land, inso-much that the king's towns, and many other places in the kingdom, suffered great harm and were destroyed. For all the nobles and the knights lived by robbery and plunder, and the regents¹ allowed it in order to win their support. Also the men of the towns were in each place divided into bands, both in those towns which had taken *tutores*, and those which had not. And in those towns which had *tutores*, those who were most powerful oppressed the others so greatly that these others were obliged to cast about how they should free themselves from the *tutor* they then had, and find another who should undo and destroy their adversaries; while in the towns which had not *tutores*, those who had the upper hand took the king's taxes for themselves, and maintained with them great retinues, oppressing those who were poorer, and laying upon them extortionate taxes, until at last in some towns some kinds of labourers arose like one man against those who oppressed them, and slew many of them and took and destroyed all their goods. In no part of the kingdom was there any law or justice, and the country arrived at such a state that none dare travel upon the roads unless they were armed and many in one company, so that they could defend themselves against robbers. And the greater part of the nobles maintained themselves by robbing and plundering the neighbouring territories; so also did many of the towns, and those who belonged to the labourers as much as those of noble birth. And such was the evil in the land that though men were found dead on the highways none wondered at it. Nor did any wonder at the thefts and robberies and evils which were done in the towns and upon the roads. And, moreover, the regents imposed extortionate taxes and services on the land every year, so that the towns of the kingdom and the estates of the knights and nobles became more and more depopulated. And when the king came of age, and freed himself from his tutors, he found the kingdom much depopulated and many places in ruins, for in these ways many persons of the kingdom had destroyed their inheritances

(1) The regents, that is to say, of Alfonso's minority.

and the places in which they lived, and had gone to people the kingdoms of Aragon and Portugal."

It was during this time of anarchy and distress that the two men of whom we have been speaking came to maturity. Juan Ruiz, Archpriest of Hita, and the Infante Juan Manuel, were born and died almost in the same years. Juan Manuel was born in 1282, two years before the death of Alfonso X., and died probably, though not certainly, towards the end of 1349. The Archpriest was "already old," in 1343, and after the year 1350, in which the last mention of him occurs, we find another archpriest installed at Hita, the new name appearing in a bull of the Archbishop of Toledo's, dated 1351. So that if we suppose the Archpriest to have been born in the last years of Alfonso X., the two lives would be almost exactly contemporary, and would cover the whole period from Alfonso's death to Pedro's accession.

Of Juan Ruiz's life we know next to nothing. That he was probably born at Alcala de Henares, a town near Madrid, afterwards the seat of Ximenez' famous University, that he became Archpriest of Hita,¹ and that between the years 1337 and 1350 he was imprisoned in Toledo by the well-known Cardinal-Archbishop Gil de Albornoz, for some unexplained offence against ecclesiastical morals—these few facts, together with the approximate dates of his birth and death, are all that can be gathered from the learned introductory notice which Sanchez, his eighteenth-century editor, prefixed to the first edition of his poems, or from the elaborate chapter which Los Rios, the latest historian of Spanish literature, has devoted to him.

One precious scrap of biographical matter, indeed, remains to us which has been hitherto overlooked. It is the description of his own personal appearance, which in one of the last groups of poems in his book he puts into the mouth of his chief character Urraca—just as fifty years later Chaucer drew an undying picture of himself in the well-known words of the Host, or in the speech of the eagle in the House of Fame.

"Señora," said the old woman, "I see him often. He has a large body and stout limbs; the head not small, thick haired, set close upon the shoulders; the neck not very long, hair black, ears large; the eyebrows far apart and black as coal. He holds himself as straight as a peacock. His gait is quiet and his speech pleasant. His nose is long—which somewhat spoils him—his gums scarlet and his voice deep. The mouth not small, lips much as usual, more thick than thin, and red as coral. His eyes are little and a trifle crooked. He is nimble, valiant, youthful; he can play on instruments, and all the *jongleur's* arts are known to him. A cheerful giver to all of my trade—in fact such a man as is not to be met with on every common."

(1) Hita is the ancient *Cesata*, and lies on the side of a hill sloping down to the valley of the Henares, on the high road from Madrid to Bayonne.

From the hand of this lively, black-haired, thickset man a volume of poems has come down to us, treating widely different subjects in various metres, but stamped throughout with qualities of vigour, coarseness, brightness, akin to the bodily qualities described by Urraca. The book, as we have it, contains a string of poems bound together by a slight autobiographical thread, the adoption of which, generally speaking, gives life and point to what would otherwise be mere confusion, though every now and then it leads the author into inconvenient artistic difficulties. The love-adventures are represented as undertaken by the Archpriest himself; he recounts his own experiences in the Serranas, or Mountain Songs, and it is the loss of a personal friend which leads him to the composition of a long sermon on Death towards the end of the book. So that while Chaucer chooses a journey for the framework of his stories, his Spanish predecessor makes his own life the framework of his. The employment of such a literary form at all marks, by its greater modernness and self-consciousness, a considerable advance upon any earlier Spanish work.

The book begins with an invocation to the Deity for aid in its composition.

"Thou, my Lord God, who createdst man, inform and aid me, thy Archpriest, that I may make a book of virtuous love, love which delights the body and quickens the soul."

Then turning to his audience he warns them against mistaking the nature of his work.

"Do not think that the book is a fool's book, or that anything you read in it is a mere jest. For as good money may lie in a vile pocket, so wisdom may be hidden in an untoward book. The grain of fennel-seed without is blacker than a caldron, but within is very white, whiter than ermine. White flour lies under a black covering. Sugar, both white and brown, comes from the vile sugar-cane. Above the thorn is the noble rose-flower, and under mean characters (*fea letra*) may be the wisdom of a great doctor."

The reader, therefore, must not judge by appearances. "And since the Virgin is the beginning and root of all good, I, Juan Rois, will begin by singing her Seven Joys." Two songs, *canticas*, on the Seven Joys of the Virgin follow in flowing popular verse. The joys and sorrows of the Virgin were among the most popular mediæval subjects, and we have several poems in English like these of Juan Ruiz dating from about the same time. They are abruptly succeeded by a grotesque story in support of the advice given in the prologue, which may perhaps claim the honour of having, through some intermediate channel, suggested to Rabelais an idea of which he makes large use in his *Pantagruel*. The discussion by signs between the English wiseacre, Thaumastus, and Panurge, "disciple de son maistre, Monsieur Pantagruel," is either borrowed indirectly from

Juan Ruiz, or traces back to some older common source. This common source, if it exists, has not yet been pointed out. Meanwhile, the story is to be found in the Archpriest told with greater point and brevity, and infinitely greater refinement, than by Rabelais.

There is not much that is worth dwelling upon in the various love-adventures, the accounts of which fill up the first quarter of the book. One of them leads the Archpriest to a digression on astrology, which is ingenious enough as an attempt to reconcile superstition and orthodox beliefs, and which, moreover, contains the story of King Alcaras and his son, interesting as an example of contemporary Arabic fiction. It belongs to the same class of Andalusian stories as the story of King Alhaquim of Cordova, in Juan Manuel's Conde Lucanor—a younger brood of Eastern fancies which must not be confounded with the great collections, such as the Calila and Dimna, or the Book of Sendebâr, which the Arabs and the Persians had alike inherited from India, their primeval home. The pretty fanciful story in the Conde Lucanor of the exacting Queen of Cordova, who worried her husband to death with requests for snow in summer, and mud to dabble in, like the children she saw in the street, is another example of the same kind.

Of all the Archpriest's courtships not one is successful. In one of them he tries to soften the heart of his lady-love by sending her poems, *trovas* and *cantares*, in great profusion. "But, alas! I might as well have sown the barren shore of Enares with barley! And true it is, as the old books say, that he who soweth in the sand shall never come to the threshing." Discouragement at last takes possession of him, and he goes sadly home to his house, railing at love and fate. In the night, as he lay brooding over his unlucky star, "a man, tall, beautiful, and gentle, came unto me. I asked of him, 'Who art thou?' And he answered, 'I am thy neighbour, Love.'" The *pelea*, or argument, with Love which follows is extremely spirited, and the metre is flowing and musical, so that the few prose extracts I am able to give but poorly represent the original. Eight of its nineteen sections are taken up with illustrations of the seven deadly sins, which, according to the Archpriest, Love carries about with him. Juan Ruiz's treatment of this commonplace of mediæval thought compares favourably with the Parson's Tale, and is, on the whole, among the best of conventional renderings. Thirty years later the well-worn, much-abused subject was to receive new dramatic force and meaning at the hands of Langland, and the way was opened for the mystical figures of Dunbar or for Spenser's marvellous procession.

The Archpriest's invective against Love, amidst a great deal of dulness and repetition, is full of touches of real feeling, sometimes

even of real poetry. There is in it, too, a real though intermittent striving after literary form, a glimmering sense of proportion, of what is effective. It is this awakening sense of form, this dawning power of self-restraint for a literary end, which is the special mark of distinction between the fourteenth and the thirteenth centuries.

Here are one or two passages from it:—

“Thou art the father of fire and the parent of flame, and he who serves thee best, is first consumed. O Love! he who followeth thee, thou consumest him body and soul as the fire burneth up the branches. They who know thee not were born surely under happy stars, for they lie down in peace, and nothing makes them sad.

“Thou art a cunning thief by day and by night. When a man is most secure, then thou stealest from him his heart. And when thou hast stolen it, thou givest it to another, to one who loves it not, and tormentest it with all thy pains. So the heart without the body passeth into thy fetters, and sigheth and dreameth of things beyond it. In one moment thou makest it pass through thrice a hundred days. All the world may go by while thou holdest it prisoner, and by-and-by thou leavest it alone and sad, filled with many a dread. . . .

“Miserable one! What wilt thou do at the day of judgment, when of all thy possessions and thy great rental God will demand the account? Then neither thy treasure nor thy fifty kingdoms shall avail thee anything!”

The note of this last passage is the note of a transformation which was going on all over Europe at the time it was written, in proportion as each nation awoke to a sense and knowledge of antiquity. The changes which the divine forms of Greece underwent in the Middle Ages have been often dwelt on, both poetically and historically. There is, indeed, an endless suggestiveness in the contrast between the reserve and the simplicity of Greek art or of Greek speech at their best, and the chatter and colour with which the poets of the Middle Ages loved to surround the Greek myths. The fresh untutored fancy of the modern nations, and the barbaric passion for colour and ornament which marks all young civilisations, work strange havoc with the subtler older forms. Ares and Aphrodite are reclothed to suit their new masters, and in the place of “Eros unconquerable in battle, Eros who descends upon the rich, who sleeps in the tender cheeks of a maiden, who wanders over the sea and over the fields, and whom nor god nor mortal may escape,” we have the “Venus’ son, Daun Cupido,”

“All in flowres and flowrettes
Painted all with amorettes
And with losynges and scochouns
With bryddes, lybardes and lyouns
And other beastis wrought full well,”

who brightens the pages of the Romance of the Rose, or, “his gilt heere crowned with a sun,” comes hand in hand with Alcestis to

reproach the poet of Creseide and Emily. Sometimes, indeed, the new handling is much less tender and sympathetic than this. The younger world with its new beliefs has a serious return upon itself, and flouts the old in lines like these:—

“Lo, here of paynims cursed olde rites
Lo, here what all hir goddes may availe
Lo, here this wretched worldes appetites
Lo, here the fyn and guerdon for travaile
Of Jove, Apollo, Mars and swiche rascaille.”

Or Love, once a tricky boy nestling in Dido's arms, becomes, as in this rough Spanish work we are considering, the Patron of the Seven Deadly Sins, reproached for a profane use of Church services, for want of charity towards the poor, and finally threatened with the penalties of the Christian Last Judgment!

The satire on the Properties of Money is chiefly interesting as an indorsement from the side of Spain of the common verdict of fourteenth-century poetry on the ecclesiastical abuses of the time.

“If only you have money, you will have consolation, pleasure, merriment and the Pope's favour. You will be able to buy paradise and to win salvation. For where there is much coin, there is much benediction. In the Roman court, where is the seat of holiness, I saw how all men did homage to money. Great honour did they give it with great solemnity. All bowed down to it as to the king's majesty. It made many priors, bishops and abbots, archbishops, patriarchs and powers; it gave dignities to many ignorant clerks, it made falsehoods of truths and truths of falsehoods. It made many clergy and many religious, monks and nuns, and other consecrated ones. Money declared those who could pay to have been well examined, while the poor were told they had not learning enough for such offices.”

To all the Archpriest's long and tedious reproaches, Love seems to have listened with remarkable patience, till at last, when his accuser is wearied out, he begins a reply, which is largely taken from Ovid, and quite uninteresting except for the following little description of the ideal woman, which may be put side by side with other pictures of the same time.

“Seek a woman lovely, gracious and gay. She must not be too tall, nor yet dwarfed. If possible, do not fall in love with a country woman; for she knows nothing of love, and is but a simpleton. Seek a woman of fair shape and small head; let her hair be yellow, and not dusky like the privet-juice; let her eyebrows be far apart, long and arched,—her eyes large, beautiful, painted and shining. The ears small and delicate, and take heed to it, if she have a long neck, for such are greatly admired.”

And having found this paragon,—

“Serve her never tiring; for by service love grows. And devotion in the good never dies nor is idle.”

Love departs leaving the Archpriest once more reconciled to his sway and wholly determined to follow his advice in all things. The

novelette of Doña Endrina and Don Melon de la Huerta which follows is intended to illustrate the Archpriest's search for the beautiful ideal described by Love. The story of it is mainly taken from the *De Vetula* of Pamphilus Maurilianus, a short Latin play or interlude written before 1200, and popular among literary men up to the sixteenth century. A French translation of it by an unknown author was presented to Charles VIII. just before his Italian expedition, and was afterwards printed at Paris in 1494.¹ The Latin original also found its way into print at the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century. The Archpriest's poem is a very free version of the *De Vetula*. He has changed the classical names and colourless personages of the original into Spanish men and women of his own day, and localised the story in a Spanish town.

He himself is supposed to represent the hero, while the heroine is a certain charming Doña Endrina, a rich child-widow from the town of Calatayud, near Saragossa, who comes to visit Alcalá. The *vetula* or messenger between them is called Urraca, and becomes, henceforward, the most important character in this odd poetical miscellany. The description of this clever, unscrupulous old woman, nominally a pedlar, really the agent and friend of all the pining lovers in the neighbourhood, is full of liveliness and force from the moment when she first appears to the time when, after having befriended the Archpriest in many an adventure, she dies and leaves him to bewail her in a mock-heroic epitaph. The Latin original is throughout modernised, recast, and to a great extent purified.

The first interview between the Archpriest and Endrina has many graceful and spirited touches. This is how he describes his lady-love's approach:—

“Ah! Dios! how beautiful comes Doña Endrina through the market-place! What a figure! what grace! what a proud heron's neck! What hair! what a tiny mouth! what colour! what charm! Her eyes, whenever she lifts them, shoot forth arrows of love.”

The great *plaza*, however, with its bare, unshaded space, and its “wicked open doors,” is a dangerous spot for love-making. “To speak with a lady in the *plaza* is a very public thing.” The Archpriest therefore employs his most persuasive arts to entice Endrina into the shade of a gateway where they may talk in private.

“Step by step Doña Endrina under the gateway came. Very gay and proud was she, very soft and pleasant. Sitting down upon the bench, she bent her eyes upon the ground, and I began my speech anew.”

The Archpriest's wooing does not seem very attractive to the modern reader. A great deal of it is literally translated from

(1) Goujel, *Biblioth. Franc.* vol. x.

Pamphilus, and we miss in it the bright incisive touches which give life to most of his imitations. Endrina treats him at first with utter disdain. She is rich and he is a nobody, so that the wooing is naturally a difficult one. However, he obtains at last a promise of another meeting, but only in the presence of a third person. The Archpriest goes home disconsolate, foreseeing that he will not be able single-handed to make much of his courtship, and taking counsel with himself as to whose aid he shall ask.

"I will have neither brother nor nephew to help me. The fire of love changes all hearts, so that none keep faith with any other. Friendship, gratitude, and kindred—woman rules them all!"

So he seeks and finds an old pedlar woman, "one of those who sell trinkets in the streets. . . . They go from house to house selling all kinds of gifts. None pay any heed to them. They are left with the ladies of the house, and it is they who blow the windmills round!"

The character of Urraca is a very common one in Spanish literature.¹ And though in this case it is, of course, directly imitated from the *Vetula* of Pamphilus, it was probably well known to the Archpriest from actual life. The clash of two opposing systems, of the chivalrous worship of women, which before the Archpriest's time had found supreme expression in the poetry of Provence, with the stricter and more jealous conventions which Spain had imbibed from her long contact with Oriental manners, was sure to produce such a personage as Urraca both in real life and in literature. From the Archpriest's time onwards, the *Trota-conventos*, or go-between, remained a stock character in Spanish fiction, and in the later dramatic literature of the sixteenth century Urraca has numerous sisters.

A bargain having been concluded, Urraca goes merrily through the town, "jingling her bells, and crying her jewels, rings, and pins." Endrina sees her and calls her in.

There is considerable play of character and motive in the conversation between them, and the glimpses it affords into local manners are often amusing. The young widow lives shut up with female relations, and Urraca is quick to remind her that in a house full of women only there is never any lack of quarrels and discomforts. At the same time she is besieged with suitors who canvass and intrigue with her guardians incessantly, and keep her in perpetual torment. On all sides are men eager not for her but for her riches. Whereupon Urraca cleverly suggests how much better it would be if she had a protector. "Don Melon would draw you out of these troubles, these suits, affronts, insults and bargainings. All the world says that these good-for-nothings will rob

(1) See Ticknor, *Span. Lit.* vol. i. p. 72, note.

you till they won't even leave you the keys in your doors. Whereas he would defend you in all these quarrels, for he is learned both in law and in books."

"I cannot marry before my year of mourning is out," says Endrina, "else I should lose the legacy which was left to me by my husband." Urraca combats this objection in vain. Endrina gathers sudden strength and sends her about her business. Back hies his messenger to the Archpriest and plunges him into the depths of grief with her untoward news. The Archpriest's lamentation has the true Provençal ring.

"*Ay de mi!* what ill news is this you have brought me? Ah! tormented heart! senseless thing! Why wilt thou slay the body in which thou hast thy dwelling? Why wilt thou love a mistress that cares nothing for thee? O heart! for this thy fault thou shalt live a life of pain! O eyes! my eyes! Why did you ever light upon a mistress who will not look upon you? Eyes, by your seeing, you have undone yourselves; for this, O my eyes! you shall suffer and die! O tongue, unlucky! why didst thou talk with a mistress who will not listen to thee nor hear thee! O body! so tormented! how is death come upon thee!"

Touched by his desperate case Urraca at last says to him, "Be comforted, my friend. Your joy is near at hand. Doña Endrina is yours, and will do my bidding. If you love her much she loves you more." And this is how, in the most charming passage in the book, Urraca describes the love-signs she has noticed in Endrina.

"Sometimes I grow tired, and am silent. Then she bids me speak again and not leave off. I make as if I had forgotten the whole matter, then she begins it herself. . . . Round my neck she casts both her arms, and thus for a long time we stand together, talking always of you, of nothing else do we speak, unless when some one comes by. Her lips all the time tremble a little, and her colour changes from red to yellow. Her little heart beats many a time while she presses my fingers gently with her hands. Each time that I mention your name, she looks to me and sighs, and stands thinking; then her eye quickens and she flutters all over, as if she already saw you approaching. Many other things tell me the same tale. She does not deny it, indeed she says that she loves you. If I do but stand by you, the branch will bend at last, and if Urraca calls Endrina will come."

A description, it must be remembered, written thirty or forty years before any of Chaucer's best work.

After much talk and many fables Urraca persuades Endrina to come and visit her in her cottage, out of reach of the severe eyes of mother and guardians. Endrina is to be regaled with games and fruits. Nothing is said of the lover in the invitation. But the lover is of course not far off, and hastens to plead his own cause.

"On the day after St. Iago, at the hour of middle day, when people are lunching, came Doña Endrina with my wise old woman, and entered her house with her very quietly. As my good old Urraca had warned me beforehand, I was not much behind, and had soon found my way thither. I found

the gate shut, but *la vieja* soon caught sight of me. 'Huy!' she said, 'who is that making such a noise without? Is it a man or is it the wind? I think it must be a man. Yes; I am right. It is he. Nay, it is not he; it is like him, I confess. By my faith, it is Don Melon! I know him. I scent him! That is his face and his calf's eye. Look! look! how he watches us. Now he tracks us like a dog! He will go mad down there presently, when he finds he can't undo the bolts. But he will break the gates! He treats them as though he were threshing wheat. There is no doubt about it—he wants to come in. But why don't I speak to him?—'

"Don Melon, take yourself away—the devil brought you here! Don't break my gates. The abbot of St. Paul's gave them to me. You put never a nail into them. I will open the door to you. Be patient; don't break it down. Tell me gently and quietly what you wish, and then go from my gates without delay. Enter and be welcome, and let me know what it is you want.'

"Señora—Doña Endrina! You, my beloved! *Vieja!* was it for this you shut the door against me? Ah happy day, in which I find so sweet a prisoner! God and my good fortune have led me hither."

And then, with a royal defiance of possibilities and confusion of identities, the poem winds up with the statement of the marriage of the lovers, and of the merriment at their wedding feast. The confusion between the Archpriest and Don Melon has, indeed, throughout a careless, clumsy effect. The very next poem in the collection contains the account of fresh love adventures undertaken by the Archpriest and Urraca. Endrina is forgotten, and the Archpriest takes care to inform us that he told the story, not because it happened to himself, but to lay bare the wiles of Urraca and her class, for the warning of the young and inexperienced. Besides this, the want of incident and proportion in the story makes it, as a whole, ineffective; but the liveliness of the style, the grace of some passages and the humour of others, beguile the reader through a piece of work which, after all, is made perpetually, though, perhaps, artificially, interesting by its date. It is like a shorter, slighter rendering of the opening scenes of *Troilus and Creseide*, with Urraca for Pandarus, and Alcalá for Troy. Between the Archpriest's easy verse and the second half of that matchless story, there can, indeed, be no sort of parallel or connection. The unwilling treachery of Creseide and the despair of *Troilus* belong to another artistic world altogether.

After the episode of Doña Endrina the poet resumes the thread of his own supposed biography, and we find ourselves in the midst of some parodies of the North French *pastourelles*, or rustic songs. The Trouvère literature was evidently well known to the Archpriest, as it was later to Chaucer: he quotes the French *Ysopet*, and translates two or three of the *fabliaux*. From one of them, indeed,¹ he took the hint of the longest poem in his book, the Battle of Carnival and Lent. He must have known something too of the Arthurian romances to judge from his mention of Tristan and Iseult; and

(1) Afterwards worked up in the *Roman de Renard*.

these Serranas of his are evidently modelled on such Pastourelles of the Trouvères as the modern reader may find printed in the collections of Roquefort, de la Borde, and elsewhere. It is curious, on the other hand, that the traces of Provençal influence in his work in spite of the revival of the *Gay Saber* which was attempted at Toulouse during the Archpriest's own lifetime, and of the close connection between several of the latest troubadours and the court of Alfonso X.—are extremely slight and, for the most part, doubtful. The fact points, perhaps, to the troubled state of Castile at the time the Archpriest was writing, and to the absence of any court circle with leisure and culture enough to keep the Provençal tradition alive. It was not till the reign of John II. and the rise of that circle of court poets whose productions fill the Cancionero de Baena that the poetry of Provence obtained anything like a general influence over the poetry of Castile. But while these Serranas of Juan Ruiz are, as far as their general form goes, imitated from the French, they are intensely Spanish in everything else, full of local colour, and bristling with proverbs and country terms, some of which are even unknown to the Academy Dictionary, as well as overlooked by Sanchez in his most insufficient glossary. The prevailing tone of them is satirical, and the common ancient and mediæval view of mountains as places devised for the terror and inconvenience of man—a view which the Archpriest shares indeed with Evelyn and Dr. Johnson—is amusingly evident in them. “The Apostle,” says the poet, “tells us to try all things. I went to try the mountains, like a fool. I soon lost my mule, and could get nothing to eat. He who looks for anything more than rye-bread there is a man of no understanding.” According to his experience it snows and hails perpetually in the sierras; the cold there is intolerable, and he is again and again driven by stress of weather to seek shelter and food at the hands of the strange serranas or shepherdesses he describes. These uncouth counterparts of the French *bergères* are, for the most part, fierce and manlike in bearing, and they are capable of carrying a traveller up-hill on their shoulders, or of knocking him down at one blow should he offend them. Their huts are only open to the traveller who is both rich and liberal, and prepared to pay a heavy price for their hospitality in scarlet girdles and plaited caps, in daggers and shoe-buckles, in fur cloaks and tambourines, and all other things in which a robust Spanish girl delights. As a picture of rustic manners at the time these strange poems are invaluable, and to a Spaniard who knows the country between Alcala and Segovia, the local touches in them must have the same interest as the mention of places in the Canterbury Tales has for English readers. The valleys of Lozoya, of Rio Frio, of La Tablada, bear the same names as they bore in the Archpriest's time. The road to Segovia still passes up the Lozoya

valley, and the streams which water the Guadarrama are still famous for the trout, which, with cheese, cream, butter, and partridges, made up the fare of the mountain folk in Juan Ruiz's time.

The third *cantica*, written in the common eight-syllable *redondilla* metre, describes a flirtation between the Archpriest and a serrana, with the feminine passion for dress strongly developed.

"Under the house at Cornejo, on the first day of the week, I fell in with a serrana, half-way down the valley, clothed in fine scarlet with a woollen girdle.

"Said I, 'God save you, sister!'

"Said she, 'What seek you in these parts, and why are you out of the road?'

"Said I, 'I am come on a visit to the mountains, where I would fain find me a wife.'

"Said she, 'He never errs who marries here. Seek and you will soon find. But, my friend, look you, know you anything of the mountains?'

"Said I, 'I can keep cows with any man; I can ride a mare bareback. I know the wolf, and how he can be killed; when I sally forth behind him, I catch him up faster than the wolf-dog. I know how to drive cows, and how to tame the fierce young bullock. I can churn and make cream, and fashion the leathern wine-bottles. I know how to make sandals. I can play upon the pipe. I can ride a three-year-old colt. And I know how to play with swords. I can jump to any tune. There is neither high nor low—in my own opinion—who can get the better of me. And when I stoop to fight, one quarrel is enough, and he who offends me falls.'

"Said she, 'Here you shall have just such a marriage as you seek. For I myself will gladly wed with you, if only you will give freely. Let us come to an understanding.'

"Said I, 'Ask what you will and I will give it you.'

"Said she, 'Then give me a band for my hair of scarlet wool. Give me a fine tambourine with its six rings of tin; give me a sheep-skin pelisse for holydays, and a cloak for the rest of the year. And tell no lies about it. Give me earrings and a buckle of shining brass. Give me a yellow cap striped up the front, shoes up to the knee, and all the world will say, "Menga Lloriente marries well."'

"Said I, 'All these things will I give you and more still, if you desire more, of things gay and pretty. Settle it with your parents, and then we will hold our wedding-feast. Do not forget. I go to fetch what you ask.'"

And so the faithless wooer departs, leaving Menga Lloriente to wait for many a long day for the yellow cap and the shining buckles. The fourth *cantica* contains a similar dialogue, except that the Archpriest represents himself not as wooing, but as already married, and the serrana is shrewder and more business-like than Menga Lloriente. Its short two-accent lines defied all attempts to reproduce them in a prose dress. I have, therefore, tried to keep the swing of the original without, however, attempting to represent the rhymes. The abundant monotonous rhymes of very early or purely popular works like these *canticas* seldom or never pass into an English dress satisfactorily.

"Near the vale of Tablada,
The mountain ways past,
I fell in with Aldara
At the dawning of day

- “ Far above, up the valley,
I thought then to die
Of the snow and the cold
And the heavy night dews
And the terrible frost.
- “ Coming down, as I ran
A serrana I found ;
Fair was she and merry,
Fresh coloured of hue.
- “ Said I then unto her,
‘ I salute thee, O fair one ! ’
Said she, ‘ O swift runner,
Why here dost thou linger ?
Go past on thy journey.’
- “ Said I, ‘ But I freeze !
And for this come I hither
To thee, O divine one :
For pity’s sake hear me
And shelter bestow.’
- “ Said the maiden, replying,
‘ Ah friend ! in my cottage,
He who rests himself there
Must wed with Aldara
And pay with large payment.’
- “ Said I, ‘ ’Twould delight me,
But alas ! I a wife have
Down there in Ferreros,
But of money in plenty
I will give thee, beloved.’
- “ Said she, ‘ Come then with me,’
And carried me with her.
Then a bright fire she kindled
As their custom is—there
In the snowy Sierra.
- “ And rye-bread she brought me,
Brown coloured,—and wine,
Bad wine, sharp and thin,
And meat that was salted.
- “ Gave me cheese of her goats’ milk
And said, ‘ Señor, pray light
This brazier and take
Just a taste of this meal
I keep here laid by me.’
- “ Said kindly, ‘ Guest, feed thee
And drink and refresh thee,
And warm and delight thee,
No harm shall come nigh thee
While here thou abidest.

“ ‘ For he who brings presents,
Such gifts as I ask for
Shall earn him his supper
And bed meet to rest in
Without more of payment.

* * * * *
“ ‘ So give me a girdle
Of scarlet well dyed,
A dainty *camisa*
Arranged to my liking
With its collarette ;

“ ‘ And give me a necklace
Of tin beads in plenty,
And give me fine jewels
Of value and worth,
With a light furry cloak.

“ ‘ A head-dress come bring me
Gaily striped, and a jacket.
Shoes must there be also
High pitched in the instep
Of cloth well embroidered.”

* * * * *
“ ‘ Serrana, Señora,
Such goods and so many
Are not with me to-day ;
But my promise I'll give
For when I come again.’

“ Said the witch then, replying,
‘ Nay, where is no money
Is no bargain made,
No pleasant times follow,
No smiling is there.

“ ‘ Never merchant of worth
Journeys forth without money ;
And I take no pleasure
In him who gives nothing,
Nor will I give him rest.

“ ‘ Board and lodging are never
With compliments paid,
While for money will men
Do whatever you please—
A thing all the world knows.’ ”

These *canticas* are not only the earliest specimens of pastoral poetry in Castile, but, with one doubtful exception, they are also the earliest *dated* examples of lyrical Castilian verse. The ballad or historical romance is of course a good deal older, and must be dated at least as far back as the *Cronica General* of Alfonso X., where, scarcely concealed by their prose dress, verses from the oldest romances may be found in considerable numbers. But the *Canticas* de Serrana of Juan Ruiz, together with the other religious *canticas*

among his poems, are, with the single exception of a curious piece of verse in the poems of Berceo, a thirteenth-century monk, the oldest examples with a date that have come down to us of Spanish *volkslieder*, of those short poems of love and humour which have always been, and are still, to judge from the stories of Fernan Caballeros, the most common and the most congenial expression of the Spanish mind. If any one wishes to see to what perfection the special form of lyrical verse we have been considering, the *serranilla*, or mountain-song, was afterwards brought in Spain, let him turn to the exquisite *sérranilla* by the famous Marquis of Santillana, beginning, "Moza tan hermosa," which is both quoted and translated in Sismondi's "Literature du Midi." Putting the fourth *cantica* of Juan Ruiz side by side with it, one sees what strides the language had made in the hundred years or so which separates the two poems. The later *serranilla* flows and sparkles from end to end like a mountain brook. All Juan Ruiz's uncouthness is gone, but the raciness, the rough truth to nature, the satiric touch, are gone too, and the peasant herdsman of the earlier poem has turned fairly into the dainty Arcadian shepherdess of the Renaissance.

Released at last from the avaricious hands of the *serranas*, the Archpriest betakes himself to a shrine near the mountains in which he had been wandering, the chapel of Santa Maria del Vado, "a place held in honour, holy and devout," and there offers to the Virgin three religious poems, a hymn in her honour, and two short accounts of the Passion. These three hymns, interposed as they are between the *Canticas de Serrana* and the Battle of Carnival and Lent which follows, seem to our modern taste oddly out of place. It is evident, however, from the head-link at the beginning of them (to borrow an expression from the Chaucer Society) that they were intended by the author to occupy their present position. Throughout, indeed, the book is arranged on the bane and antidote principle. The Archpriest's plan seems to have been to go as far as he dare in the description of the vices and allurements of the world, trusting to the after-effects of a sermon or a hymn, introduced without any regard to congruity, to vindicate his own intentions and the rights of morality. Hence the position of these hymns between the coarse satire of some of the *Serranas* and the burlesque of Carnival and Lent. The same device is resorted to at the end of the book, where a long discourse on Death and various religious poems are provided as a counterpoise to the audacity of the last scenes of the Carnival episode.

The Battle of Carnival and Lent is the longest poem in the volume. The general idea of it is taken from a French fabliau (published in Le Grand d'Aussy's collection), and dating probably from the thirteenth century, which describes how, at the celebration

of the Feast of Pentecost, the two great lords, Charnage and Karesme, appeared at the court of St. Louis, how they declared war against each other, and how, after a combat, in which Karesme was supported by all the different varieties of fish, and Charnage by all kinds of meats armed with cooking utensils, Charnage and Noel combined conquered Karesme, and obliged him to swear, as a condition of peace, that he would only appear in public for forty days running in the year, and for two days in each week. The French poem belongs to a class of allegorical compositions, of which there are numerous other examples in the *langue d'oïl*; such as "La Bataille des Vins," "La Bataille d'Enfer et Paradis," "Le Tournoiement d'Antichrist," &c. As a rule they are among the dullest of the fabliaux, and "La Bataille de Charnage et Karesme" is no exception. As far as treatment is concerned, Juan Ruiz has to a great extent escaped the dullness of his original. His lively sarcastic touches make his poem at least readable, and, as usual, he has entirely changed the atmosphere and background of the story. Charnage becomes a Spanish *hidalgo*, of a bloodthirsty, swaggering, gluttonous type, probably well known to the Archpriest from actual experience; while Karesme turns into Doña Quaresma, the courageous queen of the sea and its tribes, and the despotic regent of the country during Carnival's imprisonment. In the character of Quaresma it is not impossible that we have a reflection of the great queen-mother, Doña Maria de Molina,¹ wife of Sancho IV., the chief regent of Castile during the minorities of her son Ferdinand IV. and her grandson Alfonso XI. If this is so, there may be a good deal of political meaning in other parts of the poem, though to attempt to trace it here would lead us too far afield. The character of Noel, which plays an important part in the French fabliau, is left out by the Archpriest, and the story gains artistically by the introduction of Love, as the friend and ally of Carnival, and by the elaborate description of their triumphal procession, which winds up the poem.

Still, in spite of a possible political meaning, and of improved treatment, the story of Carnival and Lent remains from its very nature the poorest piece of work in the collection. From its first half, which describes the battle between the two armies of fish and flesh, and the captivity of Carnival, there is nothing which will bear quoting *in extenso*. To modern taste it seems a childish sense of humour that is pleased by the mere grotesqueness of the notion of a fight between a cuttle-fish and a peacock, an oyster and a rabbit, a hare and a cray-fish. The obvious older fancies and the easy amusement of the past are no longer possible to us, and the modern reader finds nothing but tastelessness and unreality where a fourteenth-century audience found

(1) Maria de Molina died at Valladolid in 1322, worn out by the anxieties of her long and stormy life. She is one of the noblest figures of the fourteenth century.

oddity and fun. Still the catalogue of birds and beasts is managed with a good deal of skill, as may be understood by any one who will compare it with a similar catalogue in the French fabliau or with the list of wines in the "*Bataille des Vins*." The cray-fish from the river Enares whose claws stretch as far as the Guadalquivir, Don Salmon the hidalgo awaiting the onslaught of Carnival with the dignity becoming his rank, the hardy pike, the dog-fish with his tough and horny skin; and on the other side the "mild and aged ox," who is of no further use as a beast of draught or burden, and therefore comes sadly to join the great food army of Carnival, the swaggering mountain goat with his formidable horns and teeth, the kidlings and sucking pigs, capering and shouting, and the little fried cheeses riding on wine-bottles who are the pages or esquires of the host:—all these defile before us with as much of lifelikeness as the nature of the case allows. Just a little more satiric purpose, or an underlying allegory a little less obvious and conventional, would have lifted the whole on to another level.

However, after the battle, when the personages are reduced in number, the poem improves greatly. There is a good deal of brisk untutored imagination in the passage which describes Carnival's ride through the country after his escape from custody. His flight is of course ominous of the end of Lent and of Lenten diet, and of the approach of unlimited revelling and good cheer. The alternate enthusiasm and terror of the flock, as they behold their lord and master, are well caught in lines like these:—

"Said the lambs when they saw him, 'Here is the end!' Goats and kids, rams and sheep gave great leaps, and said one to another, 'If Carnival leads us hence through the highways he will strip the skins off many of us!' The fields of Medellín, of Cáceres, of Troxillo, the plain of Plasencia as far as Valdemorillo, and all the Serena country, the swift youth sped quickly by, making great expedition. The country of Alcudia and all Calatrava, the lands of Fasalvaro and of Valsabin,—he journeyed over them all in three days. It seemed as though he flew! And the Rabbi's horse bore him well, for fear. As soon as the bulls saw him they tossed up their horns, the oxen and the cows set their bells a-ringing, the calves and the yearlings gave great shouts, 'Hither, hither, ye herdsmen! Come to us with the dogs!'"

The news of Carnival's escape and the letters of defiance which reach her shortly from his mountain camp, drive Quaresma to despair. She sees that the game is over and that flight is all that is left to her. "Moreover a weak woman is not meant for fighting," says the Archpriest, with a possible reference to things political. So she bethinks herself of a vow she had formerly made to go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and prepares with all haste to carry it out.

Was it in some such guise as this that the Wife of Bath journeyed to Compostella?

"On the Friday of Indulgences (Good Friday), Quaresma donned a long

pilgrim's robe, a huge round sombrero adorned with shells, a pilgrim's staff carved with images and palm-branches, a basket and beads to speed her praying, and shoes rounded and well soled. Round her waist she bore a great bag, and within it a store of crusts and white church-rolls,¹ for with such things pilgrims are always well provided. Slung beneath the arm she carried her gayest ornament, a wine gourd redder than a jay's beak. It held a quart well, or perhaps a trifle more. You will never meet a pilgrim without this."

Thus apparelled, Quaresma stole away by night to Roncesvalles. Her gaunt figure fairly out of sight, the land lies open to Carnival and Love, the two emperors whose coming upon the earth is heralded by "a great rumour." It is on Easter Eve that Carnival appears; and to meet him the butchers go forth in crowds, the Rabbis, the tripe-sellers, the shepherds from the hills with pipe and tripping citola. A scarlet banner goes before him, "and upon it a figure—a lamb it seemed to me," says the Archpriest with audacious irreverence; sheep and goats, cows and bulls, and chestnut-coloured oxen, "more than there are Moors in Granada," crowd around it; and in the midst rides Carnival in a chariot covered with skins and hung with horns. His axe and knife are in his hands, and around him are his dogs, greyhounds, mastiffs, sheepdogs, and "night-prowlers cunning in search of meat." The herdsmen receive him gladly, and encamping in their shambles he holds his court; "in his pride he began to make knights and to practise knightly graces. Slaying and slaughtering and flaying the cattle, he gave to all who came, Castilians and Englishmen—*Castellanos e Ingleses*."²

On the day following Carnival's entry Love in his turn takes the world by storm.

"It was the holy day of Easter. The sun had arisen clear and splendid. Birds and men and every beauteous flower go forth with singing to welcome Love. The birds salute him—jays and nightingales, larks and popinjays great and small, break forth into sweet and pleasant singing—and the best among them are the merriest. The trees receive him with branches and with flowers of diverse kinds and of diverse colours. Men and women greet him joyfully, and the timbrels sound forth amid a multitude of instruments."³

The catalogue of musical instruments which follows would, I venture to think, puzzle even a musical antiquary, and to reproduce it in English would require a dissertation on every alternate name. Some of the descriptions are very happy, as for instance that of the *rota*, Chaucer's rote, the note of which "soars higher than the pre-

(1) Chaucer's "Pan de mayn."

(2) I suspect that *Ingleses* here is introduced merely for the sake of the rhyme. It should be remembered, however, that throughout the Archpriest's century—in fact, from the knighthood of Edward I. at Burgos and his marriage with Alfonso X.'s half-sister to the marriage of John of Gaunt and the Duke of York with two Princesses of Castile—there were frequent points of contact between Spain and England. There was a large English contingent at the siege of Algeçiras by Alfonso XI. in 1343.

(3) It is interesting to compare with this passage a piece of early French *verve* describing a similar entry of Love, and quoted by Roquefort, "*Etat de la Poésie Française*," &c., p. 312.

cipices," of the tambourine, "without which nothing else is worth a peach," or of the violin with its "sweet skippings," its tones, "soft and sleepy at times, at others high and shrill," and "its sweet, savoury, clear, and well-defined notes," which please and charm all hearts.

"Never at any time had there been such merry-makings, such great and universal rejoicings. The hills and plains are full of minstrels. The roads are crowded with great processions of men in orders who grant pardons to the people. Laity and clergy are there, and in the procession walked the Abbot of Bordones.

"The Cistercian orders, and those of St. Benedict, the order of the Black Cross, with their blessed abbot—so many are the orders that I cannot write them down. *Venite, exultemus*, they sing clearly and loud.

"The order of Santiago with the Hospitallers, Calatrava and Alcantara, and those of Buenaval are there. Of holy abbots there are many at the festival. *Te Amorem laudamus*, sing they all to Love. There go the Preachers of St. Paul. St. Francis is not there, but his friars are not lacking. There, too, are the Augustinians singing their songs; ministers and priors shouting *Exultemus et letemur*."

The Friars of St. Anthony, the Carmelites, all the female orders, Cistercians, Dominicans, and Franciscans, together with knights, squires, and town-folk, all are gathered into grotesque union round the standard of Love.

"From the quarter of the sun I saw a banner approaching, white and resplendent, higher than the rocks. In the midst was figured an image of a lady, worked all with gold, so that you could not see the stuff. On her head she wore a noble crown of precious stones; she was adorned with love, and her hands were full of every precious gift. Nor Paris nor Barcelona could buy the banner.

"After a great while I saw him who bore it. Resplendent and beautiful, he smiled upon all the world. France could not buy the garments which he wore, and the Spanish horse he rode was of exceeding value."

Next we have a lively account of the disputes between the various classes represented in the procession for the honour of entertaining Love. The monks and friars offer "famous monasteries, large refectories, and spacious sleeping-chambers." The secular clergy, in their turn, are eager to warn Love against accepting the invitations of the regulars. "Senor! they will give you beds without clothes, or clothes without bread. They have large kitchens, but there is little meat in them, and their wine is but a great deal of water coloured with a very little saffron."

"Senor, be our guest!" cry the knights. "Nay," say the squires, "beware of them! For they will make you play at tables with loaded dice, and rob you of your money. They are swift to plunder, but slow to fight. . . . They are the first to come to the counting of the spoils, and the last to go to the defence of the frontier!" The nuns offer him shelter, but the whole assembly with one voice warns Love against "their empty promises, their dainty speeches and pretty

looks, their amorous gestures and mocking ways." Amid them all Love knows not where to turn, till at last the Archpriest kneeling, beseeches him to lodge with one whom he had brought up from childhood, and to accept the hospitality of his "little house." Love consents and the great procession disperses.

We have no space left to dwell upon the elaborate description of Love's tent with its painted walls, its cords of silk and the ruby which blazes at its topmost point. Upon the inside walls are emblematical pictures of the months, a well-worn theme, but Juan Ruiz has treated it with a great deal of freshness and originality. For the general idea, not only of the personified months but of the tent itself, he is indebted to a thirteenth-century version of the Romance of Alexander, made by Juan Lorenzo of Segura; but in comparing the two descriptions, one realises how little he has really borrowed, and how loyal he is in matters of detail to the records of his own senses and his own experience. His month-pictures are careful transcripts, often more literal than poetical, from the rural life of his own neighbourhood and time. As we read his mention of "gathering the mountain hay," or "dismantling the mountain huts," we are reminded of the position of Hita upon the eastern slopes of a rugged chain of mountains, whose heights and ravines were well known to the poet, while his account of the grains and fruits of summer may well be a reflection from the harvest wealth which decks the plain between Hita and Sigüenza. With the processes of harvest and vintage, with the details of the wine-cellar and the farm-yard, his life had made him familiar, and he catalogues them here with all a countryman's tenderness, and with every now and then a flash of poetry, caught from "the new grass in the old fields"¹ of April, or the flowers and ripening winds of June. It is this truthfulness in detail which is his chief merit, and, to those who read him in the antiquarian mood in which such work is best studied, his principal charm.

After the concluding scenes of Carnival and Lent, the rest of the book drags a good deal. And yet it contains a curious account of a Platonic friendship between the Archpriest and a nun, which elevates the characters of both as long as Garoza lives to keep her friend straight. Urraca brings about the acquaintance, and the fables told by her and Garoza are some of them excellently given. Among them is a kind of early Faust-story which reappears again, shorn of most of its details, in the "Conde Lucanor," and afterwards *with the details restored* in an *English* seventeenth-century collection of fables

(1) Compare the lines in the "Assembly of Fowles,"—

"For out of olde felde, as men saithe,
Cometh this newe corne fro yere to yere."

by Sir Roger l'Estrange. Sir Roger got it from the fables of Abstemius, an Italian fabulist, who flourished about 1580; but where Abstemius, who was a native of Ancona, got it from—whether through any connection with the Spanish College at Bologna, or from some source common both to him and the Archpriest—does not appear. The twenty-nine fables told by Juan Ruiz are for the most part taken from one or other of the popular mediæval versions of Æsop, though to many of them he has given a strong local turn and colour. The pedigrees of the few that are not to be found in Æsopian collections, are by no means easy to trace. Spain, however, with her ready access to Oriental treasures, has always been unusually rich in fables as in proverbs, and her early fable-books are full of specimens unknown to other European literatures.

At length Urraca herself dies, and there is nothing left to the Archpriest but to bewail her loss in a long poem on Death, and to send forth his book to the world. In his dirge there are one or two fine passages, such as,—

“Health and life are ever quick to change. They are gone in a moment when a man looks not for it. *The good which thou thinkest to do to-morrow is but naked speech; clothe it with its deed before death overtake thee.*”

Or again,—

“O Death! thy dwelling for ever is the deep hell! Thou art the first evil, thou art the second evil. To people thine accursed dwelling-place thou dost unpeople the world. Thou sayest to all, ‘I only change all things!’”

The poem winds up with some striking and imaginative lines on Christ's conflict with death—lines which make the grotesque profanity of one or two passages in the last sections of the book come with a double shock to the reader. Let us hasten over them to the last poem of all, which contains Juan Ruiz's farewell directions as to how his book is to be read.

“Let any man who hears it, if he is skilled in verse-making, add to it or amend it as he pleases. Let it go from hand to hand to whosoever asks for it. Like a ball tossed by the ladies, let him catch it who can. Since it concerns virtuous love lend it willingly, neither slandering it nor overpraising it. Do not sell it for money, nor let it out for hire, for pleasure and wit and virtuous love ought not to be bought and sold.”

Then with a half-jesting appeal to his audience, “in the manner of *jongleurs*,” for the guerdon of their prayers, the thread of the Archpriest's connected poems breaks off. So lightly ends a light book.

To turn to Chaucer's farewell to his “tragedie” at the end of *Troilus and Cressida* after reading this passage, is indeed to wander into another country altogether, to pass from something arid and

sunny to a land of wells and shadows. The poetry, the passion, the humility of those exquisite lines, are wholly out of Juan Ruiz's reach. In him the abiding sense of moral problems on the one hand and moral beauty on the other which meets us in Chaucer is all but lacking. All that is serious in him springs either from certain impressions of natural awe, such as the fear of death, or is the conventional expression of an imposed creed. What remains when these are put aside is the man's real and characteristic work, and the prevailing notes of it are gaiety and scepticism. In spite of his acquaintance with the Trouvères, the influence of the lyrical and romantic side of French literature upon him—the side which had most effect upon Chaucer and his school—seems to have been little or nothing. It is not in love as chivalry defined it, not in ideal landscape such as the Romance of the Rose popularised in Europe, not in extravagant sentiment such as the troubadours glorified, that Juan Ruiz takes any real delight. He copies the French *pastourelles* but only that he may caricature them, and he once mentions the famous names of Tristan and Iseult for the sake of pointing a satire on his brother clergy. All that he borrows from the French seriously, is borrowed from the fabliaux. With the fabliaux, and with the Roman de Renard he has closer literary affinity than with anything else. He can hardly have seen the Romance of the Rose, or he must have made use of it in his procession of Love. Jean de Meung, indeed, the author of the last half of the Romance, only died while he was writing his later poems. In some ways he is not unlike Jean de Meung, though far less in earnest. He has the same satirical tendency, the same love of detail and actual life; but of depth or subtlety of feeling, of any tragical sense of the burden and the mystery of things, this lively, garrulous singer shows little trace. There is nothing in him which recalls Dante, nothing which foretells Chaucer's richer work. What he has are the gifts of the story-teller and the satirist; a quick appreciation of the main features of ordinary character, a power of making details effective, recklessness, daring, an eye for the brilliant and splendid, for the ruby on Love's tent, for the heron's neck and sparkling eyes of Endrina, and the barbaric wealth of Carnival's triumph. And besides this, he has the shrewdness of a man of the world, a faculty of happy sententiousness as befits the compatriot of an Oriental civilisation; no moral earnestness, but the power of making an ingenious use of moral commonplaces. He is not without a certain permanent literary worth; but even if his literary merit were much less than it is, his value for the study of manners and for the comparative study of literature would still be great.

MARY A. WARD.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ENGLISHMEN who love the fame of their country have had such a *quart d'heure* during the present month as has hardly been possible since the bad days of Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh. We have learnt something of the bitterness with which a French patriot may have seen in 1870 the adventurer who was then master of France dragging two countries into an unjust, purposeless, and disastrous struggle. On the 9th of November, Lord Beaconsfield, at the close of a speech in the City of London, astonished and alarmed his hearers by talking in this strain:—"If the struggle comes it should be recollected that there is no country so prepared for war as England, because there is no country whose resources are so great. England will not have to inquire whether she can enter into a second or third campaign. In a righteous cause England will commence a fight that will not end until right is done." At first people supposed that this was only the "rodomontade and balderdash," to borrow Mr. Bright's account of it, to which we have all of us so long been accustomed in the man, half political bravo, half comedian, to whom a cruel destiny has given an official right to speak in the name of Great Britain at one of the gravest moments in her history. It was bad enough, this odious blowing of the war trumpet, under any circumstances, but under the circumstances of the hour it was—why should we not give its real name?—an infamy. For to what were these words an answer? To implacable designs just discovered? To a hostile dispatch? To a dangerous intrigue? To a menace? They were the answer of the highest representative of the English nation, a nation so fervently desirous of peace, so unwilling to be behindhand in generous recognition of highminded purpose, so ready to meet good feeling by good feeling, to the following words on the part of the Emperor of Russia:—

"His Majesty referred more especially to his relations with England. He said he regretted to see that there still existed in England an 'inveterate' suspicion of Russian policy and a continual fear of Russian aggression and conquest. He had on several occasions given the most solemn assurances that he desired no conquest, that he aimed at no aggrandizement, and that he had not the smallest wish or intention to be possessed of Constantinople. All that had been said or written about a will of Peter the Great and the aims of Catherine II. were illusions and phantoms; they never existed in reality, and he considered that the acquisition of Constantinople would be a misfortune for Russia. There was no question of it, nor had it ever been entertained by his late father, who had given a proof of it in 1828, when his victorious army was within four days' march of the Turkish capital. His Majesty pledged his sacred word of honour in the most earnest and solemn manner that he had no intention of acquiring Constantinople, and that if necessity should oblige him to occupy a

portion of Bulgaria, it would only be provisionally, and until peace and the safety of the Christian population were secured. His Majesty here reverted to the proposal addressed to Her Majesty's Government for the occupation of Bosnia by Austria, of Bulgaria by Russia, and of a naval demonstration at Constantinople, where, he said, Her Majesty's fleet would have been the dominant power. This, His Majesty thought, ought to be a sufficient proof that Russia entertained no intention of occupying that capital. His Majesty could not understand, when both countries had a common object—namely, the maintenance of peace and the amelioration of the condition of the Christians—and when he had given every proof that he had no desire for conquest or aggrandizement, why there should not be a perfect understanding between England and Russia—an understanding based on a policy of peace, which would be equally beneficial to their mutual interests, and to those of Europe at large. 'Intentions,' said His Majesty, 'are attributed to Russia of a future conquest of India and of the possession of Constantinople. Can anything be more absurd? With regard to the former it is a perfect impossibility, and as regards the latter I repeat again the most solemn assurances that I entertain neither the wish nor the intention.' His Majesty deeply deplored the distrust of his policy which was manifested in England and the evil effects it produced, and he earnestly requested me to do my utmost to dispel this cloud of suspicion and distrust of Russia, and charged me to convey to Her Majesty's Government the solemn assurances he had repeated to me."

This dispatch (Nov. 2) had been in the hands of the English Government for nearly a week, though it had been carefully concealed from the English people, and was only allowed to be known by them three weeks after its arrival, and then only at the express solicitation of the Emperor of Russia himself. "Ah, it is very well," cry the malignants who want to plunge us into the most monstrous war that England could undertake,—“it is very well for the Czar to assure us of his pacific wishes. But he is not all. There is the people of Russia, there are the troops, there are the generals.” As if Lord Beaconsfield's gratuitous and unprovoked defiance—which the man who thinks himself the double of Burke may perhaps suppose to be after the manner of Chatham—were not the readiest possible instrument that the baleful genius of strife could have put into the hands of the Russian war party. Is it any wonder that, stung by the ignoble bombast with which the Premier met his own honourable and magnanimous words, the Emperor proceeded to make the memorable declaration at Moscow (Nov. 13):—"Should I see that we cannot obtain such guarantees as are necessary for carrying out what we have a right to demand of the Porte, I am firmly determined to act independently." And if it unfortunately comes to this, neither Lord Beaconsfield nor anyone else will prevent the larger half of the English nation from believing that the Emperor has no other course left open to him, and from peremptorily refusing to check him in a wholly righteous and honourable work.

Meanwhile, the Czar's words to Lord A. Loftus have made the profound impression in England which he hoped or foresaw. The withholding of

the dispatch that contained them gives to Lord Beaconsfield's Mansion House speech a more sinister complexion. The very order in which the dispatches are published, not being the chronological order, looks unpleasantly like an attempt to mislead, as making the Czar's pacific assurances follow, instead of preceding, Lord Derby's renewed suggestions of a Conference. One is loth to suspect English ministers of deliberate attempts to hoodwink the country, but it is impossible to forget that we are dealing with the man who did his best to hush up the Bulgarian atrocities, and with a leader of the House of Commons who recently took occasion to express his contempt for the opinion upon foreign affairs of the people who elect the House of Commons. It is singularly unfortunate, too, that Lord Derby should have for this once plucked up the courage of epigram. *Bos locutus est*—that traditional prognostic of peril to the state. He informed the Russian minister that he thought the publication of the Czar's pacific assurances might be opportune, "since the last few days had brought us the intelligence of the mobilization of a considerable Russian force, and of the emission of the new Russian loan for 100,000,000 of roubles." If Lord Derby meant this for epigram, we cannot conceive epigram more shockingly out of its place. If he meant it gravely, it was both clumsy and superfluous; and it was insincere, because if the publication of the dispatch was so opportune, he ought not to have needed strong pressure from the Emperor to induce him to give it to the public—that public which he called, in irony as it should seem, his "employer."

So far as we can tell, after taking some trouble to find out, the general wishes, opinions, and intentions of the constituencies whose bidding Lord Derby professes his anxiety to do, may be roughly expressed in these propositions.

1. That England ought to agree with Russia in finding an effective way of guaranteeing better government in the insurgent and oppressed districts.
2. That if England and Russia cannot agree, then England should stand aside and let Russia do her best, even if that implies temporary occupation of the provinces.
3. That England should let Russia understand that an attempt to occupy Constantinople, or to come within a certain distance of it, will, as the English are at present advised, be regarded as a *casus belli*; short of that, Russia will have our best wishes.
4. That England repudiates finally any responsibility for the sovereignty, independence, and territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and will under no pretext, and on no pleas whatever, wage any war on behalf of such integrity or sovereignty.

Right or wrong, wise or unwise, this we believe to represent the views of five English voters out of six.

Of course it was not to be expected that the Czar's assurances would pass without reference to Khiva. There is no space here to discuss the entire set of circumstances connected with the occupation of Khiva. The

best opinion is, first, that we had no right and no business to meddle between Russia and Khiva; second, that the Czar's undertaking not to occupy was one of those undertakings which a wise man would not have allowed his good feeling to coax him to give, because the irresistible exigencies of things might easily prevent him from carrying it out. Here is the opinion of the most impartial witness that we can find:—

“The attitude of England toward Russia with regard to Central Asia can hardly be called a dignified one. There are constant questions, protests, demands for explanations, and even threats—at least in the newspapers and in Parliament—but nothing ever is done. Outcries were made about the expedition to Khiva, but when the occupation had once become a *fait accompli*, the same men and the same journals said that no harm was done. Again, there were outcries and questions about the possibility of a Russian movement on Kashgar. Now, after Khokand is occupied, the conquest of Kashgar is looked upon as not so alarming after all. At present there is a similar uneasiness about Merv, and the Russophobic party are using all their efforts to show either that the Russians must not be allowed to take Merv, or if they do take it that Herat must be occupied. In all probability the English Government will do nothing at all. It would seem wiser and more dignified, instead of subjecting the Russian Foreign Office to constant petty annoyances, to allow the Russians plainly to understand what limits they could not pass in their onward movement. A state of mutual suspicion bodes no good to the relations of any government.”—(Schuyler's *Turkestan*, ii. 269.)

And the future historian will tell exactly the same tale of the wavering, maladroit, clumsy, inept, and mischievous conduct of the English Government throughout the far more important negotiations of the present year.

Let us resume the story of the events of the month. First there was the tragi-comedy of the armistice. After their first reverses, the Servians thought that all was over with them, and they applied to England to obtain a suspension of hostilities. The Porte was about to consider it, when Tcherniaeff, having revived the courage of the Prince of Servia, resumes the offensive. He is beaten back. Europe is of opinion that there must be an armistice. England takes the affair in hand, and Sir Henry Elliott is charged to present an ultimatum. He declares that if Turkey will not grant an armistice of at least six weeks, he has instructions to break off diplomatic relations. The Porte as usual does more than is asked. It grants six months. “Six months!” cries Russia, supported by Italy; “but this is a gross and odious trick! That will bring us to the spring, the very season that is most favourable to the Turkish forces, while the Servian militia cannot rest on their arms all through the winter. It will be practically a surrender of them into the hands of their enemies.” While this dispute was going on as to the length of the armistice, war went on by the banks of the Morava. Tcherniaeff and Horvatovitch defended the road to Belgrade in advance of Deligrad and Krajevatch. The Servian army was drawn up in a semicircle on the heights, protected by entrenchments and redoubts. But the Turks, who were both better armed and superior in

numbers, did not hesitate to attack. The struggle lasted for several days. The Russian officers and volunteers fought with prodigious gallantry, but the Servian militia did not hold their ground. They gave way, and so the Turks carried Djunis and Alexinatz, which opened the road for them to Belgrade.

The Czar could not witness the complete ruin of Servia. On October 80 he sent instructions to General Ignatieff, at once to present an ultimatum requiring an armistice within forty-eight hours. The Porte yielded; an armistice of six weeks was accorded without conditions. There was an immense feeling of relief throughout Europe, and the public funds went up rapidly. All danger seemed at an end, but to settle the different points in dispute it was necessary to summon a Conference. It was the Czar who proposed it, almost before the armistice had been agreed to (Nov. 2). He urged the English ambassador to press his government to promote a Conference at the earliest possible moment. Lord Derby of course assented, and two days after the suggestion had been urged by the Czar, the English Cabinet proceed to arrange a Conference (Nov. 4). All the Powers accepted the proposal with eagerness, except Germany, who insists that Eastern affairs are no concern of hers. Still Germany did not refuse, so great was her desire to contribute to the maintenance of peace. Turkey hesitated. She had the keenest aversion to a Conference, whose business would evidently be with her own affairs and relations, domestic and foreign. Her resistance is intelligible enough, but in spite of her hesitation people believed that she would yield, and all Europe was full of hope, when suddenly two thunder-claps resounded in the air. Lord Beaconsfield spoke in the City, and the Czar replied at Moscow. Immediately, like birds of ill omen, violently alarming reports fly over Europe. Six corps d'armée are mobilised in Russia, and their commanders appointed. Prince Gortchakoff explains that this increase ought not necessarily to be interpreted in a warlike sense, but that Russia was obviously bound to hold herself ready for every contingency. At the same time the transport of merchandise was suspended in the railways of the south, so as to leave the lines free for the transport of troops, and all exportation of horses was forbidden. If the Porte had rejected the Conference, no doubt war would have followed with very little delay. But England exerts a violent pressure, and Turkey once more gives way. Europe breathes again, and hopes of peace revive. Nearly half of the time of the armistice has already gone, and the Conference has not yet assembled. What will come of it when it does assemble? What is certain is, that never did diplomatists meet under more menacing circumstances.

Let us examine the disposition which each of the Powers brings to the Conference. Let us begin with Russia, the active personage of the drama. The strong general inclination of her government for peace is shown in the honourable and high-minded words of the Czar to the English ambassador at the beginning of the month. Her special programme is nominally the same as that of England, but understood in a different sense, especially as to the manner of execution. For Servia and Montenegro all the world is of one mind. They must be restored to the *status quo*, perhaps with some

slight increase of territory towards the coast for the Montenegrins; they have well deserved it by their epic valour. For Bosnia, Bulgaria and Herzegovina, Russia demands not the independent situation of Servia, but equality for the Christians, the disarmament of the Mahometan civilians, and a measure of self-government sufficiently real to prevent the country from being plundered by the Turkish functionaries, who literally pillage and devour the country. Above all it is necessary to prevent the recurrence of such abominable horrors as those which have provoked the indignation of all Europe. This is what Russia wants, and this is also what every other nation wants except the Hungarians. But between Russia and England there is this essential difference, that the former seriously means to have the programme executed, even if the sovereignty of Turkey suffers in consequence, while Lord Beaconsfield is bent above all things on saving this pretended independence. Russia is logical. She really wishes to secure the end which is the professed aim of all. The English cabinet wishes two things, each of which excludes the other:—to ameliorate the condition of the Christians and to entrust the Turks themselves with the task of carrying out reforms. Nobody accuses the Turks of want of good will; it is executive power that they lack. Do we want a proof of this, glaring and palpable enough to satisfy even the English cabinet? Lord Derby peremptorily demanded that the surviving victims of the Bulgarian abominations should be compensated, and their butchers punished. Lord Derby has obtained nothing whatever in either direction. The wretched Bulgarians will perish of misery this winter, and the chiefs of the murderous bands walk about unpunished, and boast of their exploits. Yet it is as plain as can be that the Porte has every interest in satisfying England on this point. Why does she not do what is asked? Simply because she cannot.

Lord Hartington, in an admirable speech that has received the almost unanimous approval of English opinion, has arrived at the conclusion that there can be no spontaneous reforms in Turkey, "because the spirit and the men are both wanting." Serious reforms are as impossible in Turkey as they were in the States of the Church. The Koran is the basis of the government. The present Sultan, in his proclamation on his accession to the throne, declared the cause of the decay of Turkey to be the neglect of the prescriptions of the Book. The Softas, the Old Turks, all the forces of Islam that are in movement at this moment, and have given a semblance of vigour to the Sick Man, are necessarily attached to the Koran and the old traditions. How, then, put in practice reforms that are the negation of the very principles that form the State? It has long been promised that, at least before the tribunals, the Christians should be on an equality with the Mahometans. There is not a trace of such equality as yet. So then, in spite of any number of proclamations of the equality of all before the law, in Bulgaria and Bosnia the situation will remain exactly what it is now. The armed man, all violence, and accustomed from his earliest memory to absolute mastery, will never, as long as he can help it, abdicate a power that gives him so many advantages, merely because some word comes from Constantinople. In Asia Minor the Mussulmans are equally pillaged and ruined by the governors and every other official from top to bottom of the hierarchie

ladder. Read the narratives of travellers of every nationality. They are unanimous on the point. We can dream of nothing worse than Turkish administration, even when exerted over Turks. What must it be, then, when exerted over Christians? This barbarous *régime* was tolerable so long as manners were simple, and little money was needed. Now that governors and subordinates alike are bent on enjoying European luxury, and that the government itself has a budget after the European fashion, the necessity of procuring money is such, that to satisfy it the provinces are being literally ruined. The Porte will grant to Bulgaria and Bosnia local autonomy, representative institutions, civil equality, just as if they were an English county. In practice these grants, as Mr. Gladstone said, will be, as they have been, worth no more than the rag of paper they are written upon. The tax-collector will go on robbing the tax-payer; the Mussulman landowner will go on robbing the peasant; the Zaptieh will go on pillaging and beating the inoffensive rayah. So long as the authorities are Turks, for all these wrongs there is no remedy possible.

Now evidently we cannot find in the provinces themselves the elements of self-government. The Turks would never submit to authority in a race which they despise, and this race itself, long accustomed as it has been to fear and to obey, would in truth be sure to prove itself incapable of command and administration. The English solution of the problem, then, ought to be abandoned as impracticable. What remains? To confide the administration of Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, to Christian governors of high rank, with force enough at their disposal to make their authority respected. It is evident that to introduce a system so antipathetic to Turkish feeling, a temporary occupation of the provinces would be inevitable. This is beyond all doubt in the mind of anybody who looks the facts clearly in the face. It is certain that this is what Russia will ask. This is the proposal which Lord Derby felt it his duty to denounce to all the world, by the hasty publication of Lord A. Loftus's dispatch. The proposal was that Bosnia and Herzegovina should be occupied by Austria, and Bulgaria by Russia, while the fleets of the maritime powers should assemble before Constantinople. Austria showed very little readiness to undertake the part that was assigned to her, and England refused her adhesion in the most peremptory manner. It is inevitable that this proposition should reappear, and it is from this that war may spring. Russia declares expressly that she desires no expansion of territory; but she insists on a real and effective improvement of the lot of the Christians. The English cabinet desire this too, but they refuse the only practical means of arriving at the end. If Russia is not supported, she declares that she will act alone. Will the other powers allow this or will they oppose her, arms in hand?

The measures of temporary occupation might be rendered less hard for Turkey, first by confiding the duty of furnishing troops to some country free from all suspicion of desiring annexation, such as Italy; in the second place, by limiting what is meant by Bulgaria. The Italian force should enter Turkey as the constables of European peace, and might be maintained at the common cost, while either Italy or Denmark might furnish the administra-

tive *personnel*. Exceptional as such a measure seems to be and really is, still it would not be without precedent. In 1860 there were about 4,000 Christians massacred, mainly by the Turkish soldiers themselves. It was out of the question therefore to entrust them with the task of putting down excesses. France, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and England obtained from the Sultan a convention authorising the dispatch to Syria of a corps d'armée of 12,000 men. Six thousand French troops were sent, and proved to be sufficient. Lord Dufferin, the English commissioner, displayed the greatest energy, and succeeded in having the Minister of the Interior, Fuad Pasha, sent to Syria, and in getting Othman Beg, the cause of the massacres, hanged. The province was entrusted to a Christian governor, and since then the situation, if not all that could be wished, has been a great improvement on what went before. This is exactly what might well be done now for the Balkan provinces, if—owing to the sullen attitude of the English cabinet and the passion which has gradually risen in Russia—it be not too late in the day for any pacific solution whatever.

From the day of the unexplained and misunderstood dispatch of the fleet to Besika Bay, down to the day of Lord Beaconsfield's infamous speech at Guildhall, the Turks have been encouraged to rely on England in the last resort, and to resist one by one the demands of Russia.

Germany and Austria may for a while give a hand to Russia for the sake of avoiding a greater peril; but as soon as they recover their freedom to act, they would certainly use it to escape from the evils of that Pan Slavism which is evidently their greatest peril in the future. The part to be played by England is dictated by her real interests: at the Conference to sustain the substantial emancipation of the Christians, and if Turkey resists, to abandon her to the consequences of her obstinacy—only being ready to throw a garrison into Constantinople if the need should arise.

The various divergencies of feeling that distract the populations of Austria manifested themselves in the Assemblies at Vienna and at Pesth. The Hungarians cannot bear that Austria should co-operate in any measures that might strengthen the Slav element in Turkey, because they believe, and with good reason, that this would hasten the reunion of the Slavs of the South, which is the inevitable future. But, then, must whole populations of peaceful and laborious men and women be sacrificed to all eternity to a Magyar hegemonia? The Austrian Germans like the Slavs as little as the Magyars like them, and they are above all else afraid that intervention, even if it were limited to Bosnia, would draw the empire into a hornet's nest. But they at any rate have a refuge, which would not, it is said, be so very displeasing to many among them, in the great Germanic Empire. The Hungarians, surrounded by Slavs, Roumanians, and Germans, can only lose by a change that would necessarily rob them of the supremacy that they possess at present. Needless to say that the Austrian Slavs are in their sentiments wholly opposed to the Magyars. They are heart and soul with their brethren of the Balkan. One curious fact illustrates the force of these sympathies. In the provincial elections that have just taken place, in every district, even where the Italian element predominates, the Slav candidates have been

chosen. In the governing councils the Slavs are not represented, because the electoral law is unfavourable to them, and they have systematically abstained from voting in several provinces. But they are very numerous both in the administration and in the army. They have therefore to be taken seriously into account. This consideration, and probably along with it the uncertainty that reigns as to the intentions of Germany, will impose neutrality upon Austria, even should Russia pass the Danube. The occupation or even the annexation of the whole Balkan peninsula by Russia would bring no new strength with it. It would be ruin to her finances, which are unprosperous enough as it is, and it would be a very long time before Russia could derive any profit from it. All that has passed since the troubles broke out, shows that there is no reason for fearing that either Roumania or Servia would easily suffer itself to be absorbed or assimilated by Russia. It is not England's affair to meddle: the local resistances of the Slavs among themselves will assuredly render any conquest by Russia a very long and very precarious undertaking.

The appointment of Lord Salisbury as Special Plenipotentiary for the British government at the Conference has given general satisfaction. On his journey to Constantinople he has seen the chiefs of France, of Germany, of Austria, of Italy. From the first two great powers Lord Salisbury probably learnt little more than he knew at starting. France and Germany neutralise one another. Neither of them will stir in the way of active intervention. What he heard at Vienna is difficult to surmise, because the conditions of the problem for Austria are difficult to adjust.

As for Italy the late elections have led to unmistakably pacific resolutions. The Ministry of the Left have obtained an enormous majority; no less than 400 votes against the 100 that are left to the old liberal-conservative party, which has lost some of its most eminent members, including Signor Visconti Venosta, the distinguished minister for Foreign Affairs. In the speech on the occasion of the opening of Parliament, important proposals are announced: electoral reform, readjustment of taxation, and revision of the relations between Church and State. Only there are two of the projects which seem self-contradictory. The ministry wish, on the one hand, to lessen taxation; on the other to strengthen the army and to construct defensive works at the Alpine passes. Yet the one essential thing for Italy at this moment is to reduce the crushing burden of the taxes and to improve their manner of assessment. In any case there can be no call for her to take part in war, if war breaks out. The ministry seems to understand this, for the speech from the throne was absolutely pacific without any pregnant reserve or too significant *arrière pensée*.

The situation of the ministry will soon become one of considerable difficulty. The majority is too large. It will lack discipline, it will be exacting, and will not be slow to split up into rival sections, with which it will not be easy to govern. In regard to the East, Italy will probably incline, as she has done hitherto, to a Russian policy, in concert with Germany. And in this she will be right. It is the only way of avoiding a conflict in which Italy would suffer, even if she took no direct part. May the people of England, too, make their voice heard, and forbid their

government to throw them against their own will into a war, which even if it were crowned with complete success, could have no result except to perpetuate oppression and misery.

Nothing that affects the working of a great popular government can be indifferent to English observers, and in America at the present moment a very important contingency has come to pass: Not for the first time in the history of the American Union, a disagreeable uncertainty has arisen as to the choice of a President. In 1799 there was a tie between Jefferson and Aaron Burr, each having 73 electoral votes. The decision between them fell to the House of Representatives, where it was necessary for one or other to have a majority of the sixteen States. After seven days of "dogged balloting" and incessant intrigue, Jefferson at length received ten out of the sixteen votes, and became President (1800). In 1824, again, four candidates received votes; Andrew Jackson had more than John Quincy Adams, who came next to him, but he had not an absolute majority. The election again fell to the House, and at the first ballot Mr. Adams received the votes of 13 States, which were a majority, though in the popular election Jackson had received the votes both of more States and of more individual citizens than Mr. Adams.

The present crisis is more difficult. It is a case of disputed votes and the validity of returns. Mr. Hayes has 166 electoral votes, without South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. Mr. Tilden has 184 votes, without these three States. The three States have 19 votes. If these 19 votes are given to Mr. Hayes he will have 185, or a majority of the whole number of electoral votes. The issue, then, turns upon the votes in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. The fact that in any case Mr. Tilden would have a minority of the voting population is wholly irrelevant. As we have seen, in 1824 Mr. Adams was in a minority, but nobody ever talked of that as impairing the legitimacy of his election, any more than we should dream of demurring to a vote of the House of Commons because the constituents of the minority outnumbered those of the majority. You take political machinery with its incidents, and so long as the distribution of voting power—for good reasons or bad—is not made to correspond exactly with numerical proportions, then for so long the preponderance even in a country of democratic theory, like the United States, or like Great Britain, may constantly go to the minority of the nation. It is a great pity that the citizens of the Union do not abolish the farce of a double system of voting. The theory is that the votes given the other day (Nov. 7), were for a body of 369 wise and open-minded men, who would set to work in their own minds to think of the ablest and most patriotic man within their knowledge, and would then on the first Wednesday in December proceed to choose him as the next President. Of course we all know that, in fact, each of the 369 electors was pledged long ago to vote for one of two men previously selected in party caucus, and that he was only made an elector in the assurance that he dare not violate the implied pledge. This utter miscarriage of the theory of indirect election is, if rightly read, a lesson to those who have faith in other

theoretic schemes with the same aim of distilling extra virtue and wisdom out of a democracy by ingenious machinery.

It is true that the system of two stages of election works well in the case of the American Senate, which is returned not directly by the population of each State, but by the State legislatures. And one does not see why the President should not be chosen by the great federal legislature, conformably to the principle of the well-known Grévy amendment in the case of France. Certainly when the time comes one of these days, to repeal the Act of Parliament which gives its title to the monarchy in England, and when we follow France and the United States in modifying the form of our government to suit the other parts of our civilisation, our people are more likely to move in the lines of M. Grévy than in those of Madison and Hamilton. There is another feature of minor consequence in American arrangements, which, to our eyes, seems of doubtful expediency. The vote for the election of the President of the Union is taken along with the vote for members of Congress and State offices. It would surely be more convenient, and it would certainly be more impressive and dignified, if the vote for the chief post in the government stood independently and apart.

These points, however, are less immediately important than the issue of the existing crisis. At this moment the case is as follows. The Democrats insist that Mr. Tilden has a majority in the three doubtful States, and that if a majority is given by the Returning Boards it will be because the Boards in these States are passionate and unscrupulous Republican partisans, capable of fraudulently setting aside good Democratic votes, fraudulently admitting false Republican votes, and otherwise evading a disagreeable duty. We need not recount the devices on the part of the Returning Boards which give some ground for supposing these allegations to be well founded. Nor need we examine other points raised by both parties alike, such as that this or that elector is disqualified by reason of his being an office-holder. These are matters for the courts. The constitutional crisis will come later on. On the first Wednesday in December, the electors for each State will meet and give their votes, and the certificates of the votes will be delivered to the President of the Senate. On the second Wednesday in February, Congress in Session will open the certificates and count the votes. If the votes from South Carolina, Florida, or Louisiana, are for Mr. Hayes—perhaps, also, if they are for Mr. Tilden—the validity of the return will be questioned. What machinery exists for settling such a controversy? The Constitution provides none, and the laws provide none. There has been a temporary rule in force allowing either the Senate or the House to reject a vote, but this rule is in force no longer, and there is a difficulty in re-enacting it. The Senate, which has a Republican majority, may naturally be unwilling to assent to a rule that would give the power of rejecting the disputed votes to the House of Representatives, where the majority is Democratic. How the difficulty will be settled, nobody can foresee. That some sensible solution will be found and agreed upon when the time comes, nobody who has watched American politics fairly can doubt. One or two English newspapers, conspicuous for their hatred of good

causes at home, and of popular government abroad,—the same papers that prophesied a crushing defeat for the Republicans in France on the eve of the last election,—talk about General Grant being called in to play the Napoleonic part of saviour of society, and they make much sinister mystery about the dispatch of troops to Louisiana and elsewhere. This nonsense is as ignorant as if the *Gaulois* or the *Figaro* were to predict a *coup d'état* in England, on the strength of a regiment having been marched into Waterford or Belfast to keep the peace after an election or an Orange procession. So far as we can judge from the American newspapers up to the present date, though there is naturally a very eager interest and excitement throughout the country, there is no sign of violent passion. On the day after the election, when the Republicans supposed themselves beaten, they bore the mishap with perfect cheerfulness and self-possession; nor is there any reason to suppose that the party as a whole—that great party to whose virtue and patriotism sixteen years ago humanity owes so much—will encourage or sanction a victory of fraudulent intrigue. They seem conscious that the popular feeling is in favour of a change of government, and that there is a common desire to see whether the Democrats may not be more successful than the Republicans have been in restoring an orderly state of things in the still unsettled districts of the South, as well as in improving administration in the North. The dangers which they profess to apprehend from their successful opponents are, a tampering with the public credit, an inflation of the currency, an encouragement of the southern whites in terrorising the blacks, and some concessions to the claims by the South for compensation for losses during the slaveholders' rebellion.

As we have been speaking of ingenious electoral devices in America, we may note a naïf observation of a cabinet minister on a most objectionable device of the same sort in England. Mr. Cross, speaking at Birmingham (Nov. 21), suggested to the Conservatives of that town that as, owing to the Ballot, the Liberals might fail to divide their votes equally under the minority system, it was possible that after all the Conservatives might snatch a seat. In other words he hopes that the device of three-cornered voting will frustrate the intentions of the electors, and give representation where even on the proportional principle it is not due. The last contested general election at Birmingham showed that ten Liberals had 8000 votes more than were requisite for securing three members. Thus, the Conservative candidate had 8500. To beat this the Liberals must have $\frac{8 \times 8500}{2}$

or, say 18,000 voters. But they polled 42,000 votes, equivalent say to 21,000 voters. So there does not seem much chance for Mr. Cross's friends, after all. The Liberal Association which organizes this vast majority is actually the whole liberal constituency. Every Liberal has a right of membership. No subscription is required, and it happens that three fourths of the great Committee of the Association are workmen. The whole genius of Conservatism is opposed to such a democratic organization as this, and they can never hope to emulate its popularity or its success.

November 27, 1876.

